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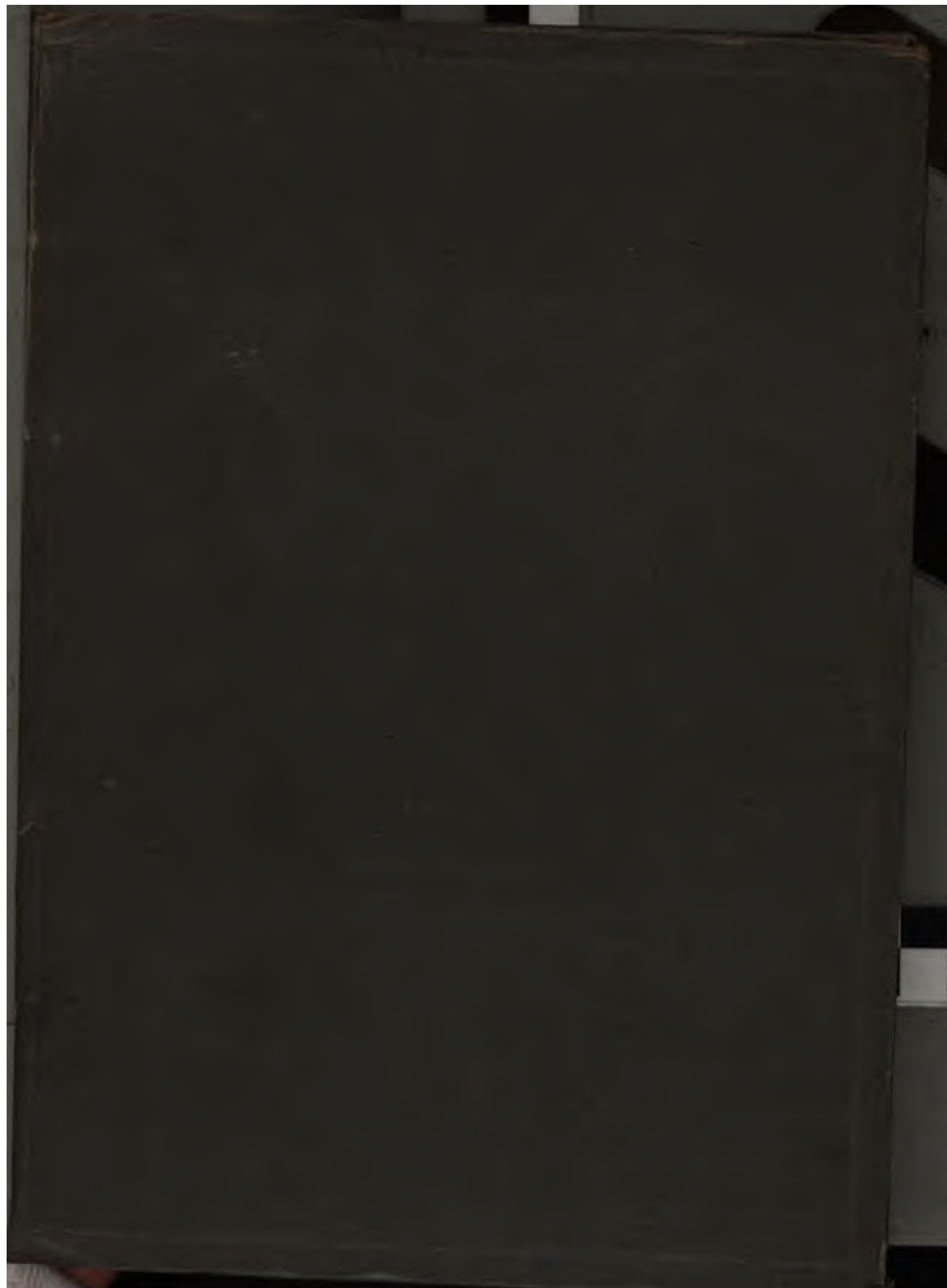
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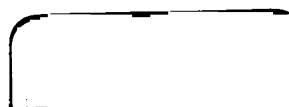


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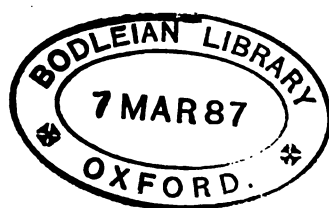
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Emblem from Lodge's "Josephus" (1602).

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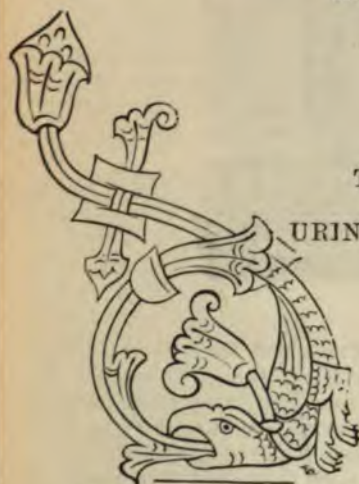


STONEHENGE. (From Edward King's "Monumenta Antiqua." 1799.)

II.—RELIGION.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST ENGLISH.—A.D. 670 TO A.D. 1066.



Initial from the MS. of Caedmon.

URING the First-English time nearly our whole Literature had Religion for its theme. I mean by Religion faith in a beneficent Creator, to whom, as supremely wise, just, and merciful, man ascribes the best qualities he can conceive, and to whose likeness he then seeks to conform himself; loving and serving all that he thinks highest in his God, who is the source of every good, and the helper of all faithful effort to draw near to Him. In most men this aspiration is associated with belief that the immaterial part, which yearns to be near God, survives to attain a heaven of the happiness it rightly sought. In every age and country, human nature has been able to conceive the excellence of God only by ascribing to Him all that man thinks best, and to conceive the happiness of an attained heaven only by associating it with human experiences of the highest bliss. Even though more be revealed by God himself, man's character determines how he shall receive the revelation, and we understand a people best when looking

at the form it gives to that conception of the highest life which is the special concern of Religion.

Of the strength of a religious feeling in this country before Christian times, Stonehenge and Avebury bear witness. No man knows when or how those mighty stones, which defy time, were lifted to their places; only the stones themselves tell us that in a day long past, of which we have no other record, the people of this island gave their chief strength to the service of religion. Their bodies perished, their homes passed away, their form of worship is forgotten, but they left imperishable record of a soul of worship that was in them.

Two Epistles to the Corinthians were ascribed to Clement, who was called the third bishop of Rome after the apostles, and said to have been fellow-labourer with St. Paul at Philippi. In the first of these, Paul is said to have "travelled even to the extreme boundaries of the West." This has been taken to mean that he visited Britain. Jerome, at the end of the fourth century, said that St. Paul imitated the sun in going from one ocean to the other, and that his labours extended to the West. Theodoret, Bishop of Cyrus in the fifth century, continuing the tradition, spoke of Paul as having brought salvation to the islands of the Ocean, and in his first discourse on Laws included the Britons among converts of the apostles. There was such a

tradition: and there seems really to have been early preaching of Christianity here, if the remote Britain were not used as a mere figure of rhetoric. Origen, speaking in the earlier half of the third century, said that "the power of the Saviour's kingdom reached as far as Britain, which seemed to be another division of the world." Old tradition ascribed to a King Lucius, who died in the year 201, the building of our first church on the site of St. Martin's at Canterbury. Britons are said to have died for the Christian faith; and Alban, said to have been beheaded A.D. 305 near the town now named after him St. Alban's, is described as the first British martyr. Three British bishops, one being from York and two from London, were at the first Council of Arles, A.D. 314. Some of our bishops had come to the remote west as pious missionaries, others were Celtic converts. One of these teachers, Morgan, who translated his name

station was in the Hebrides, upon the rocky island of Iona, which has an area of 1,300 Scotch acres and lies off the south-western extremity of the island of Mull. After him it was called (Iona Columbkille) Icolmkill; and the religious community there gathered by him, at first rudely housed, became the head-quarters of religious energy for the conversion of North Britain, the missionaries being devoted native Celts, gifted with all the bold enthusiasm of their race, who were in relation rather with the Eastern than the Western Church.

The English settlers in Northumbria were Christianised by a Celtic priest, said to have been a pupil of Urien, who was educated at Rome, and to have borne the name of Paulinus. But he and his fellow missionaries promised temporal advantage to their converts, and when in the year 633 they suffered a serious defeat in battle, these fiercely cast off the



LINDISFARNE (1814). (From Scott's "Border Antiquities.")

into Pelagius (meaning "born by the sea-shore"), and who was an old man in the year 404, ventured on independent speculations that found not a few followers, and gave for a long time afterwards much trouble to the orthodox. To combat Pelagianism, and add to the number of converts from the heathen, two bishops from Gaul, Germanus and Lupus, came as successful missionaries into Britain in the year 429. Patricius, known as St. Patrick, is said to have been born of a Christian family at Kilpatrick, near Dumbarton, in the year 372, and to have been ordained priest by Germanus before his preaching among the Irish Gaels.

There were then scattered among the people of Ireland and Scotland devoted men of their own race, known as Culdees, servants and worshippers of God, who were engaged in diffusing Christianity. Patrick added to the energy of the work done by these men in Ireland. It was an Irish abbot, Columba, who in the year 563 passed into Scotland, and from the age of about forty to the age of seventy-five worked as a Christian missionary on the mainland and in the Hebrides. His chief

new creed, and Paulinus fled from them. The help was asked from the followers of Columba. The first man who was sent out from Iona returned hopeless; but they were strenuous workers at Iona who would not accept failure. Another, Aidan, took the place of his more faint-hearted brother, and formed in an island on the Northumbrian coast a missionary station upon the pattern of that in the Hebrides. This was at Lindisfarne, chief of the Farn Islands, named from the Lindi, a rivulet then entering the sea. Lindisfarne is a little more than two miles across from east to west, and scarcely a mile and a half from north to south, attached at low water as a peninsula to the coast, from which it is about two miles distant. It belongs to Durham, although really part of Northumberland, and is about nine miles from Berwick-on-Tweed. The island is treeless, chiefly covered with sand, rising to a rocky shore on the north and east. The fertile ground in it is not more than enough for one family. Here the Culdees established themselves in such force that the place came to be called Holy Island, and from this point they worked effectually for the

Christianising of the north of England. They fed and comforted the poor, trusting instead of fearing the wild men they sought to soften, went up into their hills to live with them as comrades, and taught religion in a form that blended itself with the spiritual life of man, instead of depending for an outward prosperity on smiles of Fortune. The Culdees prospered in their work, an abbey rose in Lindisfarne, and there was a bishopric established there, which about the year 900, when the Danes ravaged the coast, was removed to Durham.

Aidan died at Lindisfarne in the year 651, and it was he who consecrated the first woman who in Northumbria devoted herself wholly to religious life, and wore the dress of a nun—Heia, who founded the religious house at Herutea. In this she was followed by the abbess Hilda, who is associated with the history of Cædmon's "Paraphrase," the grand religious poem with which our literature opens.

Hilda, daughter of Hereric, nephew to King Æduin, had been one of the converts made by the preaching of Paulinus. Hilda's sister Heresuid, was mother to the king of the East Angles. Hilda went, therefore, into East Anglia, and then designed to follow her sister when she took the religious vow at a monastery in France. But Bishop Aidan summoned Hilda back to the north, and gave her a site for a religious house on the north side of the river Wear. There she was called by Bishop Aidan, in the year 650, a year before his death, to be abbess in the religious house founded by Heia at Herutea, now Hartlepool, Heia then going to another place, probably Tadcaster. Eight years afterwards, when Aidan's successor, Finan, was Bishop of Lindisfarne,



THE WEST CLIFF AT WHITBY.

Hilda left Hartlepool to establish a religious house as a new missionary station on the west cliff at Whitby, then called Streoneshalh. Presided over by a woman, its first founder, this was a house established on the pattern of Iona, in which men

and, before the Conquest, women also, studied and were taught, as Bede says, "the strict observance of justice, piety, chastity, and other virtues, and particularly of peace and love; so that, after the example of the primitive Church, no person was



RUINS OF WHITBY ABBEY.

there rich, and none poor, all things being in common to all, and none having any property. Her prudence was so great, that not only persons of the middle rank, but even kings and princes, sometimes asked and received her advice. She obliged those who were under her direction to attend so much to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and to exercise themselves so much in works of justice, that many might very easily be there found fit for ecclesiastical duties, that is, to serve at the altar. In short, we afterwards saw five bishops taken out of that monastery, all of them men of singular merit and sanctity. . . . Thus this handmaiden of Christ, Abbess Hilda, whom all that knew her called Mother, for her singular piety and grace, was not only an example of good life to those that lived in her monastery, but gave occasion of salvation and amendment to many who lived at a distance, to whom the happy fame was brought of her industry and virtue." She died in the year 680, after six or seven years of ill-health, at the age of sixty-six, having spent the first half of her life to the age of thirty-three in the secular habit, and devoted the rest wholly to religion.

Cædmon's poem was written in the Whitby monastery during Hilda's rule over it, that is to say, in the time between its foundation, A.D. 658, and her death, A.D. 680. The first buildings on the Whitby cliff were very simple, but in course of time a more substantial abbey took its place. It was destroyed by the Northmen in the latter half of the ninth century, rebuilt, and again destroyed. The ruins now upon the site first occupied by Abbess Hilda are of a rebuilding in which the oldest part is of the twelfth century.

In Hilda's time the servants of God in the Whitby monastery were actively engaged in the conversion of the surrounding people to Christianity, and Cædmon, who seems to have been a tenant of land under them, was one of their first converts. As a convert zealous for the faith to which he had been brought, he sat at a rustic feast one day hearing the songs of heathen war and worship pass round the table. As the harp came towards him he rose. The guests coming from distant parts among a widely-scattered population had the cattle that brought them stabled, and in need of protection against raids for plunder. They took turns to mount guard over their property, and it being then Cædmon's turn, he made that an excuse for leaving his place among the guests before he should be asked to sing. In his mind, as a zealous Christian, would be the wish that songs of the mercy of the true God could be made familiar as these old strains to the lips of his comrades. He was a true poet, as his afterwork proved, and there might be an impulse in his mind that presently shaped itself into a dream as he dozed over his watch; but if so, to the simple faith of those times the dream would seem to be a revelation of the will of Heaven. Read in that way, the whole story of Cædmon, as we have it from Bede, looks like the record of a simple truth that passed for miracle. This—written not more than sixty years after the poet's death—is Bede's account of the manner of Cædmon's entrance into the monastery under Hilda's rule.

BEDE'S ACCOUNT OF CÆDMON.

There was in this abbess's monastery a certain brother, particularly remarkable for the grace of God, who was wont to make pious and religious verses, so that whatever was interpreted to him out of Scripture, he soon after put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and feeling, in English, which was his native language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to heaven. Others of the English nation attempted after him to compose religious poems, but none could ever compare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from man, but being assisted from above he freely received the gift of God. For this reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem, but only those which relate to religion suited his religious tongue; for having lived in a secular habit till he was well advanced in years, he had never learned anything of versifying; for which reason, being sometimes at entertainments, when it was agreed for the sake of mirth that all present should sing in their turns, when he saw the harp come towards him, he rose up in the midst of the supper and went home.

Having done so at a certain time, and gone out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stables of the draught animals, of which the care was entrusted to him for that night,¹ he there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, "Cædmon, sing some song to me." He answered, "I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment, and retired to this place, because I

could not sing." The other who talked to him, replied, "Yet you shall sing." "What shall I sing?" rejoined he. "Sing the beginning of created things," said the other. Having received this answer, he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God the Creator, which he had never before heard, the purport whereof was thus:—"We now ought to praise the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and his counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory. How He, being the eternal God, became the author of all miracles, who first, as almighty preserver of the human race, created heaven for the sons of men as the roof of the house, and next the earth." This is the sense, but not the words in order as he sang them in his sleep; for verses, though never so well composed, cannot be literally translated out of one language into another without losing much of their beauty and loftiness. Awaking from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added much more to the same effect in verse worthy of the Deity.

In the morning he came to the steward, his superior, and having told him of the gift he had received, was conducted to the abbess, by whom he was bidden, in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream, and repeat the verses, that they might all give their judgment what it was and whence his verse proceeded. They all concluded, that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord. They explained to him a passage in holy writ, either historical or doctrinal, ordering him, if he could, to put the same into verse. Having undertaken it, he went away, and returning the next morning, gave it to them composed in most excellent verse; whereupon the abbess, embracing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit, and take upon him the monastic life; which being accordingly done, she associated him with the rest of the brethren in her monastery, and ordered that he should be taught the whole series of sacred history. Thus he, keeping in mind all he heard, and as it were, like a clean animal, chewing the cud, converted the same into most harmonious verse; and sweetly repeating the same, made his masters in their turn his hearers. He sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the history of Genesis; the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt, and their entering into the land of promise, with many other histories from holy writ; the incarnation, passion, and resurrection of our Lord, and his ascension into heaven; the coming of the Holy Ghost, and the preaching of the apostles; also the terror of future judgment, the horror of the pains of hell, and the delights of heaven; besides much more of the divine benefits and judgments: by all which he endeavoured to turn men from the love of vice, and to excite in them the love and practice of good actions. For he was a very religious man, humbly submissive to regular discipline, but full of zeal against those who behaved themselves otherwise; for which reason he ended his life happily.

For when the time of his departure drew near, he laboured for the space of fourteen days under a bodily infirmity which seemed to prepare the way for him, yet was so moderate that he could talk and walk the whole time. Near at hand was the house into which those were carried who were sick, and likely soon to die. In the evening, as the night came on in which he was to depart this life, he desired the person that attended him to make ready there a resting-place for him. This person, wondering why he should desire it, because there was as yet no sign of his dying soon, yet did what he had ordered. He accordingly was placed there, and conversing pleasantly in a cheerful manner with the others who were in the house before, when it was past mid-

¹ "Ad stabula jumentorum quorum ei custodia nocte illa erat delegata." *Jumenta* are yoked animals—the cattle that had brought the guests to the feast. Yet on this passage the notion has been founded that Cædmon was a herdsman.

night, he asked them, whether they had the Eucharist there? They answered, "What need of the Eucharist? for you are not likely to die, since you talk as cheerily with us as if you were in perfect health."—"Nevertheless," said he, "bring me the Eucharist." Having received the same into his hand, he asked whether they were all in charity with him, and without any ill-will or rancour? They answered, that they were all in perfect charity, free from all anger; and in their turn asked him, whether he was in the same mind towards them? He at once answered, "I am in charity, my children, with all the servants of God." Then strengthening himself with the heavenly viaticum, he prepared for the entrance into another life, and asked how near the hour was when the brethren were to be roused to sing the nocturnal lauds of our Lord? They answered, "It is not far off." Then he said, "It is well, let us await that hour;" and signing himself with the sign of the cross, he laid his head on the pillow, and falling into a slumber, so ended his life in silence.

Thus it came to pass, that as he had served God with a simple and pure mind, and quiet devotion, so now he departed to His presence, leaving the world by a quiet death; and that tongue, which had composed so many holy words in praise of the Creator, in like manner uttered its last words while he was in the act of signing himself with the cross, and recommending his spirit into the hands of God. From what has been here said, he would seem to have foreknown his own death.

There is only one known MS. of the metrical First-English Paraphrase of Bible story ascribed to Cædmon. It was discovered by James Ussher when he was a young scholar commissioned to hunt for books wherewith to furnish the library of Trinity College, Dublin. The college was then newly founded, and had Ussher among the first three students who put their names upon its books. Ussher gave the MS.—for him unreadable—to Francis Junius, a scholar known to be active in study of the Northern languages, who was then resident in London as librarian to the Earl of Arundel, and a familiar friend of Milton's. Junius recognised in it a large part of the lost work of Cædmon, and it was first printed by him at Amsterdam in the year 1655. The MS. is a small folio of 229 pages, now in the Bodleian Library among the collection of his manuscripts bequeathed by Francis Junius to the University of Oxford. The first 212 pages are in a handwriting of the tenth century, and adorned with illustrative pictures as far as page 96, with spaces for continuing the illustrations. From page 213 there is the poem of Christ and Satan in a later handwriting, with no spaces left for illustrations.

Cædmon's poem begins with the story of Creation, and joins with it the same legend of the fall of Satan that was joined with it in mediæval times, and used in his "Paradise Lost" by Milton. This was founded on a passage in the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah (verses 12—15), where Israel is to take up the proverb against the king of Babylon: "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit

also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north. I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit." St. Jerome seems to have been the first who applied this symbolical representation of the king of Babylon, in his splendour and his fall, to Satan in his fall from heaven; probably because Babylon is in Scripture a type of tyrannical self-idolising power, and is connected in the Book of Revelation with the empire of the Evil One. Cædmon represented Satan as the Angel of Presumption holding council with the fallen spirits, and there are one or two fine thoughts in his poem which are to be found afterwards in Milton's treatment of the same theme. As the old work was in the hands of Milton's friend Junius for years before "Paradise Lost" appeared, and as Milton included in his epic thoughts from old poets of Greece, it is not improbable that he also consciously enshrined in it a thought or two from our first Christian bard, who was also the greatest of the poets produced in First-English times. I translate into blank verse very literally the opening of Cædmon's Paraphrase:—

THE OPENING OF CÆDMON'S PARAPHRASE.

1.

Most right it is that we praise with our words,
Love in our minds, the Warden of the Skies,
Glorious King of all the hosts of men,
He speeds the strong, and is the Head of all
His high Creation, the Almighty Lord.
None formed Him, no first was nor last shall be
Of the Eternal Ruler, but His sway
Is everlasting over thrones in heaven.
With powers on high, soothfast and steadfast, He
Ruled the wide home of heaven's bosom spread 10
By God's might for the guardians of souls,
The Sons of Glory. Hosts of angels shone,
Glad with their Maker; bright their bliss and rich
The fruitage of their lives; their glory sure,
They served and praised their King, with joy gave praise
To Him, their Life-Lord, in whose aiding care
They judged themselves most blessed. Sin unknown,
Offence unformed, still with their Parent Lord
They lived in peace, raising aloft in heaven
Right and truth only, ere the Angel Chief 20
Through Pride divided them and led astray.
Their own well-being they would bear no more,
But cast themselves out of the love of God.
Great in Presumption against the Most High
They would divide the radiant throng far spread,
The resting-place of glory. Even there
Pain came to them, Envy and Pride began
There first to weave ill counsel and to stir
The minds of angels. Then, athirst for strife,
He said that northward¹ he would own in Heaven 30

¹ Northward . . . in Heaven. So also in "Paradise Lost," Bk. v., lines 688, 689, Satan says—

— "We possess
The quarters of the north."

This, like the rest of the legend, has its source in the passage of Isaiah above referred to: "I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north." In the same book of "Paradise Lost," lines 725, 726, it is said of him that he

— "intends to erect his throne,
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious north."

A home and a high Throne. Then God was wroth,
 And for the host He had made glorious,
 For those pledge-breakers, our souls' guardians,
 The Lord made anguish a reward, a home
 In banishment, hell groans, hard pain, and bade
 That torture-house abide their joyless fall.
 When with eternal night and sulphur pains,
 Fulness of fire, dread cold, reck and red flames
 He knew it filled, then through that hopeless home
 He bade the woful horror to increase. 40
 Banded in blameful counsel against God,
 Their wrath had wrath for wages. In fierce mood
 They said they would, and might with ease, possess
 The kingdom. Him that lying hope betrayed,
 After the Lord of Might, high King of Heaven,
 Highest, upraised his hand against that host.
 False and devoid of counsel they might not
 Share strength against their Maker. He in wrath
 Clave their bold mood, bowed utterly their boast,
 Struck from the sinful scathers kingdom, power, 50
 Glory and gladness; from the opposers took
 His joy, His peace, their bright supremacy,
 And, with sure march, by His own might poured down
 Avenging anger on His enemies.
 Stern in displeasure, with consuming wrath,
 By hostile grasp he crushed them in His arms;
 Ireful He from their home, their glory seats
 Banished His foes; and that proud angel tribe,
 Malicious host of spirits bowed with care,
 He, the Creator, Lord of all Might, sent 60
 Far journeying, with bruised pride and broken threat,
 Strength bent, and beauty blotted. They exiled
 Were bound on their swart ways. Loud laugh no more
 Was theirs, but in hell pain they wailed accurst,
 Knowing sore sorrow and the sulphur throes,
 Roofed in with darkness, the full recompense
 Of those advancing battle against God.

II.

But after as before was peace in Heaven,
 Fair rule of love; dear unto all, the Lord
 Of Lords, the King of Hosts to all His own,
 And glories of the good who possessed joy
 In heaven, the Almighty Father still increased.
 Then peace was among dwellers in the sky,
 Blaming and lawless malice were gone out,
 And angels feared no more, since plotting foes
 Who cast off heaven were bereft of light.
 Their glory seats behind them in God's realm, 10
 Enlarged with gifts, stood happy, bright with bloom,
 But ownerless since the cursed spirits went
 Wretched to exile within bars of hell.
 Then thought within His mind the Lord of Hosts
 How He again might fix within His rule
 The great creation, thrones of heavenly light
 High in the heavens for a better band,
 Since the proud scathers had relinquished them.
 The holy God, therefore, in His great might
 Willed that there should be set beneath heaven's span 20
 Earth, firmament, wide waves, created world,
 Replacing foes cast headlong from their home.
 Here yet was naught save darkness of the cave,
 The broad abyss, whereon the steadfast king
 Looked with his eyes and saw that space of gloom,
 Saw the dark cloud lower in lasting night,
 Was deep and dim, vain, useless, strange to God,

Black under heaven, wan, waste, till through His word
 The King of Glory had created life.
 Here first the Eternal Father, guard of all, 30
 Of heaven and earth, raised up the firmament,
 The Almighty Lord set firm by His strong power
 This roomy land; grass greened not yet the plain,
 Ocean far-spread hid the wan ways in gloom.

THE UPREARING OF THE FIRMAMENT. (From the MS. of *Cædmon*.)

Then was the Spirit gloriously bright
 Of Heaven's Keeper borne over the deep
 Swiftly. The Life-giver, the Angel's Lord,
 Over the ample ground bade come forth Light.
 Quickly the High King's bidding was obeyed, 40
 Over the waste there shone light's holy ray.
 Then parted He, Lord of triumphant might,
 Shadow from shining, darkness from the light.
 Light, by the Word of God, was first named day.

[The story of Creation is continued until God's return to Heaven, after instruction and counsel to Adam and Eve. Then *Cædmon* proceeds]:—

IV.

The Almighty had disposed ten Angel tribes,
 The Holy Father by His strength of hand,
 That they whom He well trusted should serve Him
 And work His will. For that the holy God
 Gave intellect, and shaped them with His hands.
 In happiness He placed them, and to one
 He added prevalence and might of thought,
 Sway over much, next highest to Himself
 In Heaven's realm. Him He had wrought so bright 10
 That pure as starlight was in heaven the form
 Which God the Lord of Hosts had given him.
 Praise to the Lord his work, and cherishing
 Of heavenly joy, and thankfulness to God

For his share of that gift of light, which then
Had long been his. But he perverted it,
Against Heaven's highest Lord he lifted war,
Against the Most High in His sanctuary.
Dear was he to our Lord, but was not hid
From Him that in his Angel pride arose.
He raised himself against his Maker, sought
Speech full of hate and bold presuming boast.
Refused God suit, said that his own form beamed
With radiance of light, shone bright of hue,
And in his mind he found not service due
To the Lord God, for to himself he seemed
In force and skill greater than all God's host.
Much spake the Angel of Presumption, thought
Through his own craft to make a stronger throne
Higher in Heaven. His mind urged him, he said,
That north and south he should begin to
work,

30
Found buildings; said he questioned
whether he
Would serve God. Wherefore, he said,
shall I toil?
No need have I of master. I can work
With my own hands great marvels, and
have power

To build a throne more worthy of a God,
Higher in heaven. Why shall I for His
smile

Serve Him, bend to Him thus in vassalage?
I may be God as He.

Stand by me, strong supporters firm in
strife.

Hard-mooded heroes, famous warriors, 40
Have chosen me for chief; one may take
thought

With such for counsel, and with such secure
Large following. My friends in earnest
they,

Faithful in all the shaping of their minds;
I am their master, and may rule this realm.
Therefore it seems not right that I should
cringe

To God for any good, and I will be
No more His servant.

When the Almighty heard
With how great pride His angel raised
himself 50

Against his Lord, foolishly spake high words
Against the Supreme Father, he that deed
Must expiate, and in the work of strife
Receive his portion, take for punishment
Utmost perdition. So doth every man
Who sets himself in battle against God,
In sinful strife against the Lord Most High.
Then was the Mighty wroth, Heaven's highest Lord
Cast him from his high seat, for he had brought
His Master's hate on him. His favour lost,
The Good was angered against him, and he
Must therefore seek the depth of Hell's fierce pains,
Because he strove against Heaven's highest Lord;
Who shook him from His favour, cast him down
To the deep dales of Hell, where he became
Devil. The fiend with all his comrades fell
From Heaven, angels, for three nights and days,
From Heaven to Hell, where the Lord changed them all
To Devils, because they His Deed and Word
Refused to worship. Therefore in worse light

20

Under the Earth beneath, Almighty God
Had placed them triumphless in the swart Hell.
There evening, immeasurably long,
Brings to each fiend renewal of the fire;
Then comes, at dawn, the east wind keen with frost;
Its dart, or fire continual, torment sharp,
The punishment wrought for them, they must bear.
Their world was changed, and those first times filled Hell
With the Deniers. Still the Angels held,
They who fulfilled God's pleasure, Heaven's heights; 80
Those others, hostile, who such strife had raised
Against their Lord, lie in the fire, bear pangs,
Fierce burning heat in midst of Hell, broad flames,
Fire and therewith also the bitter reek
Of smoke and darkness; for they paid no heed
To service of their God; their wantonness



THE FALL OF LUCIFER. (From the MS. of Cadmon.)

60

Of Angel's pride deceived them, who refused
To worship the Almighty Word. Their pain
Was great, then were they fallen to the depth
Of fire in the hot hell for their loose thought
And pride unmeasured, sought another land
That was without light and was full of flame,¹
Terror immense of fire. Then the fiends felt
That they unnumbered pains had in return,
Through might of God, for their great violence,
But most for pride. Then spoke the haughty king,
Once brightest among Angels, in the heavens
Whitest, and to his Master dear beloved
Of God until they lightly went astray,
And for that madness the Almighty God

90

100

¹ — "Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe."
("Paradise Lost," l. 62-64.)

70

Was wroth with him and into ruin cast
 Him down to his new bed, and shaped him then
 A name, said that the highest should be called
 Satan thenceforth, and o'er Hell's swart abyss
 Bade him have rule and avoid strife with God.
 Satan discoursed, he who henceforth ruled Hell
 Spake sorrowing.
 God's Angel erst, he had shone white in Heaven,
 Till his soul urged, and most of all its Pride,
 That of the Lord of Hosts he should no more
 Bend to the Word. About his heart his soul
 Tumultuously heaved, hot pains of wrath
 Without him.
 Then said he, "Most unlike this narrow place
 To that which once we knew, high in Heaven's realm,
 Which my Lord gave me, though therein no more
 For the Almighty we hold royalties.
 Yet right hath He not done in striking us
 Down to the fiery bottom of hot Hell,
 Banished from Heaven's kingdom, with decree
 That He will set in it the race of Man.
 Worst of my sorrows this, that, wrought of Earth,
 Adam shall sit in bliss on my strong throne,
 Whilst we these pangs endure, this grief in Hell.
 Woe! Woe! had I the power of my hands,
 And for a season, for one winter's space,
 Might be without; then with this Host I—
 But iron binds me round; this coil of chains
 Rides me; I rule no more; close bonds of Hell
 Hem me their prisoner. Above, below,
 Here is vast fire, and never have I seen
 More loathly landscape; never fade the flames,
 Hot over Hell. Rings clasp me, smooth hard bands
 Mar motion, stay my wandering, feet bound,
 Hands fastened, and the ways of these Hell gates
 Accurst so that I cannot free my limbs;
 Great lattice bars, hard iron hammered hot,
 Lie round me, wherewith God hath bound me down
 Fast by the neck. So know I that He knew
 My mind, and that the Lord of Hosts perceived
 That if between us two by Adam came
 Evil towards that royalty of Heaven,
 I having power of my hands—
 But now we suffer throes in Hell, gloom, heat,
 Grim, bottomless; us God Himself hath swept
 Into these mists of darkness, wherefore sin
 Can He not lay against us that we planned
 Evil against Him in the land. Of light
 He hath shorn us, cast us into utmost pain.
 May we not then plan vengeance, pay Him back
 With any hurt, since shorn by Him of light.
 Now He hath set the bounds of a mid earth
 Where after His own image He hath wrought
 Man, by whom He will people once again
 Heaven's kingdom with pure souls. Therefore intent
 Must be our thought that, if we ever may,
 On Adam and his offspring we may wreak
 Revenge, and, if we can devise a way,
 Pervert his will. I trust no more the light
 Which he thinks long to enjoy with angel power.
 Bliss we obtain no more, nor can attain
 To weaken God's strong will; but let us now
 Turn from the race of Man that heavenly realm
 Which may no more be ours, contrive that they
 Forfeit His favour, undo what His Word
 Ordained: then wroth of mind He from His grace
 Will cast them, then shall they too seek this Hell

And these grim depths. Then may we for ourselves
 Have them in this strong durance, sons of men,
 For servants. Of the warfare let us now
 Begin to take thought. If of old I gave
 To any thane, while we in that good realm
 Sat happy and had power of our thrones,
 Gifts of a Prince, then at no dearer time
 Could he reward my gift if any now
 Among my followers would be my friend,
 That he might pass forth upward from these bounds,
 Had power with him that, winged, he might fly,
 Borne on the clouds, to where stand Adam and Eve
 Wrought on Earth's kingdom, girt with happiness,
 While we are cast down into this deep dale.
 Now these are worthier to the Lord, may own
 The blessing rightly ours in Heaven's realm,
 This the design apportioned to mankind.
 Sore is my mind and rue is in my thought
 That ever henceforth they should possess Heaven;
 If ever any of you in any way
 May turn them from the teaching of God's Word
 They shall be evil to Him, and if they
 Break His commandment, then will He be wroth
 Against them, then will be withdrawn from them
 Their happiness, and punishment prepared,
 Some grievous share of harm. Think all of this,
 How to deceive them. In these fetters then
 I can take rest, if they that kingdom lose.
 He who shall do this hath prompt recompense
 Henceforth for ever of what may be won
 Of gain within these fires. I let him sit
 Beside myself"

[An incomplete sentence is then followed by a gap in the MS., which goes on]:—

Then God's antagonist arrayed himself
 Swift in rich arms. He had a guileful mind.
 The hero set the helmet on his head
 And bound it fast, fixed it with clasps. He knew
 Many a speech deceitful, turned him thence,
 Hardy of mind, departed through Hell's doors,
 Striking the flames in two with a fiend's power;¹
 Would secretly deceive with wicked deed
 Men, the Lord's subjects, that misled, forlorn,
 To God they became evil. So he fared,
 Through his fiend's power, till on Earth he found
 Adam, God's handiwork, with him his wife,
 The fairest woman.

Having followed the narrative in the Book of Genesis until it enabled him to dwell with all his power upon the history of Abraham as a great lesson of faith in God, Cædmon proceeded with the Book of Exodus, for the sake of dwelling on the passage of the Red Sea as a lesson of faith in the God who can lead His people through deep waters. Then he passed to the Book of Daniel, for the sake of adding a lesson of faith in the God who can lead his people unhurt through the burning fiery furnace—

"In the hot oven all the pious three.
 One was in sight with them, an angel sent

¹ ——"On each hand the flames,
 Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd
 In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale."

("Paradise Lost," i. 222-224.)

From the Almighty. Therein they unhurt
Walked as in shining of the summer sun
When day breaks and the winds disperse the dew."

This part of the poem ends with Belshazzar's Feast. The rest of the MS., added in another handwriting, is founded on New Testament story, and has for its theme Christ and Satan. It tells partly what was known as the Harrowing of Hell from the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, and partly the Temptation in the Wilderness. As Cædmon's Paraphrase was produced during the rule of Abbess Hilda in the Whitby monastery, its date is probably between the years 670 and 680.¹

Before the death of Cædmon, Aldhelm, another poet, had begun his work. He was well born, and entered young into a monastery founded by a poor Scot named Meildulf, obtained a grant of the place in the year 672, and gave his wealth and energy to its development, till Meildulf's settlement, Meildulfesburh (Malmesbury) became one of the chief religious centres of its time. In 705 Aldhelm was made the first bishop of Sherborne, and he died in 709. In that Benedictine house of Malmesbury there lived in the earlier half of the twelfth century (he died probably in 1142) a monk named William, whose *History of the Kings of England* gave him, for genius as a historian, the first place among old

English chroniclers. William of Malmesbury writes thus of Aldhelm. He has just mentioned a Leutherius, who was for seven years bishop of the West Saxons, and goes on :—

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY'S ACCOUNT OF ALDHELM.

This circumstance I have thought proper to mention, because Bede has left no account of the duration of his episcopate, and to disguise a fact which I learn from the *Chronicles* would be against my conscience; besides, it affords an opportunity which ought to be embraced, of making mention of a distinguished man, who by a clear and divinely inspired mind advanced the monastery of Malmesbury, where I carry on my earthly warfare, to the highest pitch. This monastery was so slenderly endowed by Meildulf—a Scot, as they say, by nation, a philosopher by erudition, a monk by profession—that its members could scarcely procure their daily subsistence; but Leutherius, after long and due deliberation, gave it to Aldhelm, a monk of the same place, to be by him governed with the authority then possessed by bishops. Of which matter, that my relation may obviate every doubt, I shall subjoin his own words.

"I, Leutherius, by divine permission bishop supreme of the Saxon see, am requested by the abbots who, within the jurisdiction of our diocese, preside over the conventual assemblies of monks with pastoral anxiety, to give and to grant that portion of land called Meildulfesburh to Aldhelm the priest, for the purpose of leading a life according to strict rule: in which place, indeed, from his earliest infancy and first initiation in the study of learning, he has been instructed in the liberal arts, and passed his days, nurtured in the bosom of the holy mother church; and on which account fraternal love appears principally to have conceived this request: wherefore assenting to the petition of the aforesaid abbots, I willingly grant that place to him and his successors, who shall sedulously follow the laws of the holy institution. Done publicly near the river Bladon, this seventh of the kalends of September, in the year of our Lord's incarnation six hundred and seventy-two."

But when the industry of the abbot was superadded to the kindness of the bishop, then the affairs of the monastery began to flourish exceedingly; then monks assembled on all sides; there was a general concourse to Aldhelm; some admiring the sanctity of his life, others the depth of his learning. For he was a man as unsophisticated in religion as multifarious in knowledge; whose piety surpassed even his reputation; and he had so fully imbibed the liberal arts, that he was wonderful in each of them, and unrivalled in all. I greatly err, if his works written on the subject of Virginity, than which, in my opinion, nothing can be more pleasing or more splendid, are not proofs of his immortal genius; although, such is the slothfulness of our times, they may excite disgust in some persons, not duly considering how modes of expression differ according to the customs of nations. The Greeks, for instance, express themselves involvedly, the Romans clearly, the Gauls gorgeously, the Angles turgidly. And truly, as it is pleasant to dwell on the graces of our ancestors and to animate our minds by their example, I would here, most willingly, unfold what painful labours this holy man encountered for the privileges of our church, and with what miracles he signalised his life, did not my avocations lead me elsewhere; and his noble acts appear clearer even to the eye of the purblind, than they can possibly be sketched by my pencil. The innumerable miracles which at this time take place at his tomb, manifest

¹ The whole of that part of Cædmon which relates the Creation and the Fall of Man was translated into rhymed heroic couplets by Mr. W. H. F. Bosanquet as "The Fall of Man, or Paradise Lost of Cædmon," and published in 1860, joined to a theory that Cædmon wrote ten-syllabled iambic lines with an occasional unaccented eleventh syllable, and that the English heroic line was of Cædmon's invention. This is not a true theory, though it is true that the rhythm of the First-English alliterative verse, set in cadences for chanting to the thrum of a stringed instrument, often accorded with that of our own modern heroic measure; and I think it is most fairly represented in translation when that and kindred measures, which fall smoothly on the English ear, underlie the music of its short accented and alliterated lines. A full and excellent account of Cædmon and his works was published in 1875 by Mr. Robert Spence Watson, in a little book entitled "Cædmon, the First English Poet," which can be most heartily recommended to the reader. It is not unworthy of note that in the same year 1875 the story of Cædmon was made into a graceful little book of verse by a lady, as "A Dream and the Song of Cædmon. (A Legend of Whitby.) By J. M. J." The old poem itself was edited for the Antiquarian Society in 1832 by Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, with a literal English translation, and the same society published a valuable series of fac-similes of the pictures illustrating the one extant MS. of it in the Bodleian. K. W. Bouterwek published in 1849 a carefully edited text of Cædmon; followed in 1851 by an ample glossary to the poem, in which Latin is used for giving the meanings of words, and German for any comment upon them. Cædmon is of course included in Dr. C. W. M. Grein's "Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie in kritisch bearbeiteten Texten und mit vollständigen Glossar," published at Göttingen in 1857, 1858, 1861, and 1864. This work contains the whole body of First-English poetry, and its glossary serves as a full and critical concordance to it. It is a book that the more advanced student of First English cannot do without. A beginning of the study of First English might easily be made in schools with the help of a book written for the purpose, an "Anglo-Saxon Delectus," by the Rev. W. Barnes. This includes elements of grammar, graduated readings, and sufficient glossary. Or use might at once be made of "A Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Tongue, from the Danish of Erasmus Rask, by Benjamin Thorpe," which in its second and cheaper edition has become a most convenient book for school and college use. In the mere study of English grammar there can be no thoroughness until its development is taught, as it can be taught most simply and easily, by beginning at the beginning. This is not adding to, but lessening the trouble given to a boy or girl who seeks to work with understanding.

to the present race the sanctity of the life he passed. He has therefore his proper praise; he has the fame acquired by his merits: my history pursues its course.

William of Malmesbury wrote a life of Aldhelm, in which he says that he was unequalled as an inventor and singer of English verse, and that a song ascribed to him, which was still familiar among the people in King Alfred's days, had been sung by him on the bridge between Malmesbury and the country, to prevent people from running away after mass was sung without waiting to hear the sermon. He began the song as a gleeman, with matter to which they listened for their pleasure, gradually blended words of Scripture with his jesting, and "so brought health to their minds when he could have done nothing if he had thought to manage them severely and by excommunication." It is not improbable that among extant First-English poems are some of Aldhelm's pieces, but there is no piece known to be his. His Latin works remain, including the books in praise of virginity, to which William of Malmesbury referred. One is in prose, and after a long introduction in praise of purity proceeds to celebrate some holy men and many holy women who were distinguished for their exaltation of the soul over the flesh. In his poem, "*De Laudibus Virginitatis*," there is a shorter introduction, and it consists of a series of little celebrations, many of course honouring saints who had already been celebrated in his prose. Aldhelm's poem, "*Of Maidens' Praise*," begins thus with—

AN INVOCATION.¹

Almighty Maker, Master of the World,
Who shap'st the starry Heaven's shining dome,
And formest Earth's foundations by thy Word;
Paint'st the pale meadows with their purple bloom,
Rein'st the blue waters of the wave-rolled plain
Lest they have force to flood the dry land's bound
Where chocks of cliff shatter the rising main;
Thine the firm grasp of frost on tilth of ground,
Thou mak'st increase the seed in mists of rain;
Thou takest away darkness with twin lights,
Titan day's comrade, Cynthia the night's;
Thou hast adorned the waters and made fair
The scaly squadrons of the gray abyss:
Through Thee swift hosts that soar in the clear air
Chirp and to echoes pipe resounding bliss,

¹ These are the lines themselves:—

"Omnipotens genitor, mundum ditione gubernans,
Luceida stelligeri qui cœdis culmina cœli,
Nec non telluris formas fundamina verbo;
Pallida purpureo pingis qui flore virota,
Sic quoque fluctivagi refrenas cœcula ponti,
Mergere ne valeant terrarum littora lymphis,
Sed tumidos frangant fluctus obstacula rupis
Arvorum gelido qui cultus fonte rigabis,
Ne secretum plumas nimborum imbribus auge;
Qui latebras mundi geminato sudere demis,
Nempe diem Titan, et noctem Cynthia comit;
Piscibus æquoreis qui campos pinguibus ornas,
Squamigeras formans in glauco gurgite turmas;
Limpida præpetibus sic complex æra catervis,
Garrula que nostris resonantes cantica pipant,
Atque Creatorum diversa voce fatentur:
Da pueri auxilium, elemens, ut carmine possim,
Incolta sanctorum modulari gesta priorum."

In differing notes their many voices raise
Ever one song to their Creator's praise:
Help me Thou, Merciful, my song to bring,
That I the famous deeds of saints of old may sing.

The central line of religious thought in the old First-English times, traceable from Cædmon to Aldhelm, whose work was commenced in Cædmon's lifetime, passes on from Aldhelm to Bede, who began his work in Aldhelm's lifetime, and was thirty-six years old when Aldhelm died. Bede was born in, or within a few months of, the year 673, about the time when Cædmon's Paraphrase was written. When he was a child, Benedict Biscop founded the twin monasteries of St. Peter and St. Paul at Wearmouth and Jarrow. St. Peter's at Wearmouth was first ready, and Bede entered it when he was seven years old. St. Paul's, on a bank of the Tyne about five miles from St. Peter's, was ready for opening when Bede was ten, and he was one of those inmates of St. Peter's who were removed to it. From the age of ten for the next fifty-two years, until his death in the year 735, Bede's home was in the Jarrow monastery, humbly fulfilling all his duties as a monk, and giving to useful studies all the time that was not spent in the exercises of religion. He compiled clear Latin treatises upon all branches of knowledge cultivated in his day, and digested into manuals the essence of the Scripture teaching of the Fathers. His labour supplied the best text-books for the monastery schools, which were the centres of education in all parts of the country, and the readiest aids for elder men to an exact study of the Bible. A book of his on the Nature of Things was for centuries the accepted manual for the learning of what was then known of the laws of nature; and his Ecclesiastical History, which ends with the year 731, is our first history of England. In it all information then to be obtained was collected and arranged with scholarly care and clearness, and this book is in our own day the chief source of information as to the events of which it treats. The chapter of it in which Cædmon's story is told has been already quoted.² Bede's fame spread in his own day over the Christian world, yet he refused to be made abbot at Jarrow, because, he said, "the office demands household care, and household care brings with it distraction of mind, which hinders the pursuit of learning." At the end of his Ecclesiastical History of England, which he was finishing in the year 731, he wrote:—

Thus much of the ecclesiastical history of Britain, and more especially of the English nation, as far as I could learn either from the writings of the ancients, or the tradition of our ancestors, or of my own knowledge, has, with the help of God, been digested by me, Bede, the servant of God, and priest of the monastery of the blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, which is at Wearmouth and Jarrow; who being born in the territory of that same monastery, was given, at seven years of age, to be educated by the most reverend Abbot Benedict, and afterwards by Ceolfred; and spending all the remaining time of my life in that monastery, I wholly applied myself to the study of Scripture, and amidst the observance of

² On page 4.

regular discipline, and the daily care of singing in the church, I always took delight in learning, teaching, and writing. In the nineteenth year of my age, I received deacon's orders, in the thirtieth, those of the priesthood, both of them by the ministry of the most reverend Bishop John, and by order of the Abbot Ceolfred. From which time, till the fifty-ninth year of my age, I have made it my business, for the use of me and mine, to compile out of the works of the venerable Fathers, and to interpret and explain according to their meaning, these following pieces:—

The list of his works follows, to which he adds—

And now, I beseech thee, good Jesus, that to whom thou hast graciously granted sweetly to partake of the words of thy wisdom and knowledge, thou wilt also vouchsafe that he may some time or other come to thee, the fountain of all wisdom, and always appear before thy face, who livest and reignest world without end. Amen!

Tradition explained the word "Venerable" joined always to the name of Bede, by saying that after his death one of his pupils sought to write his epitaph in a line of metrical Latin, and left space for the adjective he had not yet found to fit his verse while it expressed his meaning. "In this grave are the bones of ——— Bede." "Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ ——— ossa." The student slept over his unfinished line, and when he awoke, found that an angel had finished his verse with a word added in lines of light—"Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ VENERABILIS ossa."¹

A pupil of Bede, named Cuthbert, described to a fellow-student the death of their beloved master in a letter that is extant. It faithfully paints to us the religion of this humble, indefatigable scholar:—

CUTHBERT'S LETTER ON THE DEATH OF VENERABLE BEDE.

To his fellow-reader Cuthwin, beloved in Christ, Cuthbert, his schoolfellow; health for ever in the Lord. I have received with much pleasure the small present which you sent me, and with much satisfaction read the letters of your devout erudition; wherein I found that masses and holy prayers are diligently celebrated by you for our father and master, Bede, whom God loved: this was what I principally desired, and therefore it is more pleasing, for the love of him (according to my capacity), in a few words to relate in what manner he departed this world, understanding that you also desire and ask the same. He was much troubled with shortness of breath, yet without pain, before the day of our Lord's resurrection, that is, about a fortnight, and thus he afterwards passed his life, cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God every day and night, nay, every hour, till the day of our Lord's ascension, that is, the seventh before the kalends of June [twenty-sixth of May], and daily read lessons to us his disciples, and whatever remained of the day, he spent in singing psalms; he also passed all the night awake, in joy and thanksgiving, unless a short sleep prevented it; in which case he no sooner awoke than he presently repeated his wonted exercises, and ceased not to give thanks to God with uplifted hands. I declare with truth, that I have never seen with my eyes, nor heard with my ears, any man so earnest in giving thanks to the living God.

¹ "In this grave are the bones of the Venerable Bede."

O truly happy man! He chanted the sentence of St. Paul the apostle, "It is fearful to fall into the hands of the living God," and much more, out of Holy Writ; wherein also he admonished us to think of our last hour, and to shake off the sleep of the soul; and being learned in our poetry, he said some things also in our tongue, for he said, putting the same into English,

"For tham need-fere,
Nenig wyrtheth
Thances snotta
Thonne him thearf sy
To gehigene

Ær his heonen-gange
Hwæt his gaste
Godes oðthe yveles
Æfter deathe heonen
Demed wurthe."

which means this:—

"For the journey we must all take no man becomes wiser of thought than he needs be to consider before his going hence for what good or evil his soul shall be judged after its departure."

He also sang antiphons according to our custom and his own, one of which is, "O glorious King, Lord of all power, who, triumphing this day, didst ascend above all the heavens; do not forsake us orphans; but send down upon us the Spirit of truth which was promised to us by the Father. Hallelujah." And when he came to that word, "do not forsake us," he burst into tears, and wept much, and an hour after he began to repeat what he had commenced, and we, hearing it, mourned with him. By turns we read, and by turns we wept, nay, we wept always whilst we read. In such joy we passed the days of Lent, till the aforesaid day; and he rejoiced much, and gave God thanks, because he had been thought worthy to be so weakened. He often repeated, "That God scourgeth every son whom he receiveth;" and much more out of Holy Scripture; as also this sentence from St. Ambrose, "I have not lived so as to be ashamed to live among you; nor do I fear to die, because we have a gracious God." During these days he laboured to compose two works well worthy to be remembered, besides the lessons we had from him, and singing of Psalms; viz., he translated the Gospel of St. John as far as the words, "But what are they among so many," &c. [St. John vi. 9], into our own tongue for the benefit of the church; and some collections out of the Book of Notes of Bishop Isidorus, saying: "I will not have my pupils read a falsehood, nor labour therein without profit after my death." When the Tuesday before the ascension of our Lord came, he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet; but he passed all that day and dictated cheerfully, and now and then among other things, said, "Go on quickly, I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away." But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure. And so he spent the night, awake, in thanksgiving; and when the morning appeared, that is, Wednesday, he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun; and this done, we walked till the third hour with the relics of saints, according to the custom of that day. There was one of us with him, who said to him, "Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting: do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" He answered, "It is no trouble. Take your pen, and make ready, and write fast." Which he did, but at the ninth hour he said to me, "I have some little articles of value in my chest, such as pepper, napkins, and incense: run quickly, and bring the priests of our monastery to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God has bestowed on me. The rich in this world are bent on giving gold and silver and other precious things. But I, in charity, will joyfully give my brothers what God has given unto me." He spoke to every one of them, admonishing and entreating them that they would carefully say

...promised.
...said.
...They
...to him
...my
...my
...with
...rule
...Dear
...answered.
...sentence
...said the
...hands, for
...place.
...all upon
...his little cell.
...to the
...Ghost, he
...kingdom.
...father, said
...with so much
...For as you
...body, he never
...God, with
...the Father, and
...other spiritual
...that I could
...did not cut
...the grace of God, I
...particularly of
...eyes and heard with

...to Alcuin, born,
...of Bede, A.D. 735.
...was a North country-
...into the monastery
...service of the Church,
...had declared itself,
...monaster school and
...best in England. On
...four lines to this effect
...of his own:—

AN ALLEGORY.

...the gifts of heavenly
...were piously here to receive;
...of the king this treasure of

...shines on the road to

...these days establishing his rule;
...First English civilisation for the
...own attempts to civilise his empire,
...the learned Yorkshireman as
...Minister of Public Instruction. Alcuin
...discipline in the monasteries under
...dominion, wrote text-books for their
...what he believed to be heresies of
...less religious than Bede, though less
...of opinion and energetic in
...Christian
...labouring to temper even Charlemagne's
...with the spirit of mercy. His phrase

for himself was "the humble Levite." He was in a position favourable in the highest degree to self-seeking, but there is not a trace in his life or writing of any thought that set advantage of his own before the well-being of humanity. He gathered to himself no riches, but spent shrewd energies, that would have enabled him to compass any low object of worldly ambition, in strenuous labour to serve God by establishing His kingdom in the hearts of men. Alcuin died in the year 804. One of his books (written in Latin) is a short treatise "On the Virtues and Vices," written for Wido, Margrave of Brittany, governor, therefore, of the province that contained the Abbey of Tours, in which Alcuin died. This treatise, written at Wido's request to help him in the government of his own life, began with Wisdom



TREASURE OF WISDOM. (From the MS. of Cordmon.)

and the three great Christian virtues—Faith, Hope, Charity—then in a series of short chapters gave the characters of the chief virtues and vices, with practical counsel upon them, enforced by citations of Scripture. There are six-and-thirty chapters in the book, of which these are the last two:—

FROM ALCUIN'S BOOK ON THE VIRTUES AND VICES.

CHAPTER XXXV.—*The Four Virtues.*¹

First is to be known what Virtue is. Virtue is a state of the soul, a grace of nature, a reason in life, a piety in manners, the worship of the Deity, the honour of the man, the deserving of eternal happiness. The parts of it, as we have said, are four in chief: Prudence, Justice, Courage, Temperance. Prudence is knowledge of divine and human

¹ *The Four Virtues.* He means the four Virtues called cardinal, which were Prudence or Wisdom, Justice, Courage, Temperance. In Plato's Republic the orders in a state are said to be three: Guardians, Auxiliaries, Producers; the virtues of a state three—Wisdom (quality of the Guardians), Courage (of the Auxiliaries), Temperance (of the Producers and of all); Justice, the fourth Virtue, being the Harmony of All. These virtues correspond also, said Plato, in the individual to

things, as far as that is given to man; by which is to be understood what a man should avoid, or what he should do: and this is what is read in the Psalm, Depart from evil and do good. Justice is a nobility of the mind, ascribing to each thing its proper dignity. By this, the study of divinity, rights of humanity, just judgments, and the equity of our whole life may be preserved. Courage is a great patience of the mind and long suffering, with perseverance in good works, and victory over all kinds of vices. Temperance is the measure of the whole life, lest a man love or hate too much, but that a considerate attention temper all varieties of life. But to those who shall keep these in faith and charity, are promised the rewards of eternal glory by the truth itself in Christ Jesus. There is no better Prudence than that by which God is understood and feared according to the measure of the human mind, and his future judgment is believed. And what is more Just than to love God and keep his commandments? through whom, when we were not, we were created, and when we were lost we were created anew, and freed from the bondage of sin; who freely gave us all the good we have. And in this Courage what is better than to overcome the devil, and triumph over all his suggestions, to bear firmly in God's name all the troubles of the world? A very noble virtue is Temperance, in which stands among men all the honour of this life; that a man shall, in whatever cause, think, speak, and do all things with regard to his well-being. But these things are light and sweet to the man loving God, who says, Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls; for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light. Is it not better and happier to love God, who is eternal beauty, eternal fragrance, eternal rapture, eternal harmony, eternal sweetness, honour perpetual and happiness without an end, than to love the vain shows and disquiets of this age—the fair appearances, sweet savours, soft sounds, fragrant odours and things pleasant to the touch, the passing delights and honours of the world, that all recede and vanish as a flying shadow, deceive the lover of himself, and send him to eternal misery? But he who faithfully loves God and the Lord, unceasingly worships Him, and steadily fulfils His commandments, shall be made worthy to possess eternal glory with His angels.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—*Peroration of the Work.*

These things have I set down for you, my sweetest son, in short discourse, as you requested; that you may have them always in your sight as a little handbook, in which you may consider with yourself what you ought to avoid, or what to do, and be exhorted in each prosperous or adverse accident of this world how you should mount to the height of perfection. And do not let the quality of the lay habit or secular companionship deter you, as if in that dress you could not enter the gates of heaven. Since there are preached, equally to all, the blessings of the kingdom of God, so to every sex, age, and person equally, according to the height of merit, does the way into the kingdom of God lie open. There it is not distinguished who was in this world layman or clerk, rich man or poor, youth or elder, master or slave; but each one according to the merit of his deeds shall be crowned with eternal glory. Amen.

three qualities—Wisdom to the Rational, Courage to the Spirited, Temperance to the Appetitive; while Injustice disturbs their Harmony. It is the *Just* aim alike of a Man and of a State to be *Temperate, Brave, and Wise*. In his *Protagoras* Plato added to these four cardinal virtues Holiness (*δσιότης*); the *εὐσέβεια* frequently mentioned as a virtue by the Socrates of Xenophon. Aristotle omitted this, distinctly separating Ethics from Religion.

Apart from Cædmon's Paraphrase, the religious poetry of the First English is now chiefly in two collections: the one known as the "Vercelli Book," because it was discovered in 1823 by Dr. Friedrich Blume, in a monastery at Vercelli; the other known as the "Exeter Book," because it is in the Chapter Library of Exeter Cathedral, to which it was given, with other volumes, by Bishop Leofric between the years 1046 and 1073. The "Exeter Book" begins with a fine poem, in nearly 3,400 lines, on Christ, by Cynewulf, who is represented also in the "Exeter Book" by a long poem on the Legend of St. Juliana, and in the "Vercelli Book" by nearly 3,000 lines on the Legend of St. Helen, or the Finding of the Cross. Jacob Grimm was probably right in suggesting that this poet was a Cynewulf, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who died in the year 780. He associated his name with his work by scattering the letters of it conspicuously over some short passage in each of his longer poems. Other metrical legends in these books are that of St. Andrew, in 3,444 lines, and a shorter legend of St. Guthlac. There are also two poems of a form that survived First-English times, Addresses of the Soul to the Body, several religious allegories, of the Phoenix, of the Panther, concerning whom a fable is applied to the Resurrection, and the Whale, "cruel and fierce to seafarers," who is described as a type of the Devil. Of him the fable is that he draws his prey by sending a sweet odour from his mouth. "Then suddenly around the prey the grim gums crash together. So it is to every man who often and negligently in this stormy world lets himself be deceived by sweet odour. . . . Hell's latticed doors have not return or escape, or any outlet for those who enter, any more than the fishes sporting in ocean can turn back from the whale's grip." In the First-English artist's illustration to Cædmon's Fall of the Angels¹ and other drawings of his, the open jaws of the whale represent the mouth of hell. We shall find this symbol retained in mediæval literature. Among the shorter poems is one called "The Sea-farer." This builds an allegory upon our English desire towards the sea, and represents under the figure of seafaring the leaving earth behind and its unstable joys, for lonely watching and striving, against all cold discouragements and through all trial in the tumults of the spiritual storm, uncared for by those who choose earth and its pleasures. Let me try to translate

THE SEAFARER.

I may sing of myself now
A song that is true,
Can tell of wide travel,
Of hard days of toil;
How oft through long seasons
I suffered and strove,
Abiding within my breast
Bitterest care;
How I sailed among sorrows
In many a sea;
The wild rise of the waves,
The close watch through the night

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¹ See page 7.

At the dark prow in danger
Of dashing on rock,
Folded in by the frost,
My feet bound by the cold
In chill hands, in the breast
The heart burning with care.
The soul of the sea weary
Hunger assailed. 20

Knows not he who finds happiest
Home upon earth
How I lived through long winters
In labour and care,
On the icy-cold ocean,
An exile from joy,
Cut off from dear kindred,
Encompassed with ice.
Hail flew in hard showers,
And nothing I heard 30
But the wrath of the waters,
The icy-cold way ;
At times the swan's song ;
In the scream of the gannet
I sought for my joy,
In the moan of the sea-whelp
For laughter of men,
In the song of the sea-mew
For drinking of mead. 40
Starlings answered the storm
Beating stones on the cliff,
Icy-feathered, and often
The eagle would shriek,
Wet of wing.
Not one home-friend could feel
With the desolate soul ;
For he little believes
To whom life's joy belongs
In the town, lightly troubled
With dangerous tracks, 50
Vain with high spirit
And wanton with wine,
How often I wearily
Held my sea-way.

The night shadows darkened,
It snowed from the north ;
The rime bound the rocks ;
The hail rolled upon earth,
Coldest of corn :
Therefore now is high heaving 60
In thoughts of my heart,
That my lot is, to learn
The wide joy of waters
The whirl of salt spray.
Often desire drives
My soul to depart,
That the home of the strangers
Far hence I may seek.

There is no man among us
So proud in his mind, 70
Nor so good in his gifts,
Nor so gay in his youth,
Nor so daring in deeds,
Nor so dear to his lord,
That his soul never stirred

At the thought of seafaring,
Or what his great Master
Will do with him yet.
He hears not the harp,
Heeds not giving of rings, 80
Has to woman no will,
And no hope in the world,
Nor in aught there is else
But the wash of the waves.
He lives ever longing
Who looks to the sea.

Groves bud with green,
The hills grow fair,
Gay shine the fields,
The world's astir : 90
All this but warns
The willing mind
To set the sail,
For so he thinks
Far on the waves
To win his way.
With woeful note
The cuckoo warns,
The summer's warden sings,
And sorrow rules 100
The heart-store bitterly.
No man can know,
Nursed in soft ease,
The burden borne
By those who fare
The farthest from their friends.

In the soul's secret chamber
My mind now is set ;
My heart's thought on wide waters,
The home of the whale, 110
It wanders away
Beyond limits of land :
Comes again to me, yearning
With eager desire ;
Loud cries the lone-flier,
And stirs the mind's longing
To travel the way that is trackless,
The death-way over the flood.

For my will to my Master's pleasure
Is warmer than this dead life 120
That is lent us on land.
I believe not
That earth-blessings ever abide.
Ever of three things one,
To each ere the severing hour :
Old age, sickness, or slaughter,
Will force the doomed soul to depart.

Therefore for each of the earls,
Of those who shall afterwards name them, 130
This is best laud from the living
In last words spoken about him :—
He worked ere he went his way,
When on earth, against wiles of the foe,
With brave deeds overcoming the devil.
His memory cherished
By children of men,
His glory grows ever

With angels of God,
In life everlasting
Of bliss with the bold. 140
Passed are the days of the pride
Of the kingdoms of earth.
Kings are no more, and kaisers.
None count out,
As once they did, their gifts of gold
When that made them most great,
And Man judged that they lived
As Lords most High.
That fame is all fallen,
Those joys are all fled; 150
The weak ones abiding
Lay hold on the world:
By their labour they win.

High fortune is humbled;
Earth's haughtiness ages
And wastes,—as now withers
Each Man from the world:
Old Age is upon him
And bleaches his face;
He is gray-haired and grieves, 160
Knows he now must give up
The old friends he cherished,
Chief children of earth.
The husk of flesh,
When life is fled,
Shall taste no sweetness,
Feel no sore;
Is in its hand no touch;
Is in its brain no thought. 170
Though his born brother
Strew gold in the grave,
Bury him pompously
Borne to the dead,
Entomb him with treasure,
The trouble is vain:
The soul of the sinful
His gold may not save
From the awe before God,
Though he hoarded it heedfully
While he lived here. 180

Great awe is in presence of God.¹
The firm ground trembles before Him
Who strongly fixed its foundations,
The limits of earth and the heavens.
Fool is he without fear of the Lord;
To him will come death unforeseen:
Happy he who is lowly of life;
To him will come honour from heaven:
The Creator will strengthen his soul
Because he put trust in His power. 190

Rude will should be ruled
And restrained within bound
And clean in its ways with men.

If every man
Kept measure in mind
With friend and with foe,²

More force is in fate,
In the Maker more might,
Than in thought of a man.

Let us look to the home 200
Where in truth we can live,
And then let us be thinking
How thither to come:
For then we too shall toil
That our travel may reach
To delight never ending,
When life is made free
In the love of the Lord
In the height of the heavens!
May we thank the All Holy 210
Who gave us this grace,—
The Wielder of glory,
The Lord everlasting,—
In time without end! Amen.

Cynewulf's "Christ," of which the original opening is lost, begins for us with praise of Christ as the corner-stone that the builders rejected, and with looking to Christ from the prison of this world. The poet then dwells on the mystery of the pure birth of the Saviour, and passes to a hymning of praise of the Virgin, "the delight of women among all the hosts of heaven." The theme of the Nativity is approached with an imagined dialogue between Joseph and Mary, and passes again into a strain of joyous hymning. In the one measure common to all First-English poetry, which I put into another form without change of his thoughts, Cynewulf sings his

CALL FOR CHRIST.

Come now, thou Lord of Victory, Creator of Mankind,
Make manifest Thy tenderness in mercy to us here!
Need is there for us all in Thee thy Mother's kin to find,
Though to thy Father's mystery we cannot yet come near.

Christ, Saviour, by Thy coming bless this earth of ours with
love;
The golden gates, so long fast barred, do Thou, O Heavenly
King,
Bid now unclothe, that humbly Thou, descending from above,
Seek us on earth, for we have need of blessing Thou canst
bring.

With fangs of death the accursed wolf hath scattered, Lord,
the flock
That with Thy blood, in time of old, O Master, thou hast
bought;
He has us in fierce clutch; we are his prey, his mock,
He scorns our soul's desire; wherefore, to Thee is all our
thought.

¹ This line begins a new leaf, and although there is no sign of its removal, Mr. Thorpe supposed that a leaf had been lost from the book between the preceding line and this, which he believed to belong to the close of another poem. But surely there is a clear sequence of thought.

² Though written without break, the original is here defective, through some oversight of the copyist.

Thee, our Preserver, earnestly we pray that Thou devise
For sad exiles a speedy help; let the dark spirit fall
To depths of hell; but let thy work, Creator, let man rise
Justly to that high realm whence the Accursed drew us all.

Through love of sin he drew us that, bereft of heaven's
light,

We suffer endless miseries, betrayed for evermore,
Unless Thou come to save us from the slayer, Lord of Might!
Shelter of Man! O Living God! come soon, our need is
sore!

Cynwulf then continuing the theme of the Nativity with renewed praise of the Virgin, passes to the resurrection, the ascension, the descent into hell, and liberation of the souls who there awaited the Lord's coming; and he closes his poem with hymns of praise and thanksgiving to God who gives us food and all blessings of this life, the sun and moon, the dew and rain, the increase of the earth, and the salvation of the soul through Christ.

Outside the Exeter and Vercelli Books, the most important First-English religious poem is a fragment on the story of Judith, which, although a fragment, includes the part to which the poet gave his highest energy, the slaying of Holofernes, and the welcoming of Judith by the city she had saved. This poem is in the same MS. which contains the great poem of Beowulf, not religious, but a record of the Northern



THE PSALMIST.

From a Psalter of the Tenth Century, Cotton MS. Tiberius, C. vi.

life of our forefathers before they had received Christianity. The place for some representation of Beowulf will be in the section of this Library that describes our larger works in verse and prose. There are also First-English hymns and prayers in various MSS., and a version of the Psalms, partly in prose, partly in verse, which from Psalm li. to cl. belongs

to the eighth century, and was, perhaps, by Aldhelm. I give one of these versified Psalms of David—the sixty-seventh—as an example of First English.

FIRST-ENGLISH METRICAL VERSION OF PSALM LXVII.¹

- Verse 1. Miltsa us, mihtig drihten,
and us on móde eac
gebletsa nu!
beorhte leóhte
thinne andwlitan and us
on móde weorth
thuruh thine mycelnesse
milde and blithe!
2. And we thaes on eorþan
andgyt habbath
and úre wegas wíde
geond thás wertheódo
on thinre hælo
healdan mótan.
3. Fole the andette!
thu eart fæle God;
and the andetten
ealle theóda!

¹ *Miltsa*, Be merciful. "*Milts*," mercy; "*milts-ian*," to pity, to be gracious. Allied to the word "*mild*."—*Mihtig*, mighty; the *h* having been strongly aspirated is now represented by *gh*, the softened *g* by *y*.—*Drihten*, Lord; "*driht*," a household; "*drihten*," lord, as the supreme father and ruler.—*On móde*, in mind (mood).—*Gebletsa nu*, bless now.—*Beorhte*, brightly; *e*, a case-ending, passed into adverbial sign.—*Leóhte*, make shine.—*Thinne andwlitan*, thy face "*andwlita*" = German "*antlitz*." It is a masculine noun ending in *a*, and therefore of the first declension, which consists only of nouns ending in the vowels *a* or *e*, and is thus inflected—

| | | M. | F. | N. |
|-------|-------------|----|------|----|
| Sing. | Nom. | -a | -e | -e |
| | Gen. | | | |
| | Dat. & Abl. | | -an | |
| | Acc. | | | -e |
| Plu. | Nom. & Acc. | | -an | |
| | Gen. | | -ena | |
| | Dat. & Abl. | | -um | |

The *ne* in "*thinne*" is the sign of the accusative masculine in indefinite adjectives and pronouns. Adjectives used definitely are inflected like the first declension of nouns, according to the form just given. If used indefinitely, they are inflected thus—

| | | M. | F. | N. |
|-------|-------------|-----|--------|-----|
| Sing. | Nom. | " | " (u) | " |
| | Gen. | -es | -re | -es |
| | Dat. | -um | -re | -um |
| | Acc. | -ne | -e | " |
| | Abl. | -e | -re | -e |
| Plu. | Nom. & Acc. | | -e (u) | |
| | Gen. | | -ra | |
| | Dat. & Abl. | | -um | |

Weorth, become; "*weorthan*," to become, be. The word is used in such a phrase as "*weo worth the day*."—*Thuruh thine mycelnesse*, through thy (miclness) greatness.—*Thes* (adverb), for this.—*Andgyt*, understanding.—*We habbath*, we have, or shall have. There was no future tense in First English: the present represented it. *-ath* was the plural sign in the present indicative of verbs where the pronoun preceded the verb, *e* if the pronoun followed. The present of "*habban*," to have, in which the *e* is formed by soft pronunciation of the *b*, shows the original softening of the *b* into an *f*, which has since been softened out of existence altogether. *Ic habbe* or *hæbbe* = have; *thu hæfst*—*ha(f)st*; *he hæfth*—*ha(f)th*; *we, ge or hi habbath*, or *habbe we, ge or hi*. So in the past "*hæffe*" becomes "*ha(f)d*."—*Ure wegas*, our ways. "*Weg*," way, a masculine noun ending in a consonant, is of the second declension, which contains

4. Hæbbe thæs gefean
folca æghwylc
and blissien
bealde theóða,
thæs the thu hi on rihtum
rædum démost
and eorþbúende
ealle healdest!
5. Folc the andetten
fælna drihten
and the andetten
ealle theóða!
6. Ge him eorthe sylleth
æthelo westme:
gebletsige us
blithe drihten
and usic God
eác bletsige!
hæbbe his egesan
eall eorþan gemaeru!

The Gospels were read to the people in their own tongue as part of the Church service in First-English times, and we have seen that Bede, when he died, was busy upon translation of the Gospel of St. John. The First-English Gospels have come down to us in several MSS., and were first printed after the Reformation, at the instance of Archbishop Matthew Parker. They were published in the year 1571, with

generally all nouns ending in a consonant. The form of inflexion for the second declension is—

| | | N. | F. | N. |
|-------|-------------|-------|-----|-----|
| Sing. | Nom. | „ (e) | „ | „ |
| | Gen. | -es | -e | -es |
| | Dat. & Abl. | -e | -e | -e |
| | Acc. | „ (e) | -e | „ |
| Plu. | Nom. & Acc. | -as | -a | „ |
| | Gen. | -a | -a | -a |
| | Dat. & Abl. | -um | -um | -um |

The *as* in "wegas" is, it will be seen, the form of the nominative or accusative plural only in masculines of this declension. It is the sole source of the modern English plural in *s*, though coincidence with the Norman-French plural in *s* favoured its extension in modern English to nouns of all classes.—*Wíde*, widely. The common use of *s* as an adverbial ending in First English, and the subsequent dropping of the final *e*, causes many of the homely adverbs from the Teutonic side of the language to be now alike in spelling with the adjectives from which they were made, as "hit him hard," &c.—*Geond* *thas wertheóde*, among this people. "Geond" = "yond," the *g* being softened before the vowels. A *g* so modified was afterwards represented by a modified letter, like a *z*, and this is the origin of the mistaken use of *z* in printing MS. so written. Nobody ever intended to write "ze" or "zour." The modified letter represented a *g*, softened sometimes to the sound of *y*, sometimes to a sound now represented by *gh*. "Thas wertheóde;" "wer" (= Latin "vir"), man, is used in combination with "theod," a people; "theod" ending in a consonant is of the second declension, and it is feminine, therefore (see the table given after the word "wegas"), it has an accusative singular in *e*; "thas," agreeing with its noun, is the accusative singular feminine of "this," a pronoun which was thus inflected (the second *s* in "thisse" and "thissa" being a modified *r*).

| | | N. | F. | N. |
|-------|-------------|--------|--------|--------|
| Sing. | Nom. | thas | theós | this |
| | Gen. | thises | thisse | thises |
| | Dat. | thisum | thisse | thisum |
| | Acc. | thisne | thise | this |
| | Abl. | thise | thisse | thise |
| | | | | |
| Plu. | Nom. & Acc. | thás | | |
| | Gen. | thissa | | |
| | Dat. & Abl. | thisum | | |

In *thíner hea*, in thy health. "Hælo," or "hælu," is indeclinable. Being feminine the pronoun—inflected like an adjective—takes the

a dedication to Queen Elizabeth. There was another edition of them by Dr. Marshall, rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, published in 1665, with the Gothic version given by Francis Junius; and in 1842 they were produced in a handy edition, carefully re-edited from the original manuscripts by Benjamin Thorpe, who was in his day our most helpful worker at First English. Here is from the sixth chapter of Matthew

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN FIRST ENGLISH:

Fæder úre, thú the eart on heofenum, si thin nama gehalgod. To-becume thin rice. Geweorthe thin willa on eorþan, swa swa on heofenum. Urne dæghwamlican hlaf sylle us to-dæg. And forgyf ús úre gyltas, swa swa we forgyfath úrum gyltendum. And ne gelæde thu us on costnunge, ac alys us of yfle: Sothlice.

Alcuin died in the year 804, and between the years 800 and 815, or about the time of the death of Alcuin, John Scotus Erigena was born. Whether born in Ireland, as is probable, or in Ayrshire as some say, he seems to have had in his veins some of that mixture of Celtic blood which gave audacity to thought. He found his way to the court of Charles the Bald, one of the sons of Alcuin's friend Charlemagne, and was there held in high esteem for wit, wisdom, and learning. He translated from Greek into Latin a book on the "Hierarchies of Heaven,"

inflexion *re*. (See the form already given to explain "thinna.")—*Healdan* *móton*, may be able to hold firm, or abide. "Healdan," to hold, fasten, &c.; "mót," meaning must, ought, can, was inflected thus in the present: "ic mót, thú móst, he mot; we móton." In the past, "ic móste, . . . we moston."—*Folc the andetle*, let the people (the folk = German "Volk") acknowledge thee. "Andetan," to confess; "andettes," a confession, a creed; "andettan," to confess, acknowledge, thank.—*Fel*, true, pure.—*Gefea*, joy, gladness.—*Æghwylc*, every one. *Æg* as a prefix means "ever, always." (It is the word in the phrase "ever and aye").—*hweyle* (Scottish "whilk") means which or what.—*Folca*, of the peoples (see form of the second declension, given to explain "wegas").—*Blissian*, to rejoice, be glad.—*Beald* and *bald*, bold, high-spirited.—*Theod* being feminine, its nominative plural is in *a*.—*Thas the*, for this that; *thú*, hi, thou, them; "the" here is indeclinable. "He, she, it" was declined—

| | | N. | F. | N. |
|-------|-------------|--------------|------|-----|
| Sing. | Nom. | he | heó | hit |
| | Gen. | his | hire | his |
| | Dat. | him | hire | him |
| | Acc. | hine | heo | hit |
| Plu. | Nom. & Acc. | hi, hig | | |
| | Gen. | hira (heora) | | |
| | Dat. & Abl. | him (heom) | | |

Ge—usic. These were inflexions of "thou" and "I"—

| | | N. | F. | N. |
|---|-------------|-----------|------------|----|
| Sing. | Nom. | ic | thú | |
| | Gen. | min | thín | |
| | Dat. & Abl. | me | the | |
| | Acc. | me (mec) | the (thoe) | |
| Dual (used only in First-English for these pronouns)— | Nom. | wit | git | |
| | Gen. | uncer | incer | |
| | Dat. & Abl. | unc | inc | |
| | Acc. | unc | inc | |
| Plu. | Nom. | we | ge | |
| | Gen. | úre | eówer | |
| | Dat. & Abl. | ús | eów | |
| | Acc. | ús (usic) | eów | |

Syllan, to give; *æthel*, noble; *weastm*, fruit; *egesa*, awe; *gemaeru*, boundaries.—As to verbs, it may be added that *-ian* or *-an* is the sign of the infinitive present. That the three conjugations are marked by the way of making the past tense, the first by addition of *-ode*, *-de*, or *-te*, with or without change of the root-vowel, the second and third by change of the root-vowel always without addition of *-de* or *-te*.

ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, who was supposed to have been converted by St. Paul, and afterwards to have become first bishop of the Christians at Athens. Erigena had already incurred suspicion of heresy when he produced his Latin work, in five parts, on "The Division of Nature," a dialogue between pupil and master, which was the starting-point of a new school of philosophy. In this book he gave mystical interpretations of Scripture, and otherwise excited a very warm antagonism. After the death of Charles the Bald, John Scotus Erigena is said to have come to England, allured by the munificence of King Alfred, and at Malmesbury to have been stabbed to death by the styles of his pupils, about the year 875.

King Alfred had succeeded Ethelred in the year 871, being then twenty-two years old. There was confusion in the land from inroads of the Danes; many monasteries and their schools were broken up, and learning had decayed. When Alfred had cleared the way for labour towards the re-establishment of knowledge and religion, he produced or caused to be produced English versions of books suitable for his purpose. The History of Orosius, which had been the Latin text-book for a history of the world in the monastery schools, he restored to the schools in English, with much abridgment of its theological element, and addition of fresh knowledge. There was added an original detail of the geography of Germany in Alfred's time, and the record of two coasting voyages in the north of Europe. Alfred provided also a translation into English of Bede's History of England. For the instruction of the clergy, he issued an English version of the Pastoral Care of Pope Gregory the Great.

The opening sentences of King Alfred's translation of this book have an interest that has caused them to be often quoted.¹

There is a single change of the root-vowel in the second declension, and there is a double change in the third. The past tenses are formed in the first conjugation (a) by adding *-ode*, (b) by adding *-de* or *-te* simply, (c) by adding *-de* or *-te* with a change also of the root-vowel. In the second conjugation the root-vowel is changed—as in "eat" to "ate"—"æ't"—in one of three ways: to (a) *a'*, (b) *e*, (c) *o*. In the third conjugation it is changed (a) to *a* with a second change to *u*, (b) to *i* with a second change to *i*, (c) to *ea* with a second change to *u*. The second change occurs in the second person singular and whole plural of the indicative and throughout the subjunctive. It is the origin of such double forms as "sang" and "sung." In reading First English aloud pronounce *a* like the *a* in "path" or "father;" *a'* like the *a* in "pat" or "pate" (this mark over a vowel indicates longer and broader sound); pronounce, therefore, Cædmon not Seedman, but Cadmon, and the vowels and letters generally more after the manner of northern than of southern English as now spoken; slightly roughen the aspiration of the *h*, and sound the *r*.

¹ The standard edition of this work of King Alfred's has been produced by one of the best living First-English scholars, Mr. Henry Sweet, for "the Early English Text Society:"—"King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care. With an English Translation, the Latin Text, Notes, and an Introduction." The passage above quoted is given from the Translation added by Mr. Sweet to his text. A word may here be said of "the Early English Text Society," to which English students are indebted for this and much other valuable work. We owe its existence to the enthusiastic energy of Mr. F. J. Furnivall, who set it up in the year 1864, and has himself edited many interesting texts for it. The self-denial of the editors, and fellowship of many in the work, has enabled this society to secure an unusually large return of valuable publications for the annual guinea of each of its members. In the first ten years of its life the society produced more than 16,000 pages of edited texts. Some of

KING ALFRED'S INTRODUCTION TO HIS TRANSLATION OF POPE GREGORY'S "REGULA PASTORALIS."

King Alfred bids greet bishop Wærferth with his words lovingly and with friendship; and I let it be known to thee that it has very often come into my mind, what wise men there formerly were throughout England, both of sacred and secular orders; and how happy times there were then throughout England; and how the kings who had power over the nation in those days obeyed God and his ministers; and they preserved peace, morality, and order at home, and at the same time enlarged their territory abroad; and how they prospered both with war and with wisdom; and also the sacred orders how zealous they were both in teaching and learning, and in all the services they owed God; and how foreigners came to this land in search of wisdom and instruction, and how we should now have to get them from abroad if we were to have them. So general was its decay in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English; and I believe that there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few of them that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. Thanks be to God Almighty that we have any teachers among us now. And therefore I command thee to do as I believe thou art willing, to disengage thyself from worldly matters as often as thou canst, that thou mayest apply the wisdom which God has given thee wherever thou canst. Consider what punishments would come upon us on account of this world, if we neither loved it (wisdom) ourselves nor suffered other men to obtain it: we should love the name only of Christian, and very few of the virtues. When I considered all this I remembered also how I saw, before it had been all ravaged and burnt, how the churches throughout the whole of England stood filled with treasures and books, and there was also a great multitude of God's servants, but they had very little knowledge of the books, for they could not understand anything of them, because they were not written in their own language. As if they had said: "Our forefathers, who formerly held these places, loved wisdom, and through it they obtained wealth and bequeathed it to us. In this we can still see their tracks, but we cannot follow them, and therefore we have lost both the wealth and the wisdom, because we would not incline our hearts after their example."

the publications, not in themselves works of genius, are included in the series for help they may give to philological research, some for their lively illustration of manners and customs, or of phases of opinion, but not a few are the only printed editions of texts of the highest literary interest. It is for this society that Mr. Skeat has produced such an edition of several texts of "The Vision of Piers Plowman" as we should have had otherwise no hope of possessing, a study that no German could surpass in thoroughness, and very fruitful indeed in its results. Among other works edited by him are Barbour's "Bruce" and "Havelok" and "William of Palerne." Dr. Richard Morris has not only edited for the Early English Text Society such important works as the thirteenth century poem on the Story of Genesis and Exodus, the "Cursor Mundi," "The Aenbite of Inwit," &c., but he has been the first to develop in the introductions to such works that more critical study of old English Dialects which now has the attention of all students. Mr. Furnivall has worked indefatigably, and has been particularly happy in his lively illustration of old social conditions, by help of "The Book of Curtesy," "The Book of Demeanour," Andrew Boorde's "Introduction and Dyetary," &c., besides contributing to a series of editions of the old Arthurian Romances. There is an edition of the Works of Sir David Lindsay, by Mr. J. A. H. Murray, who edits also an interesting poem of the year 1549, "The Complaynt of Scotland." But a chronicle of good work done by "The Early English Text Society" is more than can be here set down in a note. Its publishers are Messrs. Trübner and Co., 57 and 59, Ludgate Hill.

When I remembered all this, I wondered extremely that the good and wise men who were formerly all over England, and had perfectly learnt all the books, did not wish to translate them into their own language. But again I soon answered myself and said: "They did not think that men would ever be so careless, and that learning would so decay; through that desire they abstained from it, and they wished that the wisdom in this land might increase with our knowledge of languages." Then I remembered how the law was first known in Hebrew, and again, when the Greeks had learnt it, they translated the whole of it into their own language, and all other books besides. And again the Romans, when they had learnt it, they translated the whole of it through learned interpreters into their own language. And also all other Christian nations translated a part of them into their own language. Therefore it seems better to me, if ye think so, for us also to translate some books which are most needful for all men to know into the language which we can all understand, and for you to do as we very easily can if we have tranquillity enough, that is, that all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, be set to learn as long as they are not fit for any other occupation, until that they are well able to read English writing: and let those be afterwards taught more in the Latin language who are to continue learning and be promoted to a higher rank. When I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin *Pastoralis*, and in English *Shepherd's Book*, sometimes word by word and sometimes according to the sense, as I had learnt it from Plegmund my archbishop, and Asser my bishop, and Grimbold my mass-priest, and John my mass-priest. And when I had learnt it as I could best understand it, and as I could most clearly interpret it, I translated it into English; and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom; and on each there is a clasp worth fifty mancus.¹ And I command in God's name that no man take the clasp from the book or the book from the minster: it is uncertain how long there may be such learned bishops as now, thanks be to God, there are nearly everywhere; therefore I wish them always to remain in their place, unless the bishop wish to take them with him, or they be lent out anywhere, or any one make a copy from them.

Because the monasteries had used (on account of its religious tone) the book on the "Consolation of Philosophy," written in prison by Anicius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boëthius, the last of the old Latin philosophers, King Alfred translated also that. Boëthius, in the prison from which he was taken to execution, about the year 825, imagined himself lamenting the worldly estate from which he had fallen, and visited by Philosophy, who held discourse with him upon the vanity of such regrets, since all substantial good was of the mind, and beyond reach of fortune. The book was philosophical, not Christian; but was in such wide request among the Christians, that they made a saint of its author, by fabling that he died a martyr. Small pieces of Latin versification—"Metra"—were interspersed by Boëthius, and

¹ Fifty mancus = 300 shillings. There were thirty pence in a mancus and five pence in a shilling.

these were not given in English verse when Alfred's translation was produced, though extant renderings of the "Metra" of Boëthius into First-English verse have been ascribed to Alfred. In one passage of the prose translation Alfred expanded a short sentence into contemplations of his own upon the duty of a king. The sentence in Boëthius (lib. ii., prosa vii.) is only this:—"Tum ego, Scis, inquam, ipsa minimum nobis ambitionem mortalium rerum fuisse dominatam: sed materiam gerendis rebus optavimus, quo ne virtus tacita consenesceret." In Alfred's version two sentences represent this passage, and they are then amplified by original reflections that seem to have arisen in the king's mind as he thought of his own work and his own ambition in it:—

KING ALFRED ON KING-CRAFT.

The Mind then answered, and thus said: O Reason, indeed thou knowest that covetousness and the greatness of this earthly power never well pleased me, nor did I altogether very much yearn after this earthly authority. But nevertheless I was desirous of materials for the work which I was commanded to perform; that was, that I might honourably and fitly guide and exercise the power which was committed to me. Moreover, thou knowest that no man can show any skill, nor exercise or control any power, without tools and materials. There are of every craft the materials without which man cannot exercise the craft. These, then, are a king's materials and his tools to reign with: that he have his land well peopled; he must have prayer-men, and soldiers, and workmen.² Thou knowest that without these tools no king can show his craft. This is also his materials which he must have besides the tools; provisions for the three classes. This is, then, their provision; land to inhabit, and gifts and weapons, and meat, and ale, and clothes, and whatsoever is necessary for the three classes. He cannot without these preserve the tools, nor without the tools accomplish any of those things which he is commanded to perform. Therefore I was desirous of materials wherewith to exercise the power, that my talents and power should not be forgotten and concealed. For every craft and every power soon becomes old, and is passed over in silence, if it be without wisdom: for no man can accomplish any craft without wisdom. Because whatsoever is done through folly, no one can ever reckon for craft. This is now especially to be said; that I wished to live honourably whilst I lived, and after my life, to leave to the men who were after me, my memory in good works.

I translate the opening metre from Boëthius into modern English, giving the original below, and add the version of the First-English translator as a last example of that stage of the language:—

FIRST METRE OF BOETHIUS.³

I who once finished verse with happy toil
Am forced now to begin a mournful strain;
See, the torn Muses tell me what to write,
Elegy sets their lips with a true pain.

² King Alfred's classification of a people corresponds with that of Plato, of whose Republic he assuredly knew nothing. Plato's three orders in a State were the guardians, auxiliaries, and producers. See Note 1, page 12.

³ This is the original:—

METREUM I.

Carmina qui quondam studio florentie peregi,
Flebilis, heu, mæstos cogor inire modos.

For these at least no terror could compel
 To turn from being comrades on my way;
 The glory once of green and joyous youth,
 They comfort now my sad days of decay.
 For hasting Age, unlooked for, comes with ills,
 And Grief has claimed her turn of rule within;
 Gray hairs, too soon, are scattered on my head,
 On the spent frame quivers the wrinkled skin.
 Happy the Death that breaks not on man's years
 Of joy, and hastens when the mourner cries:
 Alas, his ears are deaf to the distressed!
 Cruel, he will not close the weeping eyes!
 When fickle Fortune blessed me with light good,
 Hardly a sad hour passed over my head;
 Now that her cloud has changed its doubtful face
 Unkindly life delays me from the dead.
 Why did you, friends, so often boast my bliss?
 He who has fallen, always stood amiss.

This is the version in First English:—

Hwæt ic lióða fela
 lustlice geó
 sang on sælum!
 nu sceal siófigende
 wópe gewæged
 wrecca giómor
 singan sárowidas.
 Me thiós siccetung hafath
 agæled, thes geocsa,
 thaet ic tha ged ne mæg
 gefégean swa fægre,
 theáh ic fela gió tha
 sette sothcwida,
 thonne ic on sælum wæs.
 Oft ic nu miscyrre
 cuthe spræce
 and theáh uncuthre
 ær hwilum fond!
 Me thas woruld sæltha
 welhwæs blindne
 on this dimme hol
 dysigne forlæddon
 and me berypton
 rædes and frofre
 for heora untreórwum,
 the ic him æfre betst
 truwian sceolde:
 hi me to wendon

*Ecce mihi lacrimæ dictant scribenda Camenæ,
 Et veris elegi fletibus ora rigant.
 Has saltem nullus potuit pervincere terror,
 Ne nostrum comites prosequerentur iter;
 Gloria felicis olim viridisque juventutis!
 Solantur maestis nunc mea fata senis.
 Venit enim properata malis inopina senectus,
 Et dolor statem jussit inesse suam.
 Intempestivi funduntur vertice cani,
 Et tremit effeto corpore laxa cutis.
 Mors hominum felix, quæ se nec dulcibus annis
 Inserit, et maestis sæpè vocata venit.
 Eheu, quàm surdâ miseros avertitur aure,
 Et flenteis oculos claudere sæva negat!
 Dum levibus malefida bonis fortuna faveret,
 Pœnè caput tristis merserat hora meum.
 Nunc, quia fallacem mutavit nubila vultum,
 Protrahit ingratis impia vita moras.
 Quid me felicem toties jactastis amici?
 Qui cecidit, stabili non erat ille gradu.*

heora bacu bitere
 and heora blisse from!
 Forhwám wolde ge
 weoruldrýnd mine,
 secgan oththe singan,
 thaet ic gesællie mon
 wære on weorulde?
 Ne synt tha word soth,
 nu tha gesæltha ne magon
 simle gewunigan.

King Alfred died at the beginning of the tenth century, and not long after his time there was a remarkable effort for the revival of a strict monasticism, led by two men of like age, born in or about the year 925—Æthelwold and Dunstan. Dunstan in the year 947, twenty-two years old, became Abbot of Glastonbury, and Æthelwold joined his establishment until he received charge over the small ruined Abbey of Abingdon, with means for its re-establishment. In the year 953, Æthelwold was consecrated Bishop of Winchester by Dunstan, who had become Archbishop of Canterbury. Æthelwold rebuilt his cathedral at Winchester, and Archbishop Dunstan dedicated the new structure to St. Swithin, who had been Bishop of Winchester between the years 852 and 862, and who had been buried, by his own desire, outside his old church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where "the feet of passengers and droppings from the eaves" should beat upon his grave. The removal of his relics into the cathedral consecrated in his name was preceded by miracles, of which an account, written about the year 985, appears upon three old leaves preserved in the library of Gloucester Cathedral. These and three other old leaves of First English on the story of Saint Maria Egyptiaca, which are also at Gloucester, have been copied by photo-zincography, and published, with elaborate elucidations and appendices, by the Rev. John Earle, under the name of "Gloucester Fragments." This is the record on the leaves detailing

MIRACLES OF ST. SWITHIN.

Three years before the saint was brought into the church from the stone coffin, which now stands within the new building, came the venerable Swithin to an aged smith, appearing in dream worthily apparelled, and spoke these words to him: "Knowest thou the priest who is called Eadsige, who was driven out of the old minster with other priests for their misconduct by Bishop Athelwold?" The smith answered the venerable Swithin thus: "Sir, I knew him long ago, but he went hence, and I am not quite sure where he lives now." Then said again the holy man to the old smith: "Verily, he is now settled at Winchelcombe, and I now entreat, in the Lord's name, that you quickly deliver to him my message, and say to him, forsooth, that Bishop Swithin bade him go to Bishop Athelwold and say that he is himself to open my tomb and bring my bones within the church, because it is granted to him that in his time I be manifested to men." And the smith said to him, "O, sir, he will not believe my words." Then said the bishop again, "Let him go to my tomb, and pull a ring out of my coffin: and if the ring follow him at the first pull, then will he know for truth that I send you to him; if the ring will not up with his one pull, then shall he in no wise believe what you

tell him. Tell him, furthermore, to put himself right in his acts and manners, according to his Lord's will, and hasten with a single mind towards eternal life. Also tell all men that as soon as ever they open my tomb, they will find there such a precious hoard that their dear gold is worth naught as against the foresaid treasures." The holy Swithin then went up from the smith. And the smith durst not tell any man the vision, for he would not be known as a false-speaking messenger, so that the holy man spoke to him again, and yet the third time, and chid him severely, because he would not actively obey his orders. The smith next went to his tomb, and took a ring, though but timidly; and called to God speaking in words thus: "O thou Lord God, Creator of all creatures, grant to me sinful that I pull the ring up from this lid, if he lie here within who spoke to me three times in dream." He then drew the ring up from the stone as easily as if it were in sand, and he greatly wondered at that. He then set it again in the same hole and pressed it with his feet, and it stood so firm again that no man could pull it thence. Then the smith went from that place in awe, and met Eadsige's man in the market-place, and told him exactly what Swithin bade him, and earnestly begged that he would report it to him. He said that he would tell it to his master, and nevertheless durst not tell him at first, before he bethought him that it was not necessary for him to hide from his master the saint's command. He then told to the end what Swithin commanded him. At that time Eadsige shunned Bishop Athelwold, and all the monks that had been in the minster, because of the driving out that he had executed against them; and he would not obey the saint's bidding, though after the flesh he was related to him. Nevertheless, he turned back within two years to that same minster, and became a monk, by God's means, and dwelt there till he departed from life. Blessed be the Almighty who humbles the proud, and lifts up the lowly to high honours.

By report of this and other miracles honour was added to the name of Swithin when it was proposed to remove his bones and enshrine them in the new cathedral. The sick were said to be healed at the rate of from three to eighteen a day, and it was not easy to get into the new minster for the press of diseased people in the burial-ground.

Ælfric, the son of a Kentish earl, was one of the first who had entered the monastic school at Abingdon when Æthelwold re-established it, and the reconstruction was complete, in the year 950. When Æthelwold went to Winchester, Ælfric, who from pupil had become a teacher, went with him, managed the cathedral school, and laid foundations of the fame of the town as a place of education. He wrote for use of his school and of other schools, a Latin-English Dictionary and a book of Latin "Colloquies." He also translated into First English most of the books of the Old Testament. When the Abbey of Cerne, in Dorsetshire, was founded, Æthelmer, its founder, strongly desired the famous Ælfric for its abbot, and he left Winchester to become Abbot of Cerne. In this office probably he died; though some have identified him with that Ælfric who in the year 995 passed from the bishopric of Wilton to the archbishopric of Canterbury, and died in the year 1006; while others make him the Ælfric who died Archbishop of York in the year 1051, though Abbot Ælfric could hardly have been born later than A.D. 930, if he was one of Æthelwold's first monks

at Abingdon. Certain it is that when he produced the work by which he is especially remembered—the last important contribution to religious literature in First-English times—Ælfric was Abbot of Cerne.

He completed, in the year 990, a series of forty Homilies, forming a harmony of the doctrinal opinions of the Fathers, as the English Church in his time accepted them, set forth in sermons, addressed to the understandings of the people. Sigeric, then Archbishop of Canterbury, issued these Homilies for general use, and Ælfric compiled a second series of forty Sermons on the Saints, whose days were kept by the First-English Church.

One of the most interesting of the sermons in the first series is that on Easter Day, for the great prominence given to it early in Elizabeth's reign as evidence that upon one main point then in dispute, the ancient Church of England agreed with the Reformers. Ælfric based the doctrinal part of this sermon on a treatise by Ratramnus,¹ a monk of the abbey of Corbie, who was contemporary with John Scotus Erigena in the time of Charles the Bald. The Queen's first archbishop, the learned Matthew Parker, sought to revive the study of First English, chiefly that men might find in Ælfric's Homilies what opinions were really ancient in the English Church. John Day, the printer through whom the archbishop worked in such matters, had a fount of

¹ Ratramnus, or Bertram, a French monk of Corbie, who died soon after the year 868, took active part in the discussions of his time, and acquired great reputation for his learning and his lively style. They won from him no promotion in the Church, and he had no very good will either to his own abbot, Paschasius Radbertus, or to Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims. He argued against Hincmar on the subject of predestination, and against Radbert upon transubstantiation. His argument, "*De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*," was in the form of a letter to Charles the Bald, said in the first printed edition of the work (at Cologne in 1532) to be Charlemagne, who had asked the monk for his opinion on the mystery of the sacrament. The doctrine of this little work is precisely followed by Ælfric when he speaks of the mystery of the housell, and in some parts the English Homilist is little more than a translator; but of that considerable part of the English sermon which treats of the Paschal Lamb there is, of course, nothing in the treatise of Ratramnus, and when Ælfric comes to take the argument of Ratramnus on the real presence he is repeating it in his own way more briefly, and with freshness of manner. Ratramnus quoted authorities in some detail—Augustine, Isidore, Ambrose, Jerome; thus sheltering himself against attack on the ground of heresy, and so effectually, that—although afterwards assailed—he was in his own time appointed by the French Church to reply to the attacks of Photius upon the Catholic faith. Ælfric, exposed to no such danger, simply adopted the view of the French monk, and gave in a homily the pith of the treatise of Ratramnus as the doctrine of the English Church upon the Eucharist. It may be added that this treatise of Ratramnus, "*De Corpore et Sanguine Domini*," first printed in 1532, had attracted the attention of English reformers before Matthew Parker caused the translation of Ælfric's Easter-Day Sermon. An English translation of Ratramnus, by Sir Humphrey Lynde, was "Imprynted at London in saynt Andrewes paryshe in the wardropt, by Thomas Raynalde and Anthony Kyngstone," entitled "*The Boke of Barthram Priest intretinge of the bodye and bloude of Christ, wryten to greate Charles the Emperour, and set forth vii.C. years agoe, and Imprynted An. dni. M.D.XLviij.*" When the argument between the Churches was again pressing, in the reign of James II., two years before the English Revolution, there was produced by William Hopkins, Prebend of Worcester, "*The Boke of Bertram, or Ratramnus, Priest and Monk of Corbey, concerning the Body and Blood of the Lord, in Latine: With a New English Translation, more exact than the former. Also, An Historical Dissertation concerning the Author and this Work; wherein both are vindicated from the Exceptions of the Writers of the Church of Rome.*" This version was made by Hopkins in 1681. It was published in 1686. The Dissertation was by Dr. Peter Allix.

Saxon types, and this Easter sermon of Ælfric's having been translated was printed by him, the original text and translation upon opposite pages, in the year 1567, with a preface by J. Josseline, which dwelt on the archbishop's reason for giving it publicity. The preface, in supplying some account of Ælfric, distinguishes the author of the Grammar and of the Homilies, whom he finds always called "Abbot," from Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, while admitting that they might be the same person. He says—"Truly this Ælfric we here speak of was equal in time to Ælfric, Archbishop of Canterbury, as may certainly appear to him that will well consider, when Wulfstan, Archbishop of York, and Wulfstine, Bishop of Sherborne, lived, unto whom Ælfric writeth the Saxon epistles from which the words concerning the Sacrament hereafter following be taken.¹ And the certainty of this consideration may well be had out of William of Malmesbury 'De Pontificibus,' and out of the subscription of bishops to the grants, letters patents, and charters of Æthelred, who reigned king of England at this time. Howbeit whether this Ælfricke and Ælfricke Archbishop of Canterbury was but one and the same man, I leave it to other men's judgments further to consider: for that, writing here to Wulfstane, he nameth himself but Abbot, and yet Ælfricke, Archbishop of Canterbury, was promoted to his archbishop's stole six years before that Wulfstane was made Archbishop of York." It is evident that Archbishop Matthew Parker separated Abbot Ælfric, the author, grammarian, and homilist, from that Ælfric who was in the abbot's time Archbishop of Canterbury. The preface to the translation of Ælfric's "Sermon on the Sacrament" was followed by a warranty for it, signed by the two archbishops and thirteen bishops of the English Church, "with divers other personages of honour and credit subscribing their names, the record whereof remains in the hands of the most reverend father Matthew, Archbishop of Canterbury."

This is the sermon:—

EASTER-DAY.



SERMON of the Paschal Lamb, and of the Sacramental Body and Blood of Christ our Saviour, written in the old Saxon Tongue before the Conquest, and appointed in the reign of the Saxons to be spoken unto the People at Easter before they should receive the Communion, and now first translated into our common English speech.

Men beloved, it hath been often said unto you about our Saviour's Resurrection, how he on this present day, after his suffering, mightily rose from death. Now will we open unto you through God's grace, of the holy housell,² which ye

should now go unto, and instruct your understanding about this mystery, both after the old covenant, and also after the new, that no doubting may trouble you about this lively food.

The Almighty God bade Moses, his captain in the land of Egypt, to command the people of Israel to take for every family a lamb of one year old, the night they departed out of the country to the Land of Promise, and to offer the lamb to God, and after to kill it, and to make the sign of the cross with the lamb's blood upon the side-posts and the upper posts of their door, and afterwards to eat the lamb's flesh roasted, and unleavened bread with wild lettuce. God saith unto Moses, Eat of the lamb nothing raw, nor sodden in water, but roasted with fire. Eat the head, and the feet, and the inwards, and let nothing of it be left, till the morning: if anything thereof remain, that shall you burn with fire. Eat it in this wise. Gird your loins, and do your shoes on your feet, have your staves in your hands, and eat it in haste. This time is the Lord's passover. And there was slain on that night in every house throughout Pharaoh's reign, the firstborn child: and God's people of Israel were delivered from the sudden death through the lamb's offering, and his blood's marking. Then said God unto Moses, Keep this day in your remembrance, and hold it a great feast in your kindreds with a perpetual observation, and eat unleavened bread always at this feast. After this deed God led the people of Israel over the Red Sea with dry foot, and drowned therein Pharaoh, and all his army, together with their possessions, and fed afterwards the Israelites forty years with heavenly food, and gave them water out of the hard rock, until they came to the promised land. Part of this story we have treated in another place, part we shall now declare, to wit, that which belongeth to the holy housell.

Christian men may not now keep that old law bodily; but it behoveth them to know what it ghostly⁴ signifieth. That innocent lamb which the old Israelites did then kill, had signification after ghostly understanding of Christ's suffering, who unguilty shed his holy blood for our redemption. Hereof sing God's servants at every mass:

"Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis."

That is in our speech, Thou Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us. Those Israelites were delivered from that sudden death, and from Pharaoh's bondage, by the lamb's offering, which signified Christ's suffering: through which we be delivered from everlasting death, and from the devil's cruel reign, if we rightly believe in the true redeemer of the whole world, Christ the Saviour. That lamb was offered in the evening, and our Saviour suffered in the sixth age of this world. This age of this corruptible world is reckoned unto the evening. They marked with the lamb's blood upon the doors, and the upper posts Tau,⁵ that is the sign of the cross, and were so defended from the angel that killed the Egyptians' first-born child. And we ought to mark our foreheads and our bodies⁶ with the token of

heathen sacrifices. The Mæsgothic in Ulfilas is "hunal," an offering: "hunsljan," to offer; "hunslastath," the altar. The word "housell" is used in "Hamlet," act i., sc. 5:—

"Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled."

⁴ Ghostly, spiritually: First-English, "gást," the breath, a spirit. So the Holy Ghost = the Holy Spirit.

⁵ Here Matthew Parker's translator of Ælfric's sermon adds a side-note—"No such sign commanded by God in that place of Scripture, but it was the blood that God did look upon."—Exod. xii. 23.

⁶ "Understand this as that of St. Paul (Eph. 2). Christ reconciled both to God in one body through his cross." Side-note of the Elizabethan translator.

¹ These passages, with "the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, in the Saxon and English Tongue," were given as an appendix to the Sermon.

² Initial from a MS. of Bede's History. Cotton. MSS., Tiberius, C. ii.

³ Housell (First-English "húsl"; Icelandic "húsl"), the sacrament. The word was disused after the Reformation, but was familiar until then, and although of Teutonic origin, had never been applied to

Christ's rood, that we may be also delivered from destruction, when we shall be marked both on forehead and also in heart with the blood of our Lord's suffering. Those Israelites ate the lamb's flesh at their Easter time, when they were delivered, and we receive ghostly Christ's body, and drink his blood, when we receive with true belief that holy housell. That time they kept with them at Easter seven days with great worship, when they were delivered from Pharaoh and went from that land. So also Christian men keep Christ's resurrection at the time of Easter these seven days, because through his suffering and rising we be delivered, and be made clean by going to this holy housell, as Christ saith in his gospel, Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye have no life in you except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me, and I in him, and hath that everlasting life: and I shall raise him up in the last day. I am the lively bread, that came down from heaven, not so as your forefathers ate that heavenly bread in the wilderness, and afterward died. He that eateth this bread, he liveth for ever. He blessed bread before his suffering, and divided it to his disciples, thus saying, Eat this bread, it is my body, and do this in my remembrance. Also he blessed wine in one cup, and said, Drink ye all of this. This is my blood, that is shed for many, in forgiveness of sins. The Apostles did as Christ commanded, that is, they blessed bread and wine to housell again afterwards in his remembrance. Even so also since their departure all priests by Christ's commandment do bless bread and wine to housell in his name with the Apostolic blessing.

Now men have often searched, and do yet often search, how bread that is gathered of corn, and through fire's heat baked, may be turned to Christ's body; or how wine that is pressed out of many grapes is turned through one blessing to the Lord's blood.

Now say we to such men, that some things be spoken of Christ by signification, some thing by thing certain. True thing is and certain, that Christ was born of a maid, and suffered death of his own accord, and was buried, and on this day rose from death. He is said bread by signification, and a lamb, and a lion, and a mountain. He is called bread, because he is our life and angels' life. He is said to be a lamb for his innocency, a lion for strength, wherewith he overcame the strong devil. But Christ is not so, notwithstanding, after true nature; neither bread, nor a lamb, nor a lion. Why is then that holy housell called Christ's body or his blood, if it be not truly that it is called? Truly the bread and the wine, which by the mass of the priest is hallowed, shew one thing without to human understanding, and another thing they call within to believing minds. Without they be seen bread and wine, both in figure and in taste: and they be truly after their hallowing, Christ's body, and his blood through ghostly mystery. An heathen child is christened, yet he altereth not his shape without, though he be changed within. He is brought to the font-stone sinful through Adam's disobedience. Howbeit he is washed from all sin within, though he hath not changed his shape without. Even so the holy font-water, that is called the well-spring of life, is like in shape to other waters, and is subject to corruption; but the Holy Ghost's might cometh to the corruptible water, through the priest's blessing, and it may after wash the body and soul from all sin through ghostly might. Behold now we see two things in this one creature. After true nature that water is corruptible water, and after ghostly mystery, hath hallowing might. So also if we behold that holy housell after bodily understanding, then see we that it is a creature corruptible and mutable; if we acknowledge therein ghostly might, then understand we that life is

therein, and that it giveth immortality to them that eat it with belief.

Much is betwixt the invisible might of the holy housell and the visible shape of his proper nature. It is¹ naturally corruptible bread and corruptible wine, and is by might of God's word, truly Christ's body and his blood: not so notwithstanding bodily, but ghostly. Much is betwixt the body Christ suffered in, and the body that is hallowed to housell. The body truly that Christ suffered in was born of the flesh of Mary, with blood and with bone, with skin and with sinews, in human limbs, with a reasonable soul living; and his ghostly body, which we call the housell, is gathered of many corns: without blood and bone, without limb, without soul. And therefore nothing is to be understood therein bodily, but all is ghostly to be understood.² Whatsoever is in that housell, which giveth substance of life, that is of the ghostly might and invisible doing. Therefore is that holy housell called a mystery, because there is one thing in it seen, and another thing understood. That which is there seen hath bodily shape, and that we do there understand hath ghostly might. Certainly Christ's body, which suffered death and rose from death, never dieth henceforth, but is eternal and unpassible. That housell is temporal, not eternal. Corruptible, and dealed between sundry parts. Chewed between teeth, and sent into the belly: howbeit nevertheless, after ghostly might, it is all in every part. Many receive that holy body: and yet, notwithstanding, it is so all in every part after ghostly mystery. Though some chew less deal,³ yet is there no more might notwithstanding in the more part than in the less: because it is in all men after the invisible might. This mystery is a pledge and a figure: Christ's body is truth itself. This pledge we do keep mystically, until that we be come to the truth itself: and then is this pledge ended. Truly it is so, as we have before said, Christ's body and his blood—not bodily, but ghostly. And ye should not search how it is done, but hold it in your belief that it is so done.

We read in another book called *Vite Patrum*,⁴ that two monks desired of God some demonstration touching the holy housell, and after as they stood to hear mass, they saw a child lying on the altar, where the priest said mass, and God's angel stood with a sword, and abode looking until the priest brake the housell. Then the angel divided the child upon the dish, and shed his blood into the chalice. But when they did go to the housell, then it was turned to bread and wine, and they did eat it, giving God thanks for that shewing. Also St. Gregory desired of Christ that he would shew to a certain woman, doubting about his mystery, some great affirmation. She went to housell with doubting mind, and Gregory forthwith obtained of God, that to them both was shewed that part of the housell which the woman should receive, as if there lay in a dish a joint of a finger all be-blooded, and so the woman's doubting was then forthwith healed.

¹ "No transubstantiation." Side-note of the Elizabethan translator, who to the following sentences joins these side-notes: "Differences betwixt Christ's natural body and the sacrament thereof." 1. "Difference. Not the body that suffered is in the housell." 2. "Difference." 3. "Difference." 4. "Difference." 5. "Difference."

² To be understood. This is equivalent to *understanded*, the form used four lines lower. Final *ed* in verbs ending with a root-vowel in *d* or *t* was commonly unpronounced, and then often omitted in writing. The translator uses also in a later passage the past form "understood" (page 24, just below the middle of col. 1.)

³ Less deal = less part. First-English "dæl," a part, or portion, as in "the deal" at cards, from "dælan," to divide, or portion out.

⁴ "These tales seem to be enforced." Note of Elizabethan translator. (*Enforced* = stuffed in; from French "farcer," whence force-meat—stuffing.)

But now hear the apostle's words about this mystery. Paul the apostle speaketh of the old Israelites thus, writing in his epistle to faithful men: All our forefathers were baptised in the cloud and in the sea, and all they ate the same ghostly meat and drank the same ghostly drink. They drank truly of the stone that followed them, and that stone was Christ. Neither was that stone then from which the water ran bodily Christ, but it signified Christ, that calleth thus to all believing and faithful men: Whosoever thirsteth let him come to me, and drink: and from his bowels floweth living water. This he said of the Holy Ghost, whom he receiveth which believeth on him. The apostle Paul saith that the Israelites did eat the same ghostly meat, and drink the same ghostly drink: because that heavenly meat that fed them forty years, and that water which from the stone did flow, had signification of Christ's body, and his blood, that now be offered daily in God's Church. It was the same which we now offer; not bodily, but ghostly. We said unto you erewhile, that Christ hallowed bread and wine to housell before his suffering, and said: This is my body and my blood. Yet he had not then suffered; but so notwithstanding he turned through invisible might that bread to his own body, and that wine to his blood, as he before did in the wilderness before that he was born to men, when he turned that heavenly meat to his flesh, and the flowing water from that stone to his own blood. Very many ate of that heavenly meat in the wilderness, and drank that ghostly drink, and were nevertheless dead, as Christ said. And Christ meant not that death which none can escape: but that everlasting death, which some of that folk deserved for their unbelief. Moses and Aaron, and many other of that people which pleased God, ate of that heavenly bread, and they died not that everlasting death, though they died the common death. They saw that the heavenly meat was visible, and corruptible, and they ghostly understood by that visible thing, and ghostly received it. The Saviour sayeth: He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life. And he bade them not eat that body which he was going about with, nor that blood to drink which he shed for us: but he meant with those words that holy housell, which ghostly is his body and his blood: and he that tasteth it with believing heart, hath that eternal life. In the old law faithful men offered to God divers sacrifices that had fore-signification of Christ's body, which for our sins he himself to his heavenly Father hath since offered to sacrifice. Certainly this housell which we do now hallow at God's altar is a remembrance of Christ's body which he offered for us, and of his blood which he shed for us: so he himself commanded, Do this in my remembrance. Once suffered Christ by himself, but yet nevertheless his suffering is daily renewed at the mass through mystery of the holy housell. Therefore that holy mass is profitable both to the living and to the dead, as it hath been often declared.

We ought also to consider diligently how that this holy housell is both Christ's body and the body of all faithful men after ghostly mystery.

As the wise Augustine sayeth of it, If ye will understand of Christ's body, hear the apostle Paul thus speaking: Now is your mystery set on God's table, and ye receive your mystery, which mystery ye yourselves be. Be that which ye see on the altar, and receive that which ye yourselves be. Again the apostle Paul saith by it: We many be one bread and one body. Understand now and rejoice, many be one bread and one body in Christ. He is our head, and we be his limbs. And the bread is not of one corn, but of many. Nor the wine of one grape, but of many. So also we all should have one unity in our Lord, as it is written of the faithful army, how that they were in so great an unity: as though all

of them were one soul and one heart. Christ hallowed on his table the mystery of our peace, and of our unity: he which receiveth that mystery of unity, and keepeth not the bond of true peace, he receiveth no mystery for himself, but a witness against himself. It is very good for Christian men that they go often to housell, if they bring with them to the altar unguiltiness and innocency of heart. To an evil man it turneth to no good, but to destruction, if he receive unworthily that holy housell. Holy books command that water be mingled to that wine which shall be for housell: because the water signifieth the people, and the wine Christ's blood. And therefore shall neither the one without the other be offered at the holy mass: that Christ may be with us, and we with Christ: the head with the limbs, and the limbs with the head.

We would before have intreated of the lamb which the old Israelites offered at their Easter time, but that we desired first to declare unto you of this mystery, and after how we should receive it. That signifying lamb was offered at the Easter. And the apostle Paul sayeth in the epistle of this present day, that Christ is our Easter, who was offered for us, and on the third day rose from death. The Israelites did eat the lamb's flesh as God commanded with unleavened bread and wild lettuce: so we should receive that holy housell of Christ's body and blood without the leaven of sin and iniquity. As leaven turneth the creatures from their nature: so doth sin also change the nature of man from innocency to foul spots of guiltiness. The apostle hath taught how we should feast not in the leaven of evilness, but in the sweet dough of purity and truth. The herb which they should eat with the unleavened bread is called lettuce, and is bitter in taste. So we should with bitterness of unfeigned weeping purify our mind, if we will eat Christ's body. Those Israelites were not wont to eat raw flesh, although God forbid them to eat it raw, and sodden in water, but roasted in fire. He shall receive the body of God raw that shall think without reason that Christ was only man, like unto us, and was not God. And he that will after man's wisdom search of the mystery of Christ's incarnation, doth like unto him that doth seethe the lamb's flesh in water: because that water in this same place signifieth man's understanding: but we should understand that all the mystery of Christ's humanity was ordered by the power of the Holy Ghost. And then eat we his body roasted with fire; because the Holy Ghost came in fiery likeness to the apostles in diverse tongues. The Israelites should eat the lamb's head, and the feet, and the purtenance: and nothing thereof must be left overnight. If anything thereof were left, they did burn that in the fire: and they brake not the bones. After ghostly understanding we do then eat the lamb's head, when we take hold of Christ's divinity in our belief. Again, when we take hold of his humanity with love, then eat we the lamb's feet: because that Christ is the beginning and end, God before all world, and man in the end of this world. What be the lamb's purtenance, but Christ's secret precepts, and these we eat when we receive with greediness the Word of Life. There must nothing of the lamb be left unto the morning, because that all God's sayings are to be searched with great carefulness: so that all his precepts may be known in understanding and deed in the night of this present life, before that the last day of the universal resurrection do appear. If we cannot search out thoroughly all the mystery of Christ's incarnation, then ought we to betake¹ the rest unto the might of the Holy Ghost with true humility: and not to search

¹ Betake (First-English, "betæcan"), to commit, assign, put in trust.

rashly of that deep secretneſs above the measure of our understanding. They did eat the lamb's fleſh with their loins girt. In the loins is the luſt of the body. And he which ſhall receive the houſell, ſhall reſtrain that concupiſcence and take with chaſtity that holy receipt. They were alſo ſhod. What be ſhoes but of the hides of dead beaſts? We be truly ſhod if we follow in our ſteps and deeds the life of thoſe pilgrims which pleaſe God with keeping of his commandments. They had ſtaves in their hands when they ate. This ſtaff ſignifieth a carefulneſs and a diligent overſeeing. And all they that beſt know and can, ſhould take care of other men, and ſtay them up with their help. It was enjoined to the eaters that they ſhould eat the lamb in haſte. For God abhorreth ſlothfulneſs in his ſervants. And thoſe he loveth that ſeek the joy of everlaſting life with quickneſs and haſte of mind. It is written: Prolong not to turn unto God, leſt the time paſs away through thy ſlow tarrying. The eaters mought not break the lamb's bones. No more mought the ſoldiers that did hang Chriſt break his holy legs, as they did of the two thieves that hanged on either ſide of him. And the Lord roſe from death ſound without all corruption: and at the laſt judgment they ſhall ſee him, whom they did moſt cruelly hang on the croſs. This time is called in the Hebrew tongue *Pascha*, and in Latin *Transitus*, and in Engliſh *Paſſover*: becauſe that on this day the people of Iſrael paſſed from the land of Egypt over the Red Sea; from bondage to the land of promiſe. So alſo did



AN EVANGELIST. (From the Colton. MS., Tiberius, C. vi.)

our Lord at this time depart, as ſayeth John the Evangelist, from this world to his heavenly Father. Even ſo we ought to follow our head, and to go from the devil to Chriſt; from this unſtable world to his ſtable kingdom. Howbeit we ſhould firſt in this preſent life depart from vice to holy virtue, from evil manners to good manners, if we will after this corruptible life go to that eternal life, and after our

reſurrection to Chriſt. He brings us to his everlaſting Father, who gave him to death for our ſins. To Him be honour, and praife of well doing, world without end. Amen!¹

Of Ælfric's other ſeries of Homilies, written to explain what was celebrated on the ſaints' days, one of the moſt intereſting is that for St. Gregory's Day, the 12th of March, an old telling of the old tale of the manner in which miſſionaries from Rome came to convert the Engliſh. A translation of this ſermon was published in 1709, by Elizabeth Elſtob, who, at the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Hickeſ, began a complete translation of the Homilies of Ælfric, which was ſtopped by private troubles. Unpublished ſheets of it are in the Britiſh Muſeum. She had become learned that ſhe might be companion in his ſtudies to her brother, who was of weak health, his companion and helper even when he was ſtudent at Oxford, and afterwards in his City parſonage. He died in 1714, and in the ſame year ſhe loſt a friend alſo in Queen Anne; but in the following year ſhe published an Anglo-Saxon Grammar. Miſs Elſtob was very poor, and ſet up a little ſchool at Eveſham. At laſt ſhe became governeſs in the family of the Ducheſs of Portland, who gave eaſe to her old age. This is Elizabeth Elſtob's verſion of

ÆLFRIC'S HOMILY ON ST. GREGORY'S DAY.

Gregory the Holy Father, the apoſtle of the Engliſh nation, on this preſent day, after manifold labours and divine ſtudies, happily aſcended to God's kingdom. He is rightly called the apoſtle of the Engliſh people, in aſmuch as he through his counſel and commiſſion reſcued us from the worſhip of the devil, and converted us to the belief of God. Many holy books ſpeak of his illuſtrious converſation and his pious life; among theſe the Hiſtory of England, which King Alfred translated from the Latin into Engliſh. This book ſpeaketh plainly enough of this holy man. Nevertheless we will now ſay ſomething in few words concerning him; becauſe the aforeſaid book is not known to you all, although it is translated into Engliſh. This bleſſed Father Gregory was born of noble and religious parents. His anceſtors were of the Roman nobility, his father called Gordianus, and Felix that pious biſhop was his fifth father. He was, as we have ſaid, in reſpect of the world, nobly deſcended: but he adorned, and exceeded his high birth, with a holy converſation and good works. Gregory is a Greek name, which ſignifies in the Latin tongue *Vigilantius*, that is in Engliſh *Watchful*. He was very diligent in God's commandments, while he himſelf lived moſt devoutly, and he was earneſtly concerned for promoting the advantage of many nations, and made known unto them the way of life. He was from his childhood inſtructed in the knowledge of books, and he ſo proſperouſly ſucceeded in his ſtudies, that in all the city of Rome there was none eſteemed to be like him. He was moſt diligent in following the example of his teachers, and not forgetful, but fixed his learning in a retentive memory. He ſucked in with a thirſty deſire the

¹ "This ſermon is found in diſverſe bookes of ſermon written in the Olde Engliſhe or Saxon tounge; whereof two bookes bee nowe in the handes of the moſt reverend father the Archbiſhop of Canterbury." —Appended Note of the Elizabethan Translator.

flowing learning, which he often, after some time, with a throat sweeter than honey, and with an agreeable eloquence, poured out. In his younger years, when his youth might naturally make him love the things of this world, then began he to dedicate himself to God, and with all his desires to breathe after the inheritance of a heavenly life. For after his father's departure he erected six monasteries in Sicily; and the seventh he built in the city of Rome; in which he himself lived as a regular, under the government of the abbot. These seven monasteries he adorned with his own substance, and plentifully endowed them for their daily subsistence. The remainder of his estate he bestowed on God's poor; and he exchanged his nobility of birth for heavenly glory. He was used before his conversion to pass along the city of Rome in garments of silk, sparkling with gems, and adorned with rich embroidery of gold and red. But after his conversion¹ he ministered to God's poor, and himself took upon him the profession of poverty in a mean habit. So perfectly did he behave himself at the beginning of his conversion, that he might hereafter be reputed in the number of perfect saints. He observed much abstinence in meat and drink, in watching, and in frequent devotions. He suffered, moreover, continual indisposition of body, and the more severely he was oppressed with his present infirmities, the more earnestly did he desire eternal life. Then the Pope which at that time sat in the Apostolic See, when he perceived that the holy Gregory was greatly increased in spiritual virtues, he took him from conversing with monks, and appointed him to be his assistant, having ordained him a deacon.

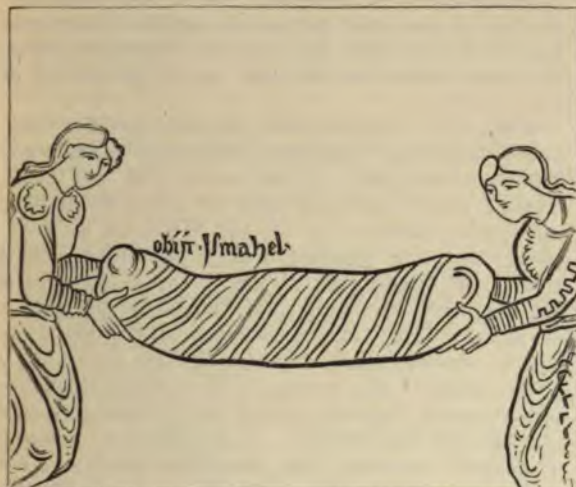
It happened at some time, as it often doth, that some English merchants brought their merchandizes to Rome: and Gregory passing along the street to the Englishmen taking a view of their goods, he there beheld amongst their merchandizes slaves set out to sale. They were white complexioned, and men of fair countenance, having noble heads of hair. And Gregory, when he saw the beauty of the young men, enquired from what country they were brought; and the men said from England, and that all the men in that nation were as beautiful. Then Gregory asked them whether the men of that land were Christians, or heathens; and the men said unto him they were heathens. Gregory then fetching a long sigh from the very bottom of his heart, said, Alas! alas! that men of so fair a complexion should be subject to the prince of darkness. After that, Gregory enquired how they called the nation from whence they came. To which he was answered, that they were called Angle (that is, English). Then said he, Rightly they are called Angle, because they have the beauty of angels, and therefore it is very fit that they should be the companions of angels in heaven. Yet still Gregory enquired what the shire was named from which the young men were brought. It was told him that the men of that shire were called Deiri. Gregory answered, Well they are called Deiri, because they are delivered from wrath and called to the mercy of Christ. Yet again he enquired what was the name of the king of their province; he was answered, that the king's name was Ælla. Therefore Gregory playing upon the words in allusion to the name, said, It is fit that Hallelujah be sung in that land in praise of the Almighty Creator. Gregory then went

to the bishop of the apostolical see, and desired him that he would send some instructors to the English people, that they might be converted to Christ by the grace of God: and said that he himself was ready to undertake that work, if the Pope should think it fit. But the Pope could not consent to it, although he altogether approved of it; because the Roman citizens would not suffer so worthy and learned a doctor to leave the city quite, and take so long a pilgrimage.

After this it happened that a great plague came upon the Roman people, and first of all seized upon Pope Pelagius, and without delay took him off. Moreover, after the death of this Pope, the destruction was so great among the people, that everywhere throughout the city the houses stood desolate, and without inhabitants. Nevertheless it was not fit that the Roman city should be without a bishop. But all the people unanimously chose the holy Gregory to that honour, although he with all his power opposed it. Then Gregory sent an epistle to Mauricius the emperor, to whose child he had stood godfather, and earnestly desired and beseeched him, that he would never suffer the people to exalt him to the glory of that high promotion, because he feared that he, through the greatness of the charge and the worldly glory which he had some time before renounced, might again be ensnared. But the emperor's high marshal Germanus intercepted the letter and tore it in pieces, and afterwards told the emperor that all the people had chosen Gregory to be Pope. Then Mauricius the emperor returned thanks to Almighty God for this, and gave orders for his consecration. But Gregory betook himself to flight, and lay hid in a cave. Nevertheless they found him out, and carried him by force to St. Peter's Church, that he might there be consecrated to the popedom. Then Gregory, before his consecration, by reason of the increasing pestilence, exhorted the Roman people to repentance in these words: "My most beloved brethren, it behoveth us, that that rod of God which we ought to have dreaded, when we only expected it would be laid upon us, should now at least raise in us some concern when it is present and we have felt it. Let our grief open us a way to a true conversion, and let that punishment which we endure break the hardness of our hearts. Behold now this people is slain with the sword of heavenly anger, and each of them one by one is destroyed by a sudden slaughter. For the disease does not go before death, but you see that each man's death prevents the lingering of a disease. The slain are seized by death before they can have an opportunity of sighing and lamentation, to express their sincere repentance. Wherefore let each man take care how he comes into the presence of the mighty Judge, who will not bewail the evil which he has performed. (Almost) all the dwellers upon earth are taken away, and their houses stand empty. Fathers and mothers stand over the dead bodies of their children, and their heirs step before them to death. Let us earnestly betake ourselves to lamentation with true repentance now while we may, before this dreadful slaughter strike us. Let us call to mind whatever errors we have been guilty of, and oh! let us do penance with tears for that which we have done amiss. Let us reconcile God's favour to us by confessing our sins, as the prophet warneth us, 'Let us lift up our hearts with our hands unto God;' that is, that we ought to lift up [or present] the sincerity of our devotions with an earnest of good works. He giveth you confidence in your fear, who speaks to you by his prophet: 'I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked should turn from his way and live.' Let not any man despair of himself for the greatness of his sin, forasmuch as the old guilt of the people of Nineveh was expiated by their three days' repentance: and the penitent thief by his dying words attained to

¹ Conversion from life in the world to life in the monastery. Conversion simply means a change from one state to another. We can convert gold into paper; and here a Roman prætor with money at command is converted into a monk vowed to poverty. Conversion from one form of religious belief to another, though the sense in which the word is commonly used by writers on religion, is by no means the one sense to which the word is limited.

the reward of eternal life. O let us then turn our hearts to God; speedily is the Judge inclined to our petitions, if we from our perverseness be set straight. O let us stand with earnest lamentations against the threatening sword of so great a judgment. Certainly perseverance is pleasing to the just Judge, although it is not grateful to men: because the righteous and merciful God will have us with earnest petitions to request his mercy, and he will not so much as we deserve be angry with us. Of this he speaketh by his prophet: 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.' God himself is his own witness, that he will have compassion on him that calleth on him; who admonishes us, that it is our duty to call upon him. For this cause, my most dearly beloved brethren, let us come together on the fourth day of this week early in the morning, and with a devout mind, and with tears, sing seven Litanies, that our angry Judge may spare us, when he seeth that we ourselves take vengeance on our sins." So that whilst the whole multitude, as well of the priestly order, and of the monastic, as of the laity, according to the command of the holy Gregory, were come on the Wednesday to the sevenfold Litany, the aforesaid pestilence raged so fast, that four-

DEATH AND BURIAL.¹

From a MS. of Ælfric's Paraphrase of the Pentateuch and Joshua.
Cotton. MSS., Claudius, B. iv.

score men departed this transitory life at the very instant the people were singing the Litany. But the holy priest did not cease to advise the people not to desist from their supplications, until that God's mercy should assuage the raging plague.

In the meantime Gregory, since he took upon him the popedom, called to mind what he formerly had thought of, concerning the English nation, and finished that most beloved work. Nevertheless he might not on any account be altogether absent from the Roman bishop's see. Whereupon he sent other messengers, approved servants of God, to this island, and he himself, by his manifold prayers and exhortations, brought it to pass, that the preaching of these messengers went abroad, and bore fruit to God. The messengers were thus named: Augustinus, Mellitus, Laurentius, Petrus, Johannes, Justus. These doctors the holy pope Gregory sent, with many other monks, to the

English people, and he persuaded them to the voyage in these words: "Be not ye afraid through the fatigue of so long a journey, or through what wicked men may discourse concerning it: but with all steadfastness and zeal, and earnest affection, by the grace of God, perfect the work ye have begun; and be ye assured, that the recompense of your eternal reward is so much greater, by how much the greater difficulties you have undergone in fulfilling the will of God. Be obedient with all humility in all things to Augustine, whom we have set over you to be your abbot. It will be for your souls' health, so far as ye fulfil his admonitions. Almighty God through his grace protect you, and grant that I may behold the fruit of your labour in the eternal reward, and that I may be found together with you in the joy of your reward. Because although I cannot labour with you, yet I have a goodwill to share with you in your labour." Augustine then with his companions, which are reckoned to be about forty, that journeyed with him by Gregory's command, proceeded on their journey until they arrived prosperously in this island. In those days reigned king Æthelbyrht in the city of Canterbury, whose kingdom was stretched from the great river Humber to the south sea. Augustine had taken interpreters in the kingdom of the Franks, as Gregory had ordered him; and he, by the mouths of the interpreters, preached God's word to the king and his people, viz., how our merciful Saviour by his own sufferings redeemed this guilty world, and to all that believe hath opened an entrance into the kingdom of heaven. Then king Æthelbyrht answered Augustine, and said, that those were fair words and promises which he gave him: but that he could not so suddenly leave the ancient customs which he and the English people had held. He said, he might freely preach the heavenly doctrine to his people, and that he would allow maintenance to him and his companions: and gave him a dwelling in the city of Canterbury, which was the head city in all his kingdom. Then began Augustine with his monks to imitate the life of the apostles, with frequent prayers, watchings and fastings, serving God, and preaching the word of life with all diligence; despising all earthly things as unprofitable to them, providing only so much as was necessary for their common subsistence, agreeable to what they taught living themselves, and for the love of the truth which they preached being ready to suffer persecution, and death itself, if it were necessary. Therefore very many believed, and were baptised in the name of God, admiring the simplicity of their innocent course of life, and the sweetness of their heavenly doctrine. Afterwards king Æthelbyrht was much pleased with the purity of their lives, and their delightful promises, which were indeed confirmed by many miracles. And he believing was baptised, and he revered the Christians, and looked upon them as men of a heavenly polity. Nevertheless he would not force any one to receive Christianity, because he had found upon enquiry from the ministers of his salvation, that the service of Christ ought not to be forced, but voluntary. Then began very many daily to hearken to the divine preaching, and leave their heathenism, and to join themselves to Christ's church, believing in him. In the meantime Augustine went over sea to Etherius Archbishop of Arles, by whom he was consecrated Archbishop of the English, as Gregory before had given him direction. Augustine being consecrated, returned to his bishopric, and sent messengers to Rome, to assure the blessed Gregory, that the English people had received Christianity; and he also in writing made many enquiries, as touching the manner, how he ought to behave himself towards the new converts. Whereupon Gregory gave many thanks to God with a joyful mind, that that had happened to the English nation which

¹ This sketch shows the manner among the First English of swathing the dead for burial. The face was left for a time uncovered, then the fold was passed over it, and the body went down thus into the grave.

himself had so earnestly desired. And he sent ambassadors to the believing king Æthelbyrt, with letters and many presents: and other letters he sent to Augustine, with answers to all the things after which he had enquired, and advised him in these words: "Most dearly beloved brother, I know that the Almighty hath by you shewn forth many wonders to the people whom he hath chosen, for which you have reason both to rejoice and to be afraid. You may very prudently rejoice that the souls of this people by outward miracles are brought to have inward grace. Nevertheless be afraid; that your mind be not lifted up with arrogance by reason of the miracles which God hath wrought by you, and you then fall into vain-glory within, when you are extolled with outward respect." Gregory sent also to Augustine holy presents of sacred vestments and of books, and the reliques of the apostles and martyrs, and ordered that his successors should fetch the pall of the archbishopric from the apostolical see of the Roman Church.

After this Augustine placed bishops out of those that had accompanied him, in each city of the English nation, and they have remained promoting the Christian faith continually unto this day. The holy Gregory composed many divine treatises, and with great diligence instructed God's people in the way to eternal life, and wrought many miracles in his lifetime, and behaved himself in a most glorious manner upon the episcopal throne thirteen years, and six months, and ten days, and afterwards as on this day departed to the eternal throne of the heavenly kingdom, in which he liveth with God Almighty world without end. Amen.

Here we may pass from the literature of First-English times. The teachers of religion were also the teachers of all other learning, and formed the main body of the educated class. To be of the people, "leod," was to be unlearned, "lewed;" the educated man was clerk. From such a literary class there came a literature almost exclusively religious. The one great exception is the heathen poem of "Beowulf." "Beowulf" was a tale brought into the country, but we have it as told in the language spoken only here. In its origin it is more ancient than Cædmon, and its original character is well preserved; but a few interspersed comments, and the fact that it is in a form of speech proper to this country, and doubtless produced here by the fusion of tribes, shows that the old poem, as we have it, was written by an English monk, who seems even to have put local features of the coast near Whitby into his suggestions of scenery, and who could hardly have written before Cædmon's time. Except only a few short pieces, all other literature of the First English was religious, and applied religion very practically to the life of man.

CHAPTER II.

TRANSITION ENGLISH: FROM THE CONQUEST TO
WICLIF.—A.D. 1066 to A.D. 1376.

AFTER the Conquest the chief literary energy was at first in the production of monastic chronicles. Science was occupied with treatises on computation of the time of Easter, until contact with the Arabs quickened scientific thought. Osborn of Canterbury

wrote in the reign of William the Conqueror *Latin Lives of Saints*; Turgot wrote during the reign of William II. a *History of the Monastery of Durham*; Eadmer wrote in the reign of Henry I. a *Life of Anselm*; and Sæwulf began the long series of English records of travel and adventure, with an account of that form of far travel to which religion prompted men—travel in Palestine. The religious houses being still the chief centres of intellectual activity, and the spirit of adventure impelling Englishmen then as now to foreign travel, men looked with especial interest towards the Holy Land. Not long after the death of Cædmon, Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, had written down an account of the holy places from the dictation of Bishop Arculf, a native of Gaul, who had spent nine months at Jerusalem. Bede abridged this narrative into a text-book, that was used for diffusing a more lively knowledge of the topography of Palestine. Another Englishman, early in First-English times, Willibald, also visited the Holy Land, before he became Bishop of Eichstadt, about the year 740. He died in the latter part of the eighth century, and his life was written by a nun of Heidenheim, who also took down from his own mouth an account of his travels.

After the Conquest, the English traveller who first followed the Crusaders to Palestine was Sæwulf. His visit was paid in the years 1102 and 1103. Sæwulf was a merchant who often had twinges of conscience, confessed to Bishop Wulfstan at Worcester, then was tempted back to the old tricks of trade, and finally gave up active life in the world to escape from its temptations, and joined the monks at Malmesbury. His description of the storm at Joppa—due allowance made for rhetoric—gives us a lively sense of the energy of that religious movement towards Palestine, which had brought so many pilgrims into the harbour. In the following account of Sæwulf's entrance into the Holy Land and his going up to Jerusalem, then in the hands of the Crusaders, the Mosque of Omar is described as the Temple of the Lord, with a minute identification of sacred places that came of a determination to join thoughts of heaven with as many spots of earth as possible:—

SÆWULF'S VISIT TO THE HOLY PLACES.¹

After leaving the isle of Cyprus, we were tossed about by tempestuous weather for seven days and seven nights, being forced back one night almost to the spot from which we sailed; but after much suffering, by divine mercy, at sunrise on the eighth day, we saw before us the coast of the port of Joppa, which filled us with an unexpected and extraordinary joy. Thus, after a course of thirteen weeks, as we took ship at Monopoli,² on a Sunday, having dwelt constantly on the

¹ From "Early Travels in Palestine, comprising the narratives of Arculf, Willibald, Bernard, Sæwulf, Sigurd, Benjamin of Tudela, Sir John Maundeville, De la Brocquière, and Maundrell. Edited, with Notes, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., &c." One of many valuable books with which Mr. Thomas Wright has, during a long career, quickened the general knowledge of our past life and literature, and earned the gratitude of students who can recognise the worth of a busy life spent, with a definite aim, in sustained labour helping always towards the higher education of the people.

² Monopoli. A seaport of South Italy, on the Adriatic.

waves of the sea, or in islands, or in deserted cots and sheds (for the Greeks are not hospitable), we put into the port of Joppa, with great rejoicings and thanksgivings, on a Sunday.

And now, my dear friends, all join with me in thanking God for his mercy shown to me through this long voyage; blessed be his name now and evermore! Listen now to a new instance of his mercy shown to me, although the lowest of his servants, and to my companions. The very day we came in sight of the port, one said to me (I believe by divine inspiration), "Sir, go on shore to-day, lest a storm come on in the night, which will render it impossible to land to-morrow." When I heard this, I was suddenly seized with a great desire of landing, and, having hired a boat, went into it, with all my companions; but, before I had reached the shore, the sea was troubled, and became continually more tempestuous. We landed, however, with God's grace, without hurt, and entering the city weary and hungry, we secured a lodging, and reposed ourselves that night. But next morning, as we were returning from church, we heard the roaring of the sea, and the shouts of the people, and saw that everybody was in confusion and astonishment. We were also dragged along with the crowd to the shore, where we saw the waves swelling higher than mountains, and innumerable bodies of drowned persons of both sexes scattered over the beach, while the fragments of ships were floating on every side. Nothing was to be heard but the roaring of the sea and the dashing together of the ships, which drowned entirely the shouts and clamour of the people. Our own ship, which was a very large and strong one, and many others laden with corn and merchandise, as well as with pilgrims coming and returning, still held by their anchors, but how they were tossed by the waves! how their crews were filled with terror! how they cast overboard their merchandise! what eye of those who were looking on could be so hard and stony as to refrain from tears? We had not looked at them long before the ships were driven from their anchors by the violence of the waves, which threw them now up aloft, and now down, until they were run aground or upon the rocks, and there they were beaten backwards and forwards until they were crushed to pieces. For the violence of the wind would not allow them to put out to sea, and the character of the coast would not allow them to put into shore with safety. Of the sailors and pilgrims who had lost all hope of escape, some remained on the ships, others laid hold of the masts or beams of wood; many remained in a state of stupor, and were drowned in that condition without any attempt to save themselves; some (although it may appear incredible) had in my sight their heads knocked off by the very timbers of the ships to which they had attached themselves for safety; others were carried out to sea on the beams, instead of being brought to land; even those who knew how to swim had not strength to struggle with the waves, and very few thus trusting to their own strength reached the shore alive. Thus, out of thirty very large ships, of which some were what are commonly called dromonds, some gulfres, and others cats,¹ all laden with palmers and with merchandise, scarcely seven remained safe when we left the shore. Of persons of both sexes, there perished more than a thousand that day. Indeed, no eye ever beheld a greater misfortune in the space of a single day, from all which God snatched us by his grace; to whom be honour and glory for ever. Amen.

We went up from Joppa to the city of Jerusalem, a journey

¹ *Dromonds*, . . . *gulfres*, . . . *cats*. A dromond, Greek δρόμων, from τρέχω (root δρέμω), I run, is a large fast sailing vessel. *Gulfre* is the Arabic "khaliyah," a low flat-built galley with one deck, sails and oars, common in the Mediterranean. A *cat* is a very strong ship, with a narrow stern, projecting quarters, a deep waist, and no figure at the prow. The name is still used in the coal trade.

of two days, by a mountainous road, very rough, and dangerous on account of the Saracens, who lie in wait in the caves of the mountains to surprise the Christians, watching both day and night to surprise those less capable of resisting by the smallness of their company, or the weary, who may chance to lag behind their companions. At one moment, you see them on every side; at another, they are altogether invisible, as may be witnessed by anybody travelling there. Numbers of human bodies lie scattered in the way, and by the way-side, torn to pieces by wild beasts. Some may, perhaps, wonder that the bodies of Christians are allowed to remain unburied, but it is not surprising when we consider that there is not much earth on the hard rock to dig a grave: and if earth were not wanting, who would be so simple as to leave his company, and go alone to dig a grave for a companion? Indeed, if he did so, he would rather be digging a grave for himself than for the dead man. For on that road, not only the poor and weak, but the rich and strong, are surrounded with perils; many are cut off by the Saracens, but more by heat and thirst; many perish by the want of drink, but more by too much drinking. We, however, with all our company, reached the end of our journey in safety. Blessed be the Lord, who did not turn away my prayer, and hath not turned his mercy from me. Amen.

The entrance to the city of Jerusalem is from the west, under the citadel of king David, by the gate which is called the gate of David. The first place to be visited is the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is called the Martyrdom, not only because the streets lead most directly to it, but because it is more celebrated than all the other churches; and that rightly and justly, for all the things which were foretold and forewritten by the holy prophets of our Saviour Jesus Christ were there actually fulfilled. The church itself was royally and magnificently built, after the discovery of our Lord's cross, by the archbishop Maximus, with the patronage of the emperor Constantine, and his mother Helena. In the middle of this church is our Lord's Sepulchre, surrounded by a very strong wall and roof, lest the rain should fall upon the Holy Sepulchre, for the church above is open to the sky. This church is situated, like the city, on the declivity of Mount Sion. The Roman emperors Titus and Vespasian, to revenge our Lord, entirely destroyed the city of Jerusalem, that our Lord's prophecy might be fulfilled, which, as he approached Jerusalem, seeing the city, he pronounced, weeping over it, "If thou hadst known, even thou, for the day shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children with thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another." We know that our Lord suffered without the gate. But the emperor Hadrian, who was called Ælius, rebuilt the city of Jerusalem, and the Temple of the Lord, and added to the city as far as the Tower of David, which was previously a considerable distance from the city, for any one may see from the Mount of Olivet where the extreme western walls of the city stood originally, and how much it is since increased. And the emperor called the city after his own name Ælia, which is interpreted, the House of God. Some, however, say that the city was rebuilt by the emperor Justinian, and also the Temple of the Lord as it is now; but they say that according to supposition, and not according to truth. For the Assyrians,² whose fathers dwelt in that country from the first persecution, say that the city was taken and destroyed many times after our Lord's Passion, along with all the churches, but not entirely defaced.

² *Assyrians* is Sæmund's name for Syrians.

In the court of the church of our Lord's sepulchre are seen some very holy places, namely, the prison in which our Lord Jesus Christ was confined after he was betrayed, according to the testimony of the Assyrians; then, a little above, appears the place where the holy cross and the other crosses were found, where afterwards a large church was built in honour of queen Helena, but which has since been utterly destroyed by the Pagans; and below, not far from the prison, stands the marble column to which our Lord Jesus Christ was bound in the common hall, and scourged with most cruel stripes. Near this is the spot where our Lord was stripped of his garments by the soldiers; and next, the place where he was clad in a purple vest by the soldiers, and crowned with the crown of thorns, and they cast lots for his garments. Next we ascend Mount Calvary, where the patriarch Abraham raised an altar, and prepared, by God's command, to sacrifice his own son; there afterwards the Son of God, whom he prefigured, was offered up as a sacrifice to God the Father for the redemption of the world. The rock of that mountain remains a witness of our Lord's passion, being much cracked near the foss in which our Lord's cross was fixed, because it could not suffer the death of its Maker without splitting, as we read in the Passion, "and the rocks rent." Below is the place called Golgotha, where Adam is said to have been raised to life by the blood of our Lord which fell upon him, as is said in the Passion, "And many bodies of the saints which slept arose." But in the Sentences of St. Augustine, we read that he was buried in Hebron, where also the three patriarchs were afterwards buried with their wives; Abraham with Sarah, Isaac with Rebecca, and Jacob with Leah; as well as the bones of Joseph, which the children of Israel carried with them from Egypt. Near the place of Calvary is the church of St. Mary, on the spot where the body of our Lord, after having been taken down from the cross, was anointed before it was buried, and wrapped in a linen cloth or shroud.

At the head of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, in the wall outside, not far from the place of Calvary, is the place called Compas, which our Lord Jesus Christ himself signified and measured with his own hand as the middle of the world, according to the words of the Psalmist, "For God is my king of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth." But some say that this is the place where our Lord Jesus Christ first appeared to Mary Magdalene, while she sought him weeping, and thought he had been a gardener, as is related in the Gospel. These most holy places of prayer are contained in the court of our Lord's Sepulchre, on the east side. In the sides of the church itself are attached, on one side and the other, two most beautiful chapels in honour of St. Mary and St. John, as they, participating in our Lord's sufferings, stationed themselves beside him here and there. On the west wall of the chapel of St. Mary is seen the picture of our Lord's Mother, painted externally, who once, by speaking wonderfully through the Holy Spirit, in the form in which she is here painted, comforted Mary the Egyptian, when she repented with her whole heart, and sought the help of the Mother of our Lord, as we read in her life. On the other side of the church of St. John is a very fair monastery of the Holy Trinity, in which is the place of the baptistery, to which adjoins the Chapel of St. John the Apostle, who first filled the pontifical see at Jerusalem. These are all so composed and arranged, that any one standing in the furthest church may clearly perceive the five churches from door to door.

Without the gate of the Holy Sepulchre, to the south, is the church of St. Mary, called the Latin, because the monks there perform divine service in the Latin tongue; and the Assyrians say that the blessed Mother of our Lord, at the

crucifixion of her Son, stood on the spot now occupied by the altar of this church. Adjoining to this church is another church of St. Mary, called the Little, occupied by nuns who serve devoutly the Virgin and her Son. Near which is the Hospital, where is a celebrated monastery founded in honour of St. John the Baptist.

We descend from our Lord's sepulchre, about the distance of two arbalist-shots, to the Temple of the Lord, which is to the east of the Holy Sepulchre, the court of which is of great length and breadth, having many gates; but the principal gate, which is in front of the Temple, is called the Beautiful, on account of its elaborate workmanship and variety of colours, and is the spot where Peter healed Claudius, when he and John went up into the Temple at the ninth hour of prayer, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles. The place where Solomon built the Temple was called anciently Bethel; whither Jacob repaired by God's command, and where he dwelt, and saw the ladder whose summit touched heaven, and the angels ascending and descending, and said, "Truly this place is holy," as we read in Genesis. There he raised a stone as a memorial, and constructed an altar, and poured oil upon it; and in the same place afterwards, by God's will, Solomon built a temple to the Lord of magnificent and incomparable work, and decorated it wonderfully with every ornament, as we read in the Book of Kings. It exceeded all the mountains around in height, and all walls and buildings in brilliancy and glory. In the middle of which temple is seen a high and large rock, hollowed beneath, in which was the Holy of Holies. In this place Solomon placed the Ark of the Covenant, having the manna and the rod of Aaron, which flourished and budded there and produced almonds, and the two Tables of the Testament; here our Lord Jesus Christ, wearied with the insolence of the Jews, was accustomed to repose; here was the place of confession, where his disciples confessed themselves to him; here the angel Gabriel appeared to Zacharias, saying, "Thou shalt receive a child in thy old age;" here Zacharias, the son of Barachias, was slain between the temple and the altar; here the child Jesus was circumcised on the eighth day, and named Jesus, which is interpreted Saviour; here the Lord Jesus was offered by his parents, with the Virgin Mary, on the day of her purification, and received by the aged Simeon; here, also, when Jesus was twelve years of age, he was found sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing and interrogating them, as we read in the Gospel; here afterwards he cast out the oxen, and sheep, and pigeons, saying, "My house shall be a house of prayer;" and here he said to the Jews, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." There still are seen in the rock the footsteps of our Lord, when he concealed himself, and went out from the Temple, as we read in the Gospel, lest the Jews should throw at him the stones they carried. Thither the woman taken in adultery was brought before Jesus by the Jews, that they might find some accusation against him. There is the gate of the city on the eastern side of the Temple, which is called the Golden, where Joachim, the father of the Blessed Mary, by order of the Angel of the Lord, met his wife Anne. By the same gate the Lord Jesus, coming from Bethany on the day of olives, sitting on an ass, entered the city of Jerusalem, while the children sang "Hosanna to the son of David." By this gate the emperor Heraclius entered Jerusalem, when he returned victorious from Persia, with the cross of our Lord; but the stones first fell down and closed up the passage, so that the gate became one mass, until humbling himself at the admonition of an angel, he descended from his horse, and so the entrance was opened to him. In the court of the Temple of the Lord, to the south, is the Temple of Solomon, of wonderful magnitude, on the east side

of which is an oratory containing the cradle of Christ, and his bath, and the bed of the Virgin Mary, according to the testimony of the Assyrians.

From the Temple of the Lord you go to the church of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Mary, towards the north, where she lived with her husband, and she was there delivered of her daughter Mary. Near it is the pool called in Hebrew Bethsaida, having five porticoes, of which the Gospel speaks. A little above is the place where the woman was healed by our Lord, by touching the hem of his garment, while he was surrounded by a crowd in the street.

From St. Anne we pass through the gate which leads to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, to the church of St. Mary in the same valley, where she was honourably buried by the apostles after her death; her sepulchre, as is just and proper, is revered with the greatest honours by the faithful, and monks perform service there day and night. Here is the brook Cedron; here also is Gethsemane, where our Lord came with his disciples from Mount Sion, over the brook Cedron, before the hour of his betrayal; there is a certain oratory where he dismissed Peter, James, and John, saying, "Tarry ye here, and watch with me;" and going forward, he fell on his face and prayed, and came to his disciples, and found them sleeping: the places are still visible where the disciples slept, apart from each other. Gethsemane is at the foot of Mount Olivet, and the brook Cedron below, between Mount Sion and Mount Olivet, as it were the division of the mountains; and the low ground between the mountains is the Valley of Jehoshaphat. A little above, in Mount Olivet, is an oratory in the place where our Lord prayed, as we read in the Passion, "And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast; and being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Next we come to Aceldama, the field bought with the price of the Lord, also at the foot of Mount Olivet, near a valley about three or four arbalist-shots to the south of Gethsemane, where are seen innumerable monuments. That field is near the sepulchres of the holy fathers Simeon the Just and Joseph the foster-father of our Lord. These two sepulchres are ancient structures, in the manner of towers, cut into the foot of the mountain itself. We next descend, by Aceldama, to the fountain which is called the Pool of Siloah, where, by our Lord's command, the man born blind washed his eyes, after the Lord had anointed them with clay and spittle.

From the church of St. Mary before mentioned, we go up by a very steep path nearly to the summit of Mount Olivet, towards the east, to the place whence our Lord ascended to heaven in the sight of his disciples. The place is surrounded by a little tower, and honourably adorned, with an altar raised on the spot within, and also surrounded on all sides with a wall. On the spot where the apostles stood with his mother, wondering at his ascension, is an altar of St. Mary; there the two men in white garments stood by them, saying, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into heaven?" About a stone's throw from that place is the spot where, according to the Assyrians, our Lord wrote the Lord's Prayer in Hebrew, with his own fingers, on marble; and there a very beautiful church was built, but it has since been entirely destroyed by the Pagans, as are all the churches outside the walls, except the church of the Holy Ghost on Mount Sion, about an arrow-shot from the wall to the north, where the apostles received the promise of the Father, namely, the Paraclete Spirit, on the day of Pentecost; there they made the Creed. In that church is a chapel in the place where the Blessed Mary died. On the other side of the church is the chapel where our Lord Jesus Christ first appeared to the

apostles after his resurrection; and it is called Galilee, as he said to the apostles, "After I am risen again, I will go before you unto Galilee." That place was called Galilee, because the apostles, who were called Galileans, frequently rested there.

The great city of Galilee is by Mount Tabor, a journey of three days from Jerusalem. On the other side of Mount Tabor is the city called Tiberias, and after it Capernaum and Nazareth, on the sea of Galilee or sea of Tiberias, whither Peter and the other apostles, after the resurrection, returned to their fishing, and where the Lord afterwards showed himself to them on the sea. Near the city of Tiberias is the field where the Lord Jesus blessed the five loaves and two fishes, and afterwards fed four thousand men with them, as we read in the Gospel. But I will return to my immediate subject.

In the Galilee of Mount Sion, where the apostles were concealed in an inner chamber, with closed doors, for fear of the Jews, Jesus stood in the middle of them and said, "Peace be unto you;" and he again appeared there when Thomas put his finger into his side and into the place of the nails. There he supped with his disciples before the Passion, and washed their feet; and the marble table is still preserved there on which he supped. There the relics of St. Stephen, Nicodemus, Gamaliel, and Abido, were honourably deposited by St. John the Patriarch after they were found. The stoning of St. Stephen took place about two or three arbalist-shots without the wall, to the north, where a very handsome church was built, which has been entirely destroyed by the Pagans. The church of the Holy Cross, about a mile to the west of Jerusalem, in the place where the holy cross was cut out, and which was also a very handsome one, has been similarly laid waste by the Pagans; but the destruction here fell chiefly on the surrounding buildings and the cells of the monks, the church itself not having suffered so much. Under the wall of the city, outside, on the declivity of Mount Sion, is the church of St. Peter, which is called the Gallican, where, after having denied his Lord, he hid himself in a very deep crypt, as may still be seen there, and there wept bitterly for his offence. About three miles to the west of the church of the Holy Cross is a very fine and large monastery in honour of St. Saba, who was one of the seventy-two disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ. There were above three hundred Greek monks living there, in the service of the Lord and of the saint, of whom the greater part have been slain by the Saracens, and the few who remain have taken up their abode in another monastery of the same saint, within the walls of the city, near the tower of David, their other monastery being left entirely desolate.

William of Malmesbury, from whose history we have taken a short account of Aldhelm, was Sæwulf's contemporary, but a younger man. He wrote his "History of the Kings of England" in the reigns of Henry I. and Stephen. It ended with the year 1142, which seems to have been the date of its author's death. This monk of Malmesbury was an enthusiast for books, and, like Bede, he refused to be made an abbot, because he desired to give to study all the time not occupied by the religious exercises of the brethren. When John Milton was writing a "History of Britain" by help of monastic chroniclers, and, having parted from Bede, he came in due time to the record left us by this literary monk, he said that among our old chroniclers "William of Malmesbury must be acknowledged, both for style and

judgment, to be by far the best writer of them all." William wrote at Malmesbury not only the "History of English Kings," but also a "History of English Prelates," and many other books.

With the year 1142 ended not only William of Malmesbury's "History of the Kings of England," but also the "Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy," by Ordericus Vitalis. Orderic, who was sixty-seven years old when he brought his narrative down to the end of his own working life, had in the year 1085 been placed as an English boy in the Norman abbey of St. Evroult, and had lived there devoted to the contemplative life, and active with his pen. When fifty-three years old, he was in the writing-room of his monastery, quietly at work upon his history, and, falling into recollections of his childhood, spoke thus of his position at St. Evroult:—"Then, being in my eleventh year, I was separated from my father, for the love of God, and sent, a young exile, from England to Normandy, to enter the service of the King Eternal. Here I was received by the venerable father Mainier, and having assumed the monastic habit, and become indissolubly joined to the company of the monks by solemn vows, have now cheerfully borne the light yoke of the Lord for forty-two years, and walking in the ways of God with my fellow-monks, to the best of my ability, according to the rules of our order, have endeavoured to perfect myself in the service of the Church and ecclesiastical duties, at the same time that I have always devoted my talents to some useful employment."

William of Malmesbury and Ordericus Vitalis ended their work in 1142, in Stephen's reign. In the same reign, in the year 1147, Geoffrey of Monmouth produced his "History of British Kings." Geoffrey was a Welsh monk who was made Bishop of St. Asaph not long before his death in 1154. His History contained more fable than chronicle. By "British" kings he meant kings of Britain before the coming of the English. Of English kings there were trustworthy chronicles; Geoffrey provided a chronicle of British kings, not meant to be particularly trustworthy, but distinctly meant to be amusing. It was partly founded on Breton traditions, and it did obtain a wide attention. It was the source of a new stream of poetry in English literature, and it is this book that brought King Arthur among us as our national hero. Geoffrey's History does not itself belong to the subject of this volume. The old romances of King Arthur are not religious. They are picturesque stories of love and war, and of each in rude animal form. But the way in which the legends of this mythical hero have been dealt with in our country furnishes one of the most marked illustrations of the religious tendency of English thought. For while amongst Latin nations the Charlemagne romances have given rise to fictions which, however delightful, express only play of the imagination, the romances of which Arthur is the hero have been used by the English people in successive stages of their civilisation for expression of their highest sense of spiritual life. In the very first years of the revived fame of Arthur, when Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of British Kings" was being

fashioned into French verse for courtly English readers by Gaimar and Wace, and into English verse by Layamon, the change was made by Walter Map that put a Christian soul into the flesh of the Arthurian romances. This he did by joining a



A COURTLY WRITER.

From the Book of the Coronation of Henry I. Cotton, MSS., Claudius, A. iii.

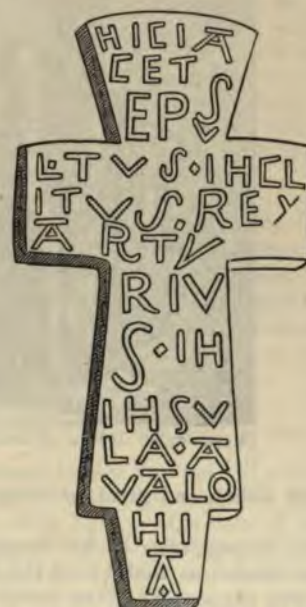
separate legend of Joseph of Arimathea to the stories of King Arthur, and setting in the midst of their ideals of a life according to the flesh the quest for the Holy Graal. The Holy Graal was the dish used by our Lord at the Last Supper, into which also his wounds were washed after he had been taken from the cross, a sacred dish visible only to the pure. It could be used, therefore, as a type of the secret things of God. Walter Map, who thus dealt with the King Arthur legends, was a chaplain of the Court of King Henry II. He was born about the year 1143, and called the Welsh his countrymen, England "our mother." He studied in the University of Paris, was in attendance at the Court of Henry II., and in 1173 was presiding at Gloucester Assizes as one of the King's Justices in Eyre. At Henry II.'s Court, Map was a chaplain; Henry died in 1189, and Map was not an archdeacon until 1196, in the reign of Richard I. He was then about fifty-three years old, and after that date we hear no more of him.¹ We must dwell now for a little while upon the origin of our religious treatment of Arthurian romance.

¹ See the Volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 12-16, for illustrations of Walter Map's Gollas poetry.

Mediaeval tradition said that there were Nine Worthies of the world, three heathen, three Jewish, and three Christian:—namely, Hector, Alexander, and Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus; King Arthur, Charlemagne, and that Godfrey of Boloine who headed the crusaders when the Holy City was taken in the year 1099, who was then elected the first Latin King of Jerusalem, but chose the humbler title of "Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre," and would wear no earthly diadem where his Redeemer had been crowned with thorns. If our British Worthy ever lived, his time was the earlier part of the sixth century, when he led tribes of Celtic Britons in their resistance against the incoming of the English. There is more record of a chieftain of the North, named Urien, about whom were the bards Taliesin, Llywarch Hen, and Aneurin, who lamented for the chiefs slain in the battle of Cattraeth.¹ To Gildas, said by tradition to have been a brother of Aneurin, there is ascribed an ancient history of the disasters of the British ("De Calamitate, Excidio et Conquestu Britanniae"), but it was written in no friendly spirit, and is the work of an English monk, who probably wrote in the seventh century. By him Arthur is mentioned, and in another work, a "History of the Britons," ascribed to Nennius, a disciple of Elbodius, who may have lived in the latter part of the eighth century, and whose work is really Celtic in feeling, Arthur is more fully spoken of. Here there is record of the twelve battles in which he routed the Saxons—namely, 1, at the mouth of the river Gleni; 2, 3, 4, 5, by the river Duglas in the region Linuis; 6, on the river Bassas; 7, in the wood Celidon; 8, near Gurnion Castle; 9, at Caerleon; 10, on the banks of the river Trat Treuroit; 11, on the mountain Bregovin; 12, when Arthur penetrated to the hill of Badon, and 940 fell by his hand alone. There was at any rate early tradition, mixed already with fable, of the prowess of the chief who led his followers in a great war of independence.

Arthur's name is also associated from old time with localities in many parts of Britain. At Caerleon-upon-Usk he is said to have held his court; that is the Isca Silurum of Antoninus, where the second Augustan legion was long in garrison, the ancient capital of Britannia Secunda (Wales), and a place of importance in the twelfth century. Here the remains of a Roman amphitheatre form an oval bank, which is called "Arthur's Round Table." He held court also at Camelot, which is identified with Cadbury in Somersetshire, three or four miles from Castle Cary. This place is called Camelot sometimes in old records, and near it are the villages of West Camel and Queen's Camel. John Selden, in his notes to Drayton's "Polyolbion," spoke of Cadbury as a hill, "a mile compass at the top, four trenches encircling it, and twixt every of them an earthen wall; the content of it within about twenty acres full of ruins and relics of old buildings." There is also Tintagel, on the coast of Cornwall, Arthur's birth-place. At Camelford, about five miles from Tintagel, the last battle is said to have been fought with

Mordred. In a convent at Amesbury, not far from Stonehenge, Arthur's penitent wife, Guenevere, is said to have ended her days, and his body was taken to Avalon, which is Glastonbury, on a peninsula formed by the river Brue, the Roman *Insula Avalonia*, or Isle of Apples. The Roman name was only a Latinising of the Cymric, in which Afall is an apple-tree. The great abbey at Glastonbury once covered sixty acres, and the modern town has almost been built out of its ruins. Here Joseph of Arimathea was said to have been buried. It was said also that King Arthur was buried here between two pillars; and as the revival of King Arthur's fame took place in Henry II.'s time, that king, when on his way to Ireland, in the year 1171, ordered Henry of Blois, then Abbot of Glastonbury, to make search. The search was made, and care was no doubt taken to make it successful. Between two pillars, at a depth of nine feet, a stone was found, with a leaden cross, inscribed on its under side in Latin:—"Here lies buried the renowned King Arthur, in the Isle of



THE INSCRIPTION OVER KING ARTHUR'S COFFIN.
From Warner's "History of Glastonbury."

Avalon; and seven feet lower down his body was found in an oaken coffin.

It must have been about this time—when Arthur had become the hero of romance, and his bones were found at Avalon, to please the king—that Walter Map, perhaps asked by the king for a connected body of Arthurian romance, gave life to such a body by putting into it the very soul of our mediaeval religion. Many in the world were becoming better studied in the animal life of the new stories about Arthur than in Bible truth. Shakespeare long afterwards indicated this in Dame Quickly's confusion of ideas between Arthur and Abraham, when of the dead Falstaff she said, "Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A made a fine end, and went away, an it

¹ See the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," page 5.

had been any chrissom child." Map took the legend of Joseph of Arimathea, who also was said to be buried at Glastonbury, and to whom the monastery had a chapel consecrated, by additions of his own drew from it a symbol of the mystery of godliness, and by his genius associated this for all time with the animal romances. The simplest form of the tradition of Joseph of Arimathea is that about sixty-three years after the birth of Christ he was sent by the Apostle Philip, with eleven more of Philip's disciples, into Britain. The twelve, it was said, obtained leave from Arviragus, the British king, to settle in a small uncultivated island, afterwards known as Avalon, and the king gave each of them a hide of land for his subsistence, in a district long afterwards known as the "Twelve Hides of Glaston." By them the religious house was founded, St. Joseph

flesh to the birds of the air and the beasts of the earth." Joseph answered, "That speech is like the speech of proud Goliath, who reproached the living God in speaking against David. But ye scribes and doctors know that God saith by the prophet, Vengeance is mine, and I will repay to you evil equal to that which ye have threatened to me. The God whom you have hanged upon the cross, is able to deliver me out of your hands. All your wickedness will return upon you. For the governor, when he washed his hands, said, 'I am clear from the blood of this just person.' But ye answered and cried out, 'His blood be upon us and our children.' According as ye have said, may ye perish for ever." The elders of the Jews hearing these words, were exceedingly enraged; and seizing Joseph, they put him into a chamber where there was no window; they fastened the door, and put a seal upon the lock; and Annas and Caiaphas placed a guard upon it, and took counsel with the priests and Levites, that they should all meet after the sabbath, and they con-



CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH OF ARIMATEA, GLASTONBURY. (From Warner's "History of Glastonbury.")

being its first abbot, and great privileges were obtained for it.

Of Joseph's history, after he had begged the body of Christ for burial, as told by all the four Evangelists, this was the account given in the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus, and familiarly known before Map's time:—

JOSEPH OF ARIMATEA.

Joseph, when he came to the Jews, said to them, "Why are ye angry with me for desiring the body of Jesus of Pilate? Behold, I have put him in my tomb, and wrapped him up in clean linen, and put a stone at the door of the sepulchre: I have acted rightly towards him; but ye have acted unjustly against that just person, in crucifying him, giving him vinegar to drink, crowning him with thorns, tearing his body with whips, and prayed down the guilt of his blood upon you." The Jews at the hearing of this were disquieted, and troubled; and they seized Joseph, and commanded him to be put in custody before the sabbath, and kept there till the sabbath was over. And they said to him, "Make confession; for at this time it is not lawful to do thee any harm, till the first day of the week come. But we know that thou wilt not be thought worthy of a burial; but we will give thy

trived to what death they should put Joseph. When they had done this, the rulers, Annas and Caiaphas, ordered Joseph to be brought forth.

¶ In this place there is a portion of the narrative lost or omitted, which cannot be supplied.

When all the assembly heard this, they wondered and were astonished, because they found the same seal upon the lock of the chamber, and could not find Joseph. Then Annas and Caiaphas went forth, and while they were all wondering at Joseph's being gone, behold one of the soldiers, who kept the sepulchre of Jesus, spake in the assembly, that while they were guarding the sepulchre of Jesus, there was an earthquake; "and we saw an angel of God roll away the stone of the sepulchre and sit upon it; and his countenance was like lightning and his garment like snow; and we became through fear like persons dead. And we heard an angel saying to the women at the sepulchre of Jesus, 'Do not fear; I know that you seek Jesus who was crucified; he is risen, as he foretold. Come and see the place where he was laid; and go presently, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead, and he will go before you into Galilee; there ye shall see him, as he told you.'" Then the Jews called together all the soldiers who kept the sepulchre of Jesus, and said to them, "Who are those women, to whom the angel spake?"

Why did ye not seize them?" The soldiers answered and said, "We know not who the women were; besides, we became as dead persons through fear, and how could we seize those women?" The Jews said to them, "As the Lord liveth, we do not believe you." The soldiers answering said to the Jews, "When ye saw and heard Jesus working so many miracles, and did not believe him, how should ye believe us? Ye well said, 'As the Lord liveth,' for the Lord truly does live. We have heard that ye shut up Joseph, who buried the body of Jesus, in a chamber, under a lock which was sealed; and when ye opened it, found him not there. Do ye then produce Joseph whom ye put under guard in the chamber, and we will produce Jesus whom we guarded in the sepulchre." The Jews answered and said, "We will produce Joseph, do ye produce Jesus. For Joseph is in his own city of Arimathæa." The soldiers replied, "If Joseph be in Arimathæa, Jesus also is in Galilee; we heard the angel tell the women." The Jews hearing this, were afraid, and said among themselves, If by any means these things should become public, then everybody will believe in Jesus. Then they gathered a large sum of money, and gave it to the soldiers, saying, "Do ye tell the people that the disciples of Jesus came in the night when ye were asleep, and stole away the body of Jesus; and if Pilate the governor should hear of this, we will satisfy him and secure you." The soldiers accordingly took the money, and said as they were instructed by the Jews: and their report was spread abroad among all the people. But a certain priest Phinees, Ada a schoolmaster, and a Levite, named Ageus, they three, came from Galilee to Jerusalem, and told the chief priests and all who were in the synagogues, saying, "We have seen Jesus, whom ye crucified, talking with his eleven disciples, and sitting in the midst of them in Mount Olivet, and saying to them, 'Go forth into the whole world, preach the Gospel to all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and whosoever shall believe and be baptised, shall be saved.' And when he had said these things to his disciples, we saw him ascending up to heaven." And they sent forth men, who sought for Jesus, but could not find him: and they returning, said, "We went all about, but could not find Jesus, but we have found Joseph in his city of Arimathæa." The rulers hearing this, and all the people, were glad, and praised the God of Israel, because Joseph was found, whom they had shut up in a chamber, and could not find. And when they had formed a large assembly, the chief priests said, "By what means shall we bring Joseph to us to speak with him?" And taking a piece of paper, they wrote to him, and said, "Peace be with thee, and all thy family. We know that we have offended against God and thee. Be pleased to give a visit to us thy fathers, for we were in utmost surprise at thine escape from prison. We know that it was malicious counsel which we took against thee, and that the Lord took care of thee, and the Lord himself delivered thee from our designs. Peace be unto thee, Joseph, who art honourable among all the people." And they chose seven of Joseph's friends, and said to them, "When ye come to Joseph, salute him in peace, and give him this letter." Accordingly, when the men came to Joseph, they did salute him in peace, and gave him the letter. And when Joseph had read it, he said, "Blessed be the Lord God, who didst deliver me from the Israelites, that they could not shed my blood. Blessed be God, who hast protected me under thy wings." And Joseph kissed them, and took them into his house. And on the morrow, Joseph mounted his ass, and went along with them to Jerusalem. And when all the Jews heard these things, they went out to meet him, and cried out, saying, "Peace attend thy coming hither, father Joseph!" To which he answered, "Prosperity from the Lord attend all

the people!" And they all kissed him; and Nicodemus took him to his house, having prepared a large entertainment. But on the morrow, being a preparation-day, Annas, and Caiaphas, and Nicodemus said to Joseph, "Make confession to the God of Israel, and answer to us all those questions which we shall ask thee; for we have been very much troubled, that thou didst bury the body of Jesus; and that when we had locked thee in a chamber, we could not find thee; and we have been afraid ever since, till this time of thy appearing among us. Tell us therefore before God, all that came to pass." Then Joseph answering, said, "Ye did indeed put me under confinement, on the day of preparation, till the morning. But while I was standing at prayer in the middle of the night, the house was surrounded with four angels; and I saw Jesus as the brightness of the sun, and fell down upon the earth for fear. But Jesus laying hold on my hand, lifted me from the ground, and the dew was then sprinkled upon me; but he, wiping my face, kissed me, and said unto me, 'Fear not, Joseph; look upon me, for it is I.' Then I looked upon him, and said, Rabboni Elias! He answered me, 'I am not Elias, but Jesus of Nazareth, whose body thou didst bury.' I said to him, 'Shew me the tomb in which I laid thee.' Then Jesus, taking me by the hand, led me unto the place where I laid him, and shewed me the linen clothes, and napkin which I put round his head. Then I knew that it was Jesus, and worshipped him, and said, 'Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord.' Jesus again taking me by the hand, led me to Arimathæa, to my own house, and said to me, 'Peace be to thee; but go not out of thy house till the fortieth day; but I must go to my disciples.'"

There is nothing here of the Holy Graal, nor is there evidence of any connection of that legend with growing traditions of St. Joseph, until Walter Map told of the appearance of St. Joseph to a certain hermit in the year 717, as a way of opening the story which was to introduce a new element into Arthurian romance:—

PRELUDE TO THE FIRST ROMANCE OF THE ST. GRAAL.

He who accounts himself the least and most sinful of all, salutes, and begins this history to all those whose heart and faith is in the Holy Trinity. The name of him who wrote this history is not told at the beginning. But by the words that follow you may in a great measure perceive his name, country, and a great part of his lineage. But he would not disclose himself in the beginning. And he has three reasons for that. The first is that if he named himself, and said that God had revealed through him so high a history, the felon and envious would turn it into scoff. The second is that all who knew him, if they heard his name, would value the less his history, for being written by so mean a person. The third reason is, that if he put his name to the history, and any fault were found committed by him, or by a transcriber from one book into another, all the blame would fall on his name; for there are so many more mouths that speak evil than good, and a man gets more blame for a single fault than praise for a hundred merits. And however he may wish to cover it, it would be more seen than he should like. But he will tell quite openly how the History of the Saint Graal was commanded to him to be made manifest. It happened 717 years after the passion of Jesus Christ that I, the most sinful of all men, was in a place wilder than I can describe—

And then the story begins with the vision of Joseph, who tells how the Holy Graal, or dish from which the

Last Supper was eaten, was taken by a Jew to Pilate, who gave it to Joseph of Arimathea, whom he knew to be one of the Saviour's devoted friends. When Joseph took the body of the Lord down from the cross he washed the wounds in the same dish. When the Jews, angered at the Resurrection, imprisoned Joseph, he is said to have been forty-two years in a dungeon preserved by sight of the Holy Graal miraculously placed in his hands. Released by Vespasian, Joseph quitted Jerusalem, and went with the Graal through France into Britain. Here he taught, and died at Glastonbury, and the Holy Graal was preserved in the treasury of one of the kings of the island, known as the Fisherman King. But it is so sacred that it is not visible to the impure. This made the Quest of the Graal by Arthur's knights a type of the striving to come near to God, the sight of the Graal an embodiment of the thought of the Psalmist, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart: who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully;" or of the words of Christ himself, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Beginning with this new legend of Joseph of Arimathea, Map took next from Geoffrey of Monmouth the prophecies of Merlin, then reproduced in a form of his own the fleshly charm of Arthurian romance in the story of Lancelot; gave Lancelot a son Galahad, pure as a maid; and in the Quest of the Graal, which Galahad especially accomplished, he caused men to find the charm of romance in religious teaching; then he went on to the close of the series, with the death of Arthur, adapting all to his design so perfectly that the Graal story became thenceforth inseparable from Arthurian legend. Although in conception and detail it was essentially poetical, Map seems to have worked out his scheme in Latin prose. Its several parts were then turned into French prose, and versified by many. Chrestien of Troyes, who was born, like Map, between the years 1140 and 1150, first sang the romance of Erec and Enid. Kyot, a Provençal poet, gave new development to the Graal story in his romance of Percival, and this was the groundwork of the "Parzival" of Wolfram von Eschenbach, in which the conception of the Graal legend is developed with deep spiritual feeling. Wolfram von Eschenbach was a Bavarian knight of good family, who in and after the year 1204 was at the court of the Thuringian landgrave, Hermann, on the Wartburg, near Eisenach, then a centre of intellectual life, such as Weimar became 600 years later. Wolfram von Eschenbach had strength and depth rather than surface grace. He wrote but few lyrics, and was rather knight than scholar; though a poet born, having that large sense of the essentials of life which may be said, perhaps, to belong to the religious feeling of the Teuton, whether he be an English Walter or a German Wolfram. But Map's genius owed some of its vivacity to marriage of the Teuton with the Celt. It was long after Map's time that Sir Thomas Malory compiled his History of King Arthur. He is said to have ended the work in the ninth year of Edward IV. Fifteen years later, in 1485, it was first printed by Caxton, at

Westminster. But Malory only reproduced in his own English the old material, and an English reader has no book that will bring home to him the form and spirit of Map's "Quest of the Graal" so well as the chapters of Malory which reproduce its story. From him I take, therefore, some illustrations of

THE QUEST OF THE GRAAL.¹

The king and all estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong to the great minster. And so after upon that to supper, and every knight sat in his own place as they were toforehand. Then anon they heard cracking and crying of thunder, that them thought the place should all to-drive. In the midst of this blast entered a sun-beam more clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and all they were alighted of the grace of the Holy Ghost. Then began every knight to behold other, and either saw other by their seeming fairer than ever they saw afore. Not for then there was no knight might speak one word a great while, and so they looked every man on other, as they had been dumb. Then there entered into the hall the holy Graile covered with white samite, but there was none might see it, nor who bare it. And there was all the hall full filled with good odours, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world; and when the holy Graile had been borne through the hall, then the holy vessel departed suddenly, that they wist not where it became. Then had they all breath to speak. And then the king yielded thankings unto God of his good grace that he had sent them. "Certes," said the king, "we ought to thank our Lord Jesu greatly, for that he hath shewed us this day at the reverence of this high feast of Pentecost." "Now," said Sir Gawaine, "we have been served this day of what meats and drinks we thought on; but one thing beguiled us, we might not see the holy Graile, it was so precious covered: wherefore I will make here avow, that to-morn, without longer abiding, I shall labour in the quest of the Sancgreal, that I shall hold me out a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here: and if I may not speed, I shall return again as he that may not be against the will of our Lord Jesu Christ." When they of the Table Round heard Sir Gawaine say so, they arose up the most party, and made such avows as Sir Gawaine had made.

Anon as king Arthur heard this he was greatly displeased, for he wist well that they might not againsay their avows. "Alas!" said king Arthur unto Sir Gawaine, "ye have nigh slain me with the avow and promise that ye have made. For through you ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that ever were seen together in any realm of the world. For when they depart from hence, I am sure they all shall never meet more in this world, for they shall die many in the Quest."

But Sir Launcelot rode overthwart and endlong in a wild forest, and held no path, but as wild adventure led him. And at the last he came to a stony cross, which departed

¹ "The History of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knt. Edited from the Text of the Edition of 1634, with Introduction and Notes, by Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A.," in three volumes of the "Library of Old Authors," published by J. R. Smith, is the most accessible edition of Sir Thomas Malory. The same text, with some abridgments, to make it suitable for general home use, is contained in one of the cheap volumes of the "Globe Editions" of English authors, published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

two ways in waste land, and by the cross was a stone that was of marble, but it was so dark that Sir Launcelot might not wit what it was. Then Sir Launcelot looked by him, and saw an old chapel, and there he wend to have found people. And Sir Launcelot tied his horse till a tree, and there he did off his shield, and hung it upon a tree. And then he went to the chapel door, and found it waste and broken. And within he found a fair altar full richly arrayed with cloth of clean silk, and there stood a fair clean candlestick which bare six great candles, and the candlestick was of silver. And when Sir Launcelot saw this light, he had great will for to enter the chapel, but he could find no place where he might enter: then was he passing heavy and dismayed. Then he returned and came to his horse, and did off his saddle and bridle, and let him pasture; and unlaced his helm, and ungirded his sword, and laid him down to sleep upon his shield tofore the cross.

And so he fell on sleep, and half waking and half sleeping, he saw come by him two palfreys all fair and white, the which bare a litter, therein lying a sick knight. And when he was nigh the cross, he there abode still. All this Sir Launcelot saw and beheld, for he slept not verily; and he heard him say, "Oh, sweet Lord, when shall this sorrow leave me? and when shall the holy vessel come by me where through I shall be blessed? For I have endured thus long for little trespass." A full great while complained the knight thus, and always Sir Launcelot heard it. With that Sir Launcelot saw the candlestick with the six tapers come before the cross, and he saw nobody that brought it. Also there came a table of silver, and the holy vessel of the Sancgreal, which Sir Launcelot had seen aforetime in king Peschour's house. And therewith the sick knight set him up, and held up both his hands, and said, "Fair sweet Lord, which is here within this holy vessel, take heed unto me, that I may be whole of this malady." And therewith on his hands and on his knees he went so nigh that he touched the holy vessel, and kissed it, and anon he was whole, and then he said, "Lord God, I thank thee, for I am healed of this sickness." So when the holy vessel had been there a great while it went unto the chapel, with the chandelier and the light, so that Launcelot wist not where it was become, for he was overtaken with sin that he had no power to arise against the holy vessel; wherefore after that many men said of him shame, but he took repentance after that. Then the sick knight dressed him up, and kissed the cross. Anon his squire brought him his arms, and asked his lord how he did. "Certes," said he, "I thank God right well, through the holy vessel I am healed. But I have great marvel of this sleeping knight, that had no power to awake when this holy vessel was brought hither." "I dare right well say," said the squire, "that he dwelleth in some deadly sin, whereof he was never confessed." "By my faith," said the knight, "whatsoever he be he is unhappy, for as I deem he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the Quest of the Sancgreal." "Sir," said the squire, "here I have brought you all your arms, save your helm and your sword, and therefore by my assent now may ye take this knight's helm and his sword." And so he did. And when he was clean armed he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his own; and so departed they from the cross.

Then anon Sir Launcelot waked, and set him up, and be-thought him what he had seen there, and whether it were dreams or not. Right so heard he a voice that said, "Sir Launcelot, more harder than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and barer than is the leaf of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place." And when Sir Launcelot heard

this he was passing heavy, and wist not what to do, and so departed, sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was born. For then he deemed never to have had worship more. For those words went to his heart, till that he knew wherefore he was called so. Then Sir Launcelot went to the cross, and found his helm, his sword, and his horse taken away. And then he called himself a very wretch, and most unhappy of all knights: and there he said, "My sin and my wickedness have brought me unto great dishonour. For when I sought worldly adventures for worldly desires I ever achieved them, and had the better in every place, and never was I discomfit in no quarrel, were it right or wrong. And now I take upon me the adventures of holy things, and now I see and understand that mine old sin hindereth me, and shameth me, so that I had no power to stir nor to speak when the holy blood appeared afore me." So thus he sorrowed till it was day, and heard the fowls sing; then somewhat he was comforted. But when Sir Launcelot missed his horse and his harness, then he wist well God was displeased with him. Then he departed from the cross on foot into a forest. And so by prime he came to an high hill, and found an hermitage, and an hermit therein, which was going unto mass. And then Launcelot kneeled down and cried on our Lord mercy for his wicked works. So when mass was done, Launcelot called him, and prayed him for charity for to hear his life. "With a good will," said the good man. "Sir," said he, "be ye of king Arthur's court, and of the fellowship of the Round Table?" "Yea forsooth, and my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, that hath been right well said of, and now my good fortune is changed, for I am the most wretch of the world." The hermit beheld him, and had marvel how he was so abashed. "Sir," said the hermit, "ye ought to thank God more than any knight living; for He hath caused you to have more worldly worship than any knight that now liveth. And for your presumption to take upon you in deadly sin for to be in His presence, where His flesh and His blood was, that caused you ye might not see it with worldly eyes, for He will not appear where such sinners be, but if it be unto their great hurt, and unto their great shame. And there is no knight living now that ought to give God so great thanks as ye: for He hath given you beauty, seemliness, and great strength, above all other knights, and therefore ye are the more beholding unto God than any other man to love Him and dread Him: for your strength and manhood will little avail you and God be against you."

And here is a later adventure. Launcelot had entered a mystical ship:—

So dwelled Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power. And often they arrived in isles far from folk, where there repaired none but wild beasts; and there they found many strange adventures and perilous, which they brought to an end. But because the adventures were with wild beasts, and not in the quest of the Sancgreal, therefore the tale maketh here no mention thereof, for it would be too long to tell of all those adventures that befell them.

So after, on a Monday, it befell that they arrived in the edge of a forest, tofore a cross, and then saw they a knight, armed all in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse. And so he came to the ship, and saluted the two knights on the high Lord's behalf, and said, "Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father, come out of the ship, and start upon this horse, and go where the adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sancgreal." Then he

went to his father, and kissed him sweetly, and said, "Fair sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more, till I see the body of Jesu Christ." "I pray you," said Launcelot, pray you to the high Father that he hold me in His service." And so he took his horse; and there they heard a voice that said, "Think for to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom." "Now, son Galahad," said Launcelot, "since we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the high Father to preserve both me and you both." "Sir," said Galahad, "no prayer availeth so much as yours." And therewith Galahad entered into the forest. And the wind arose, and drove Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, but prayed to God that he might see some tidings of the Sancgreal. So it befell on a night, at midnight he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair. And there was a postern opened towards the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said, "Launcelot, go out of this ship, and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire." Then he ran to his arms, and so armed him, and so he went to the gate, and saw the lions. Then set he hand to his sword, and drew it. Then there came a dwarf suddenly, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard he a voice say, "O man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore trowest thou more on thy harness than in thy Maker? for He might more avail thee than thine armour, in whose service thou art set." Then said Launcelot, "Fair Father Jesu Christ, I thank thee of thy great mercy, that thou reprovest me of my misdeed. Now see I well that ye hold me for your servant." Then took he again his sword, and put it up in his sheath, and made a cross in his forehead, and came to the lions, and they made semblant to do him harm. Notwithstanding he passed by them without hurt, and entered into the castle to the chief fortress, and there were they all at rest. Then Launcelot entered in so armed, for he found no gate nor door but it was open. And at the last he found a chamber whereof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto to have opened it, but he might not.

Then he enforced him mickle to undo the door. Then he listened, and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing; and him thought the voice said, "Joy and honour be to the Father of Heaven!" Then Launcelot kneeled down tofore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber. Then said he, "Fair sweet Father Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased the Lord, for thy pity have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that thou shew me something of that I seek!" And with that he saw the chamber door open, and there came out a great clearness, that the house was as bright as all the torches of the world had been there. So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said to him, "Flee Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it: and if thou enter thou shalt forthink it." Then he withdrew him aback right heavy. Then looked he up in the midst of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the holy vessel covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of an altar. And before the holy vessel he saw a good man clothed as a priest, and it seemed that he was at the sacring of the mass. And it seemed to Launcelot that above the priest's hands there were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness between the priest's hands, and so he lift it up right high, and it seemed to show so to the people. And then Launcelot marvelled not

a little, for him thought that the priest was so greatly charged of the figure, that him seemed that he should fall to the earth. And when he saw none about him that would help him, then came he to the door a great pace, and said, "Fair Father Jesu Christ, ne take it for no sin though I help the good man, which hath great need of help." Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he felt a breath that him thought it was intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it burnt his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his saying. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there seeming dead to all people. So upon the morrow, when it was fair day, they within were arisen, and found Launcelot lying afore the chamber door. All they marvelled how that he came in. And so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse, to wit whether there were any life in him; and so they found life in him, but he might neither stand, nor stir nor member that he had; and so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk, and so he lay four days. Then the one said he was on live, and the other said nay. "In the name of God," said an old man, "for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all, and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again."

Early in the reign of Henry II. there was an Englishman living in France named Hilarius. He had gone to France that he might study under Abelard, and he was a poet. From him we have the earliest extant example of a Miracle Play or Mystery. There were no such plays in this country before the Conquest, but after the Conquest they must have been soon introduced, for in the Chronicle of Matthew Paris there is chance reference to the acting of a Miracle Play of St. Katherine at Dunstable, before the year 1119, by the pupils of a learned Norman named Geoffrey, who afterwards became abbot of St. Alban's. We know also that the acting of Miracle Plays was established in London by Henry II.'s time; for William Fitzstephen, a clerk of Becket's household, who wrote the life of his patron, says in his *Life of Becket* that London, instead of the ancient shows of the theatre, "has entertainments of a more devout kind, either representations of those miracles which were wrought by holy confessors, or those passions and sufferings in which the martyrs so rigidly displayed their fortitude."

It will be observed that this description limits the representation to the acts of the saints—Miracle Plays. The Mystery Plays, which dealt with the sacred history itself, and drew from the Bible story representations of those incidents which are connected with the mysteries of faith, seem to have been acted abroad for some time before their introduction into this country. After they had been introduced, the old name of Miracle Play, which had become familiar when all our plays were such as Fitzstephen defined, remained common, and was

applied still as a general term to the Mystery Plays also; but abroad the distinction made by use of the several terms Mystery and Miracle Play was well understood.

At first the plays, like the offices of the Church, were spoken in Latin. Perhaps everywhere the Miracle Play was first introduced. On the day of the saint to whom a church was dedicated there would be high celebration, and a great desire to attract worshippers to the shrine. The reading in the service of the day of a pertinent chapter from the "Acts of the Saints," instead of from the Gospel or the Acts of the Apostles, edified few. It occurred to somebody to act a chapter telling of some miracle of the saint, or setting forth his undaunted faith in God, visibly within the church, before the people's eyes, at that part of the service; and then, going on with the psalms or prayers ordained by the rubric to succeed the lesson for the day, proceed to the completion of the offices. This device succeeded, of course, in fixing attention; larger attendance was obtained; there was a more lively sense communicated to the untaught crowd of the piety or power of the saint. Experience would then justify bolder advance, and attempt would be made to bring home in the same way to the minds of the people incidents from the Bible history that involved vital truths of religion. In England, certainly, the incidents in lives of saints were acted for some time before men ventured to deal in the same way with incidents from Scripture history. But when only Miracle Plays properly so called were acted in England, we find Hilarius, an Englishman in France, writing for the Church not only a Miracle Play of St. Nicholas, but also a representation of the story of Daniel, and enforcing the mystery of the Resurrection by a play written to be represented during the church service, at the time of the reading from Scripture, when the eleventh chapter of the Gospel of St. John happened to be the lesson of the day. The story was so shown to the eye that it would come home to the understanding of the people although sung in Latin rhymes; and Hilarius ventured to quicken their feelings by the addition of little refrains in their mother-tongue. This is the Mystery Play of Lazarus, designed, it will be seen, to produce clear, homely realisation of the narrative for which it stands. I simply translate the directions to the actors, but give the play exactly as it has come down to us:—

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

To which these persons are necessary: the person of Lazarus, of his two sisters, of four Jews, of Jesus Christ, of the Twelve Apostles, or six at least.

At first, Lazarus being sick, his two sisters Mary and Martha shall come with four Jews afflicting themselves greatly, and sitting down by his bed shall sing these verses:

O sors tristis, O sors dura,
Cujus gravis est censura;
Nam per tua modo jura
Languet, frater, nostra cura.
Languet frater, et nos vere
Facit sibi condolere.

Sed tu, Deus, miserere,
Quique potes, tu medere.

[O sad lot, O hard lot, of which heavy is the thought; For even now by your ordinance fades away our brother, our care. Our brother withers away, and makes us indeed to share his pain. But thou, God, have pity, and heal him, for thou canst.]

The Jews shall say for their consolation:

Karissime, flere desinite,
Nec adstantes ad fletum cogite,
Immo preces ad Deum mittite
Lazaroque salutem poscite.

[Cease, dearest, to weep, nor compel those who stand by to weeping; nay, rather send up prayers to God and ask health for Lazarus.]

To whom they shall say:

Ite, fratres, ad summum medicum,
Ite citi regem ad unicum,
Fratrem nostrum narrate languidum,
Ut veniat et reddat validum.

[Go, brothers, to the highest physician, go quick to the only king, tell that our brother is withering, that he may come and restore him to strength.]

But they, when they shall have come to Jesus, shall say:

Quia tu diligis infirmatum graviter,
Ad te juxi (sic) fuimus venire celeriter.
Qui summus es medicus, egrum nostrum visita,
Ut tibi deserviat, sospitate reddita.

[Because thou hast strong love for him who is made infirm, we have been commanded to come to thee quickly. Thou who art the chief physician, visit our sick man, that he may do service to you when his health has been restored.]

Jesus replies:

Morbus iste fratris mei
Non ad mortem erit ei,
Sed evenit ut per eum
Manifestem vobis Deum.

[That sickness of my brother shall not be for him unto death; but it happens that through him I may make God manifest to you.]

In the meantime, when they shall have returned, Lazarus being already dead, two from among them shall lead Mary to him. To whom she shall sing:

En culpa veteri
Dannatur¹ posteri
Mortales fieri.
Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mis frere morz:
Por que gei plor

Per cibum vetitum
Nobis interitum
Constat impositum.
Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mis frere morz:
Por que gei plor.

¹ Damnatur.

Facta sum misera,
Et soror altera
Per fratris funera.
Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mis frere morz :
Por que gei plor.

Cum de te cogito,
Frater, et merito,
Mortem afflagito
Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mea frere morz :
Por que gei plor.

[For an ancient sin those who live after are doomed to be made mortal. Now I have grief, Now is my brother dead, Wherefore I weep. Through the forbidden food death is firmly laid upon us. Now I have grief, Now is my brother dead, Wherefore I weep. I am made a wretched woman, and my sister another by the burial of our brother. Now I have grief, Now is my brother dead, Wherefore I weep. When I think of thee, brother, and thy worth, I passionately call for death. Now I have grief, Now is my brother dead, Wherefore I weep.]

Then two of the Jews consoling, shall say to her :

Cesset talis gemitus,
Cesset meror penitus.
Cessent que suspiria ;
Talis lamentacio
Talis ejulacio
Non est necessaria.

Non per tales lacrimas
Visum fuit animas
Redisce corporibus.
Cessent ergo lacrimae
Que defunctis minime
Proderunt hominibus.

[Let cease such sobbing, let cease grief from the depths, let cease the sighs; such lamenting, such wailing, is not necessary. Never through such tears has it been seen that souls have returned to their bodies. Let cease, therefore, the tears which are of slightest service to dead men.]

After this shall come Martha, with two other Jews, singing :

Mors execrabilis !
Mors detestabilis !
Mors mihi flebilis !
Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?

Fratris interitus
Gravis et subitus
Est causa gemitus.
Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?

Pro fratre mortuo
Mori non abnuo,
Nec mortem metuo.
Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?

Ex fratris funere
Recuso vivere :
Ve mihi misero !
Lase, chative !
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ?

[Death to be execrated ! Death to be detested ! Death to be wept by me ! Unhappy, wretched one ! Since that my brother is dead, why am I living ? The destruction of my brother, heavy and sudden, is a cause for sobbing. Unhappy, wretched one ! Since that my brother is dead, why am I living ? For my dead brother I do not refuse to die, nor do I fear death. Unhappy, wretched one ! Since that my brother is dead, why am I living ? Because of the burial of my brother I refuse to live. Woe to me, miserable ! Unhappy, wretched one ! Since that my brother is dead, why am I living ?]

Two of the Jews shall say for her comfort :

Tolle fletum, quesumus,
Nichil enim possumus
Per fletum proficere.
Insistendum fletibus
Esset si quis talibus
Posset reviviscere.

Quare non consideras
Quia dum te macheras¹
Nichil prodes mortuo ?
Quare tu non respicis,
Quia nichil (proficis)
Ut jam vivat denovo ?

[Put away weeping, we entreat, for we can bring nothing about by weeping. We might persist in lamentations if by such any one could be brought back to life. Why do you not consider, because while you torment yourself, you nothing profit the dead ? Why have you no regard, because you can in no way bring about that now he should live once more ?]

Jesus shall say to His Disciples :

In Judeam iterum
Nos oportet pergere,
Ubi quiddam paululum
Decrevi peragere.

[We must go again into Judea, where there is a certain small work that I have determined to complete.]

To whom the Disciples shall say :

Te nuper lapidibus volebant obruere ;
Et vis tamen iterum in Judeam tendere ?

[They of late sought to strike thee down with stones: and wilt thou, nevertheless, go again into Judea ?]

And Jesus to them :

Ecce dormit Lazarus, quem deceo ut visitem :
Vadam illuc igitur, ut a somno excitem.

[Behold, Lazarus sleepeth, whom it is fit that I should visit: I will go thither, therefore, that I may awake him out of sleep.]

¹ *Maceras.*

The Disciples again :

Postquam dormit, salvus erit :
Salus enim somnum querit.

[After he sleeps, he shall be well ; for health demands sleep.]

Jesus again to them :

Non est sicut creditis : immo jam defunctus est ;
Sed in Patris nomine nobis suscitandus est.

[It is not as ye believe : on the contrary, he is already dead ; but in the name of the Father he is to be raised up to us.]

But Thomas shall say :

Ergo nos proficiscamus
Et cum illo moriamur.

[Therefore let us go and die with him.]

Afterwards Martha shall say to Jesus :

Si venisses primitus,
Dol en ai,
Non esset hic gemitus.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.
Quod in vivum poteras,
Dol en ai,
Hoc defuncto conferas.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.
Petis patrem quid libet ;
Dol en ai,
Statim pater exhibet.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.

[If thou hadst come at first, Grief for it have I, There had not been this sobbing. Darling brother, I have lost you. What you had power for on the living, Grief for it have I, This confer thou on the dead. Darling brother, I have lost you. Ask of the Father what you will, Grief for it have I, At once the Father will give it. Darling brother, I have lost you.]

Jesus shall say :

Nunc comprimas has lacrymas et luctum qui te urget.
Frater tuus est mortuus, sed facile resurget.

[Restrain now these tears and this lament that presses upon thee. Thy brother is dead, but readily will rise again.]

And she to him :

Rexurgere et vivere
Fratrem meum affirmo,
Tunc denique cum utique
Rexurget omnis homo.

[I know that my brother shall rise and live, then at last when in any case every man shall rise.]

And Jesus again :

Immo, soror, non despera,
Nam sum ego vita vera ;
Et quicumque credet ita
Vivet in me, qui sum vita.
Et qui vivens in me credet,
Mors ad illum non accedet.
Credis, Martha, fore verum
Quod sit talis ordo rerum ?

[Nay, sister, do not despair, for I am the true way, and whoever shall so believe shall live in me who am life. And

he who living shall believe in me, death shall not approach to him. Do you believe, Martha, that it is true that such is the order of things ?]

But Martha shall answer :

Te Christum, Dei filium,
Ad hoc nostrum exilium
Venisse in auxilium
Ego credo.

[I believe thee Christ, the Son of God, to have come for our help to this our place of exile.]

Martha, telling Mary that Jesus has come, shall say :

Jesus adest, soror carissima ;
Cesset luctus et cesset lacrima.
Ipsam prece flectas humillima,
Ut redeat ad fratrem anima.

[Jesus is here, dearest sister. Let cease the grief, let cease the tear. Bend thou himself by humblest prayer that the soul may return to our brother.]

Then Mary shall say to Jesus :

Nullius solacio
Mea desolacio
Valet unquam auferri.
Sed credo consilium
Per te, Dei filium,
Posse mihi conferri.
Tu ergo qui potens es
Qui mittis (sic) et clemens es
Ad tumultum venito.
Fratrem meum suscita,
Quem mors carni debita
Surripuit tam cito.

[By the solace of no man can my desolation ever be taken away. But I believe that help can be brought to me through thee, the Son of God. Come, therefore, to the tomb, thou who art powerful, and merciful and mild, raise up my brother, whom death due to the flesh seized so suddenly.]

And Jesus to her :

Volo, soror, volo multum
Me deduci ad sepulchrum,
Ut in vitam revocetur
Qui a morte detinetur.

[I desire, sister, I desire greatly to be brought down to the buried man, that he may be called back into life who is held from you by death.]

But she, leading Jesus to the sepulchre, shall say :

Hic eum posuimus,
Ecce locus, Domine.
Quem in patris poscimus
Suscitari nomine.

[Here we deposited him ; behold the place. O Lord. Him whom we ask to be raised up in the name of the Father.]

Jesus to those standing around :

Sustollatis lapidem qui superest tumulo,
Ut resurgat Lazarus coram omni populo.

[Lift ye up the stone which is upon the tomb, that Lazarus may arise in presence of all the people.]

They shall say :

Fetorem non poteris sustinere mortui ;
Namque ferens graviter funus est quadridui.

[Thou wilt not be able to bear the stench of the dead, for bearing him heavily the funeral was four days since.]

Then Jesus, looking up into Heaven, shall pray thus to the Father :

Pater, verbum tuum clarifica,
Lazarumque, precor, vivifica.
Sic filium mundo notifica,
Pater, in hac hora.
Nec hoc dixi in diffidencia,
Sed pro gentis hujus presentia,
Ut de tua certi potencia
Credant absque mora.

[Father, make thy word manifest and, I pray thee, give life unto Lazarus, so declare thy Son to the world, Father, in this hour. Nor have I said this through want of faith, but because of the presence of this people, that, certain of thy power, they may believe without delay.]

Then shall he say to the dead :

O Lazare, foras egredere,
Aure dono vitalis utere ;
In paterne virtutis munere,
Exi foras, et vita frue.

[O LAZARUS, come forth, I give thee to use vital air. By the gift of the Father's power, come forth, and enjoy life.]

Then after Lazarus shall have risen, Jesus shall say :

Ecce vivit : nunc ipsum solvite,
Et solutum abire sinite.

[Behold he lives : now loose him, and when loosened, suffer him to go hence.]

Lazarus unbound shall say to the bystanders :

Ecce que sunt Dei magnalia.
Vos vidistis et hec et alia.
Ipse celum fecit et maria ;
Mors ad ejus tremit imperia.

[Behold what are the mighty things of God. You have seen both these and others. He made the heaven and the seas ; death trembles at his command.]

And having turned to Jesus he shall say :

Tu magister, tu rex, tu Dominus,
Tu populi delebis facinus.
Quod precipis, illud fit protinus.
Regni tui non erit terminus.

[Thou Master, thou King, thou Lord, thou wilt wash away the sin of the people. What thou orderest is straightway done. Of thy kingdom there shall be no end.]

Which being finished, if it was done at Matins, Lazarus shall begin Te Deum Laudamus. But if at Vespers, Magnificat anima mea Dominum.

Giraldus Cambrensis, which means Gerald of Wales, was Gerald de Barri, born in the castle of Manorbear,

a little west of Tenby. He was the scholar of a patriotic fighting family, as patriotic as any other of his kindred, and combatant with spiritual weapons for the Church of Wales. His ambition was to form in Wales a national church, with its primate at St. David's, and to make it a church free from the corruption that had come of wealth and ease. He was eager, as a strict Churchman, for church reform ; became an archdeacon at six-and-twenty, and would have been made Bishop of St. David's if the King of England could have trusted at the head of the Welsh Church a man so able and uncompromising, and so full of zeal for his own people. Henry II. liked Gerald personally, made him one of his chaplains, used him in the pacification of Wales, and sent him with Prince John upon his unsuccessful Irish expedition. Gerald's energy caused him to make much use of his pen, and this visit of his to Ireland in 1185 caused him to write a "Topography of Ireland," and a "History of the Conquest of Ireland." The zeal with which he sought to restore purity of life to Churchmen did not prevent Gerald from sharing the ready faith of his time in any marvel that appeared to show the power of God, the full devotion to Him of holy men, or God's love to His faithful servants. Simplest traditions of the country-side were in the twelfth century accepted by a singularly shrewd, vigorous, and earnest man with unquestioning faith, when there was worship at the heart of them. Thus, in his "Topography of Ireland," one book is upon its geography and natural history ; and here the chapter on the eagle is developed into religious allegory after the manner of the Bestiaries. The next book is on the "Wonders and Miracles of Ireland," and the next on its "Inhabitants." Here are, as told by Giraldus Cambrensis, a few miracles of a saint, said to have been born in the year 498, and to have founded an abbey in the wilderness of Glendalough (the valley of the two lakes) in the Wicklow Mountains :—

MIRACLES OF ST. KEVIN.

When St. Kevin had become celebrated for his life and sanctity at Glendalough, a noble boy, one of his scholars, happened to fall sick, and had a craving for some apples. The saint, taking compassion on him, and having prayed to the Lord, a willow-tree, which stood near the church, bore apples, to the relief of the boy as well as of other sick persons. And even to the present day that willow, and other sets from it, planted in the neighbouring cemetery, produce apples every year, as if it were an orchard, although in other respects, such as their boughs and leaves, the trees retain their natural properties. These apples are white, and of an oblong shape, and more wholesome than pleasant to the taste. They are held in great reverence by the natives, who call them St. Kevin's apples ; and many carry them to the most distant parts of Ireland, as remedies for various diseases.

On the feast-day of the same saint, the ravens at Glendalough, in consequence of his curse for his scholars having accidentally spilt their milk, neither come on the ground nor taste food ; but, flying round the village and church, and making a loud cawing, enjoy no rest or refreshment on that day.

St. Kevin, upon some occasion, when, during the season of

Lent, he had fled, as he was wont, from converse with men, retired to a little cabin in the wilderness, where, sheltered only from the sun and rain, he gave himself up to contemplation, and spent all his time in reading and prayer. One morning, having raised his hand to heaven, as was his custom, through the window, it chanced that a blackbird pitched upon it and laid her eggs in his palm, treating it as her nest. The saint, taking pity on the bird, shewed so much gentleness and patience that he neither drew in nor closed his hand, but kept it extended and adapted it to the purpose of a nest, without wearying, until the young brood was entirely hatched. In perpetual memory of this wonderful occurrence, all the images of St. Kevin throughout Ireland represent him with a blackbird in his extended hand.

The next chapter tells some wonders about

ST. COLMAN'S TEAL.

There is in Leinster a small pool frequented by the birds of St. Colman, a species of small ducks, vulgarly called teal (*cercelle*). Since the time of the saint, these birds have become so tame that they take food from the hand, and until the present day exhibit no signs of alarm when approached by men. They are always about thirteen in number, as if they formed the society of a convent. As often as any evil chances to befall the church or clergy, or the little birds themselves, or any molestation is offered them, they directly fly away, and, betaking themselves to some lake far removed from thence, do not return to their former haunts until condign punishment has overtaken the offenders. Meanwhile, during their absence, the waters of the pond, which were before very limpid and clear, become stinking and putrid, unfit for the use either of men or cattle. It has happened occasionally that some person fetching water from this pond in the night-time, has drawn up with it one of the birds, not purposely, but by chance, and having cooked his meat in the water for a long time without being able to boil it, at last he has found the bird swimming in the pot, quite unhurt; and, having carried it back to the pond, his meat was boiled without further delay.

It happened, also, in our time, that as Robert Fitz-Stephen, with Dermot, king of Leinster, was passing through that country, an archer shot one of these birds with an arrow. Carrying it with him to his quarters, he put it in a pot to be cooked with his meat, but after thrice supplying the fire with wood, and waiting till midnight, he did not succeed in making the pot boil, so that, after taking out the meat for the third time, he found it as raw as when he first placed it in the pot. At last, his host observing the little bird among the pieces of meat, and hearing that it was taken out of this pond, exclaimed, with tears—"Alas, me, that ever such a misfortune should have befallen my house, and have happened in it! For this is one of St. Colman's birds." Thereupon the meat being put alone into the pot, was cooked without further difficulty. The archer soon afterwards miserably expired.

Moreover, it chanced that a kite, having carried off one of these little birds, and perched with it in a neighbouring tree, behold, all his limbs immediately stiffened in the sight of many persons, nor did the robber regard the prey which he held in his claws. It also happened that one frosty season a fox carried off one of these birds, and when the morning came, the beast was found in a little hut on the shore of the lake, which was held in veneration from its having been formerly the resort of St. Colman, the bird being in the fox's jaws, and having choked him. In both cases the spoiler

suffered the penalty of death, while his prey was unhurt, the birds returning to the lake without the slightest injury, under the protection of their holy patron.

Gerald published his "Topography of Ireland" by reading it publicly at Oxford in 1187, giving a day to the reading of each of its three books. On the first day of reading he entertained at his lodgings all the poor of the town; on the second day the teachers of the different faculties and the best students; on the third day the rest of the students, with the soldiers, townsmen, and many burgesses. In the latter part of the same year Saladin took Jerusalem, and in the next year, 1188, another crusade was preached. Archbishop Baldwin, followed by a train of clergy, preached the crusade in Wales, and Gerald went with him. This gave rise to another book of his, "The Itinerary of Wales," from which we may take a passage on the degeneracy of the monks. He was speaking of the Abbey of Llanthony, near which he had a little house of his own at Llanddeu.

CORRUPTION OF RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

The mountains are full of herds and horses, the woods well stored with swine and goats, the pastures with sheep, the plains with cattle, the arable fields with ploughs; and, although these things in very deed are in great abundance, yet each of them, from the insatiable nature of the mind, seems too narrow and scanty. Therefore lands are seized, landmarks removed, boundaries invaded, and the markets in consequence abound with merchandise, the courts of justice with law-suits, and the senate with complaints. Concerning such things, we read in Isaiah, "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

If, therefore, the prophet inveighs so much against those who proceed to the boundaries, what would he say to those who go far beyond them? From these and other causes, the true colour of religion was so converted into the dye of falsehood, that manners internally black assumed a fair exterior:

"Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo."

[The colour that was white is now the contrary to white.]

So that the Scripture seems to be fulfilled concerning these men, "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravenous wolves." But I am inclined to think this avidity does not proceed from any bad intention. For the monks of this Order (although themselves most abstemious) incessantly exercise, more than any others, the acts of charity and beneficence towards the poor and strangers; and because they do not live as others upon fixed incomes, but depend only on their labour and forethought for subsistence, they are anxious to obtain lands, farms, and pastures, which may enable them to perform these acts of hospitality. However, to repress and remove from this sacred Order the detestable stigma of ambition, I wish they would sometimes call to mind what is written in Ecclesiasticus, "Whoso bringeth an offering of the goods of the poor, doth as one that killeth the son before his father's eyes;" and also the sentiment of Gregory, "A good use does not justify things badly acquired;" and also that of Ambrose, "He who wrongfully receives, that he may well dispense, is rather burthened than assisted." Such men seem to say with the Apostle, "Let us do evil that good may come." For it is written, "Mercy ought to be of such a nature as may be

received, not rejected, which may purge away sins, not make a man guilty before the Lord, arising from your own just labours, not those of other men." Hear what Solomon says: "Honour the Lord from your just labours." What shall they say who have seized upon other men's possessions, and exercised charity? "O Lord, in Thy name we have done charitable deeds, we have fed the poor, clothed the naked, and hospitably received the stranger:" to whom the Lord will answer, "Ye speak of what ye have given away, but speak not of the rapine ye have committed; ye relate concerning those ye have fed, and remember not those ye have killed." I have judged it proper to insert in this place an instance of an answer which Richard, king of the English, made to Fulke, a good and holy man, by whom God in these our days has wrought many signs in the kingdom of France. This man had among other things said to the king: "You have three daughters, namely, Pride, Luxury, and Avarice; and as long as they shall remain with you, you can never expect to be in favour with God." To which the king, after a short pause, replied: "I have already given away those daughters in marriage: 'Pride to the Templars, Luxury to the Black Monks, and Avarice to the White.'"

It is a remarkable circumstance, or rather a miracle, concerning Llanthony, that, although it is on every side surrounded by lofty mountains, not stony or rocky, but soft, and covered with grass, Parian stones are frequently found there, and are called free-stones, from the facility with which they admit of being cut and polished; and with these the church is beautifully built. It is also wonderful, that when, after a diligent search, all the stones have been removed from the mountains, and no more can be found; upon another search, a few days afterwards, they re-appear in greater quantities to those who seek them.

With respect to the two Orders, the Cluniac and the Cistercian, this may be relied upon: although the latter are possessed of fine buildings, with ample revenues and estates, they will soon be reduced to poverty and destruction. To the former, on the contrary, you would allot a barren desert and a solitary wood; yet in a few years you will find them in possession of sumptuous churches and houses, and encircled with an extensive property. The difference of manners (as it appears to me) causes this contrast. For as without meaning offence to either party, I shall speak the truth: the one feels the benefits of sobriety, parsimony, and prudence, whilst the other suffers from the bad effects of gluttony and intemperance: the one, like bees, collect their stores into a heap, and unanimously agree in the disposal of one well-regulated purse; the others pillage and divert to improper uses the largesses which have been collected by divine assistance, and by the bounties of the faithful; and, whilst each individual consults solely his own interest, the welfare of the community suffers; since, as Sallust observes, "Small things increase by concord, and the greatest are wasted by discord." Besides, sooner than lessen the number of one of the thirteen or fourteen dishes which they claim by right of custom, or even in a time of scarcity or famine recede in the smallest degree from their accustomed good fare, they would suffer the richest lands and the best buildings of the monastery to become a prey to usury, and the numerous poor to perish before their gates.

The first of these Orders, at a time when there was a deficiency in grain, with a laudable charity, not only gave away their flocks and herds, but resigned to the poor one of the two dishes with which they were always contented. But in these our days, in order to remove this stain, it is ordained by the Cistercians, "That in future neither farms nor pastures shall be purchased; and that they shall be satisfied

with those alone which have been freely and unconditionally bestowed upon them." This Order, therefore, being satisfied more than any other with humble mediocrity, and, if not wholly, yet in a great degree checking their ambition; and though placed in a worldly situation, yet avoiding, as much as possible, its contagion; neither notorious for gluttony or drunkenness, for luxury or lust; is fearful and ashamed of incurring public scandal, as will be more fully explained in the book we mean (by the grace of God) to write concerning the Ecclesiastical Orders.

Giraldus Cambrensis entered fully into Church questions in his "*Gemma Ecclesiastica*,"¹ produced in the reign of Richard I. The subject of it fell, he said, under the two heads, precept and example. "For as Jerome tells us, 'Long and tedious is the way that leads by precept; commodious and brief is the way that leads by example.' So from the legends of the holy Fathers, of which very few copies are to be found among you of Wales, and from the faithful narratives of ancient and more recent times, I have compiled, with a view to your imitation, some things which will be not unserviceable to you." He begins by answers to questions then dwelt upon. What shall the priest do if by chance he has spilt part of the consecrated cup, or allowed mice to nibble at the sacred bread? When may a layman officiate? How are sins remitted? By the sacraments, by martyrdom, by faith, by mercy, by charity, by prayer, and—observe the doubt—"perhaps by pontifical indulgence." He describes minutely the manner of carrying consecrated elements to the sick, and discusses the mystery of the Eucharist, of which he says it seems safer concerning that which is miraculous not to discuss every point to a hair's breadth, but rather to leave to God what is uncertain. If we are told on certain authority that the substance of the bread and wine is converted into substance of the body and blood of the Lord, let us not blush to say that we are ignorant as to the manner of the conversion. Of the questioning in his time as to the way in which men were to accept that doctrine, he tells that he saw in Paris a learned Englishman, Richard de Aubry, who lectured to a large audience in interpretation of the Eucharist. "He seemed to be the very mirror of religion and morality among the clergy; he afflicted his body with watchings and fastings, with much abstinence and earnest prayers; yet when he took to his bed in his last sickness, and was offered the Lord's body, he could not receive it. Nay, he even averted his face, exclaiming that this punishment had happened to him through the just judgment of God, because he never could prevail upon himself

¹ The "*Gemma Ecclesiastica*," never before printed, was edited, with a valuable introduction, by Professor John Sherrin Brewer, in 1862, as one of the collection of the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, in the series of "*Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages*," published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. The preceding translations are from a volume of Bohn's Libraries that makes two notable works by Giraldus easily accessible to the general reader. It is called "*The Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis, containing the Topography of Ireland, and the History of the Conquest of Ireland, translated by Thomas Forester, M.A. The Itinerary through Wales and the Description of Wales, translated by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. Revised and Edited, with Additional Notes, by Thomas Wright, M.A.*" (Bohn, 1862.)

to have a firm belief in this article of faith. And so he entered the way of all flesh without the viaticum." From the Eucharist and the vessels and books used in its celebration, Gerald passed to baptism, confession, possession by evil spirits, and the power of the sign of the cross. Throughout, his teaching was enforced by wonderful tales; fables taken as truth for love of the truth they symbolised. Thus, there was a noble young lady possessed by a spiteful devil. A holy man was brought to her, and she immediately slapped his face. He bore the insult patiently, and turned the other cheek. To that she gave a harder slap. He turned his face to her the third time. Then said the evil spirit within her, "Your patience conquers me," and so the girl was cured. Giraldus in many ways dwelt on the devices of the clergy to enrich themselves unfairly. Soldiers and laity were accustomed to make offering at certain gospels for which they had especial veneration in the same way as they offered at the mass. For that reason the reading of a gospel at each mass was often multiplied into the reading of three or four to win an offering for each. He would have had fewer churches and altars, fewer persons ordained, with more care in their selection, and oblations only permitted three times a year, at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide; to which might be added founder's day, a funeral, each anniversary, and purification. He vehemently opposed the practice of bestowing benefices in reversion, and all multiplication of the fees of bishops. He tells of a bishop who when he had consecrated a church immediately anathematised it because the fee was not ready; of an archbishop who excused his simony by saying, "I do not sell the church, I only sell my favour; why should any one have my favour who has never done anything to deserve it?" of another who gave benefices to his nephews while they were children, that, under pretext of wardship, he might take the profits to himself; of another who gave church promotion to his stupid relatives, and neglected the deserving, for they, he said, could take care of themselves. Thus, Gerald added, these prelates observe the Apostle's precept, "Those members of the body which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness."

As soon as a self-seeking worldliness is joined in many with charge over the spiritual interests of men, protest begins; the most earnest Churchmen are themselves the most devoted labourers for Church reform; the history of labour towards reformation covers as much time as the history of human frailty. There were very many Church reformers before Wiclif, each attacking those which seemed to him the faults most hurtful to the spiritual life. Giraldus spoke of the growing luxury of eating and drinking. He allowed licence in case of hospitality, as we read, he said, in the lives of saints that they sometimes exceeded rules of temperance in honour of their guests. "As is read," he says, "of Saint Philibert, to whom when he had taken too much while sitting with guests, the devil came as he lay on his back, and tapping at his belly, said, 'All's well within Philibert to-day.' To whom he answered, 'It will be ill for him to-morrow.' On this account he fasted next day

upon bread and water. If therefore our enemy thus scoffed at that excusable excess, how can he mock our excesses that are inexcusable?"

Giraldus Cambrensis spoke of the degradation by luxury of houses of the great order of the Benedictines. Its founder, Benedict of Nursia, had known it difficult in the sixth century to find men ready as he himself was to deny the flesh. He kept it down with thorns and nettles; but when he was Abbot at Vicovaro it is said that his monks tried to poison him for his strictness. He retired into the wilderness and founded twelve monasteries. Persecution of a priest named Florentinus drove him to Cassino in Campania. On Monte Cassino he is said to have destroyed a heathen temple and grove, and to have founded on its site the first and most famous monastery of his order, there planning a strict rule, which he perfected in the year 529. His cloistered community was to dwell together in constant meditation and labour, and in strict obedience to the abbot, serving as a type of their obedience to God. Women also afterwards joined themselves in such communities for holy contemplation and repression of the flesh. The body of religious women to whom love of



A BENEDICTINE NUN. (From Dugdale's "Monasticon.")

Christ was commended in a little discourse on "The Wooing of Our Lord," may have been Benedictines. I think, however, that Dr. Richard Morris, who has edited this and other "Old English Homilies and Homiletic Treatises of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries," shows good reason for identifying its author with the writer of a piece called the "Ancrer Riwe," the Rule of the Anchoresses. That author

was probably Bishop Poor, who died in 1237, and lies buried in his cathedral church at Salisbury. His Rule of the Anchoresses was written for a small community consisting only of three pious ladies and their domestics or lay sisters at Tarrant Keynes, or Kingston, near Crayford Bridge, in Dorsetshire. The house remained a religious home, and was afterwards incorporated with the Cistercian order; but the author of the "Rule" written for their instruction said, "If any ignorant man ask you of what order ye are, say that ye are of the Order of St. James. If such answer seem strange and singular to him, ask him, What is Order, and where he can find in Scripture Religion more plainly described than in the canonical epistle of St. James? He saith what Religion is, and right Order: 'Pure Religion and without stain is to visit and assist widows and orphans, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.' Thus doth St. James describe Religion and Order." The Rule written for the Anchoresses is in eight parts, and treats (1) of Devotional Services, (2) of the Government of the External Senses in keeping the Heart, (3) Moral Lessons and Examples, Reasons for Embracing a Monastic Life, (4) of Temptations and the means of Avoiding and Resisting them, (5) of Confession, (6) of Penance and Amendment, (7) of Love or Charity, (8) of Domestic and Social Duties. Probably for the same community, possibly for another convent of women who had turned from earthly wooing to set all their love on Christ, the writer of the "Anceren Riwele" wrote this piece called—

THE WOOING OF OUR LORD.

Jesu, sweet Jesu, my love, my darling, my Lord, my Saviour, my honey-drop, my balm! sweeter is the remembrance of thee than honey in the mouth. Who is there that may not love thy lovely face? what heart is there so hard that may not melt at the remembrance of thee? Ah! who may not love thee, lovely Jesu? For within thee alone are all things joined that ever may make any man worthy of love to another.

Beauty, and lovesome face, flesh white under clothing, make many a man the rather and the more to be beloved.

Gold and Treasures and Wealth of this world cause some to be beloved and praised.

Others for their Generosity and Liberality, that prefer graciously to give than niggardly to withhold.

Some for their Wit and Wisdom and worldly prudence; and others for Might and Strength, to be distinguished and brave in fight to maintain their rights.

Some are loved for their Nobility and highness of Birth; others for Virtue, and Politeness, and their faultless Manners.

Some for Kindness, and Meekness, and goodness of heart and deed; and yet, above all this, nature causes friends of Kin to love one another.

Jesu, my precious darling, my love, my life, my beloved, my most worthy of love, my heart's balm, my soul's sweetness, thou art Lovesome in countenance, thou art altogether bright. All angel's life is to look upon thy face, for thy cheer is so marvellously lovesome and pleasant to look upon, that if the damned that boil in hell might eternally see it, all that torturing pitch would appear but a soft warm bath; for, if it might be so, they had rather boil evermore in woe and

evermore look upon that blissful beauty, than be in all bliss and forego the sight of thee. Thou art so shining and so white, that the sun would be pale if it were beside thy blissful countenance. If I then will love any man for fairness I will love thee, my dear life, mother's fairest son. Ah, Jesu, my sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But now I will choose my beloved for Wealth; for everywhere with chattels one may buy love. But is there any one richer than thou, my beloved, that reignest in heaven, thou that art the renowned kaiser that has created all this world? for as the holy prophet David says, "The earth is the Lord's and all that fills it, the world and all that lives therein;" heaven with the mirths and the immeasurable blisses, all is thine, my sweet one, and all thou wilt give me, if I love thee aright. I cannot give my love to any man for a sweeter possession. I will hold then to thee, my beloved, and love thee for thyself, and for thy love forsake all other things that might draw and turn my heart from thy love. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But what is wealth and world's weal worth without Liberality? And who is more free than thou, for first thou didst make all this world and didst put it under my feet, and didst make me lady over all thy creatures that thou didst create on earth, but I miserably lost it through my sins. Ah! lest I should lose all, thou gavest thyself to me, to deliver me from pain. If I will love then any one for liberality, I will love thee, Jesu Christ, most free beyond all others; for other liberal men give these outward things, but thou didst give Thyself for me, that thou couldst not withhold thy own heart's blood. A dearer love-token gave never any beloved to another. And thou that gavest me first all thyself, thou hast promised me, my beloved, the gift, all to myself, to reign on thy right hand, crowned with thyself. Who is then more generous than thou? who, for largess, is better worthy of being beloved than thou, my dear life? Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But largess is worth little when Wisdom is lacking. And if that I will love any man for wisdom, there is none wiser than thou, that art called the wisdom of thy Father in heaven; for He through thee, that art wisdom, created all this world, and ordereth it and divideth it, as it seemeth best. Within thee, my dear love, is hidden the treasure of all wisdom, as the book bears witness. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But many a man through his Strength and Courage also makes himself beloved and esteemed. And is any so hardy as thou art? Nay; for thou alone darest not with thine own dear body to fight against all the terrible devils of hell; that whichever of them is least loathsome and horrible, if he might, such as he is, show himself to man, all the world would be afraid to behold him alone, for no man may see him and remain in his wits, unless the grace and strength of Christ embolden his heart. Thou art moreover herewith so immensely mighty that, with thy precious hand nailed on the rood, thou boundest the hell-dogs, and bereftest them of their prey which they had greedily grasped and held it fast on account of Adam's sin. Thou brave renowned champion robbedst hell-house, and deliveredst thy prisoners, and broughtest them out of the house of death, and loddest them with thyself to thy jewelled bower, the abode of eternal bliss; wherefore of thee, my beloved, was it truly said, "The Lord is mighty, strong and keen in battle." And therefore if a stalwart lemmen please me, I will love thee, Jesu, strongest over all, so that thou mayest fell the strong

foes of my soul; and that the strength of thee may help my great weakness, and thy boldness embolden my heart. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But noble men and gentle and of high Birth often obtain the love of women at a very small cost; for oftentimes many a woman loses her honour through the love of a man that is of high birth; then, sweet Jesu, upon what higher man may I set my love? where may I a more gentle man choose than thou, that art the king's son, that wieldest this world, and art king equal with thy father, king over kings, and lord over lords? and yet, with respect to thy manhood, born thou wast of Mary, a maiden meekest of mood; child of royal birth, of king David's kin, of Abraham's race. No higher birth than this is there under the sun. I will love thee, then, sweet Jesu, as the most noble life that ever lived on earth, and also because in all thy life never was any vice found, my dear faultless beloved one; and that came to thee of birth and of nurture, because thou didst ever dwell in the court of heaven. Ah! my precious lord; so noble and so gracious; suffer me never to settle my love on churlish things, nor to desire earthly things nor fleshly things in preference to thee, nor to love against thy will. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

Meekness and Mildness make a man everywhere to be beloved; and thou, my dear Jesus, for thy great meekness wast compared to a lamb, because anent all the wrong and the shame that thou sufferedst, and anent all the woe and the painful wounds, thou never openedst thy mouth to murmur against it; and yet the shame and the wrong, that the sinful each day do unto thee, thou sufferest meekly; nor dost thou take vengeance immediately after our sins, but long awaitest our repentance, through thy mercy. Since thy goodness may cause thee everywhere to be beloved, therefore is it right that I love thee and leave all others for thee, for thou hast shown great mercy toward me. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

But because friends of Kin naturally love one another, thou clothest thyself with our flesh; tookest man of her flesh, born of a woman. Thy flesh took of her flesh without commerce of man; took fully, with that same flesh, man's nature to suffer all that man may suffer, to do all that man doth, except sin alone; for thou hadst neither sin nor ignorance. Then against nature goes each man who loveth not such a kinsman, and leaveth all others. Seeing that truer love ought to be amongst brethren, thou becamest man's brother of one father, with all those that sing Pater noster in purity; but thou art a son through nature, and we through grace, and man of that same flesh that we bear on earth. Ah! whom may he love truly who loveth not his brother: then whosoever loveth not thee is a most wicked man. Now, my sweet Jesu, I have left for thy love flesh's kinship, and yet born-brothers have cast me aside, but I reckon of nothing whilst I hold thee, for in thee alone may I find all friends. Thou art to me more than father, more than mother. Brother, sister, or friends, none are to be esteemed as anything in comparison with thee. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

Thou then with thy Beauty, thou with thy Riches, thou with thy Liberality, thou with Wit and Wisdom, thou with thy Might and Strength, thou with nobleness of Birth and graciousness, thou with Meekness and mildness and great gentleness, thou with Kinship, thou with all the things that one may purchase love with, hast bought my love; but above

all other things thou makest thyself worthy of love to me, through those hard horrible injuries, and those shameful wrongs that thou didst suffer for me. Thy bitter pain and thy passion, thy sharp death on the rood, rightly tells upon all my love, and challenges all my heart. Jesus, my life's love, my heart's sweetness, three foes fight against me, and yet may I sore dread for their blows; and it behoves me, through thy grace, prudently to guard myself against the world, my flesh, and the devil.

The homily then dwells upon the peril of man and Christ's suffering and death for his salvation. Then it proceeds:—

Lady, mother, and maiden, thou didst stand here full nigh, and sawest all this sorrow upon thy precious son. Thou wast inwardly martyred within thy motherly heart when thou sawest his heart cloven asunder with the spear's point. But, Lady, for the joy that thou hadst of his resurrection the third day thereafter, grant me to understand thy sorrow and heartily to feel somewhat of the sorrow that thou then hadst; and that I may help thee to weep because he so bitterly redeemed me with his blood, so that I, with him and with thee, may rejoice in my resurrection at doomsday, and be with thee in bliss. Jesus, sweet Jesu, thus thou foughtest for me against my soul's foes; thou didst settle the contest for me with thy body, and madest of me, wretch, thy beloved and spouse. Thou hast brought me from the world into the bower of thy birth, enclosed me in thy chamber where I may so sweetly kiss and embrace thee, and of thy love have spiritual delight. Ah! sweet Jesu, my life's love, with thy love hast thou redeemed me, and from the world thou hast brought me. But I now may say with the Psalmist, *Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus que retribuit mihi*—Lord, what may I requite thee for all that thou hast given me! What may I suffer for thee for all that thou didst endure for me! But it is needful for me that thou be easy to satisfy. A wretched body and a weak I bear on earth, and that, such as it is, I have given thee, and will give to thy service. Let my body hang with thy body nailed on the rood, and enclosed transversely within four walls; and hang I will with thee, and never more come from my cross until I die; for then shall I leap from the rood into rest, from woe to weal and into eternal bliss. Ah! Jesus, so sweet it is with thee to hang; for when I look on thee that hangest beside me, the great sweetness of thee bereaves me of many pains. But, sweet Jesus, what is my body worth in comparison with thine? for if I might a thousand-fold give thee myself, it would be nothing compared to thee that gavest thyself for me; and yet I have a heart, vile and unworthy, and destitute and poor of all good virtues; and that, such as it is, take to thyself now, dear life, with true love, and suffer me never to love anything against thy will, for I may not set my love better anywhere than on thee, Jesu Christ, that didst redeem it so dearly. There is none so worthy to be loved as thou, sweet Jesu, that hast in thyself all things for which a man ought to be love-worthy to another. Thou art most worthy of my love, thou that didst die for the love of me. Yet if I offered my love for sale and set a value thereupon, as high as ever I will, yet thou wilt have it, and moreover to what thou hast given thou wilt add more; and, if I love thee aright, wilt crown me in heaven to reign with thyself, world without end. Ah! Jesu, sweet Jesu, my love, my beloved, my life, my dearest love, that didst love me so much that thou didst die for the love of me, and hast separated me from the world, and hast made me thy spouse, and all thy bliss

hast promised me, grant that the love of thee be all my delight.

Pray for me, my dear sister. This have I written thee because that words often please the heart to think on our Lord. And therefore, when thou art in case, speak to Jesu, and say these words; and think as though he hung beside thee bloody on the rood; and may he, through his grace, open thine heart to the love of him, and to ruth of his pain.¹

The English poem by Layamon, "The Brut," in more than 32,000 lines, which, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, developed Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of the British Kings" into national poetry with enlargement of its Arthurian traditions, will be described in the volume of this Library which treats of larger works not specially religious. Produced, perhaps, a few years later than Layamon's "Brut" (which was finished about the year 1205), and of about the same date as the "Ancren Riwele," and "The Wooing of Our Lord," was a long religious work in verse, "The Ormulum." This is named after its author, who calls himself at the opening of his work, Orm—

"This book is nemned Ormulum,
Forthi that Orm it wrote."

But he evidently there writes only Orm to account for the first syllable of Ormulum, since, at the close of the dedication, the lines immediately preceding those which open the poem itself were—

"I that this English have set
English men to lare,
I was there there I christened was
Ormin by name nemned.
And I Ormin full inwardly
With mouth, and eke with heart"

Beg Christians who hear the book read or who read it, to pray for my soul.

What we know of Ormin we learn from himself; and as his work is not of a kind to yield internal evidence of date, there is only the language from which to infer the time when it was written. He was a canon regular of the order of St. Augustine, and at the request of Brother Walter, also an Augustinian canon, he planned and executed his work, of which the object was—as far as the Church allowed—to bring the Gospel story, and the teaching founded on it, straight home, in their own tongue, to the understanding of the people. The English conscience never was at ease with a mere reading of the Bible to the people in an unknown tongue. If that Book was the foundation of their faith, it was felt that they should have it to build on. The honest fear of the Church was that if ignorant men read the Bible for themselves they would interpret it blindly for themselves, and there would be ruin of souls by the diffusion of heresies; therefore in Ormin's time, and long after, the Book of Psalms

was the only part of Scripture which it was permitted to translate. In First-English days, not only was there a translation of the Psalms ascribed to Aldhelm, but there was translation by Ælfric of the Pentateuch, and the books of Joshua, Judges, part of the books of Kings, Esther, Job, Judith, and the Maccabees. Also, as we have seen, the Gospels were translated for the people and divided into sections, that they might every year be read through in the churches. And now that they were being read still, although in Latin, Brother Ormin's care was to provide for the people in a sort of rhythm, through which pleasant tales might be told to them by the wayside and "on ember-eves and holy-ales," the whole series of those portions of the New Testament that were read in the daily offices of the Church, each Gospel being associated with a little homily of explanation, doctrinal and practical, often containing ideas borrowed from Bede or Ælfric.

There is only one MS. of the "Ormulum," and that is in the collection given by Francis Junius to the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Though of considerable extent, it is but a fragment. Homilies were written by Ormin for all, or nearly all, the daily services of the year, and of these there are left us only thirty-two. Ormin's verse is seldom rhymed, and is without alliteration, imitating a mediæval Latin rhythm in verses of fifteen syllables in two sections, the metrical point being placed at the end of the eighth syllable, or fourth foot, and the fifteenth syllable unaccented, almost always a syllable of inflection, *e*, *en*, or *ed*. In his writing Ormin used a device which was perhaps meant to help a Norman-English reader of his lines to such pronunciation of them as would be understood by the people for whose benefit they were written. He always doubled the consonant after a short vowel in the same word, and avoided doubling it after a long vowel. This duplication is, in fact, a special characteristic of the written English of the "Ormulum." Ormin's work was, then, a putting of the entire Gospel history into verse, with a running commentary of doctrine and exhortation, in a form that would be welcome to the people's ears, and with provision that whoever recited any part of it for their instruction should, as far as he could contrive, not make a dead language of its English, or take the pleasantness out of his rhythm by pronouncing it amiss. "And whoso," he says to the copyists, "shall will to write this book again another time, I bid him that he write it rightly, so as this book teacheth him entirely as it is upon this first pattern, with all such rhyme as is here set, with just as many words, and that he look well that he write a letter twice where it upon this book is written in that wise."

Here is the whole of one of Ormin's metrical Homilies. It is upon Christ's Teaching of Nicodemus (St. John, chapter iii.). The opening of the homily I give in Ormin's English, with interlinear translation, and then modernise the rest, but without attempting to reproduce, in our uninflected language, the weak fifteenth syllable once formed by an inflection, and of which the music was often imitated by adding

¹ This translation is substantially that given by Dr. Morris, with the original text, in his excellent edition of "Old English Homilies," already mentioned.

an "O" or an "a" ¹ to a line after the inflections disappeared:—

"Sic Deus dilexit mundum ut filium suum unigenitum daret."—John iii. 16.

CHRIST'S TEACHING OF NICODEMUS.

Thurh thatt te Laferrd seggde ² thus

In that the Lord said thus

Till Nicodem withth worde:

To Nicodemus with word:

Swa lufede the Laferrd Godd

So loved the Lord God

The werelld tatt he sennde

The World that he sent

His aghenn sune Allmahhtig Godd

His own Son Almighty God

To wurthen mann onn erthe

To become man on earth

To lesenn mannkinn thurh hiss death

To release mankind through his death

Ut off the defless walde,

Out of the devil's power,

Thatt whase throwwenn shall onn himm

That whosoever shall believe in him

Wel mughe wurthen borghenn;

Surely ³ may become saved;

Thær thurh he dide Nicodem

By that he caused Nicodemus

To sen and unnderrstandenn,

To see and understand

Thatt he wass Godd himm self, off Godd,

That he was God himself, from God,

And Godess Sune ankennedd,

And God's Son acknowledged,

And wurthen mann o moder hallf

And become man on mother's side

Thurh sothfast herrsumnesse,

Through faithful obedience,

Thurr-thatt his Faderr haffde himm sennd

Because his Father had sent him

And gifenn himm to manne,

And given him for man,

To tholenn death o rode tre

To suffer death on the cross

Forr all mannkinne nede,

For all mankind's need,

All thurh thatt lufe, and thurh thatt lusst

All through that love and through that desire

That tegg till mannkinn haffdenn,

That they had towards mankind,

Forth withth thatt Hallghe Frofre Gast

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter

Thatt cumethth off hemm bathe,

That cometh of them both,

All thurh thatt lufe and thurh thatt lusst

All through that love and through that desire

¹ The measure is (though without rhyme) that of the old song from which Antolycus sings in the "Winter's Tale"—

"A merry heart goes all the day

Your sad tires in a mille-a."

² Seggde. The italic *g* stands for the *g* softened to *y* or *gh* sound, and represented at one time by a letter like *z*.

³ The old common use of the word *well* as an intensive, still found in idiomatic phrases as "*well on in years*," or "*well-nigh dead*," or "*you may well say that*," is so far weakened that its sense is sometimes better given by another word.

That tegg till mannkinn haffden,

That they had towards mankind,

To lesenn menn off defless band

To release men from bonds of the devil,

And ut off helle pine,

And out of the pain of hell,

Thatt whase throwwenn sholde o Crist

That whoso should believe on Christ

Wel sholde wurthen borghenn.

Surely should be saved.

Whi seggde Crist to Nicodem

Why said Christ to Nicodemus

Thatt Drihhtin Godd off heffne

That the Lord God of Heaven

Swa lufede thiss middell ærd,

So loved this mid-earth,

Thiss werelld, tatt he sennde

This world, that he sent

Hiss aghenn Sune, Allmahhtig Godd,

His own Son, Almighty God,

To tholenn dæth o rode,

To suffer death on the cross,

Als iff he sholde lesenn ut

So that he should deliver

The middell ærd off helle?

The mid-earth from hell?

Thurh whatt wass heffness whel forrgarrt

For what was heaven's wheel (the firmament) com-

To dregghen helle pine?

To suffer pain of hell?

And lifft, and land, and waterrflod,

And air, and land, and waterflood,

Hu wærenn thegg forrwrohhte

How were they condemned

To dregghen wa withth mikell riht

To suffer woe with much right

Inn helle withth the defell?

In hell with the devil?

Off thise fowre shaftte iss all

Of these four created things (elements) is all

Thiss middell werelld timmbredd,

This middle world built,—

Of heffness whel and off the lifft,

Of the firmament and of the air,

Off waterr, and off erthe;

Of water and of earth;

And i tha fowre shaftte niss

And in these four elements is (not)

Nowwtherr,—ne lif ne sawle

Neither—nor life, nor soul

Thatt mihhte gilltenn anig gillt

That might be guilty of any guilt

And addlenn helle pine.

And deserve pain of hell.

We ought to know now that for us

The World here signifies

Created thing that was condemned

To suffer pain of hell.

The World here signifies for us

The race of man alone;

And since man's body is made up

Of what is in the world:

Of heaven's fire, and of the air

Of water, and of earth:

And since man's Soul is through the world

Here surely signified,

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For both of them fall into one
 After the Greekish speech,
 For Cosmos¹ all the world is called,
 So as the Greeks explain,
 Because it worthily is clothed
 With sun and moon and stars 70
 All round about the firmament,
 Through God that wrought it so;
 And eke it worthily is clothed,
 That know'st thou well for sooth,
 With air and land and water-flood
 With creatures manifold,
 The Soul, too, worthily is clothed
 By God, after its kind,
 With immortality, also
 With wit and will and mind; 80
 And therefore saith the Lord our God
 The Soul is his likeness,
 For that they both, the Soul and God,
 Are ever without end,
 And they have mind, and will and wit,
 But not upon one wise:
 For always God hath it in Him,
 And ever and aye it had;
 The Soul receives her excellence
 All from the hand of God, 90
 Where'er he shapeth Soul from nought
 All as himself shall please.
 And the World therefore in this place
 But signifies mankind,
 For both of them fall into one
 Even as I have shown:
 For either worthily is clothed,
 But not upon one wise,
 And yet the clothing of them both
 Cosmos will signify. 100
 And Man therefore thou mayest call
 After the Greekish speech,
 Microcosmos, the which we call
 After the English speech,
 The little World, and all for this:
 Because the Soul of man
 God has clothed worthily and well
 With God and righteousness.
 And even as this World is clothed
 With creatures beautiful, 110
 The World also may signify
 Mankind therefore the better,
 Because man's body is made up
 And wrought of creatures four,—
 Of heaven's fire, and of the air,
 Of water, and of earth.
 And therefore here the World must mean
 Only the race of Man
 That Word of God was sent by God
 To loosen out of hell. 120
 And of the Son of Man, and Son
 Also of God, of both,

¹ *Cosmos*. The Greek *κόσμος* means in the first instance order (from *κομίζω*, I take care of), that which depends on thought and care; order of dress, clothes (the sense on which Ormin here dwells); order of behaviour; order of private life; order of a state; order or system of the universe. The range of the word is from the divine order that fills the world with beauty down to Livin's cosmetic—

—"A light facus
 To touch you o'er withal."

(Ben Jonson's "Sejanus.")

Christ here hath told to Nicodeme
 The one truth in these words:
 That whoso shall believe on him
 He surely shall be saved.
 And that was said as if he thus
 With open speech had said:
 For this I have come down from Heaven
 To be a man on earth, 130
 That whoso shall believe in me
 And shall obey my laws,
 Worthy shall he be with me
 To have eternal bliss.
 But this Christ said to Nicodeme
 That he might understand
 That he himself was God and Man,
 One person, that should save
 Mankind from hell and give to men
 To win the bliss of heaven. 140



MAN'S PERIL AND SAFETY.
 From Cotton. MS., Tiberius, B. v.

And that the Lord hath there declared
 With words to Nicodeme,
 That the Almighty hath not sent
 His Son that he should judge
 This world, but that he should redeem
 It from the Devil's power;—
 That said he then to cause him so
 To see and understand
 That he was sent and made as man
 To rescue men from hell. 150
 Through love he bore himself, and through
 Love of his Father too
 And Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 Proceeding from them both,
 Through that he was not come down then
 To judge the people all,
 But in humility to save
 The world by his own grace.
 And that he there to Nicodeme
 Yet spake thus of himself: 160
 Whoso believeth upon him
 That man is not condemned;—

That was as if he had thus said
 To him with open speech :
 The man that shall believe on me
 And shall obey my laws,
 That same man will not be condemned
 To suffer pain of hell.
 And that he there to Nicodeme
 Yet spake thus of himself : 170
 And whoso believes not in him
 With full and willing truth
 Already is condemned by God
 To suffer pain of hell ;—
 That was as if he had thus said
 To him with open speech :
 The man that believes not on me
 With full and willing truth,
 But shall through haughtiness and hate
 Reject all that I teach, 180
 Already is condemned by me
 To suffer pain of hell :
 For since that I am truly God
 Full easily I know
 All those in whom I shall be pleased
 Who earn the bliss of heaven,
 And those by whom I shall be scorned
 Who earn the pain of hell,
 Of all the folk that from this day
 To Doomsday shall be born. 190
 For all the folk that ever was,
 And all that yet shall be,
 It is already judged and set
 In book, told, measured out,
 By God, and now he seeth all
 That each one man shall find,
 What meed shall be the recompense
 Of each one for his deeds.
 The Highest how the doom shall go
 All knows, and ever knew, 200
 For eye of God and wit of God
 All sees, all learns, all knows,
 Both that that was, and that that is,
 And that that yet shall be ;
 And if thou art redeemed that is
 All through the Lord God's grace,
 And through thy labour to win that,
 Strong with the Lord God's help.
 And if that thou art not redeemed,
 That is all through thy sin, 210
 And through right doom thou'rt then condemned
 To suffer pain of hell
 According to what thou hast earned,
 And neither less nor more.

And that he there to Nicodeme
 Yet spake thus of himself :
 And he that shall not upon him
 Believe, is now condemned
 Because that he believeth not
 As he ought to believe 220
 Upon that one appointed name
 Of God's Son upon earth,
 On him that is of God the Lord
 Only begotten Son ;—
 That was as if he had said thus
 To him with open speech :
 That man who wholly shall refuse
 To trust and to believe

That I am by my Father sent,
 Made Saviour on earth, 230
 And whoso shall through hate and scorn,
 And through his pride of heart,
 My name all utterly despise
 That calls me Saviour,—
 The name that shall bring health to all
 Who ever shall be healed,
 The name that shall redeem all who
 Shall ever be redeemed
 Through me that am of God the Lord
 Only begotten Son, 240
 Son so begotten that I am
 All one in Deity
 With Father and with Holy Ghost
 Withouten ord and end,¹
 That am come to choose many for
 My brethren upon earth
 That cheerfully shall persevere
 And do my Father's will,
 So that he shall hold all of them
 For children of His own 250
 And give them to abide with me
 Heirs of the heavenly realm,
 That am the only son of Him
 All one with him in kind,—
 The man who wholly shall refuse
 To trust this and believe,
 That man is now condemned and set
 To suffer pain of hell,
 Unless he can escape therefrom
 Before he come to die, 260
 Believing that I am true God,
 True Saviour on earth.

And that he there to Nicodemus
 Yet spake thus of himself :
 That is the doom, that light and gleam
 Is come upon the earth,
 And men have no love for the light,
 But love the darkness more,
 Because that their own deed is all
 Evil and all unclean ;— 270
 That was as if he had said thus
 To him with other words :
 All that that any man shall be
 Condemned to bear in hell,
 All that shall be for that he shall
 Neglect, scorn, and refuse
 To come unto the Christendom
 And to the right belief,
 To know me and to follow me,
 And in me to believe 280
 That am true light of truth and right
 And of the right belief.
 And, therefore, shall all those who are
 Known by the name of men
 Because they follow their own flesh
 In all its foul desires,

¹ *Ord and end*, beginning and end. This is the original of our phrase "odds and ends." "Ord" was a First-English noun that meant "beginning." When it became obsolete, and the old phrase "ords and ends" still held its ground, the obsolete word was at last confounded with the nearest known word that resembled it. That is a not unusual process, to which we owe such phrases as "under the rose," "set the Thames on fire," &c.

And wholly put away and scorn
To do the Spirit's will;
And hate all that is dear to God
And love all evil ways,
Are ever lying deep in sin
In many kinds of way
That are all openly enough
By darkness signified,
Because that sins will ever draw
Towards the gloom of hell,
Away from heaven's light and gleam,
The souls that follow them,—
Even as he that evil doth
Aye flies from light of day,
For him is loth that man him see
Employed in his foul deeds,—
Therefore, shall all that wicked flock
Be sentenced to hell pain,
Because that all their life on earth
With darkness is beset
In all the evil that man doth
Through heathendom and wrong.

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Before that our Lord Christ was come
To be a man on earth,
This middle world was wholly filled
With gloomy shades of sin,
Because that Christ, the world's true light,
Was then not yet come down
With his rebuke for all mankind
Of heathendom and wrong,
And with his showing what was good
And what was evil deed,
And how a man might please his God
And earn the bliss of heaven,
And stand against the evil one,
And turn himself from hell.
And after our Lord Christ was come
To be a man on earth,
Thereafter was this middle earth
Filled full of heaven's light,
Because that our Lord Christ himself
And his Disciples too,
Both what was right and what was wrong
Made known in all the lands,
And how a man might please his God
And earn the bliss of heaven.
And many peoples haughtily
Withstood and still denied,
And turned them from the light of heaven
And from the heavenly lore,
Because they rather chose to be
In darkness that they loved,
To follow lusts of their own flesh
In every kind of sin,
Because they rather hated light
That brought rebuke of sin.
And other peoples well received
The gift of heavenly lore,
And turned them to the Christendom
And to the right belief;
That is that very light and gleam
That leadeth man to heaven;
And it received full inwardly
By shrift and penitence,
Accusing all their own misdeed
And punishing themselves,

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That they so long in heathendom
Had angered the true Lord.
And so they came into the light,
Into the right belief
In Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Whose name is Faithfulness:
For all that's ever true and right
And good, and pleases God,
Salvation for His handiwork,
All comes by grace of Christ.
And so they come into the light
To shew and to make known
That their deeds have been done aright
By pattern of our Lord;
For all together did one thing
Both Christ and they themselves,—
Christ has rebuked them for their wrong
By teaching righteousness,
And they also rebuke their wrong
By shrift and penitence,—
So all together did one thing
Both Christ and they themselves.
And so through that was plainly seen
That any good they did
Was all in God and all through God,
Effected by His help.
And God Almighty grant us here
To please Christ while we live,
All pure in thought and pure in word,
Pure mannered, pure in deed,
So that we may be worthy found
To win the grace of Christ. Amen.

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Side by side with this faithful work there was much darkness gathering where light should have been brightest. At the beginning of the thirteenth century both the Dominican and the Franciscan brotherhoods were founded to meet needs of the time with higher spiritual effort than had come of late from the chief teachers in a church weakened by wealth and luxury. The founder of the Dominicans was a Spaniard, Domingo, of the noble family of Guzmans, in the valley of the Douro. He pitied the poor. In a famine year he sold even his cherished books to relieve them. But he had learnt in his books that the way to heaven was along one narrow line of orthodox opinion; and when, after nine years of study at Osma, he travelled with his prior across a region of France cursed with the persecution of pure-minded heretics by orthodox priests who had neither knowledge wherewith to set forth, nor lives that would recommend, the opinions of which they sought brutally to compel acceptance, Dominic felt the need of a right power to convince of error thoughtful and well-meaning men whom he devoutly believed to be astray on a path leading to eternal punishment. Most of us now believe with Milton that there is more light in the world than shines in at our own windows. Few thought so then, and Dominic was profoundly sincere, true also in deeds of life to his own deepest convictions, when he founded the order of Preaching Friars called after him Dominicans. They were not to be monks, named from a Greek word that implied life in seclusion, but *Fratres*

Friars, Brothers of men going amongst them, putting aside all worldly ambitions, and devoting themselves wholly to diffusion of what they held to be the vital truths of God. They were to be practised in a profound study of the Scriptures, armed with knowledge, and trained to skill in its use that they might detect heresy in its beginnings, and triumph over it when at its strongest. The followers of Dominic, in the Black robe which gave them their name of Black Friars, were to be devoted guardians of the faith. Dominic's first followers adopted the rule of St. Augustine. They were first embodied with Papal assent in 1215 and 1216 as Predicants or Preaching Friars, afterwards called Dominicans from their founder, and Black Friars from their dress. This order also degenerated in the course of time. It had a great house in the part of London still known as Black Friars, and from this house came, as we shall find, from the custodians of orthodoxy condemnation of what were regarded as the heresies of Wiclif.



A DOMINICAN. (From Dugdale's "Monasticon.")¹

The Franciscan Order of Gray Friars or Minorites was founded nearly at the same time as the Dominican, and represented another form of effort to put truer life into the ministrations of the Church. Francis, son of a wealthy merchant, was born in 1182 at Assisi, in Umbria. He was twelve years younger than Dominic, whose birth year was 1170. Francis of Assisi, bred as a merchant, became deeply devout, pitied the poor, abandoned his own worldly wealth, and made it the work of his life to bring home to the poor the comforts of religion, as one

who was separated from them by no worldly rank or wealth, and was drawn very close to them in brotherhood by Christian love. Others who shared his enthusiasm gathered about him, all devoting themselves to poverty; and they formed an order of brothers, Fratres, Friars, for whom a rule was drawn up that had Papal approval in 1210, and was approved by the Lateran Council in 1215. The enthusiasm of Francis, and the reaction of many a pure heart from the worldliness that had crippled



A FRANCISCAN. (From Dugdale's "Monasticon.")

the Church, gathered so many to his ranks, that at a chapter of the order held in 1219, 5,000 Franciscan Friars were present. The Franciscans in their early days would not allow great houses to be built for them. When a house of stone was built for them at Oxford, they had it pulled down and replaced by a building with mud walls, and it was placed in the lowest haunts of the poor. In London they lived by the shambles in a place called "Stinking Lane." They put aside the pride of knowledge, left book-learning to the Dominicans, called themselves the Lesser Friars, Fratres Minores, Minorites, and trusted to humility of love. This order also degenerated as the days of the pure enthusiasm that established it were left more and more in the past. But it is a significant fact that the putting away of books in which science lay as petrified, and from which people took forms of opinion to be exactly reproduced, caused the Franciscans presently to become leaders of knowledge. They went among the poor, and sought to win from them goodwill and confidence. They sympathised with their troubles, sought to pacify their quarrels, and heal their infirmities of body or of mind. In seeking means to

¹ Representations of the several religious orders that first appeared in the "Monasticon" were used again for the "History of Warwickshire."

heal the bodily infirmities the Franciscans were led to observe nature, to draw knowledge from experience; and minds of active, intellectual men thus trained in a forced contact with Nature alone as their chief teacher, were soon on the way to many a truth that was not written in the books they might not read. After some years Franciscans were teaching in the universities, and drew the largest audiences to their lecture-rooms. As the order lost its singleness of purpose, the positions fairly won were weakly held; and Wiclif, in his earlier years at Oxford, earned much goodwill in the university by opposing what was then undue predominance of the Franciscans, and of the Dominicans who arrogated to themselves the teaching of theology.

In the earlier half of the thirteenth century, not very long after the establishment of the Franciscan order, its first rector in Oxford was Robert Grosseteste, who was appointed to that office in 1224, when he was about fifty years old. Grosseteste—only about five years younger than Dominic, and seven years older than Francis of Assisi—was a great scholar, born of poor parents in Suffolk. He studied at Paris and Oxford, graduated in Divinity, was rector at one time of St. Margaret's, Leicester, became afterwards Archdeacon of Leicester, and had other preferment when the corruption of self-seeking among churchmen caused him to begin his own efforts towards reform by resigning all that he held himself except one office, a prebend at Lincoln. In 1235 he was made Bishop of Lincoln, but caused violent agitation among the monks and clergy of his diocese by bold punishment and repression of corruption. A monk tried to poison him; the canons preached against him in his own cathedral; the king's power was used to check the strictness with which he enforced their duties on his clergy. He opposed the bestowal of English benefices, as mere pieces of income, upon Italians nominated by the Pope; and in the last year of his life boldly refused to induct a nephew of the Pope himself into a canonry at Lincoln. Grosseteste died in 1253, leaving to the Franciscans his library, and to his country a memory of which the good fame might rest upon his patriotic and religious zeal in the contest for Church reform; but he was also one of the profoundest scholars and teachers of his age—Roger Bacon was among his pupils—and he had a keen sense of the graces of life, a love of music and of old romance. This caused him to put in the form of French romance a religious poem upon the Virgin. It was written in French and called the "Chateau d'Amour." There was more than one early version of it translated into English.¹

¹ One early translation was edited very thoroughly with notes and glossary by Dr. R. F. Weymouth, for the Philological Society, in 1864. Another version had been printed in 1840 by Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillips for private circulation. This is the beginning:—

"He that good thinketh, good may do,
And God will helpen him thereto;
For there was never good work wrought
Without beginning of good thought,
Nor ever was wrought evil thing
But evil thought was beginning."

Grosseteste's pupil, the famous Franciscan, Roger Bacon, was born in 1214, and died in 1292. In the year 1267 he was pouring out his knowledge for the Pope in a spirit of philosophy, kindred in some respects to that of the Francis Bacon who was born three centuries later. Roger Bacon dwelt upon the need of exact knowledge by Churchmen. He condemned the ignorance that propagated false translations for want of right training in language, and when he spoke emphatically of mathematics as a most essential study, he argued that it was essential to divines if they would read and explain the Bible with intelligence, and help men rightly to admire the works of the Creator.

Roger Bacon had spent a little fortune upon study before he became a Franciscan at Oxford, denied the use of books, and of pens, ink, and paper. The fame of his knowledge reached Pope Clement IV., who asked him to write down what he knew. The result was a sequence of writings, poured out with wonderful rapidity, in which he went the round of all the knowledge of his day, with additions of his own, and philosophical suggestions of the highest interest. Even the four "Idols" condemned by Francis Bacon were almost anticipated in the assertion of Roger Bacon that there are four grounds of human ignorance—trust in inadequate authority, the force of custom, the opinion of the inexperienced crowd, and the hiding of one's own ignorance with the parading of a superficial wisdom. When in passing through the sciences he comes to music, we have these notes from Roger Bacon on

Then follows prayer that God will grant us to think and work as we should, before statement of the subject of the poem, which is first the happiness of Adam in Paradise till all was lost; and then how all was redeemed by the High King's Son.

The High King had four daughters—Mercy, Truth, Right, and Peace. He had also a thrall, who having done amiss was set in prison and delivered to his foes. Mercy pleaded for him, but Right had called for his punishment, and this Truth urged. Right then judged in accordance with the words of Truth. Then Peace—who was banished by the execution of the Righteous dooms—joined in the plea of Mercy. The King's Son, when he had heard the pleading, offered to wear the clothing of the thrall, and suffer for him all that Truth and Right required, so that Peace might come back into the land, and Righteousness and Peace might kiss each other. The parable is then applied to the sacred story, and through praise of the love of God the poem passes to the birth of Christ. When God came to bless us he chose to alight

"In a castel wel comeliche
Muche and feir and loveliche;
That is the castel of alle flour,
Of solas and of socour."

Then follows a description of the castle wherein God "chose his inn"—

"This is the castel of love and lisse,
Of solace, of socour, of joye, and blisse,
Of hope, of hele, of sikernesse,
And ful of alle swetenesse;
This is the Mayden bodi so freo,
Ther never was non but heo,
That with so fele thewes iwarned wes,
So that swete Mayden Marie wes."

Every detail of an elaborate description of the castle is then explained into allegory, with praise of the Virgin. The coming of Christ to earth, his birth, his resistance of temptation, his death and passion, and the pain of Mary in the agony he suffered for the sins of man, his resurrection, descent into hell, Godhead, power, are the next themes; then follows judgment, and a prayer for salvation.

CHURCH MUSIC AND PREACHING.¹

[He had said that there were three kinds of harmony, diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic, the last-named adopted by the Church; had dwelt on the importance of music, and complained that church singing in his time had lost gravity, and slipped into a voluptuous softness; that the old manly tone was in some of our greatest cathedrals spoilt by falsetto voices and the womanish singing of boys. He then dwelt on music as an aid to devotion, as allayer of evil passions, and as healer of disease, and spoke of its power over irrational creatures. But, he went on, besides all this]

The force of music is very agreeable and useful in the Church. It has been said that one kind of music is by metre, another by rhythm. But hymns, and histories, and prose narratives of the saints ought to be made according to the true art of metre and rhythm, as the saints made them from the beginning. Common metres are of hexameter and pentameter verses, which are alone now used by the community of the Latins. But hymns and rhythmical prose-writings, and pieces of that kind, do not follow common laws of metre and rhythm, but have special methods; as, when it is said:

Ut queant laxis Re-sonare fibris
Mi-ra gestorum Fa-muli tuorum,
Sol-ve pollutos La-bii reatus
 Sancte Johannes.²

Here is a beautiful metre with distinct verses, but of fewer feet, five and six; and so of the hymns, &c. And these metres are not only used with the three recognised feet, dactyl, spondee, and trochee, but with others which mount up to twenty-eight, of which Augustine teaches in his books of music, and other musical writers. When, therefore, hymns, &c., of this kind resound sweetly in the Church of God, and excite the souls of the faithful to devotion, and this, chiefly, because of the charm of metre and rhythm, it is necessary that the Church should have knowledge of this metrical and rhythmical science for church use, that when saints are canonised, or churches dedicated, or other solemnities appointed, which for special devotion require hymns and rhythms of their own in the divine offices, the devout handmaid of the church, called Music, may be ready to do her aptest service.

But if it may be said that these things can be done, and are done, without the science of music; that its grammar is sufficient. Clearly that is not so, for reasons already given, because it is the business of the musician to give cause and reason of these things that they may rightly produce rhythmic and metrical work; but grammar is only mechanical in this respect, ignorant of these causes and reasons. And if it may be said that no great art is required for this, because men easily produce such things in the offices of the saints and others whenever they please, it is to be said of them that they do nothing rightly nor truly, but it is a mockery of divine service. For all that has been done during the last thirty years is false to art and truth, because composers of this kind know neither what feet they ought to use, nor how many feet, nor what kind of metre, nor how they are to be put together according to the ways of art; but after the

pattern of other hymns and such pieces so made, they count syllables at haphazard, and do not in anything observe metrical law. And, therefore, this is a mockery before God and the holy angels, and all who have any real knowledge of this art. For the saints who first composed in this way, as St. Ambrose, and Augustine, and Beda, and others, knew perfectly the laws and principles of metre and rhythm; and wrote according to the ways of art as having the power of science, and not working at haphazard as the moderns do, who fashion as they please.

The next thing in which the philosophy of Music can powerfully serve the Church is in the office of preaching, although at first sight that may seem absurd. But this office does not belong to study, because it consists in reading and disputation. But preaching is to the faithful and to the faithless, to laity and clergy.

Now, some cannot preach unless they are sent by the authority of prelates. Whence this is the office proper to prelates, and conceded by them to others, who exercise it in their place; and, therefore, it does not pertain to study absolutely, but to the Church. But that philosophy will minister to a great power of persuasion is patent enough from what I have said when speaking of Moral Philosophy; for there I have traced the roots of persuasion, according to the doctrines both of the saints and of the philosophers, and because of the ignorance of these roots, the whole method of preaching to the people comes to nothing, and the art itself is unknown. And since the infidels have proper methods of persuasion in those things which concern them, therefore this manner of persuasion is philosophical, because it is common to Christian and Pagan. And, therefore, there descends from the springs of philosophy one method special for this purpose, though also another method may be taken from the teaching of the saints. But the method of philosophy is first, and leads us towards the higher way, and is necessary to it as the servant to the master. Wherefore, if philosophy in other things is necessary to the Church, it is most so in this, seeing that the first intention of the Church and its last end is the work of preaching; that infidels may be converted to the faith, and that believers be maintained in faith and honesty of living. But because the crowd knows nothing of either way, it turns all to supreme and unending curiosity, as by Porphyrian divisions, by foolish consonances of words and little clauses, and by vocal concords, in which is nothing but a wordy vanity, wanting in every ornament of rhetoric and power of persuasion. Some phantasm is displayed in puerile fashion, invented by boys void of all wisdom and power of eloquence, as is plain to any one who looks at it; such as I have set forth in my second work, and this my third, among the sins of theology. Nevertheless, over all this there is the greatest consumption of time. For on account of the superfluity of curiosity they labour ten times more over the construction of this sort of spider's web than over the thought of the sermon. Since the books of Aristotle's Logic on these matters, and the commentaries of Avicenna, are not to be had in Latin, and the few things that are translated are not brought into use or read, it is not easy to express what ought to be done. But that Aristotle did write two books of Logic on this kind of persuasion, concerning sects and morals, I have shown in the third part of the "Opus Majus," and in the seventh; and there can be no doubt that they were excellent books, though the Latin writers are ignorant of them, as they were ignorant of the new logic when they only had the old. For in them would be taught how sublime discourses should be made, as well in the utterance as in the thought, with all true ornaments of speech, in metre, rhythm, or prose; that the soul may be hurried unexpectedly towards that for which the

¹ Chapter lxxiv. and part of chapter lxxv. of the "Opus Tertium," first edited by Professor Brewer in the important series of "Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages," published under direction of the Master of the Rolls. Roger Bacon wrote, of course, in Latin.

² The verses are an appeal to St. John to loosen lips that they may sound his praise, so worded as to introduce the syllables of the scale—Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La.

His othre brethere on and on
His other brethren one by one
 Woren ybiried at ebron,
Were buried at Hebron,
 And here endade to ful in wis
And here fully ended in sooth
 The boc the is hoten Genesis
The book that is called Genesis,
 The moyses, thurg godes red,
That Moses, by the counsel of God,
 Wrot for lefful soules ned
Wrought for the need of faithful souls.
 God schilde his soule fro helle bale
God shield his soul from bale of hell
 The mad it thus on engel tale,
Who made it thus in English speech,
 And he that thise lettres wrot
And he that wrote these letters
 God him helpe weli mot
May God effectually help him,
 And berge is soule fro sorge and grot
And protect his soul from sorrow and weeping
 Of helle pine, cold and hot!
Of hell pains, cold and hot!
 And alle men the it heren wiless
And all men that will to hear it
 And all men that will to hear it
God leve hem in his blisse spilen
 God give them to have pleasure in *His bliss*
 Among engeles and seli men
Among angels and blessed men
 Withuten ende in reste ben!
To be in rest without end!
 And luue and pais us bitwen,
And love and peace be us between,
 And God so graunte. Amen, amen!

We now pass out of the thirteenth century with only a reminder that in the year 1300 Dante was in mid-life—thirty-five years old—and that it is the date of the action of his "Divine Comedy." Petrarch was born in 1304, and Boccaccio in 1313. Not many years later there were born in England, Chaucer, Gower, Langland, and Wiclif.

Robert Mannyng, who was born at Bourn, in Lincolnshire, and is also known, therefore, as Robert of Brunne, was a canon of the Gilbertine order, in which devout persons of both sexes lived together. He turned into English rhyme, for the instruction of the people, a Chronicle of England that had been written by an Englishman, Peter Langtoft. It had been written in French verse for the few; and Robert turned also into English verse a religious book written in French verse by another Englishman, William of Waddington (a Yorkshire town near Clitheroe), and called the "Manuel des Péchés." The original poem in French has been ascribed also to Grosseteste. Robert of Brunne called his translation "The Handlyng Synne;" for he said—

"In Frenshé ther a clerk hyt sees
 He clepyth it 'Manuel de Pecches.'
 'Manuel' ys Handlyng with honde;
 Pecches ys synne, y understonde:
 These twey wurdys that beyn atwynne,
 Do hem togedyr ys 'Handlyng Synne.'"

He omitted from the original¹ what appeared to him to be uninteresting, and increased the proportion of illustrative stories; for he said—

"For many ben of such manere
 That tales and rhymes will blithely hear,
 In games and feasts and at the ale,
 Love men to listen trotevale;²
 That may fall oft to villanie
 To deadly sin or other folie;
 For such men have I made this rhyme,
 That they may well dispend their time."

Accordingly the poem first illustrates with doctrine and anecdote the Ten Commandments, and the sins against them; then the Seven Deadly Sins—Pride, Anger, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, Gluttony, and Lechery—with stories about each; then in like manner the sin of sacrilege. Then follow rhymes and stories on the Seven Sacraments—Baptism, Confirmation, Sacrament of the Altar, Penance, Holy Orders, Marriage, Extreme Unction. Then come illustrations of the twelve requisites and the twelve graces of thrift. Among sins against the first Commandment, Robert of Brunne reckoned many of the superstitions of the people, which put some kind of charm in the place of quiet trust in God.

[If] any man gave thee meed
 For to raise the devil³ indeed
 For to tell or for to wrey⁴
 Thingé that was done away;
 If thou have do any of this
 Thou hast sinned and do amiss,
 And thou art worthy to be shent⁵
 Through this each⁶ commandment.
 If thou in sword or in basín
 Any child mad'st look therein,
 Or in thumb, or in crystal,
 Witchecraft men clepen⁷ it all;
 Believe not in the pie's chattering,
 It is no truth but false believing;
 Many believen in the pie
 When she cometh low or high
 Chattering, and hath no rest,
 Then, say they, we shall have geste;⁸
 Many are trowen⁹ on their wiles
 And many times the pie them guiles.
 Also is meeting in the morrow¹⁰
 When thou shalt go to buy or to borrow;

¹ The "Handlyng Synne" and the "Manuel des Péchés," carefully edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., were first printed in a volume published by the Roxburghe Club in 1862.

² Trotevale, a trifling thing.

³ Devil. Pronounced as one syllable, "de'il." So "over" is read "o'er," and "evil" has become "ill."

⁴ Wrey and wrie, bewray, discover. First-English "wreogan."

⁵ Shent, blamed, shamed. First-English "scendán," to shame.

⁶ This each ("elc"), this same.

⁷ Clepen, call. First-English "clypian."

⁸ Have geste, hear news. The French original is—

"Si il oient la pie jangler
 Quident sanz dute noueles auer."

The English saying is, "When the pie chatters we shall have strangers."

⁹ Trowen, to trust, believe. First-English "treowian."

¹⁰ Morrow ("morwe"), morning.

If then thy errand speed ne set
 Then wilt thou curse him that thou met.
 It is the ticement of the devil
 To curse them that thought thee no evil.
 Of hansel I can no skill¹ also
 It is nought to believe thereto,
 Methinketh it is false every dele,²
 I believe it not, ne ne'er shall wele. 30
 For many have glad hansel at the morrow
 And to them ere even com'th mochel sorrow,
 And many one have in the day great noy³
 And yet ere even com'th to them mochel joy.
 So may'st thou wit, if thou good can,
 That hansel is no belief to man.
 Believé not much in no dreams,
 For many be naught but glittering gleams,
 These clerks say that is vanity.

Such sensible counsel as this comes under the head of turning aside from God by making to oneself idols of the imagination, and putting trust in them. I add two of Robert of Brunne's illustrative tales. This is in illustration of the fourth Commandment:

THE FOND FATHER.

Of a man that some time was
 I shall you tell a little pas.⁴
 Of his son he was jealous⁵
 And gave him all his land and house,
 And all his catel⁶ in town and field
 That he should keep him well in his eld.
 This young man wax fast and was jolife,
 His counsel was to take a wife;
 He wedded one and brought her home
 With all the mirth that thereto come: 10
 He baddé her first loud and still
 To serve his father well at his⁷ will.
 Soon afterward, this yongé man
 His heart, his thoughté, change began;
 Tendrer he was of wife and child
 Than to his father meek or mild.
 Of one day he thoughté five,
 Long him thought his father alive;
 And every day, both the tone and the tother,
 Servéd him well worse than other. 20
 I trow this man, when he gan moan
 For thought that he gave so much his sone,
 This oldé man, was brought so low
 That he lay full cold beside a wow.⁸

¹ I can no skill, I know no reason; for the belief in luck that comes with the first coin taken as hansel. A *hansel* is that which is given into the hand, from "hand" and First-English "syllan," to give. Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood says it does not mean the coin given, but the hand itself given in striking a bargain. This is the root of the name of the Hanse Towns, a confederation bound by agreement for common security of trade.

² Dele, part; from "dælan," to divide, deal out.

³ Noy, hurt. French "nuire," Latin "nocere."

⁴ Pas, a setting forth; from "pandere," to spread out, as when Æneas "ordine singula pandit." Each division of a long poem, as a spreading forth of a distinct section, was sometimes called a "Passus."

⁵ Jealous. The French text has "geluz." The word is of the root of "zeal," and used here in the same sense as in the phrase "jaloux de lui plaire," anxious to please him.

⁶ Catel, possessions, chattels.

⁷ At his, pronounced "at's." So line 6, in his, "in's."

⁸ Wow, wall. The spelling in the original is "loghe" and "woghe."

This oldé man upon a day
 Plained him that he coldé lay:—
 "Son," he said, "for Goddés love
 Wrie⁹ me with some clothe above."
 The son that was the husbánd
 To whom was given all the land, 30
 Clepéd his son, and bade him take
 A sack, of those that he did make,
 And bade him turn it twayfold
 And lay it on his father¹⁰ for cold.
 The child, as he bade him do,
 Took a sack and carve 't in two.
 His father spaké to him yorn,¹¹
 "See! Why hast thou the sack shorn?"
 The child answered him in haste,—
 It was through the Holy Ghast,¹²— 40
 "This deed have I done for thee.
 Good example giv'st thou me
 How I shall serve thee in thy eld,
 When thou, thyself, may'st not weld.¹³
 This half sack¹⁴ shall lie thy father above:
 And keep the tother part to thy behove.
 Unkindly thou teachest me the good:
 Of unkind cometh unkind blood."
 This example were good to con,
 Both to the father and eke to the son. 50
 God is not payéd,¹⁵ here we find
 That the son to the father is not kind.

Among warnings against the seven sins, under the head of Covetousness comes, in Robert of Brunne's "Handlyng Synne"—

THE TALE OF PIERS THE USURER.

Saint John the Almoner¹⁶
 Saith Piers was an okerer,¹⁷

First-English "wah." In *Piers Plowman*, Mede promises that she shall

"Yowre cloystre do maken,
 Wowes do whiten, and windowes glasen."

⁹ Wrie, cover, clothe. First-English "wrgan," to cover or clotne. Whence the phrase "to rig out."

¹⁰ Father used to be pronounced rapidly, *fa'r*; so also "other," *o'r*, whence "or."

¹¹ Yorn, eagerly, anxiously. First-English "georn," desirous, eager, anxious.

¹² Ghast (First-English "gást"), spirit.

¹³ Weld, have power, rule. First-English "wealdan."

¹⁴ The verse often seems irregular where it is not so. We have to remember the old ways of contraction and running together of identical letters, as here:—

"This half sack sh'llie thy fa'r above:
 And keep the to'r part-t-thy behove."

¹⁵ Payéd, "pacatus," pleased.

¹⁶ *St. John the Almoner*, to whom this story is ascribed, was a famous Patriarch of Alexandria. He was born at Amathonte in the island of Cyprus, and was made Patriarch A.D. 610 against his will, after the death of his wife and children. The zeal of his charity and love for the poor obtained for him the title of "The Almoner." Though his revenues were very great he lived poorly, and slept on a small pallet under a wretched blanket. A rich Alexandrian presented him with a good one. The saint slept under it one night, reproached himself for luxury, and sold it the next day. The rich man bought it, and presented it again; the saint sold it again. It was bought and given again, and sold again; the saint saying good-humouredly to his friend, "We shall see which of us first tires." His exertions for the poor during the famine of A.D. 615 and the plague that followed were the last famous incidents of the Almoner's life. He died at his birth-place in the year 616.

¹⁷ Okerer, usurer; from First-English "eacan," to eke or increase.

And was swithé¹ covetous
 And a nigon² and avarous,
 And gathered pence unto store
 As okerers doen aywhore.³
 Befel it so upon a day
 That poore men sat in the way
 And spread their hatren⁴ on their barm⁵
 Against the sunné that was warm,
 And reckoned the custom-house each one
 At which they had good, and at which none;
 Where they had good they praised well,
 And where they had nought never a dele.⁶
 As they spake of many what
 Comé Piers forth in that gat.⁷
 Then said each one that sat and stood,
 "Here com'th Piers, that ne'er did good;"
 Each one said other jangland⁸
 They took ne'er good at Piers' hand;
 Ne none poor man ne'er shall have,
 Coud he never so well crave.
 One of them began to say,
 "A wager dare I with you lay
 That I shall have some good of him,
 Be he ne'er so gryll⁹ ne grim."
 To that wager they granted all,
 To give him a gift if so might befall.
 This man up stert and took the gate
 Till he came to Piers' gate.
 As he stood still and bode the qued¹⁰
 One come with an ass charged with bread:
 That eaché breadé Piers had bought,
 And to his house should it be brought.
 This saw Piers come therewithal.
 The poore thought, "Now ask I shall:"—
 "I ask thee some good, for charity,
 Piers, if thy willé be!"
 Piers stood and looked on him,
 Felounly, with eyés grim.
 He stooped down to seek a stone
 But, as hap was, then found he none.
 For the stone he took a loaf
 And at the poore man it drove.
 The poor man hent it up belive¹¹
 And was thereof full ferly¹² blithe.
 To his fellows fast he ran
 With the loaf, this poore man,
 "Lo," he saidé, "what I have!
 Of Piers' gift, so God me save!"—
 Nay, they swore by their thrift,
 Piers gave never such a gift.
 He said, "Ye shall well understand
 That I it had at Piers' hand;
 That dare I swear on the halidom,
 Here before you each one."

Greaté marvel had they all
 That such a chance might him befall.

The thirdé day, thus writ it is,
 Piers fell in a great sickness;
 And as he lay in his bed
 Him thoughté well that he was led
 With one that after him was sent
 To come unto his Judgement.
 Before the Judgé was he brought,
 To yield account how he had wrought.
 Piers stood full sore adrade
 And was abashed as maid:
 He saw a fiend on the to party¹³
 Bewraying¹⁴ him full felonly;
 All it was shewed him before
 How he had lived since he was bore;
 And namely¹⁵ every wicked deed
 Sin first he coudé himself lead,
 Why he them did and for what chesun,¹⁶
 Of all behoveth him yield a reason.
 On the tother party stood men full bright
 That would have saved him at their might,
 But they mighté no good find
 That might him save or unbind.
 The fair men said, "What is to rede,¹⁷
 Of him find we no good deed
 That God is payed of—but of a loaf
 The which Piers at the poor man drove.
 Yet gave he it with no good will
 But cast it after him with ill;
 For Goddés love he gave it not
 Ne for almsdeed he it had thought:
 Nathéless the poore man
 Had the loaf of Piers than."¹⁸
 The fiend had laid in balance
 His wicked deeds and his mischance;
 They laid the loaf against his deeds—
 That had nought else, they moté needs—
 The holy man telleth us and says
 That the loaf made even peise.¹⁹
 Then said these fairé men to Piers,
 "If thou be wisé, now thou leres²⁰
 How this loaf thee helpeth at need
 To till²¹ thy soul with almés deed."²²

Piers of his sleep gan blink
 And greatly on his dream gan think,
 Sighing with a moaning cheer
 As man that was in great were,²³
 How that he acoupéd²⁴ was
 With fiendés fele²⁵ for his trespas,
 And how they would have damned him there
 If mercy of Jesus Christ ne were.

¹ Swithé, greatly. First-English "swith," strong, great.

² Nigon, niggard.

³ Aywhore, everywhere. First-English "æghwar."

⁴ Hatren, clothes. First-English "hæter," clothing.

⁵ Barm (First-English "bearm"), lap.

⁶ Never a dele, never a bit.

⁷ Gat, road. Icelandic "gata."

⁸ Jangland, prating, chattering.

⁹ Gryll, stern, cruel, hideous, causing fear.

¹⁰ Bode the qued, waited for the shrewish or ill-disposed person. There was First-English "cwead," filth.

¹¹ Hent it up belive, snatched it up quickly. First-English "hentan," to pursue, seize.

¹² Ferly, wonderfully.

¹³ On the to party, on the one side. In line 77 are the angels "on the tother party."

¹⁴ Bewraying, accusing.

¹⁵ Namely, especially.

¹⁶ Chesun, motive. Norman-French.

¹⁷ Rede, counsel. First-English "re'd."

¹⁸ Than, then.

¹⁹ Peise, weight, balance. French "peser," to weigh.

²⁰ Thou leres, you learn, take the lesson home.

²¹ Till, prop up. The root "til" meaning fit or good in Teutonic languages, the verb from it means to make fit or good. To till the soil is to make it fit or good for fruit-bearing. To till the soul is to make it fit to stand in the day of trial. The same root yields a provincial use of the word "till" as "to prop up," make fit to stand; and that is the sense here.

²² Were, uncertainty, confusion.

²³ Acoupéd, inculpated, accused.

²⁴ Fele, many.

All this in his heart he cast,
And to himself he spake at last: 110
"That for a loaf in evil will
Halp me in so great peril,
Muché would it help at need
With good will do almés deed."

From that timé then wex Piers
A man of so fairé maneres
That no man might in him find
But to the poor both meek and kind,
A milder man ne might not be, 120
Ne to the poor more of alms free,
And rueful of heart also he was
That mayst thou here learn in this pas.

And said it was an evil sign
And that himself was not digne⁵
For to be in his prayér,
Therefore nold⁶ he the kirtle wear.
When he haddé full long grete
And a party began thereof lete,⁷
For⁸ commonly after weep
Falle men soone on sleep,— 150
As Piers lay in his sleeping
Him thought a fairé swevening.⁹
Him thought he was in heaven light,
And of God he had a sight,
Sitting in his kirtle clad
That the poor man of him had,
And spake to him full mildely:



LOST SOULS.

From a Fresco of the Day of Judgment, discovered in 1804 over the great arch separating nave and chancel in the Chapel of Holy Cross, Stratford-on-Avon. Engraved in Thomas Sharp's "Coventry Mysteries."

Piers met upon a day
A poor man by the way
As naked as he was bore
That in the sea had allé lore.¹
He came to Piers where he stood
And asked him some of his good,
Soméwhat of his clothing
For the love of Heaven's king. 130
Piers was of rueful heart,
He took his kirtle off, as smart,
And did it on the man above
And bade him wear it for his love.
The man it took and was full blithe;
He yede² and soldé it as swithe.³
Piers stood and did behold
How the man the kirtle sold,
And was therewith ferly wroth,
That he sold so soon his clothe; 140
He might no longer for sorrow stand,
But yede home full sore greetánd,⁴

"Why weepest thou and art sorrý?
Lo, Piers," he said, "this is thy clothe.
For he sold it were thou wroth? 160
Know it well, if that thou can,—
For me thou gave it the poor man.
That thou gave him in charity
Everydeal thou gave it me."
Piers of sleepé out abraid¹⁰
And thought great wonder and sethen¹¹ said,
"Blessed be allé pooré men,
For God Almighty loveth them!
And well is them that poor are here,
They are with God both lief and dear! 170
And I shall fonde¹² both night and day
To be poor, if that I may."

¹ Lore, lost.² Yede, went.³ As swithe, at once; as soon as he could.⁴ Greetánd, weeping.⁵ Digne, worthy.⁶ Nold, would not.⁷ Began in some degree to slacken or cease from it.⁸ For, because.⁹ Swevening (First-English "swefen"), dream.¹⁰ Out abraid, started out. So after Pharaoh's dream in the metrical story of Genesis and Exodus, "The king abraid and woe in thoght."

Icelandic "bregtha," to move swiftly.

¹¹ Sethen, afterwards.¹² Fonde, seek. First-English "fandian," to try to find.

Hastily he took his catel
 And gave it to poor men each deal.
 Piers called to him his clerk,
 That was his notary and bade him hark,
 "I shall thee show a privy,
 A thing that thou shalt do to me,
 I will that thou no man it tell.
 My body I take¹ thee here to sell 180
 To some man as in bondage,
 To live in povert and in servage.
 But² thou do this, I will be wroth,
 And thou and thine shall be me loth.³
 If thou do it, I shall thee give
 Ten pound of gold, well with to live.
 Those ten pound I take thee here,
 And me to sell in bond manere.
 I ne recké unto whom,
 But only he have the Christendom. 190
 The ransom thou shalt for me take,
 Therefore thou shalt sickness make⁴
 For to give it blithely and well
 To pooré men every deal,
 And withhold thereof no thing
 The mounenance of a farthing."
 His clerk was woe to do that deed,
 But only for menace and for dread,
 For dread Piers made him it do,
 And did him plight his troth thereto. 200
 When his clerk had made his oath
 Piers did on him a foul cloth,
 Unto a churché both they yede⁵
 For to fulfil his will indeed.

When that they to the churché come,
 "Lord," thoughté the clerk, "now whom
 Might I find this eaché sele⁶
 To whom I might sell Piers well."
 The clerk lookéd everywhere
 And at the lasté he knew where. 210
 A rich man that ere had be
 Special knowledge ever betwe,
 But through mischance at a cas
 All his good y-loré was,
 "Yolé," thus that man hight,
 And knew the clerk well by sight.
 They spake of old acquaintánce
 And Yolé told him of his chance.
 "Yea," said the clerk, "I rede⁷ thou buy
 A man to do thy marchaundy, 220
 That thou mayst hold in servage
 To restore well thy damage."
 Then said Yolé, "In such chaffare
 Would I fain my silver ware."⁸
 The clerke said, "Lo! one here
 A true man and a debonere
 That will servé thee to pay⁹
 Peynible¹⁰ all that he may.

Piers shalt thou call his name,
 For him shalt thou have much frame;¹¹ 230
 He is a man full graciós
 Good to win unto thine house,
 And God shall give thee his blessing
 And foison¹² in allé thing."
 The clerk gave all his ransoun
 To the poor men of the town,
 Plenerly¹³ all that he took,
 Withheld he not a farthing nook.

The Emperor sent his messengérs
 All about for to seek Piers, 240
 But they ne mighté never hear
 Of rich Piers the tollere,¹⁴
 In what steadé he was nome¹⁵
 Nor whitherward he was become;
 Nor the clerk would tell to none
 Whitherward that Piers was gone.

Now is Piers becomé bryche¹⁶
 That ere was both stout and rich,
 All that ever any man him do bade
 Piers did it with hearté glad, 250
 He wex¹⁷ so mild and so meek
 A milder man thurt¹⁸ no man seek,
 For he meeked himself o'er skill¹⁹
 Pots and dishes for to swill;
 To great penánce he gan him take,
 And muché for to fast and wake;
 And much he lovéd tholmodness²⁰
 To rich, to poor, to more, to less.
 Of allé men he would have dout,²¹
 And to their bidding meekly lout;²² 260
 Would they bid him sit or stand
 Ever he wouldé be bowánd,
 And, for he bare him so meek and soft,
 Shrewés misdid him²³ full oft
 And held him folted or wood,²⁴
 For he was so mild of mood.
 And they that were his feláws
 Missaid him most in theiré saws;
 And all he suffered their upbraid
 And never naught against them said. 270

Yolé, his lord, well understood
 That all his grace and all his good
 Camé for the love of Piers
 That was so holý maneres.
 And when he wist of his bountý
 He calléd Piers in privy.
 "Piers," he said, "thou were worthy
 For to be worshipped more than I,
 For thou art well with Jesú,
 He sheweth for thee great virtú, 280

¹ Take (in the sense of betake), confide, entrust.

² But, unless. ³ Loth, hateful.

⁴ Sickness make, give your assurance. ⁵ Yede, went.

⁶ Sele, time, season. First-English "sele," good opportunity.

⁷ Rede, advise.

⁸ Ware, lay out in bargaining. From First-English "wær," a caution, agreement, warranty.

⁹ To pay, to your satisfaction. — Debonere (French "débonnaire"), of good manners, easy, kind.

¹⁰ Peynible (French "pénible"), taking pains.

¹¹ Frame, profit, advantage. First-English "freme," profit, gain.

¹² Foison, abundance.

¹³ Plenerly, fully.

¹⁴ Tollere, farmer of public tolls. The "publican" of the New Testament.

¹⁵ To what place he had taken himself.

¹⁶ Bryche, a servant. First-English "bryce," useful, servicable.

¹⁷ Wex, grew. First-English "weaxan."

¹⁸ Thurt, needed. First-English "theardian," to need.

¹⁹ Skill, knowledge.

²⁰ Tholmodness, long-suffering. First-English "tholian," to endure; "mod," mood or temper.

²¹ Dout, fear. French "douter."

²² Lout, bow. First-English "hlutan."

²³ Misdid him, misbehaved to him.

²⁴ Folted or wood, foolish or mad.

Therefore I shall make thee free:
I will that my fellow thou be."
Thereto Piers granted not
To be freeman as he besought,
He woldé be as he was ore,¹
In that serváge for evermore;
He thanked the lord mildély
For his greaté courtesy.

Sithen Jesu, through his might,
Shewéd him to Piers sight, 290
For to be stalworth in his fending²
And to him to have longing:
"Be not sorrowful to do penánce,
I am with thee in every chance;
Piers, I have mind of thee,—
Lo here the kirtle that thou gave for me:
Therefore grace I shall thee send,
In all goodness well to end."

Befel that serjeaunts and squiers 300
That were wont to servé Piers
Went in pilgrimage, as in case,³
To that country where Piers was.
Yolé full fair gan them call
And prayéd them home to his hall;
Piers was there, that caché sele,⁴
And, every one, he knew them wele.
All he servéd them as a knave,
That was wont their service to have,
But Piers not yet they knew,
For penance changed was his hue. 310
Not forthé they beheld him fast⁵
And often to him their eyes they cast,
And saidé, "He that standeth here
Is liké to Piers tollere."
He hid his visage all that he might
Out of knowledge of their sight;
Natheless they beheld him more
And knew him well, all that were thore,
And said, "Yolé, is yon thy page?
A rich man is in thy serváge! 320
The Emperor, both far and near,
Hath do him seek⁶ that we find here."

Piers listened and heard them speaking
And that they had of him knowing;
And privily away he name⁷
Till he to the porter came.
The porter had his speeché lore,⁸
And hearing also, since he was bore;
But through the grace of sweet Jesu
Was shewed for Piers fair virtú. 330
Piers said, "Let me forth go!"
The porter spake, and saidé, "Yo."⁹
He that was deaf and dumb also
Spake, when Piers spake him to.
Piers out at the gaté went
And thither yede where God him sent.

The porter yede up to the hall,
And this mervail told them all,
How the squier of the kitchén,
Piers, that had woned¹⁰ here in, 340
He asked leavé, right now late,¹¹
And went forth out at the gate.
"I redé you all, give good tent¹²
Whitherward that Piers is went.
With Jesu Christ he is privé,
And that is shewéd well on me:
For what time he to me spake
Out of his mouth me thoughté break
A flame of fire, bright and clear,
The flame made me both spék and hear; 350
Speak and hear, now both I may,
Blessed be God and Piers to-day."
The lord and the guestés all,
One and other that were in hall,
Had mervail that it was so,
That he might such mirácle do.
Then as swithé Piers they sought.
But all their seeking was for nought;
Never Piers they ne found
Night nor day, in ne stound.¹³ 360
For he that took Enoch and Ely
He took Piers, through his mercý,
To rest withouten end to lede,
For his meekness and his good deed.

Robert of Brunne, in one part of his poem, reproduced objections to the miracle plays, except when acted in church by the clergy at Easter and Christmas. But the taste for them was spreading, and in the fourteenth century they attained to a development in this country, strongly illustrative of the national desire to bring the Bible story and what were held to be the essentials of its teaching home to all. We have seen the early form of such plays in the "Raising of Lazarus." That was a single play, not one of a series, and was acted by the persons employed usually in the services of the Church. An early sequence of three plays from the Bible story, in a MS. of the twelfth century, was found in the Library of Tours. The first play set forth the Fall of Adam and Eve; after which, said the stage directions, "devils shall take them, and put them into hell, and they shall make a great smoke to rise in it, and cry aloud." The second play was of the death of Abel, after which, "devils coming, Cain is led to hell, being often struck, but they shall take Abel more mildly; then the Prophets shall be ready each in a convenient place of concealment." The third play consisted in their coming forward to prophesy of Christ, and when each had prophesied, devils took him also into hell. This sequence was evidently meant as a short summary from the Old Testament, showing man's need of Christ through the Fall, and the looking of the old world to his coming. The hell in such plays was always represented by the type of the whale's open jaws. A hell-mouth of painted

¹ Ore, ore, before.

² Fending, endeavour. From "fandian," to try to find.

³ In case, by chance.

⁴ That caché sele, just at that time. (See line 207.)

⁵ Nevertheless they looked fixedly at him.

⁶ Do him seek, caused him to be sought.

⁷ Name, took himself. First-English "niman," to take. (See line 243.)

⁸ Lore, lost.

⁹ Yo, yea. First-English "gea."

¹⁰ Woned, dwelt. First-English "wunian," to dwell.

¹¹ Late, lately.

¹² Tent, heed.

¹³ Stound, space of time. First-English "stand;" German "Stunde," an hour.

paste-board, with a fire lighted behind the lower jaw, so that it might seem to breathe flame, was a common property of the miracle play; and through this mouth those who played the devil's parts would, by passing behind it, have their apparent entrances and exits.



HELL MOUTH.

From an old German Print copied in Thomas Sharp's "Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries."

The acting was at first within the church, in service time. The crowds attracted became greater than the church would hold. The acting was then specially arranged on a stage, built outside the church door, so that a large audience might be assembled in the square in front. There were, for representation of the Fall, an upper stage representing heaven, approached by inhabitants of heaven from within the church; below that a stage representing Paradise on earth; and below that an enclosed open space, within which there was clanking of chains, and a burning of wet straw to produce smoke. A door from this enabled demons to come out and, as they were instructed to do, mix sometimes among the audience. This made them too familiar; and they seem really to have sometimes degenerated in France into comic characters. In England there was usually but one stage, with hell-mouth in a corner of it, and demons only appeared when they were to do demons' work. Very remarkable also was, in this country, the development of sequences of plays, and these were acted after the year 1328, or thereabout, in the language of the people. In 1264, Pope Urban IV. founded the feast of Corpus Christi, in honour of the consecrated Host. The institution was confirmed by Clement IV., in the year 1311. The grand procession of this day was the only one of the year in which laity and clergy marched together. The guilds were out, not only carrying pictures, but walking

in procession as living representatives of the saints and apostles. Then the guilds dined at their halls, and it has been suggested that the acting of Scripture incidents before them by the characters they had exhibited may have led to what followed. This was the combination of guilds, representing the religious laity of England, to produce at the festival of Corpus Christi, or at Whitsuntide, or on other fit occasions, complete representations of the leading facts in Bible History from the Creation to the Day of Judgment. By dividing the several parts of the great history among themselves, and taking the requisite time—three or more successive days—they produced, in fact, before the multitude a Living Bible in the streets. A wide diffusion of this very thorough use of the miracle play, by clergy and laity, as a means of religious instruction, was characteristic of English religious feeling. A good monk would write a sequence of two or three dozen plays, which might be acted by the guilds of any town in which they chose to combine for the purpose. Each guild would then take a play for its own, provide properties, train actors, and undertake to put out corporate strength for its efficient annual performance in the streets of the town. Corpus Christi day was the first Thursday after Trinity, and as Trinity Sunday is eight weeks after Easter, Corpus Christi was, like Whitsuntide, a summer holiday time, convenient for out-of-door performances. It is said that Randal Higgenet, or Ralph Higden, a monk of Chester Abbey, having obtained leave of the Pope to put Latin aside, and write these plays in English, the first English series—which was of twenty-four plays—was acted at Chester, in the year 1327 or 1328, the performance occupying three days. The Tanners first set forth the Fall of Lucifer; then came the Drapers with the Creation and Fall and the Death of Abel; then the Water-carriers and Drawers of Dee represented the pageant of Noah's Flood and the Ark. Then the histories of Lot and Abraham were played by the guilds of the Barbers and Waxchandlers. Such sequences of Scripture stories are known to have been acted at Chester, Coventry, Wakefield, York, Newcastle, Lancaster, Preston, Kendal, Wymondham, Dublin, and other places. Three whole sets have come down to us and form part of our literature:—the Chester series of twenty-four plays; a series of forty-two said to have been acted at Coventry (these add to the Scripture story legendary incidents in the life of the Virgin); and the Wakefield Mysteries, a series of thirty-two, known also as the Towneley Mysteries, because the MS. containing them belonged to the Towneley family in Lancashire. The Wakefield series is much the best. The several plays are not plays in the sense in which we use the word in the modern drama, and though we are often told that it did,¹ the modern drama most certainly did not arise

¹ This mistake is peculiar to English text-books, and to foreign writers whose knowledge of our literature is chiefly derived from them. It originated in a few lines of Warton's "History of English Poetry" which threw out the passing suggestion of a neat little theory of the development of the Miracle Play into the Morality, and of the Morality into the true drama. Mr. Collier, in his valuable "History of English Dramatic Poetry," developed Warton's specula-

out of the miracle play. It arose in the Universities and among men bred as scholars, who had long been in the habit of acting plays of Seneca, Terence, or Plautus, or Latin plays of their own written upon the classical models. When it began to occur to them to write such plays in English instead of Latin, the first English dramas were produced. The Italian drama began a little before the English in exactly the same way, and the miracle plays had nothing whatever to do with the matter in one country or another. Miracle plays went through no transition stages after the manner of the caterpillars till they were transformed to something altogether different. They survived unchanged long after they had passed their prime; indeed, till the time of the youth of Shakespeare; and they disappeared then altogether because the use for them had passed away. The Bible in their own tongue had been given to the people. Inasmuch as these sequences of incidents from Scripture, always chosen for their bearing upon cardinal points of Christian faith, imposed a more continued strain on powers of serious attention than it would be possible to maintain, places of relaxation were provided by the interpolation of jest, and this was drawn always in England from incidents not in themselves Scriptural. Noah would be provided with an obstinate wife to provide comic business, and so forth. Between the Old Testament and New Testament series there was an Interlude, the Shepherd's Play, that led up to the birth of Christ. The shepherds supposed to be keeping their flocks at Bethlehem were presented as common shepherds talking, jesting, wrestling, one of them playing especially the part of the country clown, till the song of the angels was heard. At first they mimicked it rudely, afterwards they became impressed, they were led to the infant Christ in the manger, knelt, offered their rustic gifts, and arose prophets. There is reason to believe that this Shepherd's Play had its independent origin in rustic sports outside a town, arranged by the clergy, who concealed a choir arrayed as angels to raise the *Gloria in Excelsis* at the proper time, and then lead the rude actors and their audience into the lighted church. Here there had been set up a representation of the new-born Saviour; and as the shepherds knelt by the manger the organ pealed, the *Gloria* resounded through the church, and the people, realising the occasion, had their hearts stirred with emotion. The Magi too, in Eastern robes, would ride into the town and bring their offerings. So also when Easter was at hand, persons in Oriental dress entered the market-place selling spices, spices to be bought for the anointment of the Lord. It happens that in the Wakefield series there are two Shepherd's Plays provided, either of which might be chosen by the guilds who acted the whole series. One of these furnishes the usual dialogue and sport, but the other happens to develop a short farcical story which accidentally fulfils the requisite conditions, and so becomes our

earliest known piece of acted drama. It is so by accident; it was not imitated or developed, and has no relation to the origin of the true drama. Still, out of a form of literature that has many points in common with the drama, something which in a rude way fulfilled all its conditions was by chance produced. It will be, therefore, the first piece in the volume of this Library which has been planned to illustrate the course of our English Dramatic Literature.

At Coventry there are still preserved account-books of the guilds, which show in what way money was paid for the production of the miracle plays. The rehearsals, the fees to actors, the provision or repair of stage appointments, are so recorded, that it is not difficult to construct from the entries a somewhat full detail of the method of procedure. This was done by Mr. Thomas Sharp when he published in 1825 by private subscription his valuable "Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries anciently performed at Coventry by the Trading Companies of that City; chiefly with reference to the Vehicles, Characters, and Dresses of the Actors." The entries of expenses for the Drapers' Pageant of Doomsday, include, among machinery, hell-mouth and the keeping of the fire at it, "an earthquake" and "barrel for the same," "three worlds, painted," and "a link to set the world on fire." Among dresses are the black and white suits for souls lost and saved, "gold skins" for the angels, and three pounds of hair for the demon's coat and hose; also a "Hat for the Pharisee." Among payments to actors are sixteenpence to "Worms of Conscience," three shillings to two demons, and only two shillings to four angels; the demons being better paid, because they had more stage business to go through efficiently. One entry is of a payment of two shillings for a demon's face, and another of ten shillings "for making the ij devells facys." There are frequent entries for souls' coats. One entry is "payd to Crowe for makynge of iij worldys, ij^s," and another is of fivepence "for setting the world of fyer." These are entries of the sixteenth century, into which the practice of acting these plays at Coventry was continued. They were acted at Chester as late as 1577, and at Coventry as late as 1580. Let us take from the Wakefield series the Mystery Play of

ABRAHAM.

Abraham. Adonay,¹ thou God veray,²
Thou hear us when we to thee call!
As thou art he that best may,
Thou art most succour and help of all!
Mightful Lord! to thee I pray,
Let once the oil of mercy fall!
Shall I ne'er abide that day?
Truly yet I hope I shall.
Mercy, Lord omnipotent!
Long since He this world has wrought:
Whither are all our elders went?

tion; treating the fancy as a fact; and English compilers, paying just respect to the authority of so good a student of dramatic literature, have followed one another in the steady reproduction of a very great mistake.

¹ Adonay. The Hebrew Adonai, for Lord, was used to avoid repetition of the sacred name, Jehovah.

² Veray (French "vrai"), true: so "very God of very God."

This muses mickle in my thought.
 From Adam unto Eve assent,¹
 Eat of that apple spared he nought,
 For all the wisdom that he ment²
 Full dear that bargain has he bought
 From paradise that bade him gang;
 He went mourning with simple cheer,
 And after lived he here full lang,
 Moré than three hundred year,
 In sorrow and in travail strang;
 And every day he was in were,³
 His children angered him among.
 Cain slew Abel was him full dear.
 Sithen Noe, that was true and good,
 He and his children three,
 Was savéd when all was flood;
 That was a wonder thing to see.
 And Lot from Sodom when he yede,
 Three cities brent yet escaped he,
 Thus, for they mended my Lord's mede,
 He vengéd sin through his pausté.⁴

When I think of our elders all,
 And of the marvels that has been,
 No gladness in my heart may fall,
 My comfort goes away full clean.
 Lord, when shall dede⁵ make me his thrall?
 An hundred years, certes,⁶ have I seen:
 Ma fay! soon—I hope he shall,
 For it were right high time, I ween.
 Yet Adam is to hellé gone,
 And there has ligen many a day;
 And all our elders everychon,
 They are gone the samé way;
 Unto⁷ God will hear their moan.
 Now help, Lord, Adonay!
 For, certes, I can no better wone,⁸
 And there is none that better may.

Deus. I will help Adam and his kind,
 Might I love and lewte⁹ find;
 Would they to me be true, and blin¹⁰
 Of their pride and of their sin:
 My servant I will found and frast,¹¹
 Abraham, if he be trast,¹²
 On certain wise I will him prove
 If he to me be true of love.

Abraham! Abraham!

Abraham. Who is that? ware, let me see,
 I heard one neven¹³ my name.

Deus. It is I, take tent¹⁴ to me
 That formed thy father Adam,
 And everything in it¹⁵ degree.

¹ From the time when Adam assented to Eve.

² Ment, had in mind.

³ In were, in strife and confusion. See line 104 of "Piers the Usurer," page 60, Note 22.

⁴ Pausté, power ("potestas").

⁵ Dede, death. ⁶ Certes, surely; pronounced as one syllable.

⁷ Unto, until. ⁸ I can no better wone, I know no better stay.

⁹ Lewte, loyalty. ¹⁰ Blin, cease.

¹¹ Found and frast, prove and try. Found (First-English "fandian"), to try, tempt, prove. Frast (Icelandic "freista"), to tempt, make trial of.

¹² Trast, trusty.

¹³ Neven, name. First-English "nemnan"; Icelandic "nefna" and "nemna."

¹⁴ Take tent, take heed.

¹⁵ It for its, which was not used till the time of Elizabeth.

Abraham. To hear thy will ready I am,
 And to fulfil whate'er it be.

Deus. Of mercy have I heard thy cry,
 Thy devout prayers have me bun.¹⁶
 If thou me love, look that thou his
 Unto the land of Vision;
 And the third day be there bid I
 And take with thee Isaac, thy son,
 As a beast to sacrifice:
 To slay him look thou not shun,
 And bren¹⁷ him there to thine offerand.

Abraham. Ah, lovéd be thou, Lord in th
 Hold o'er me, Lord, thy holy hand;
 For certes thy bidding shall be done,
 Blessed be that Lord in every land
 Would visit his servant thus so soyn.¹⁸
 Fain would I this thing ordand,
 For it perfects nought to hoyne¹⁹;
 This commandment²⁰ must I needs fulfil
 If that my heart wax heavy as lead,
 Should I offend my Lordés will?
 Nay, yet were I liever my child were dead
 Whatso he bids me, good or ill,
 That shall be done in every stede;
 Both wife and child, if he bid spill,²¹
 I will not do against his rede.
 Wist Isaac,²² wheréso he were,
 He would be abashéd now,
 How that he is in dangere.

Isaac, son, where art thou?

Isaac. All ready, father; lo me here;
 Now was I coming unto you.
 I love you mickle, father dear.

Abraham. And does thou so? I would
 Loves thou me, son, as thou has said.

Isaac. Yea, father, with all mine heart
 More than all that ever was made.

God hold me long your life in quart!²³

Abraham. Now, who would not be glad
 A child so loving as thou art?
 Thy lovely cheer makes my heart glad,
 And many a time so has it gart.²⁴

Go home, son, come soon again,
 And tell thy mother I come full fast;

[*He transiet Isaac à j*
 So now, God thee save and sayne!²⁵

Now well is me that he is past.
 Alone, right here in this plain,
 Might I speak to mine heart brast.²⁷
 I would that all were well, full fain,
 But it must needs be done at last.

¹⁶ Bun, made ready.

¹⁷ Bren, burn.

¹⁸ Soyn

¹⁹ Hoyne, think anxiously, lament. First-English "hogia"

²⁰ Commandment, pronounced "c'mmandment," in two
 The y in "heavy" unites, in the next line, with the a of "a"

²¹ Spill, destroy. First-English "spillan," to spoil, destr

²² Wist Isaac, if Isaac knew.

²³ In quart, in safe keeping. First-English "cweart-ern
 for safe keeping, guard-house, prison.

²⁴ Gart, made.

²⁵ Here Isaac shall pass away from his father.

²⁶ Sayne, bless. First-English "segnian" and "senian,"

²⁷ Till my heart broke.

And it is good that I be ware;
To be avised full good it were.
The land of Vision is full far,
The third day end must I be there.
Mine ass shall with us, if it thar,¹
To bear our harness less and more,
For my son may be slain no nar,²
A sword must with us yet therefore.
And I shall found³ to make me yare.⁴
This night will I begin my way.
Though Isaac be ne'er so fair,
And mine own son, the sooth to say,
And though he be mine righte heir,
And all should wield after my day,
Goddess bidding shall I not spare;
Should I that gainstand? We!⁵ nay, my fay! Isaac!

Isaac. Sir!

Abraham. Look thou be boun;⁶
For certain, son, thyself and I,
We two must now wend forth of town,
In far countrý to sacrify,
For certain skillis⁷ and encheson;⁸
Take wood and fire with thee, in hy,⁹
By hills and dales, both up and down,
Son, thou shall ride and I will go by.
Look thou miss nought that thou should need,
Do make thee ready, my darling!

Isaac. I am ready to do this deed,
And ever to fulfil your bidding.

Abraham. My dear son, look thou have no drede,
We shall come home with great loving;
Both to and fro I shall us lead,
Come now, son, in my blessing.

Ye two here with this ass abide,
For Isaac and I will to yond hill,
It is so high we may not ride,
Therefore ye two shall abide here still.

Primus Puer.¹⁰ Sir, ye owe not to be denied;
We are ready your bidding to fulfil.

Secundus Puer. Whatsoever to us betide
To do your bidding ay we will.

Abraham. God's blessing have you both in fere;¹¹
I shall not tarry long you fro.¹²

Primus Puer. Sir, we shall abide you here.

Out of this stede¹³ shall we not go.

Abraham. Childre, ye are ay to me full dear,
I pray God keep ever fro woe.

Secundus Puer. We will do, sir, as ye us lere.¹⁴

Abraham. Isaac, now are we but we two,
We must go a full good pace,
For it is farther than I wend;¹⁵
We shall make mirth and great solace,
By this thing be brought to end.

Lo, my son, here is the place.

Isaac. Wood and fire are in my hend;
Tell me now, if ye have space,
Where is the beast that should be brend?

Abraham. Now, son, I may no longer layn,¹⁶
Such will is into mine heart went;
Thou was ever to me full bayn¹⁷
Ever to fulfil mine intent.
But certainly thou must be slain,
And it may be as I have ment.

Isaac. I am heavy and nothing fain,
Thus hastily that shall be shent.

Abraham. Isaac!

Isaac. Sir?

Abraham. Come hither bid I;
Thou shall be dead whatsoever betide.

Isaac. Ah, father, mercy! mercy!

Abraham. That I say, may not be denied;
Take thy dede¹⁸ therefore meekly.

Isaac. Ah, good sir, abide;
Father!

Abraham. What, son?

Isaac. To do your will I am ready,
Wheresoever ye go or ride,
If I may ought overtake your will,
Syn I have trespassed I would be bet.¹⁹

Abraham. Isaac!

Isaac. What, sir?

Abraham. Good son, be still.

Isaac. Father!

Abraham. What, son?

Isaac. Think on thy get;²⁰
What have I done?

Abraham. Truly, none ill.

Isaac. And shall be slain?

Abraham. So have I het.²¹

Isaac. Sir, what may help?

Abraham. Certes, no skill.

Isaac. I ask mercy.

Abraham. That may not let.

Isaac. When I am dead, and closed in clay,
Who shall then be your son?

Abraham. Ah, Lord, that I should abide this day!

Isaac. Sir, who shall do that I was won?²²

Abraham. Speak no such words, son, I thee pray.

¹ If it thar, if need is. First-English "thearfian," Icelandic "tharfa," to need.

² No nar, no nearer than the place which is a three days' journey distant.

³ Found, try. ⁴ Yare, ready. ⁵ We! an exclamation.

⁶ Boun, ready. Icelandic "búa," to make ready.

⁷ Skillis, reasons.

⁸ Encheson, occasion or cause. Norman-French "chaison."

⁹ In hy, in haste. First-English "higan," to hie or make haste.

¹⁰ The journey just proposed is supposed to have been taken when Abraham and Isaac leave with their attendants the "First Boy" and "Second Boy," the ass upon which Isaac rode, while Abraham walked beside his darling.

¹¹ In fere, together. ¹² Fro, from. ¹³ Stede, place.

¹⁴ Lere, teach. There is a touch of pathos here, drawn not only from the love of Abraham towards the son whom his faith causes him to sacrifice, but from his tenderness towards the boys not his whom he prays that God may ever keep from woe. When Shakespeare's Brutus, with his soul wrung by the death of Portia and a great duty before him, is made grand throughout the latter part of the play of "Julius Caesar," with indication of suppressed emotion, one of its

signs is his womanly tenderness towards the boy who waits upon him in his tent. Abraham's tender words to the two lads whom he leaves with the ass while, with heroic faith in the word of God, however hard it may be to him, he is prepared to offer his beloved son as sacrifice, have a touch in them of the finest human truth.

¹⁵ Wend, thought, weened. First-English "wēnan," to suppose.

¹⁶ Layn, deceive. First-English "leogan."

¹⁷ Bayn, helpful. Icelandic "beini," help.

¹⁸ Dede, death. Compare Dunbar's "Lament for the Makars," line 89, page 112 of "Shorter Poems."

¹⁹ Good Master Walter Kennedy
In point of deid lies verily."

²⁰ Bet, beaten.

²¹ Thy get, thy child, thy begotten.

²² Het, promised. First-English "hatan," to command, ordain, promise.

²³ Won, wont. First-English "wuna," a custom; "wunian," to dwell, to be accustomed.

Isaac. Shall ye me slo?¹
Abraham. I trow I mon:—
 Lie still, I smite.
Isaac. Sir, let me say.
Abraham. Now, my dear child, thou may not
 shon.
Isaac. The shining of your bright blade
 It gars me quake for ferd to dee.²
Abraham. Therefore groflynges³ thou shall be
 laid,
 Then when I strike thou shall not see.
Isaac. What have I done, father? what have I
 said?
Abraham. Truly, nokyns⁴ ill to me.
Isaac. And thus guiltless shall be arayde.
Abraham. Now, good son, let such words be.
Isaac. I love you ay.
Abraham. So do I thee.
Isaac. Father!
Abraham. What, son?
Isaac. Let now be seyn⁵
 For my mother love.
Abraham. Let be, let be!
 It will not help that thou would meyn;⁶
 But lie still till I come to thee,
 I miss a little thing I ween.

He speaks so ruefully to me
 That water shoots in both mine een,
 I were liever than all worldly win,
 That I had fon him once unkind,
 But no default I found him in;
 I would be dead for him or pined,⁷
 To slo him thus I think great sin,
 So rueful words I with him find;
 I am full wo that we should twyn,⁸
 For he will never out of my mind.
 What shall I to his mother say?
 For where he is, tyte will she spy;⁹
 If I tell her, "Run away,"
 Her answer is belife¹⁰—"Nay, sir!"
 And I am feared her for to flay,¹¹
 I ne wot what I shall say till her.¹²
 He lies full still there as he lay,
 For to I come¹³ dare he not stir.

Deus. Angel hie with all thy main,
 To Abraham thou shall be sent:
 Say, Isaac shall not be slain,
 He shall live and not be brent.
 My bidding stands he not again,
 Go, put him out of his intent:
 Bid him go home again,
 I know well how he ment.

¹ Slo, slay. ² For ferd to dee, for fear to die.
³ Groflynges, lying flat with the face to the ground. Icelandic
 "grufi."

⁴ Nokyns, of no kind. There was also "alkyn" and "alkyna," of
 every kind. Lower down also "thiaskyn," of this kind.

⁵ Seyn, seen. Let your love for my mother now be seen.

⁶ Meyn, complain.

⁷ Pined, put to pain.

⁸ Twyn, be parted.

⁹ Tyte will she spy, quickly will she ask. Tite and tit (Icelandic
 "titth" and "titt"), frequent. Spyr (First-English "spirian"), to
 search out, inquire, i.e., follow the spór, spoor, or track.

¹⁰ Belife, quickly.

¹¹ Flay, frighten.

¹² Till her, to her.

¹³ To I come, till I come.

Angelus. Gladly, Lord, I am ready,
 Thy bidding shall be magnified;
 I shall me speed full hastily,
 Thee to obey at every tide;¹⁴
 Thy will, Thy name, to glorify,
 Over all this world so wide,
 And to Thy servant now in hy,
 Good, true, Abraham, will I glide.

Abraham. But might I yet of weeping cease
 Till I had done this sacrificio!
 It must needs be, withouten lesse,¹⁵
 Though all I carp on thiskyn wise,
 The more my sorrow it will increase;
 When I look to him I gryse;¹⁶
 I will run on a res,¹⁷
 And slo him here, right as he lies.
Angelus. Abraham! Abraham!
Abraham. Who is there now?
 Ware, let thee go.

Angelus. Stand up, now, stand;
 Thy good will come I to allow,
 Therefore I bid thee hold thy hand.

Abraham. Say, who bade so? any but thou?

Angelus. Yea, God; and sends this beast to th
 offerand.

Abraham. I speak with God later, I trow,
 And doing he me command.

Angelus. He has perceivéd thy meekness
 And thy goodwill also, iwis;
 He will thou do thy son no distress,
 For he has grant to thee his bliss.

Abraham. But wot thou well that it is
 As thou has said?

Angelus. I say thee yis.

Abraham. I thank Thee, Lord, well of good;
 That all thus has released me this!
 To speak with thee have I no space
 With my dear son till I have spoken;
 My good son, thou shall have grace,
 On thee now will I not be wroken,
 Rise up now, with thy frely¹⁸ face.

Isaac. Sir, shall I live?

Abraham. Yea, this to token.

[Et osculatur eum.¹

Son, thou has scaped a full hard grace,
 Thou should have been both brent and broken.

Isaac. But, father, shall I not be slain?

Abraham. No, certes, son.

Isaac. Then am I glad;

Good sir, put up your sword again.

Abraham. Nay, hardly, son, be thou not adra

Isaac. Is all forgeyn?

Abraham. Yea, son, certain.

Isaac. For ferd, sir, was I near hand mad.

While in this way the English people, forbidden
 hear the whole Bible read to them in their nati
 tongue, were bringing it home as closely as th

¹⁴ Tide, time.

¹⁵ Withouten lesse, without lease, or lie.

¹⁶ Gryse, feel horror and dread.

¹⁷ Res (First-English "res"), rush.

¹⁸ Frely, beautiful, causing delight.

¹⁹ And kisses him.

could to their daily lives, John Wiclif, the first who, after the Conquest, was to give the Bible itself to the people, was ripening for the great work of his life. John Wiclif was born about the year 1324, of a family that derived its name from the small village of Wycliffe, which is about six miles from Barnard Castle, in Yorkshire. He was born, probably, at the village of Hipswell, near Richmond. He was educated at the University of Oxford, and became eminent for his acquirements in theology and in philosophy. A contemporary, William Knighton, who was his opponent, says that he was "most eminent" as a teacher of theology, in philosophy "second to none," and "incomparable in scholastic studies." In 1356 Wiclif produced a tract on the "Last Age of the Church," suggested by the desolating plague of 1348-9, which occurred when he was

received from that College the rectory of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire.

Langland, Gower, and Chaucer were also during these years advancing to the fulness of their power, and among other religious literature three books were produced—"The Ayenbite of Inwit," the "Cursor Mundi," and the Hermit of Hampole's "Prick of Conscience," of a kind that has been already illustrated.

The Ayenbite (Again-bite, Re-morse) of Inwit (Con-science) was a version by Dan (which means Dominus or Master) Michel, of Northgate, Kent, from a French treatise called "La Somme des Vices et des Vertues," composed in 1279 for Philip II. of France by a French Dominican, Friar Laurence. It is a work of the type illustrated by Robert of Brunne's "Handlyng Synne" from the French of



WYCLIFFE. (From Hallam's "History of Richmondshire.")

about twenty-four years old. Thomas Bradwardine, newly become Archbishop of Canterbury, and the author of the most acute theological book of his time, the "Summa Theologiæ," died of that plague. Wiclif thought that the plagues which scourged the nations indicated that the second coming of Christ was near, and that the fourteenth century would be the Last Age of the World. Among signs of the end were the corruptions of the Church. "Both vengeance of sword," he said, "and mischiefs unknown before, by which men in those days shall be punished, shall befall them, because of the sins of the priests. Hence men shall fall upon them and cast them out of their fat benefices, and shall say, 'He came into his benefice by his kindred; and this by a covenant made before. He, for his worldly service, came into the church; and this for money.' Then every such priest shall cry, 'Alas, alas, that no good spirit dwelt with me at my coming into the Church of God.'" In 1360 Wiclif was energetic in resistance to the undue influence acquired in Universities by the Dominicans and the Franciscans. This added to his reputation at Oxford, and in the following year, 1361, he was made Warden of Baliol College, and

an Englishman, but it is in prose, and it is not made lively with illustrative tales. The heads of its dissertation are the Ten Commandments, the twelve articles of the Creed, the Seven Deadly Sins, Learning to Die, Knowledge of Good and Evil, the petitions of the Lord's Prayer, the four Cardinal Virtues, each elaborated with subdivisions, Penance, Almsgiving, Seven Steps and Seven Boughs of Chastity, the Seven Steps of Sobriety, and so forth.

The "Cursor Mundi," or Course of the World, is a long and important poem in Northumbrian English, which begins by setting forth the delight men take in romances of Alexander, Cæsar, and King Arthur. But

"The wise man will of wisdom hear,
The fool him draws to folly near."

Delight in the false love of the world leads to a bitter end, and soft begun will end in smart. In the love of the Virgin Mary there is trust:—

"For though I sometime be untrue,
Her love is ever alike new."

¹ See pages 58—63.

In her honour, the poet says, he writes.

"In her worship begin would I
A work that should be lastingly
For to do men know her kin
That much worship did us win."

He will tell of that in the Old Testament story which points chiefly to Christ's coming, and then he will tell of the salvation of the world by Christ who died for it, of Antichrist, and of the Day of Judgment; he will do it, not in French rhymes, which are of no use to the Englishman ignorant of French, but in their own tongue to the English, and especially to those who need the knowledge most, and who go most astray.

"Now of this prologue will I blin,¹
In Christ's name my book begin;
'Cursor of the World' I will it call,
For almost it overrunnys all.
Take we our beginning than
Of Him that all this world began."

Then the poet begins with Creation, commenting and moralising; tells of the three orders of angels, and how Michael fought against Lucifer. Of the distance that Lucifer fell from heaven to hell, none can tell:

"But Bede said fro Earth to Heaven
Is seven thousand year and hundreds seven;
By journeys whoso go it may
Forty mile everyché day."

Man was made of the four elements, and has seven holes in his head, just as there are seven master stars in heaven. The poet dilates thus on the structure of man, and on the union of soul and body. Then he turns to Adam in Paradise, still blending touches of legend and speculation with his sketch of the Fall of Man. The story goes on through the lives of Cain and Abel to the Flood, and dwells on the history of Noah. Then he comes to the division of the world among Noah's sons, and looks to the different quarters of the world and its races of men. From the Tower of Babel he passes to the third age of the world, with the history of Abraham, and proceeds at length through the lives of the patriarchs to Joseph in Egypt. Jacob's reason for sending to Egypt in the time of famine is thus given:—

"Soon after, in a little while
Jacob yode² by the water of Nile,
He saw upon the water gleam
Chaff come fleting³ with the stream,
Of that sight wex⁴ he full blithe
And to his sons he told it swithe,⁵
'Childer,' he said, 'ye list and lete:⁶
I saw chaff on the water flete:

Whethen⁷ it comes can I not rede,
But down it fleteth full good speed.
If it be comen fro far land,
Look which of you will take on hand
For us all do this travail,
Thereof is good we take counsail,
Again the flum⁸ to follow the chaff,
Corn there shall we find to haf.⁹"

The poem goes on in like manner, often suggesting figures of Christ's coming, through the Exodus, and the histories of Moses and Joshua, to the Land of Promise; tells the histories of Samson, of Saul, David, and Solomon at length, is brought through the later history of the Jews to the chief prophecies of Christ, and then proceeds to a full dwelling on the life of Christ.

The Hermit of Hampole's "Prick of Conscience" is also a Northumbrian poem. Its author, Richard Rolle, was born at Thornton, in Yorkshire, about the year 1290, and educated at Oxford. When he was but nineteen years old he was seized with religious enthusiasm for the life of a hermit, and obtained from Sir John de Dalton a cell, with daily sustenance, at Hampole, about four miles from Doncaster. There he lived until his death in 1349, and he was one of the busiest religious writers of his day. He translated, as we shall presently see, the Psalms into English prose. He wrote many prose treatises, and he produced this poem of "The Prick" (that is, the Goad) "of Conscience" ("Stimulus Conscientiæ"). Its seven parts tell—1. Of the Beginning of Man's Life; 2. Of the Unstability of this World; 3. Of Death, and why it is to be dreaded; 4. Of Purgatory; 5. Of Doomsday; 6. Of the Pains of Hell; 7. Of the Joys of Heaven. Mediaeval fancies blend with the teaching. Thus the feebleness of man at birth is associated with memories of our first parents:—

"For unnethes⁹ es a child born fully
That it ne bygynnes to youle and cry;
And by that cry men know than¹⁰
Whether it be man or weman.
For when it es born it cryes swa:¹¹
If it be man it says, 'A, a!'
That the first letter es of the nam
Of our forme-fader Adam.
And if the child a woman be,
When it is born it says, 'E, e!'
E es the first letter and the hede
Of the name of Eve that bygan our dede.
Tharfor a clerk made on this manere
This vers of metre that es wroten here:
Dicentes E vel A quotquot nascuntur ab Eva.
'Alle thas,' he says, 'that comes of Eve
(That es all men that here byhovs leve¹²),

⁷ Whethen, whence; formed like *hethen*, hence.

⁸ Again the flum, against the course of the river.

⁹ Unnethes, scarcely. First-English "eathes," easily; "uneathes," uneasily, with difficulty, scarcely.

¹⁰ Than (First-English "thanne"), then.

¹¹ Swa, so, thus. The First-English form of the word.

¹² Byhovs leve, have to live. First-English "behofian," to behave, be fit, have need of. In impersonal form, the meaning is fit or necessary.

¹ Blin, cease.

² Yode (First-English "eode"), went.

³ Fleting, floating.

⁴ Wex, grew. First-English "weaxan;" past "weós."

⁵ Swithe, quickly.

⁶ List and lete, listen and think.

When thai er born what-swa thai be,
Thai say outhur A, a! or E, e!"

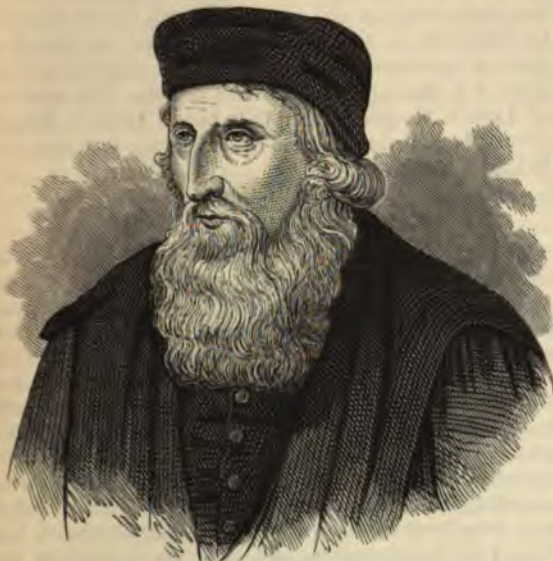
This is Richard Rolle's reason for the title he gives to his book:—

"Therefore this treatise draw I would
In English tongue that may be called
'Prick of Conscience,' as men may feel,
For if a man it read and understand wele
And the matters therein to heart will take,
It may his conscience tender make;
And to right way of rule bring it belive¹
And his heart to dread and meekness drive,
And to love, and yearning of heaven's bliss,
And to amend all that he has done amiss."

CHAPTER III.

WICLIF, LANGLAND, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1360 TO
A.D. 1400.

IN the year 1360 the Psalter was the only book of Scripture of which there was a translation into English of a date later than the Conquest. Within twenty-five years from that date John Wiclif had secured by his own work and that of true-hearted companions a translation of the whole Bible into English, including the Apocrypha. In the year 1365, Simon of Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, made



JOHN WICLIF.

From the Portrait in the Rectory at Wycliffe.

John Wiclif Warden of Canterbury Hall at Oxford, which stood where there is now the Canterbury Quadrangle of Christchurch. Canterbury Hall had on its foundation a Warden and eleven Scholars, of whom eight were to be secular clergy, but the other three and the Warden were to be monks of Christ

Church, Canterbury. Simon of Islip removed the four monks, including the Warden, in 1365; and he put Wiclif and three other secular clergy in their place. In 1366 Islip died, and his successor entertained an appeal against his dealing in the case of Canterbury Hall. The new Archbishop pronounced Wiclif's election void. Wiclif resisted, and appealed to Rome. After three or four years of uncertainty, the Pope supported the monks, and confirmed Wiclif's ejection. It was in 1365, the year of Wiclif's appointment to the Warden's office at Canterbury College, that the Pope revived a claim on England for homage and tribute which had remained unpaid for the last three-and-thirty years. In 1366, Edward III. laid the demand before Parliament, which answered that, forasmuch as neither King John, nor any other king, could bring this realm into such thralldom but by common consent of Parliament, which was not given; therefore what John did was against his oath at his coronation. The Pope had threatened that if Edward III. failed to pay tribute and arrears, he should be cited by process to appear at Rome, and answer for himself before his civil and spiritual sovereign. The English Parliament replied that if the Pope should attempt anything against the king by process or otherwise, the king with all his subjects should resist with all their might. A monk then wrote in vindication of the Papal claims, and challenged Wiclif, by name, to reply to them, and justify the decision of the English Parliament. Wiclif at once replied with a defence of the king and Parliament, in a Latin tract or "Determination" on Dominion, "De Dominio." The king had made Wiclif one of his chaplains, and his argument against the claims of Papal sovereignty procured him friends at court. In 1372, when he was about forty-eight years old, John Wiclif became Professor of Divinity at Oxford. Many were drawn to his lectures and sermons, and we also may now hear Dr. Wiclif preach:—

THE HEALING OF THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.²

Erat quidem regulus. Joh. iv. [46].

There was a certain [little king] nobleman.

This Gospel telleth how a king, that some men say was a heathen man, believed in Christ and deserved to have a miracle of his son. The story saith, how in Galilee was dwelling a little king, in the city of Capernaum, that had a son full sick of the fever. And when he heard tell that Jesus came from Judaea to Galilee, he came and met him on the way,

² This sermon is one of those published in "Select English Works of John Wyclif, edited from original MSS. by Thomas Arnold, M.A. of University College, Oxford. In three volumes. Published for the University of Oxford by the Clarendon Press in 1869 and 1871." This issue was undertaken by the Delegates of the University Press at the suggestion of Canon Shirley, who had devoted many years to the study of Wiclif, and issued in 1865 a "Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wyclif," as an aid to study of the Reformer. Very many of his works remained unprinted. Dr. Shirley did not live to enrich these volumes with the full Introduction he proposed to write, but they were carefully produced by an editor of his own choice, and have helped greatly to remove the discredit of a neglect of Wiclif's English writings under which England had lain for many years. Mr. Arnold has taken much pains to distinguish Wiclif's work from that of his followers.

¹ *Believe*, quickly. First-English "bi life," with life.

and prayed him come down and heal his son, for he was in point of death. And Christ said to this king, to amend his belief, Ye believe not in Jesus but if ye see signs and wonders; as this man believed not in the Godhead of Christ, for if he had, he should have trowed that Christ might have saved his son if he had not bodily come to this sick man and touched him. But this king had more heart of health of his son than he had to be healed of untruth that he was in, and therefore he told not hereby but asked eft¹ Christ to heal his son; and in this form of words, in which he shewed his untruth, "Lord," he said, "come down before that my son die." But Jesus as wise Lord and merciful healed his son in such manner that he might wite² that he was both God and man; "Go," he said, "thy son liveth." And therewith Christ taught his soul both of his manhood and Godhead, and else had not this king trowed;³ but this Gospel saith that he trowed and all his house. And upon this truth "he went homeward and met his men upon the way, that tolden him that his son should live, for he is covered⁴ of his evil. And he asked when his son fared better, and they saiden that yesterday the seventh hour the fevers forsook the child. And the father knew, by his mind, that it was the same hour that Christ said, "Thy son liveth," and herefore believed he and all his house in Jesus Christ. And therefore Jesus said sooth that he and men like to him trowen not but if they see both signs and wonders. It was a sign of the sick child that he did works of an whole man, but it was a great wonder that by virtue of the word of Christ a man so far should ben whole, for so Christ shewed that he is virtue of Godhead, that is everywhere; and this virtue must be God, that did thus this miracle.

This story saith us this second wit⁵ that God giveth to holy writ, that this little king betokeneth a man's wit by sin slidden from God, that is but a little king in regard of his Maker; and his son was sick on the fevers, as weren these heathen folk and their affections that comen of their souls; but they hadden a kindly⁶ will to wite the truth and stand therein. This king came from Capernaum, that is, a field of fatness; for man fatted and alarded wendeth away from God. This man's wit when he heard that Jesus came to heathen men, and that betokeneth Galilee, that is transmigration, met with Jesus in plain way, and left his heathen possession, and prayed God to heal his folk that weren sick by ghostly fever. But Christ sharpened these men's belief, for faith is first needful to men, but understanding of man prayed Christ come down by grace before man's affections die about earthly goods. But, for men troweden the Godhead of Christ, they weren whole of this fever when they forsoken this world and put their hope in heavenly goods. These servants ben low virtues of the soul, which, working joyfully, tellen man's wit and his will that this son is whole of fever. This fever betokeneth shaking of man by unkindly distemper of abundance of worldly goods, that ben unstable as the water: and herefore saith St. James that he that doubteth in belief is like to a flood of the sea that with wind is berne about. That these servants tolden this king that in the seventh hour fever forsook this child, betokeneth a great wit as Robert of Lincoln⁷ sheweth. First it betokeneth that this fever goeth away from man's kind by seven gifts of the Holy Ghost that ben understooden by these hours. And this clerk divideth the day in two halves by six hours, so that all the day

betokeneth light of grace that man is in. The first six hours betokenen joy that man hath of worldly thing, and this is before spiritual joy, as utter man is before spiritual. But in the first hour of the second half leaveth ghostly fever man, for whosoever have worldly joy, if he have grace on some manner, yet he trembleth in some fever about goods of the world; but anon in the seventh hour, that is the first of the second half, when will of worldly things is left, and spiritual things begynnen to be loved, then this shaking passeth from man, and ghostly health cometh to the spirit. And so shadows of light of sun from the seventh hour in to the night ever waxen more and more, and that betokeneth ghostly, that vanity of this world seemeth aye more to man's spirit till he come to the end of this life, to life that aye shall last. And so this man troweth in God, both with understanding and will, with all the mayné⁸ of his house, when all his wite and all his strength ben obeshing⁹ to reason, when this fever is thus passed. Of this understanding men may take moral wit how men shall live, and large the matter as them liketh.

This little fancy drawn from Grosseteste of the healing of the fever in the seventh hour is a pleasant example of that allegorical method of interpreting the Bible, that finding of what Wiclif here calls the "second wit" of a passage, that spread chiefly from the example of the Greek Fathers of the Church. Such a second meaning, or mystical reading, was often added by interpreters of any passage from the Bible to what was held to be the doctrinal truth it contained, the essential truth first to be expounded. Wiclif's preaching shows that while his first care was to deal with what appeared to him the plain doctrines and duties set forth by the Gospel, he delighted in the exercise of wit for the development of spiritual under-senses in this way of parable. Thus, for example, in a sermon on the fifth chapter of Luke's Gospel, which tells how Christ in Simon Peter's boat bade him cast his net again into the sea, Wiclif spoke thus of

THE TWO FISHINGS OF PETER.

Two fishings that Peter fished betokeneth two takings of men unto Christ's religion, and from the fiend to God. In this first fishing was the net broken, to token that many men ben converted, and after broken Christ's religion; but at the second fishing, after the resurrection, when the net was full of many great fishes, was not the net broken, as the Gospel saith; for that betokeneth saints that God chooseth to heaven. And so these nets that fishers fishen with betokeneth God's Law, in which virtues and truths ben knitted, and other properties of nets tellen properties of God's Law; and void places between knots betokeneth life of kind,¹⁰ that men have beside virtues. And four cardinal virtues ben figured by knitting of the net. The net is broad in the beginning, and after strait in end, to teach that men, when they ben turned first, liven a broad worldly life; but afterward when they ben deeped in God's Law, they keepen hem straitlier from sins. These fishers of God shulden wash their nets in this river, for Christ's preachers shulden clearly telle God's Law, and not meddle with man's law, that is trooly

¹ Eft, again.

² Wite, know.

³ Trowed, believed.

⁴ Covered, recovered, cured.

⁵ Second wit, second or under sense; a mystical reading added to the plain one.

⁶ Kindly, natural.

⁷ Robert of Lincoln, Robert Grosseteste. (See page 54.)

⁸ Mayné (French "mesnie"), originally the people upon the establishment of a manse, which was a home with as much ground about as two oxen could till.

⁹ Obeshing (French "obeissant"), obedient.

¹⁰ Kind, nature.

water; for man's law containeth sharp stones and trees, by which the net of God is broken and fishes wend out to the world. And this betokeneth Gennesareth, that is, a wonderful birth, for the birth by which a man is born of water and of the Holy Ghost is much more wonderful than man's kindly¹ birth. Some nets ben rotten, some han holes, and some ben unclean for default of washing; and thus on three manners faileth the word of preaching. And matter of this net and breaking thereof given men great matter to speak God's word, for virtues and vices and truths of the Gospel ben matter enow to preach to the people.

All Wiclif's preaching was true to this definition of what ought to be the matter of the preacher, "virtues and vices, and truths of the Gospel;" but among vices that most hindered religion were those of the professed teachers of religion, and an essential part of Wiclif's service to the people was his labour to check the corruptions of the Church. His chief service was the giving of the Bible itself to common Englishmen. He was at work upon this in 1374 when an inquiry into the number and value of English benefices given to Italians and Frenchmen caused a commission, of which Wiclif was a member, to be appointed for negotiation at Bruges with the Court of Rome. In November, 1375, Wiclif was presented to the prebend of Aust, in the collegiate church of Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester, and not long afterwards he was appointed by the Crown to the rectory of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. In 1376, a Parliament, called by the people "the Good Parliament," which opposed usurpations and tyrannies both of the Pope and of the King—expelling and imprisoning some of John of Gaunt's adherents—presented a remonstrance to the Crown upon the extortions of the Court of Rome. In this it urged that the tax paid to the Pope of Rome for ecclesiastical dignities doth amount to five-fold as much as the tax of all the profits that appertain to the king, by the year, of this whole realm; and for some one bishopric or other dignity the Pope, by way of translation and death, hath three, four, or five several taxes: that the brokers of that sinful city for money promote many caitiffs, being altogether unlearned and unworthy, to a thousand marks living yearly; whereas the learned and worthy can hardly obtain twenty marks; whereby learning decayeth. That aliens, enemies to this land, who never saw, nor care to see, their parishioners, have those livings, whereby they despise God's service and convey away the treasure of the realm. There was much more that explicitly set forth evils of Church corruption. It was in June of the same year that the death of the Black Prince deprived England of a popular heir to the throne. In the next year, 1377, when the protest of Parliament was continued, the Pope's collector, resident in London, a Frenchman in the time of English wars with France, who sent annually 20,000 marks to the Pope, was gathering first-fruits throughout England. The Parliament advised that no such collector or proctor for the Pope be suffered to remain in England, upon pain of life or limb; and that, on the like pain, no Englishman become any such collector or proctor,

or remain at the Court of Rome. While this was the political side of the reform movement, Wiclif for the support he gave it on spiritual grounds was cited to appear before Convocation at St. Paul's, on the 19th of February, 1377. The Court, then in full heat of political conflict with the Pope, supported Wiclif, and he was escorted to St. Paul's by John of Gaunt himself and Lord Henry Percy, the Earl-Marshal. The result was a brawl in the church, and a brawl following it in the town. The people confounded the cause of Wiclif with the character of John of Gaunt, whom they had no reason to count among their friends, and judging by his companions the pure spiritual reformer who was the best friend they had, they took part, naturally, with the bishop whose authority the overbearing courtiers had in their own fashion defied. Four months afterwards—on the 21st of June, 1377—Edward III. died, and his grandson Richard, son of the Black Prince, became king, at the age of eleven, as Richard II. Wiclif was then past fifty, and his work on the translation of the Bible was within two or three years of completion.

England was then suffering much by war. The French and Spaniards committed unchecked ravages upon our coast, destroyed the town of Rye, burnt Hastings, Poole, Portsmouth, and other places. Sore need of the means of self-defence quickened desire to check the Pope's drain on the treasures of the kingdom. The Pope, upon change of reign, revived the claim of Peter's pence which Edward III. had resisted. Wiclif was asked as to the lawfulness of withholding payments to the Pope, and justified it by the law of nature, self-preservation, which God has imposed on nations as on individuals. He justified it also by the Gospel, since the Pope could claim English money only under the name of alms, and consequently under the title of works of mercy, according to the rules of charity; but, he said, it would be madness, not charity, while pressed by taxation at home and facing the prospect of ruin, to give our goods to foreigners already wallowing in luxury. Bulls against Dr. John Wiclif, Professor of Divinity and Rector of Lutterworth, had been issued by the Pope before the death of Edward III. They were addressed to the King, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the University of Oxford. Private inquiry was first to be made as to Wiclif's heresies, and if this showed them to be as represented, he was to be imprisoned, and dealt with according to the instructions of his Holiness. Early in the year 1378, Wiclif appeared before a Synod of Papal Commissioners, held in the Archbishop's Chapel at Lambeth Palace. But the Londoners were now with the Reformer, a crowd broke into the chapel to protect him, and the commissioners were daunted also by a message from the widow of the Black Prince, forbidding them to pass any sentence against Wiclif. He was dismissed with an admonition.

It was at this time that the increasing movement for reform was aided by the schism in the Papacy. The removal of the Papal see to Avignon, early in the fourteenth century, by making the Pope dependent on the King of France, whose interests were held to be opposite to those of the King of

¹ Kindly, according to nature.

England, had greatly weakened the Pope's influence in this country. Upon the death of Gregory XI, in 1378, the Romans, weary of French Popes, elected an Italian, who became Pope as Urban VI. Against him was presently set up a Frenchman as Clement VII.; and so there were two discordant heads of the Church—one at Rome and one at Avignon—each claiming infallibility. Wiclif's conflict with the Papacy now passed to open war. "Trust we," he said, "in the help of Christ, for He hath begun already to help us graciously, in that He hath cloven the head of Antichrist and made the two parts fight against each other; for it cannot be doubtful that the sin of the Popes, which hath so long continued, hath brought in the division." This he wrote in a treatise on the schism, called the "Schisma Papæ," and about the same time he produced a treatise on the "Truth and Meaning of Scripture," in which he maintained the right of private judgment, asserted the supreme authority and the sufficiency of Scripture, and the need of a Bible in English.

While the supreme authority maintained that an admitted right of private judgment would lead many to heresy and peril of their souls, and that Holy Scripture in the language of the people, open to interpretation by the ignorant, would diffuse the error from which men were saved by the intervention of well-taught interpreters, the people of this country had, as we have seen, made fullest use of all permitted means of access to the Bible. Since it was lawful to translate the book of Psalms, that book had several translators. Of a metrical Psalter in Transition English of the North of England, in the thirteenth century, which was edited in 1845 by Mr. Joseph Stevenson, for the Surtees Society, in the same volume with a First-English Psalter, this will serve as a specimen:—

PSALM LXVII.

God milthe¹ of us, and blis us thus;
Light over us his face, and milthe us.
That we knowe in erthe thi wai,
In alle genge² thi heling ai.³
Schriven to the, God, folke be;
Schriven alle folke be to the.
Faine and glade genge, mare and lesse,
For thou demes⁴ folke in evennesse;
And genge in erthe with thi might
Steres⁵ thou, that thai do right.
Schriven to the, God, be folke; al folke to the
schrive.
The erthe gaf his fruite bilive.
Blisse us, God; our God us blisse
And drede him all endes of erthe thisse.

The first prose version of the Psalms in Transition English was made about the year 1327, by William of Shoreham, who was Vicar of Chart Sutton, in Kent,

¹ *Milthe*. First-English "milts," mercy; "miltisan," to pity, to be gracious.

² *Genge*, nations, congregations of people. First-English "genge," a flock.

³ *Ai*, ever.

⁴ *Demes*, judgest.

⁵ *Steres*, rulest. First-English "steoran," to steer, rule, govern.

and wrote Southern English. I take the 22nd Psalm in this version as an example:—

PSALM XXIII.

Our Lord governeth me, and nothing shall defailen to me; in the stede of pasture he sett me ther.

He norissed me up water of fyllinge; he turned my soule from the fende.

He lad⁶ me up the bistiges⁷ of rigtfulnes; for his name. For gif that ich have gon amiddes of the shadowe of deeth; Y shal nougt douten iuels, for thou art wyth me.

Thy discipline and thyn amending; comforted me. Thou madest radi grace in my sight; ogayns hem that trublen me.

Thou makest fatt myn heued wyth mercy; and my drynke makand drunken ys ful clere.

And thy merci shal folwen me; alle daies of mi lif:

And that ich wonne⁸ in the hous of our Lord, in lengthe of daies.

The next English prose version of the Psalms was that of Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, author of "The Prick of Conscience," already mentioned. He made his translation at the request of Dame Margaret Kirkby, of the Nunnery at Hampole. Of Richard Rolle's translation this is a specimen:—

PSALM LXXIX.

God, folkis come in to thyn heritage, thei defouledyn this hooli temple; thei setten Jerusalem in to keepyng of applis.

Thei settyn the deede bodies of thi seruautis meete to the foulis of heuene; fleische of thyn halowis⁹ to beestis of erthe.

Thei heeld¹⁰ out the bloode of hem as watir in the cumpas fo Jerusalem; and there was not to birye hem.

We ben maad repreef to our neighboris; scoornynge and hethyng¹¹ to alle that ben in oure cumpas.

Hou longe, Lord, schal thou be wroth in to the eende; thi loue as fijr schal be kyndlid.

Heeld out thyn yre in to folkis that knewen thee not; and in to rewmys that han not inclepid thi name.

There are many variations in the manuscripts of Richard Rolle's translation of the Psalms.

In the religious house of Llanthony, in Monmouthshire, there was in the twelfth century a monk named Clement, who wrote in Latin a *Monotessaron*, or "Harmony of the Gospels." Wiclif's earlier work on what seemed to him signs of the coming end of the world, "The Last Age of the Church," perhaps suggested to him the Commentary on the Apocalypse, with which his work upon the Bible-text may have begun. He may then have written Commentaries on the Gospels of Matthew, Luke, and

⁶ *Lad*, led.

⁷ *Bistiges*, paths. First-English "stig," a path. An italic *g* stands here for the softened *g*, represented in Transition English by a modified letter like *ȝ*. Such a *g* disappears or becomes *y* or *gh* in modern English.

⁸ *Wonne*, dwell. First-English "wunian."

⁹ *Halowis*, saints. First-English "halga," from "halig," holy.

¹⁰ *Heeld*, poured. Icelandic "hella," to pour out. So in Wiclif's translation of Mark's Gospel, "No man sendith newe wyn in-to old botelis, ellis the wyn shal berste the wyn-vessels, and the wyn shall be held out."

¹¹ *Hethyng*, scoff. Icelandic "hætha," to scoff at; "hæthing," scoffing.

John; but his authorship of these is doubtful. In the Prologue to the Commentary upon Matthew's Gospel, their compiler strongly urged that the whole Scriptures ought to be translated into English. His Commentaries included the text they explained, and their method is set forth by himself in this passage of his Prologue to the Commentary upon Luke:—

"Herefore a poor caitiff¹ letted from preaching for a time for causes known of God, writeth the Gospel of Luke in English, with a short exposition of old and holy doctors, to the poor men of his nation which cunnen little Latin either none, and ben poor of wit and of worldly catel, and natheless rich of goodwill to please God. First this poor caitiff setteth a full sentence of the text together, that it may well be known from the exposition; afterwards he setteth a sentence of a doctor declaring the text; and in the end of the sentence he setteth the doctor's name, that men mowen know verily how far his sentence goeth. Only the text of the Holy Writ, and sentence of old doctors and approved, ben set in this exposition."

While Wiclif was at work, another writer, whose name is unknown, but whose English is of the North of England, produced Commentaries upon Matthew, Mark, and Luke, executed upon the same principle. This writer said in his preface to the Commentary on Matthew:—

"Here begins the exposition of St. Matthew after the chapters that ben set in the Bible, the chapters of which Gospel ben eight-and-twenty.

"This work some time I was stirred to begin of one that I suppose verily was God's servant, and oftentimes prayed me this work to begin; sayand to me, that sethin the Gospel is rule, by the whilk each Christian man owes to life,² divers has drawn it into Latin, the whilk tongue is not knowen to ilk man, but only to the lered, and many lewd men are that gladly would con the Gospel if it were drawn into English tongue, and so it should do great profit to man soul, about the whilk profit ilk man that is in the grace of God, and to whom God has sent conning, owes heartily to busy him. Wherefore I that through the grace of God began this work, so stirred, as I have said before, by such word, thought in my heart that I was holden by charity this work to begin; and so this work I began at the suggestion of God's servant. And greatly in this doing I was comforted of other of God's servants divers, to such time that through the grace of God I brought this to an end. In the whilk outdrawing I set not of mine head, nor of mine own fantasy, but as I found in other expositors."

Another unknown worker made a version of St. Paul's Epistles into Latin and English. To Wiclif is ascribed a translation into English of Clement of Llanthony's "Harmony of the Gospels," and then, by separating the text from the annotation in his Commentaries, he is said to have produced complete English versions of the separate Gospels. Wiclif himself is believed to have been also the translator of

the Acts of the Apostles, and of the Epistles, as well as of the Apocalypse.

The chief translator in Wiclif's time of the books of the Old Testament was Nicholas of Hereford. The original copy of his English version of the Old Testament is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, corrected throughout by a contemporary hand. A second copy in the Bodleian is a transcript made from the first before it was corrected, and it is in this early transcript that the translation is said to have been made by Nicholas de Hereford. This Nicholas was a Doctor of Divinity in Queen's College, Oxford, and was in 1382—two years before Wiclif's death—one of the Lollard leaders in the University. On Ascension Day in that year he preached at St. Frideswide's by order of the Chancellor. A few days later, on the 18th of May, he was cited before a synod of Dominicans at London, and on the 20th he delivered a paper containing his opinions. On the 1st of July, at an adjourned meeting in Canterbury, he was excommunicated. He appealed to the Pope, went, it is said, to Rome, and was there imprisoned. Released with other prisoners during an insurrection, he came to England, where, in January, 1386, he was committed to prison for life by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In August, 1387, he was free, and aiding Reformation. In October, 1393, he was present when Walter Brute, of Hereford, was charged with heresy. In February, 1394, he was made Chancellor of the Cathedral at Hereford, and in March, 1397, he became Treasurer of the Cathedral. He was an old man when he resigned that office, in 1417, and joined the Carthusians of St. Anne's, at Coventry, among whom he died. This is a piece of his Old Testament translation:—

PSALM LXVII.

God have merci of vs, and blisse to vs, ligte to his chere vpon vs; and haue mercy of vs. That wee knowe in the erthe thi weic; in alle jentilis thi helthe givere. Knouleche to thee puplis, God; knouleche to thee alle puplis. Gladen and ful out ioge jentilis, for thou demest puplis in equite; and jentilis in the erthe thou dressist. Knouleche to thee puplis, God, knouleche to thee alle puplis; the erthe gaf his frut. Blesse vs God, oure God, blesse us God; and drede him alle the coostus of erthe.

And here is a specimen of Wiclif's New Testament translation. It is from

MATTHEW'S GOSPEL—CHAPTER VI.

Take see³ hede, lest 3e don 3our rigtwisnesse before men, that 3ee be seen of hem, ellis 3e shule nat han meed at 3oure fadir that is in heuenes. Therfore when thou dost almesse, nyle thou synge byfore thee in a trumpe, as ypocritis don in synagogis and streetis, that thei ben maad worshipful of men; forsothe Y saye to 3ou, thei han reseceyued her meede. But thee doynge almesse, knowe nat the left hond what thi rigt

¹ Mr. Thomas Arnold argues, among other things in opposition to Wiclif's authorship of the Commentary, that he could hardly have called himself a "poor caitiff," and that he was never "letted from preaching."

² Owes to life, ought to live.

³ See. The character at the beginning of this word is here used throughout for the soft *g*, which it resembles. It is not *z*. (See Note 2, page 49.)

hond doth, that thi almes be in hidlis,¹ and thi fadir that seeth in hidlis, shal zeelde to thee. And when 3e shuln preye, 3ee shuln nat be as ypocritis, the whiche stondynge louen to preye in synagogis and corners of streetis, that thei be seen of men; trewly Y say to 3ou, thei han resseyued her meede. But whan thou shalt preye, entre in to thi couche, and the dore schet, preye thi fadir in hidlis, and thi fadir that seeth in hidlis, shal zeelde to thee. Sothely preyinge nyle 3ee speke moche, as hethen men don, for thei gessen that thei ben herd in theire moche speche. Therefore nyl 3e be maadliche to hem, for 3oure fadir woot what is need to 3ou, before that 3e axen hym. Forsothe thus 3e shulen preyen, Oure fadir that art in heuene, halwid be thi name; thi kyngdom cumme to; be thi wille don as in heuen and² in erthe; gif to vs this day oure breed oure other substaunce; and for3eue to vs oure dettis, as we for3eue to oure dettours; and leede vs nat in to temptacioun, but delyuere vs fro yuel. Amen. Forsothe gif 3ee shulen for3eue to men her synns, and² 3oure heuene fadir shal for3eue to 3ou 3oure trespassis. Sothely gif 3ee shulen for3eue not to men, neither 3oure fadir shal for3eue to 3ou 3oure synnes. But when 3ee fasten, nyl 3e be maad as ypocritis sorweful, for thei putten her facis out of kyndly termys, that thei seme fastynge to men; trewly Y say to 3ou, thei han resseyued her meede. But whan thou fastist, anoynte thin hede, and washe thi face, that thou be nat seen fastynge to men, but to thi fadir that is in hidlis, and thi fadir that seeth in hidlis, shal zeelde to thee. Nyle 3e tresoure to 3ou tresours in erthe, wher rust and mou3the destruyeth, and wher theues deluen out and stelen; but tresoure 3ee to 3ou tresours in heuene, wher neither rust ne mou3the destruyeth, and wher theues deluen nat out, ne stelen. Forsothe wher thi tresour is there and² thin herte is. The lanterne of thi body is thin e3e; gif thin e3e be symple, al thi body shal be lyghtful; bot gif thyn e3e be weyward, al thi body shal be derkful. Therefore gif the lyght that is in thee be derknessis, how grete shulen thilk derknessis be? No man may serue to two lordis, forsothe ethir he shal haat the toon, and loue the tother; other he shal susteyn the toon, and dispise the tothir. 3e mown nat serue to God and richessis. Therefore Y say to 3ou, that 3e ben nat besie to 3oure lijf, what 3e shulen ete; othir to 3oure body, with what 3e shuln be clothid. Wher³ 3oure lijf is nat more than mete, and the body more than clothe? Beholde 3e the fleeginge foulis of the eir, for thei sown nat, ne repyn, neither gadren in to bernys; and 3oure fadir of heuen fedith hem. Wher 3e ben nat more worthi than thei? Sothely who of 3ou thenkinge may putte to his stature oo cubite? And of clothing what ben 3e besye? Beholde 3e the lilies of the feelde, how thei wexen. Thei traueilen nat, nether spynnen. Trewly I say to 3ou, for whi neither Salamon in al his glorie was keuerid as oon of thes. For gif God clothith thus the heye of the feeld, that to day is, and to morwe is sente in to the fourneyse, how moche more 3ou of litil feith? Therefore nyl 3e be bisie, sayinge, What shulen we ete? or, What shulen we drynke? or, With what thing shulen we be keuered? Forsothe heithen men sechen alle these thingis; trewly 3oure fadir wote that 3e han need to alle these thingis. Therefore seke 3ee first the kyngdam of God and his ri3twisnesse, and alle these thingis shulen be cast to 3ou. Therefore nyle 3e be besie in to the morwe, for the morew day shal be besie to it self; sothely it sufficith to the day his malice.

¹ *Hidlis*, a secret place. First-English "hydels." So Wiclif translates "Exultatio eorum sicut ejus qui devorat pauperem in abscondito," "The gladnes of hem, as of hym that deuoureth the pore in hidlis."

² And, also.

³ *Wher*, whether.

In the last years of his life, after he had secured a translation of the whole Bible into English by himself and his fellow-workers,⁴ Wiclif wrote many English tracts on the religious questions of the day; and his labour for Reformation, that had begun with the corruptions of Church discipline, included more argument against what he held to be corruptions of Church doctrine, especially upon the old question of the real presence of Christ in the bread and wine of the Sacrament. In 1381 he issued twelve propositions against the doctrine of transubstantiation. In 1382, the London Dominicans, or Black Friars, as custodians of orthodox opinion, condemned as heretical twenty-four conclusions drawn from Dr. Wiclif's writings. Apparently in reply to this came the tract setting forth "Fifty Heresies and Errors of Friars," ascribed to Wiclif, and probably his, but perhaps by one of his followers. Wiclif was then banished from the University, and in 1384 was summoned to appear before the Pope; but on the last day of that year he died.

Of the personal appearance of the first great English Church Reformer there are only two records. One



JOHN WICLIF.

From Bale's "Centuries of British Writers" (1548).

is the portrait, said to have been by Sir Antonio More, which Dr. Thomas Zouch, Rector of Wycliffe, in Yorkshire, gave to the rectory in 1796, to be preserved by the rectors who should succeed him, as an heirloom of the rectory house. A copy of it is at the commencement of this chapter. The other record, perhaps more trustworthy, is a woodcut portrait which appeared in the first edition, published in 1548, and only in that first edition, of John Bale's "Centuries of the Illustrious Writers of Great Britain."

⁴ A noble edition of Wiclif's Bible was published by the University of Oxford in 1850: "The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocryphal Books, in the Earliest English Version made from the Latin Vulgate, by John Wycliffe and his Followers. Edited by the Rev. Josiah Forshall, F.R.S., &c., late Fellow of Exeter College, and Sir Frederick Madden, K.H., F.R.S., &c., Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Oxford University Press."

This is well executed, and except woodcuts of Bale himself presenting his book to Edward VI., it is the only portrait in the volume. The publisher of that edition must, therefore, have valued it as a copy from some trustworthy original which is not now to be found. The picture ascribed to Sir Antonio More must also have been copied from a portrait now lost, and there is likeness enough between the two.

Fellow-worker and contemporary with John Wiclif was William Langland. His religious poem called "The Vision of Piers Plowman" was addressed to the whole body of the English people, and dealt earnestly with the material condition of the country, so far as that concerned its spiritual life. It was in the old English form of alliterative verse, and had a vocabulary rich, not only by the acquisition of new words from the Norman-French, but by the retention of old English words which had already become obsolete in the cultivated English of the towns, though still familiar among the people. Its popular English—English rather of the country than of the town—includes, in fact, so many words of which the disuse has, by this time, become general, that "The Vision of Piers Plowman" is now to be read less easily than contemporary verse of Chaucer's, and to modern eyes looks older for that which gave it, in the ears of those for whom it was written, the ease of homeliness. It was not the homeliness of an ill-taught rusticity, but of an educated man of genius who loved God and his country, and laboured to lift many eyes from amidst the troubles of those times to Christ, typified by the Plowman of whom he told his Vision. "The Vision of Piers Plowman" deserves European fame as one of the great poems of the fourteenth century; but it is enough for Langland if, after many years, his own countrymen shall still hold him in memory, and honour him because they share the spirit of his work.

William Langland¹ may have been born, as John Bale says that he was, at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, or, as a fifteenth-century note on one MS. of his poems says that he was, at Shipton-under-Wychwood, four miles from Burford, in Oxfordshire, the son of a freeman named Stacy de Rokayle, who lived there as a tenant under Lord le Spenser. Upon one MS. he is called William W., which may possibly mean William de Wychwood. In a part of his poem which contains a reference to the accession of Richard II. in 1377, Langland seems to speak of his own age as forty-five:—

"Coveytise-of-eyghes conforted me anon after
And folwed me fourty wynter and a fyfte more."

If we take this as direct evidence, the earliest possible date of Langland's birth would be 1332. He was well educated, perhaps in the Priory School at

Malvern, and then seems to have been engaged in that house upon offices of the Church. His Vision was represented as occurring to him while he slept from time to time on Malvern Hills. The opening lines may be variously interpreted:—

"In a somer seson whan soft was the sonne
I shope me in shroudes as I a shepe were,
In habit as an heremite unholy of workes,
Went wyde in this world wondres to here."

Shepe here is said to mean shepherd, and William is supposed to have put on a shepherd's dress, which resembled that of a hermit. Hermit "unholy of works" was paraphrased by Dr. Whitaker as meaning "not like an anchorite who keeps his cell, but like one of those unholy hermits who wander about the world to see and hear wonders," and some such sense of depreciation is usually given to the phrase. I think that "shepe" means sheep, as the opposite to shepherd; and that William on a summer's day put off the clerical dress that marked his place among the pastors, made himself as one of the flock, in habit of a heremite, a man given to contemplation in the wilderness,—for Malvern Hills were then a famous wilderness; and so to William's mind was the wide world. He took the form of a man devoting himself to lonely thought, who was "unholy of works," because he made himself as one of the flock, not of the pastors, thinking and feeling as one of the people of England, and as if he were not vowed to the sole contemplation of God. I do not suppose unholy to have any bad sense, but to mean only that William made himself, for the purpose of the poem, as one of the people, and put aside for a time his work as of one in holy orders. That he was incorporated in some way with the great religious house at Malvern is made the more probable by the account he gave in later life of his means of subsistence when living in Cornhill with Kit his wife:—

"And ich lyue in London and on London both
The lomes² that ich laboure with and lyfode³ deserve
Ys pater-noster and my prymer, placebo and dirige,
And my sauter som tyme and my seuene psalmes.
Thus ich syng for hure soules of suche as me helpen
And tho⁴ that fynden me my fode."

The freedom with which William Langland entered into the new spirit of reformation stayed, no doubt, his advancement in the Church. Such a man as a married priest, with a wife Kit and Calot a daughter, might live in London and on London by the help of those who shared his aspirations and could lighten the burden of his daily life; but he had entirely turned his back upon the race for Church preferment, and had indeed, in the eyes of the Church superiors, "shope himself in shroudes as he a shepe were, in habit as an heremite unholy of workes." He had gone out into the wilderness that he might tell us of

¹ Bale, in his Latin "Centuries of the Illustrious Writers of Great Britain," called him Robert Langland, born at Cleobury Mortimer, in the clayland, and within eight miles of Malvern Mills. But earlier than this sixteenth-century evidence of a writer who abounds in errors, is the evidence of the titles of MSS. which always call him William, of the author's own use of "Will" when he speaks of himself, and of a record on a Dublin MS. in a hand of the fifteenth century, which describes him as William of Langland, son of Stacy de Rokayle.

² Lomes, utensils. First-English "lóma" and "gelóma," household stuff, utensils, furniture, stock, store.

³ Lyfode (First-English "lifáde"), maintenance, livelihood.

⁴ Tho, those.

the solemn voices that he heard through all the noise and babble of the world.

Langland's poem rose out of almost his whole life as a man. He began it about the year 1362, when he was not older than thirty. He was thoroughly revising it about the year 1377, when his age was forty-five, and he continued to revise and enlarge it during the next twenty years. The numerous MSS. which attest the great popularity of the poem represent it in three forms, corresponding to these stages of its development—first in eleven passus, or divisions; then in twenty; then in twenty-three. It was from a MS. of the second form that Robert Crowley, dwelling in Ely Rents in Holborn (he was Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate), first printed "The Vision of Piers Plowman," in 1550, in a quarto volume of 250 pages. It was published to assist, by its true voice, the great effort made towards reformation in the reign of Edward VI., and so heartily welcomed that there were three editions of the poem at this date. It was again printed by Reginald Wolfe in 1553; and, after the interval of Mary's reign, again by Owen Rogers in 1561. But Langland's work was known to very few when, in 1813, Dr. Thomas Dunham Whitaker printed an edition of it from a MS. of the third and latest type. It was edited again by Mr. Thomas Wright, in 1842 and 1856, the latter edition being a most convenient and accessible one, forming two volumes of a "Library of Old English Authors."¹ Mr. Wright's edition was from a MS. giving a form of the poem similar to that published by Robert Crowley; and in 1867, 1869, and 1873, each of the three forms of the MSS. of "Piers Plowman" was represented, with collation of all the best of the three dozen MS. texts, in editions prepared by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, for the Early-English Text Society.²

Wandering over Malvern Hills on a May morning, William became weary. He lay down and slept upon the grass. Then he saw in a dream—first of the series of dreams that form his Vision—"all the wealth of this world, and the woe both." Between the sunrise, where rose in the east the Tower of Truth, and the sunset, where Death dwelt in a deep dale,

"A fair field full of folk found I there between,
All manner of men, the mean and the rich,
Working and wandering as the world asketh."

¹ The "Library of Old English Authors," published by J. R. Smith. Soho Square, has already been referred to as containing in three of its five-shilling volumes Sir Thomas Malory's "History of King Arthur." It is a series of good handy editions of books of real worth.

² Mr. Skeat's work upon Langland's great poem is singularly thorough. He publishes, with a special introduction, each of its three forms separately, from collation of the MSS., with various readings and reference to the MS. containing each. A fourth section is assigned to the General Introduction, Notes and Index. Besides this work on the whole poem, Mr. Skeat has contributed to the Clarendon Press Series the first seven passus—"The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman," by William Langland, according to the version revised and enlarged by the author about A.D. 1377, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, as an aid to the right study of Early English in colleges and schools, and also as a most efficient guide to the reading of the whole poem by those to whom its English, without such help, would be obscure. Mr. Skeat's thorough study of the poem from all points of view makes him our chief authority in any question concerning it.

Some put themselves to the plough, took little rest, and earned that which the wasters destroy by their gluttony. Some put themselves to pride, and clothed themselves thereafter in many a guise. Many put themselves to prayer and penance, living hard lives for the love of our Lord, in hope to have a good end, and bliss in heaven. Some lived by trade; and some by minstrelsy, avoiding labour, swearing great oaths, and inventors of foul fancies, making themselves fools, though they have wit at will to work if they would. Beggars were there with full bags, brawling and gluttonous; pilgrims and palmers who went to St. James of Compostella and the saints of Rome, and had leave to tell lies all their lives after. Long lubbers made pilgrimages to our Lady of Walsingham,³ clothed themselves in copes to be known from other men,

"And made themselves Hermits, their ease to have.

I found there Friars, all the four orders,⁴
Preaching the people for profit of the wam⁵
And glosing⁶ the Gospel as them good liked.

There preached a Pardoner, as he a Priest were,
And brought forth a bull with bishop's seals,
And said that himself might assail them all
Of falseness of fastings, of vows to-broke.
Lewéd men lieved⁷ him well, and likened his words,
Comen and kneleden, to kissen his bulls.⁸
He blessed⁹ them with his brevet,¹⁰ and bleared¹¹ their eyes

³ Our Lady of Walsingham. The shrine of the Virgin Mary in the monastery of the Augustinian Canons at Walsingham, in Norfolk (twenty-seven miles N.W. of Norwich), attracted very many pilgrims. Norfolk people said that the Milky-way pointed to it, and was Walsingham-way. The monastery was founded in the eleventh century by Geoffrey de Taverche. Henry VIII. in the second year of his reign walked barefoot from the village of Barsham to the shrine at Walsingham, but afterwards he caused the image of Our Lady to be burnt at Chelsea. The ruins are now a lofty arch, sixty feet high, some cloister and another arch, a stone bath, and the two Wishing Wells. Any pilgrim allowed to drink of their water had his wish.

⁴ Friars, all the four orders. Grey Friars (Franciscans or Minorites); Black Friars (Dominicans); White Friars (Carmelites); Austin Friars (Augustines). The foundation of the Grey and Black Friars has been described (see pages 52, 53). The Carmelites claimed Elijah for their founder. They were established in the twelfth century by Berthold, a Calabrian, who went to the Holy Land and formed a hermit community on Mount Carmel, the traditional abode of Elijah. Pressed out by the Saracens in 1238, they spread over Europe, and had in Langland's time about forty houses in England and Wales. The Austin Friars followed the Rule of St. Augustine, prescribed by Pope Alexander IV. in 1256.

⁵ Wam, womb. First English "wamb," the belly.

⁶ Glosing, commenting on, interpreting.

⁷ Lieved, believed. First-English "lýfan," to allow.

⁸ Bulls were so called from the seals attached. The round official seal of stamped lead attached to the document was called bulls from its roundness. This is one of a class of mimetic words said to originate in the roundness, or of the motion of the bubbles in a boiling pot. Bull or ball, from the roundness of the bubble. Ballot, a little ball; balloon, a great one. Ballare, to dance from the movement of boiling, whence ball, a dance; ballet, a little dance. So ballade was probably named from the old custom of swaying to and fro in various ways, accordant to the mood expressed by the reciter.

⁹ Blessed. Another MS. has *bonched*, hammered at. Icelandic "banga," to hammer, whence the common English form "to bang," and a provincial form "to bunch," meaning to strike.

¹⁰ Brevet, letter of indulgence. A short official letter. Old French "brievet," from Latin "breve," like English and German "brief." So also in Icelandic "bref" meant a letter and a written deed, or official despatch, in which last sense (according to Cleasby and Vigfusson) the word first occurs in the negotiation between Norway and Sweden. A.D. 1018.

¹¹ Bleared, made dim. This is not the word bleared applied to eyes.

And raught with his ragéman¹ rings and brooches.
Thus ye giveth your gold gluttons to help."

But, says the poet, though the bishop were a saint and worth both his ears, his seals should not be sent to deceive the people. Parsons and parish priests, in this field full of folk that stood for the English world, complained in Will's dream to the bishop that their parishioners were poor since the pestilence time, and asked licence to live in London—

"And sing there for simony: silver is sweet.
Bishops and bachelors, both masters and doctors,
That have cure under Christ, and crowning in token,
Ben chargéd with Holy-Church Charity to till,
That is leal love and life among learned and lewéd;²
They lien in London in Lentene and elles.
Some serven the King, and his silver tellen,³
In the chequer and the chancelry, challenging his debts,
Of wards and of wardmotes, waifs and strays.
Some aren as seneschals and serven other lords,
And ben in stead of stewards, and sitten and demen.⁴

Conscience accused such men, and the people heard, and the world was made worse by their covetousness. The Cardinals to whom St. Peter entrusted his power to bind and to unbind were not the Cardinals at court, who take that name and presume power in themselves to make a Pope; they were the four Cardinal Virtues. So Will, in his Vision, looked upon the world till a King came into the field led by Knighthood—"the much might of the men made him to reign." And then came Kind-wit, the knowledge of the natural man, and he made Clerks; and Conscience, Kind-wit, and Knighthood together agreed that the Commons should support them. Kind-wit and the Commons contrived between them all the crafts, and for chief profit of the people made a plough, whereby men may live through loyal labour while there remains life and land. Here Langland applies the mediæval fable of the rats and mice who wished to bell the cat that they might know when to get out of his way; but when the bell was bought and fastened to a collar, there was no rat of all the rout, for all the realm of France, that durst have bound the bell about the cat's neck. Then stood forth a wise little mouse, who said—

red after crying—a word said to be formed from *blear*; but *bleared* allied to *blurred*. See page 137, note 13 of the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems."

¹ *Raught with his ragéman*. *Raught*, reached, got to himself. First-English "*raecan*."—*Ragman*. In the Chronicle of Lanercost (edited by Stevenson, page 261), we read that an instrument or charter of subjection and homage to the kings of England is called by the Scots *ragman*, because of the many seals hanging from it. "*Unum instrumentum sive cartam subjectionis et homagii faciendi regibus Angliæ . . . a Scottis propter multa sigilla dependentia ragman vocatur.*" That is the sense in which Langland uses the word. Afterwards in Wyntoun's Chronicle, Douglas and Dunbar, "*ragman*" and "*ragment*" mean a long piece of writing, a rhapsody, or an account. In course of time, it is said, "*ragman's roll*" became "*rigmarole*."

² *Lewéd*, the unlearned mass of the people. First-English "*leóde*," people.

³ *Tellen*, count. First-English "*tellan*."

⁴ *Demen*, give judgment.

"Though we had ykilléd the cat, yet should there come another

To cratchen us and all our kind, though we creep under benches,

For-thi⁵ I counsel, for common profit, let the cat be,

And never be we so bold the bell him to shew.

For I heard my sire sayn, seven year past,

'There⁶ the cat nis but a kitten the court is full ailing;'

Witness of Holy Writ, who so can read—

Væ terræ ubi puer est rex Salamon,"

"Woe to thee, O Land, when thy king is a child!" (Ecclesiastes x. 16). There is here one of the pathetic echoes of this cry which blended with the voice of England in our literature after young Richard II. became king. Langland applied his fable of the belling of the cat to the power of Edward III.'s son, John of Gaunt, the richest noble in England, the wielder of royal power in the last years of his father's weakness, and one who was believed to be looking forward to possession of the throne. Detested by the commonalty, he was the cat whom the rats and mice desired to bell. Langland's parable was a veiled suggestion that no substantial gain was to be hoped. Though we might bell the cat, what of the kitten? Could the misery of the land with John of Gaunt foremost at court be less when it had a child for king and its princes ate in the morning? What his dream of the cat and the rats meant he said to his readers "divine ye, for I ne dare."

The misery of the land! We have referred to the burning and ravage of our coast towns at the close of Edward III.'s reign. Langland has represented country priests pleading that they could not draw livings out of congregations wasted and impoverished by plague. Later reference to these pestilences, as well as to a memorable high wind, and to the treaty of Bretigny, fix the year 1362 as about the time when Langland began to write his Vision. The first two of the great pestilences of the fourteenth century were suffered by England in the years 1348-49 and 1360-61. The earlier of these, known as "the Black Death" or "the Great Mortality," was, of all plagues, the most desolating ever known in Europe. It was said that the plague entered Italy with a thick foul mist from the east. Unseasonable weather had caused general failure of crops. In the spring of 1347, before the plague, bread was being distributed to the poor in Italian cities; 94,000 twelve-ounce loaves were given away daily from large public bakehouses erected in Florence alone. Famine preceded pestilence; and of the famine many died. The "Black Death" had raged on the northern shores of the Black Sea before it was brought thence to Constantinople. Thence it passed, in 1347, to Cyprus, Sicily, Marseilles, and some of the seaports of Italy. It spread over the Mediterranean islands, and reached Avignon in January, 1348. Petrarch's Laura was there among its victims. It spread through Italy and France, was in Florence by April, passed into Germany, entered England in August, but three months then passed before it had reached London.

⁵ *For-thi*, therefore.

⁶ *There*, where.

In 1349 it was sweeping over northern Europe, but it did not reach Russia till 1351. Those were not days of accurate statistics, and we may say nothing of the 23,840,000 said to have died by this plague in the East; but of Western towns, civilised enough to have some notion of the number of their inhabitants, Venice said that there perished 100,000 of her people, or three-fourths of the whole population; Florence said she had lost 60,000; Avignon, 60,000; Paris, 50,000; London, 100,000; Norwich, 51,100; Yarmouth, 7,052. In many places half the population died; some little towns and villages lost all by death and flight. Of the Franciscan Friars in Germany there were said to have perished 124,434, and in Italy 30,000. Merchants sought favour of God by laying down their treasures at the altar; monks shunned the gifts for the contagion that they brought, and closed their gates, and still had the vain riches of this world thrown by despairing men over their convent walls. In the Hôtel Dieu at Paris, when five hundred were dying daily, pious women, Sisters of Charity, were about them with human ministrations and words of divine consolation. These nurses were perishing themselves daily of the disease from which they would not flinch in the performance of their duty; and as they fell at their posts there never was a want of other gentlewomen to press in and carry on their sacred work. The Black Death was followed in England by a murrain among cattle. It has been estimated by a modern writer that this great pestilence destroyed a fourth part of the inhabitants of Europe.¹ The terror of this was fresh when pestilence, which broke out again at Avignon in 1360, was again scourging us in 1361. Of the second pestilence it was observed that the richer classes suffered by it in larger proportion than before.

We return to William's Vision of "all the wealth of this world and the woe both." What means the mountain and the murky dale and the field full of folk, he will go on to show. From the Castle on the hill came down to him a fair lady who called him by his name,

"And said, 'Will, sleepest thou? Seest thou this people
How busy they ben about the mase.²
The most part of the people that passeth on this earth
Have they worship in this world they willen no better,
Of other heaven than here they holden no tale.'³
I was afearod of her face, though she fair were,
And said, 'Merci, madame;⁴ what may this be to mean?'
'The tower upon toft,'⁵ quoth she. 'Truth is therein,
And would that ye wrought as His word teacheth,
For He is Father of Faith, and Former of All.
To be faithful to Him He gave you five wits
For to worshipen Him therewith while ye liven here.'"

He bade the elements serve man, and yield all that man needed: three things only, clothing, and food, and

drink, without excess. Though you desire much, Measure is medicine. All is not good for the spirit that the body asks, nor is the flesh fed by that in which the soul delights. Believe not thy body, for the beguiling world speaks through it. Hear the soul's warning when the flesh leagues with the fiend

"Ah, ma dame, merci," quoth I, "me liketh well your words,

But the money of this mold that men so fast keepeth,
Tell ye me now to whom that treasure belongeth?"

"Go to the Gospel," quoth she, "and see what God said
When the people apposed⁶ him of a penny in the temple,
And God asked of them what was the coin.

'Reddite Cæsari,' said God, 'that to Cæsar befalleth,
Et quæ sunt Dei Deo,⁷ or else ye don ill.'

For rightfully Reason should rule you all
And Kind-wit be Warden your wealth to keep,
And tutor of your treasure and take it you at need,
For husbandry and he holdeth together."

Then the dreamer asked what was meant by the deep dale and dark. That, he was told,

"That is the Castle of Care; whoso cometh therein
May ban that he born was in body and in soul;
Therein woneth⁸ a wight, that Wrong is his name,
Father of Falsehood, found it first of all."

It was he who urged Eve to do ill; who was the counsellor of Cain; who tricked Judas with the silver of the Jews, and hung him afterwards upon an elder-tree. He is the hinderer of love, and lieth always; he betrayeth soonest them who trust in earthly treasure, to encumber men with covetousness. That is his nature. The dreamer next wondered who she was that showed him such wise words of Holy Writ, and asked her name. She said, "I am Holy-Church; thou oughtest to know me. I received thee at the first, and made thee a free man. Thou broughtest me sureties to fulfil my bidding, to believe in me and love me all thy lifetime." Then he kneeled and asked grace of her, and sought her prayers for his amendment, and that she would teach him to believe on Christ. He sought to know of her no treasure but that she would only tell him how to save his soul.

"When all treasures ben tried," quoth she, "Truth is the best;

I do it on Deus Caritas⁹ to deem the sooth,
It is as dereworthy a druery¹⁰ as dear God himself.
For he that is true of his tongue and of his two hands
And doth the works therewith, and wilneth no man ill,
He is a god by the Gospel, aground and aloft,
And like Our Lord also, by Saint Luke's words.¹¹

⁶ Apposed him, put to him.

⁷ "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." (Matthew xxii. 21.)

⁸ Woneth, dwelleth. First-English "wunian," to dwell.

⁹ Deus Caritas, God is Love.

¹⁰ As dereworthy a druery, as precious an object of affection. *Isworthy*, First-English "deo-wurthe." *Druery* (Old French "druerie"), love.

¹¹ It was told Jesus, "Thy mother and thy brethren stand without, desiring to see thee. And he answered and said unto them, My mother and my brethren are these which hear the word of God and do it." (Luke viii. 20, 21.)

¹ "The Black Death in the Fourteenth Century." From the German of I. F. C. Hecker, M.D., Professor at Frederick William's University at Berlin. Translated by B. G. Babington, M.D. London, 1833.

² Mase, bewilderment.

³ No tale, no account.

⁴ Merci, madame. Pardon me, madame.—Courteous introduction to the putting of a question.

⁵ Toft, a green knoll, a site on a hill cleared for building.

Clerkés that knowen, this should kennen it¹ about,
For Christian and Unchristian claimen it each one.²

Kings should rule for the maintenance of Truth,
and knights be as those whom David swore to serve
Truth ever. The fair lady told the dreamer of the
faithful angels and the pride that laid Lucifer lowest
of all, with whom they that work evil shall dwell
after their death day. But all that have wrought
well shall go eastward to abide ever in heaven, where
Truth is God's throne.

"Lere³ it these lewed men, for lettered it knoweth,
Than Truth and True Love is no treasure better.
'I have no kind knowing,' quoth I, 'ye mote ken me
better

By what way it waxeth, and whether out of my meaning.'
'Thou doted daff,' quoth she, 'dull aren thy wits.
I lieve thou learnedst too lite⁴ Latin in thy youth.

*Hec mihi, quod sterilem duxi vitam juvenilem!*⁴

It is a kind knowing that kenneth in thine heart
For to love they Lord liefest of all

And die rather than do any deadly sin.

*Melius est mori quam male vivere.*⁵

And this I trow be Truth, whoso can teach thee better
Look thou suffer him to say, and so thou might learn.
For Truth telleth that Love is triacle⁶ for sin
And most sovereign salve for soul and for body.
Love is the plant of peace and most precious of virtues,
For Heaven might not holden it, so heavy it seemed,
Till it had of the earth eaten his fill.

And when it had of this fold flesh and blood taken
Was never leaf upon lind⁷ lighter thereafter."

Love led thenceforth the angels; Love was mediator
between God and Man. God the Father made us,
loved us, and suffered His Son to die meekly for our
misdeeds to amend us all. He willed no woe to
his persecutors, but mildly with mouth he besought
Mercy to have pity on that people that pained him
to death.

"Forthi I rede⁸ you rich have pity on the poor,
Though ye be mighty to mote⁹ be meek in your works;
The same measure that ye meteth, amiss or else,
Ye shall be weighed herewith when ye wenden hence.

*Eadem mensura qua mensi fueritis, remeietur vobis.*¹⁰

Though ye be true of your tongue, and truly win,
And be as chaste as a child that neither chides nor fighteth,
But if¹¹ ye love loyally and lend¹² the poor
Of such good as God sent a goodly part,
Ye have no more merit in mass ne in hours¹³

¹ Kennen it, make it known.

² Lere, teach.

³ Lite, little. First-English "lyt," from which "lytel" was formed by a diminutive suffix.

⁴ Alas for me, that I have led a barren life in my youth.

⁵ It is better to die than to live ill.

⁶ Triacle, Theriaca, a very famous ancient antidote to poison. See the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," page 21, Note 11.

⁷ Lind, linden or lime-tree, applied also generally to a tree.

⁸ Rede, counsel.

⁹ Mighty to mote, powerful when you cite poorer men, or plead against them in the law courts.

¹⁰ "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." (Matthew vii. 2; Luke vi. 38.)

¹¹ But if, unless.

¹² Lend, give.

¹³ Hours, religious services for particular times of the day.

Than Malkin of her maidenhood, whom no man desireth.
For James the gentle judged in his books
That faith without fait¹⁴ is feeblor than nought,
And dead as a door nail but if the deeds follow.

*Fides sine operibus mortua est.*¹⁵

Many chaplains are chaste, but fail in charity. There
are none harder and hungrier than men of Holy-
Church, more hard and avaricious when advanced,
and unkind to their kin and to all Christians. They
eat up what is theirs for charity, and chide for more.
Encumbered with covetousness they cannot creep out
of it, so closely has avarice hasped them together.
This is ill example to the unlearned people,

"For these aren wordés written in the Evangile
*Date et dabitur vobis*¹⁶ (for I deal¹⁷ you all),
And that is the lock of Love that unlooseth Grace,
That comforteth all Christians encumbered with sin.
So Love is leech of life, and lyse¹⁸ of all pain,
And the graft of grace, and graythest¹⁹ way to Heaven.
Forthi I may say as I said, by sight of the text,
When all treasures ben tried, Truth is the best.
'Love it,' quoth that Lady, 'let may I²⁰ no longer
To lere²¹ thee what Love is. Now loke thee²² Our Lord!'"

Then the dreamer knelt to the Lady, praying that
she yet would teach him to know Falsehood from
Truth. "Look on thy left hand," she said. "Lo,
where he standeth; both Falseness and Favel
(flattery) and fickle-tongued Liar, and many of their
manners, both men and women." I looked, says Will,
on my left hand as the Lady taught me, and saw
there as it were a woman richly clothed and crowned.
On all her five fingers were rings with red rubies
and other precious stones. His heart was ravished by
her riches, and he asked her name. "That maiden,"
said Holy-Church, "is Meed" (earthly reward), "who
before kings and commons thwarts my teaching.
In the Pope's palace she is privy as myself. Her
father is Favel, who has a fickle tongue that never
spoke truth since he came to earth; and Meed is
mannered after him. I," Holy-Church went on,
"ought to be higher than she; my Father is the great
God and Ground of all Graces, One God, without
beginning, and I his good daughter. The man who
loveth me and followeth my will shall have grace and
a good end; but he who loves Meed, I dare pledge my
life, shall lose for her love a lap full of charity. That
most helps men to heaven; Meed most hinders: I rest
upon David's words, 'Lord, who shall abide in thy
tabernacle? He that walketh uprightly,' &c., 'nor
taketh reward against the innocent.' To-morrow is
this Meed to be married to the wretch Falseness, kin
to the Fiend; Favel's tongue has enchanted her, and

¹⁴ Fait, something done.

¹⁵ "Faith without works is dead." (James ii. 26.)

¹⁶ "Give, and it shall be given unto you." (Luke vi. 38.)

¹⁷ Deal, distribute.

¹⁸ Lyse, dismissal. First-English "liss," forgiveness, dismissal, grace, favour, comfort.

¹⁹ Graythest, straightest. Icelandic "greitha," to make ready, speed, further. "Greithit Drottins götur," make straight the way of the Lord" (Luke iii. 4).

²⁰ Let may I, I may delay.

²¹ Lere, teach.

²² Loke thee, guard thee.

it is Liar's work that the Lady is thus wedded. Wait now, and thou wilt see whom it pleases that Meed should be thus married. Know, if thou canst, these lovers of lordships, and avoid them all. Leave them alone till Loyalty be judge, and have power to punish them, then put thy reason forth." So the Lady left Will to his study of the life that was now crowding upon his dream, commending him to Christ before she left, and bidding him never burden his conscience for desire of Meed. He was left sleeping, and saw in his dream how Meed was to be married, and saw the rich folk, her relations, that were bidden to the bridal—as sisours¹ and summoners,² sheriffs and their clerks, beadles and bailiffs and brokers of ware, victuallers, advocates of the Arches,³ a rout past reckoning. But Simony and Civil Law and sisours of counties seemed to be most intimate with Meed. It was Favel who first brought her from her chamber to be joined with Falseness; Simony and Civil Law assenting thereto at the prayer of Silver. Then Liar leapt forth with a deed that had been given by Guile to Falseness; Simony and Civil Law unfolded it, and thus it ran:—

"Sciant presentes et futuri: et cetera.

"Witen⁴ all and witnessen that woken here on earth
That Meed is y-married more for her riches
Than for holiness or hendeness,⁵ or for high kind.
Falseness is fain⁶ of her, for he wot⁷ her rich.
And Favel hath with false speech feoffed⁸ them by
this letter
To be Princes of Pride, and poverty to despise,
To backbiten and to boasten and bear false witness
To scornie and to scoldé, slanders to make
Both unbuxom⁹ and bold, to break the ten hests.¹⁰
The Earldom of Envy and Ire he them granteth
With the Castle of Chest¹¹ and Chattering-out-of-
Reason;
The County of Covetise he consenteth unto both,
With usury and avarice and other false sleithes¹²
In bargains and in brokages,¹³ with the borough of Theft

¹ *Sisours*, persons appointed to hold assizes.

² *Summoners*, sompnours, apparitors. Persons who summoned offenders before the ecclesiastical courts, and, as Chaucer shows, used their position as means of extortion.

³ *Advocates of the Arches*. The Archbishop of Canterbury's Court of Appeal was called the Court of Arches because in ancient times it was held in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, Sancta Maria de Arcubus.

⁴ *Witen*, know. "Know all and witness that dwell here on earth," &c.

⁵ *Hendeness*, urbanity. The word in its first sense is equivalent to handiness. Handiness is opposed to clumsiness of the untalented, and implies therefore the civilised ways and courtesies of social life; urbanity as opposed to clownishness.

⁶ *Fain* (First-English "fægen"), glad.

⁷ *Wot*, knows. First-English "wát," from "witan."

⁸ *Feoffed*, endowed with property.

⁹ *Unbuxom*, unyielding. *Buxom* (First-English "buxsom"), from "bugan," to bow—bowsome—means pliant, the reverse of stiff and obstinate. A *buxom* woman is a woman without perversity, and I suppose the modern notion that to be *buxom* is to be plump comes of a popular association of fat with good temper.

¹⁰ *Hests*, commandments. First-English "hátan," to command; "hæ's," a command.

¹¹ *Chest* (First-English "ceást"), strife, enmity.

¹² *Sleithes*, slippery ways. First-English "slíth," slippery, evil; "slíthan" and "slídan," to slide.

¹³ *Brokages*, commissions. First-English "brúcan," to use, enjoy, draw profit.

And all the Lordship of Lechery in length and in breadth,

As in works and in words and in waitings of eyes,
In weeds¹⁴ and in wishings, and with idle thoughts
Where that will would and workmanship faileth.

Gluttony he giveth them, and Great Oaths together,
All day to drink at diverse tavernés

There to jangle and to jape and judge their em-
Christian,¹⁵

And in fasting days to frete¹⁶ ere full time were,
And then to sitten and soupen till sleep them assail,
And awake with wanhope,¹⁷ and no will to amend,
For they lieveth be¹⁸ lost, this is their last end;

And they to have and to hold, and their heirs after,
A Dwelling with the Devil and damned be for ever,

With all the purtenance of Purgatory and the pain
of Hell."

Wrong was the name of the first witness to this Deed, then followed Piers the Pardoner, Bette the Beadle of Buckinghamshire, Raynold the Reve of Rutland soken,¹⁹ Mund the Miller, and many more. When Theology heard this, he was vexed and said to Civil Law, "Now sorrow come to thee for contracting marriages that anger Truth. Meed is the daughter of Amends, and God grants her to Truth, but thou hast given her to a beguiler. Thy text telleth thee not so. Truth saith 'the Labourer is worthy of his hire.' Yet thou hast bound her to Falseness. Fie on thy law! Thou livest all by leasings. Thou and Simony shame Holy-Church. The notaries and ye trouble the people. Ye shall pay for it, both of you. Ye know well that Falseness is faithless and of Beelzebub's kin; but Meed is a well-born maiden who might kiss the King for cousin if she would. Be wise then. Take her to London where the law is taught, and see whether any law will suffer them to come together. But though the Justices adjudge her to Falseness, yet beware of the wedding. Truth has good wit, and Conscience is of his counsel and knows each one of you, and if he find you wanting and in league with Falseness it shall in the end be bitter to your souls."

Civil Law agreed to this appeal to London; but Simony and the Notaries could agree to nothing until they saw silver for it. Then Favel brought out florins enough, and bade Guile give gold all about, and specially to the notaries that none of them might fail, and fee False-Witness with florins enough, "For he may master Meed and make her subject to my will." When the gold was given there was a great thanking of Falseness and Favel, and many came to comfort Falseness, saying to him softly, "We shall never rest

¹⁴ *Weeds*, attire. First-English "wæ'd," clothing.

¹⁵ *Em-Christian*. In First-English "em-" in composition meant even or equal.

¹⁶ *Frete*, eat greedily. First-English "fretan," eat up, devour, gnaw. German "fressen."

¹⁷ *Wanhope*, despair. The First-English prefix "wan" meant deficiency, as in "waning" of light, in the word "wan" meaning deficiency of colour, and in "want."

¹⁸ *Lieveth be*, believe themselves to be.

¹⁹ *Soken*. First-English "sóc," a lordship privileged by the king to hold a "sóc" or soke; which was a court of the king's tenants or sóc-men authorised to minister justice or have jurisdiction, and whose tenure was therefore called "socagium" or socage-tenure.

until Meed be thy wedded wife. For we have mastered Meed with our smooth tongues, and she agrees to go to London, and has agreed to be married for money, if Law so will judge." Then Favel was glad and Falseness was of good cheer, and the people on all sides were summoned to be ready to go with them to Westminster and honour the wedding. But they had no horses. Then Guile set Meed on a sheriff newly shod, Falseness rode on a soft trotting sisour, and Favel on a finely-adorned flatterer. Provisors¹ were saddled as palfreys for Simony. Deans and sub-deans, Archdeacons and other officials, were saddled with silver to suffer all sins of the rout and carry bishops; Liar was to be a long cart to carry friars, swindlers, and the rest who usually go afoot. So they went forth together with Guile for their guide, and having Meed amongst them. Soothness saw them on the way and said nothing, but sped before to the King's court, where he told Conscience, and Conscience told the King. The King swore that if he caught Falseness or Favel, no man should bail them, but they should be hanged. He bade a constable go fetter Falseness and cut off Guile's head; put Liar in pillory, if he could catch him; and bring Meed into his presence. Dread, who stood at the door, heard this doom, went nimbly to Falseness, and bade him and his fellows flee for fear. Falseness fled then to the friars; and Guile was hurrying off, when the



A PHYSICIAN.

From the Statues outside the Cloister of Magdalene College, Oxford.

Merchants met him and kept him and took him into their shops, where he was dressed as an apprentice

¹ Provisors were persons whom the Pope nominated to livings that were not yet vacant.

and displayed their wares. Liar leapt off and found no friends till the Pardoners took pity on him, brought him into their house, washed him and clothed him, and sent him on Sundays into the churches to sell pardons by the pound. Then the physicians were displeased, and wrote for Liar's help as an examiner of waters. Spicers sought aid from his cunning in gums. Minstrels met with him and kept him by them half a year and eleven days. But the Friars by smooth words got him amongst themselves. He may go abroad in the world as much as he pleases, but is sure always of a welcome home when he returns to them.

Simony and Civil Law appealed to Rome for grace. But Conscience accused both to the King, and told him that if the clergy did not amend, their covetousness would pervert his kingdom and harm Holy-Church for ever. So they all fled for fear, except the maiden Meed, who trembled, wept, and wrung her hands at finding herself prisoner. The King bade a clerk take charge of her and make her at ease. He would himself ask her whom she chose to wed, and if she answered wisely he would forgive all her misdeeds. The clerk took her courteously into a bower of bliss, and sat down by her. There was mirth and minstrelsy for her pleasure, and many worshipped her who came to Westminster. Justices made haste to the bower of this bride, and, by the clerk's leave, comforted her, bidding her not mourn, for they would manage the King and shape a way for her to go whither she would, in spite of all that Conscience could do. Meed thanked them mildly, gave them



SUITORS TO MEED.

From a Brass at St. Margaret's, King's Lynn, A.D. 1364.

gold and silver cups, rubies and treasure. When these were gone there came the clerks bidding her be blithe, for they were her own to work her will while their lives lasted. Meed promised her love to them, said she would make them lords and buy them benefices, to have plurality, and those she loved should be advanced where the most able limped behind. Then came to her a Confessor coped as a Friar, and

offered, whatever her sins might be, to absolve her for a load of wheat, to hold by her himself and put down Conscience, if she liked, among kings, knights, and clergy. Then Meed knelt to be shriven by him, told him a shameless tale, and gave him a noble that he might be her bedesman, and might do her bidding among knights and clerks to thwart Conscience. He absolved her at once and said, "We have a window in hand that will stand us in a good sum: if you will glaze the gable and set your name in it, we shall sing for Meed solemnly at mass and at matins as for a sister of our order." Meed laughed and said, "Friar, I shall be your friend, and never fail you as long as you aid lords and ladies in their worldly delights and do not rebuke them. Do that, and I will roof your church and build your cloister, and both windows and walls I will so mend and glaze and paint and portray, that every man may see I am a sister of your order." But, says the poet here in his own person—

"Ac¹ God to all good folk such graving defendeth,²
To writen in windows of any well-deeds,
Lest pride be painted there, and pomp of the world.
For God knoweth thy conscience and thy kind will,
Thy cost and their covetise, and who the catel ought³
For thy lief Lordés love, leaveth such writings,
God in the Gospel such graving not alloweth,
Nesciat sinistra quid faciat dextera.
Let not thy left half, Our Lord teacheth,
Ywit⁴ what thou dealest with thy right side."

Meed then pleaded with mayors, sheriffs, and serjeants against the putting in the pillory of bakers, brewers, butchers, cooks and others, who build themselves high houses upon gains made by dishonesty in selling by retail. Against such wrongers of the people the poet, in his own person, speaks earnestly, but Meed advises the mayor to take bribes from them and let them cheat. To this the poet adds his reminder of Solomon's threat against those who receive such gifts. Fire shall devour their dwellings.⁵

Then the King called Meed before him, gently reproved her for following Guile and desiring to be wedded without his consent, but forgave her on condition of amendment. She must not again vex him and Truth, lest she be imprisoned in Corfe Castle or in a worse place.

"I have a knight," said the King, "named Conscience, lately come from beyond the seas. If he be willing to wed you, will you have him?"

"Yea, lord," said the Lady; "Heaven forbid that I should not be wholly at your command."

Then Conscience was summoned to appear before the King and his Council. He knelt and bowed before the King, to know his will and what he was to do.

"Wilt thou wed this maid, if I assent, for she is fain of thy fellowship, and to be thy mate?"

Quoth Conscience to the King, "Christ forbid! Woe betide me ere I wed such a wife. She is frail of her faith and fickle of her speech, and maketh men misdo many score times. She misleads wives and widows. She and Falseness caused your father's⁶ fall. She has poisoned Popes, she hurteth Holy-Church," and very many more of the great evils of the world were charged, in his reply to the King, by Conscience against Meed.

"Nay, lord," quoth that Lady, "the wrong lies with him. Where mischief is greatest, Meed can help. Thou, Conscience, well knowest that thou hast hung on my neck eleven times for gold to give as thee liked. Even now I might make thee more of a man than thou knowest. Thou hast defamed me foully here before the King. I never killed a king or counselled a king's death, but saved myself and sixty thousand lives here and in many lands. But thou hast slackened many a man's will to burn and destroy and beat down strength. Thou, Conscience, gavest wretched counsel to the King to leave his heritage of France in the enemy's hand." A conquered kingdom or duchy is not to be parted with, when so many who fought to win it, and followed the king's will, ask their shares. The least lad in the king's service, when the land is won, looks after Lordship or other large meed, whereby he may live as a man for evermore. That is the nature of a king who overcomes his enemies; thus to help all his host, or else to grant all that his men may win, for them to do their best with. Therefore I advise no king to admit Conscience to his counsels, if he wish to be a conqueror. Were I a crowned king, Conscience should never be my constable or marshal of my men when I must fight. Had I, Meed, been his marshal in France, I dare lay my life he would have been lord of the land in length and breadth, and the least brat of his blood a baron's peer.

"Unkindly thou, Conscience, counselled'st him thence
To let so his Lordship for a little money.
It becometh for a king that shall keep a realm
To give men meed that meekly him serveth,
To aliens, to all men, to honour them with gifts;
Meed maketh him beloved, and for a man y-hold.
Emperors and earls and all manner lords
Through gifts have yeomen to run and to ride;
The Pope and all prelates presents underfongen⁸
And give meed to men to maintain their laws;
Serjeants for their service meed they ask
And take meed of their masters as they may accord;
Beggars and bedesmen crave meed for their prayers;
Minstrels for their minstrelsy, a meed they ask;
Masters that teach clerks crave for their meed;
Priests that preach and the people teach
Ask meed and mass-pence and their meat both;

⁶ Edward II.'s.

⁷ By the Treaty of Bretigny, May 8th, 1360, Edward III.—who, in the withdrawal or retreat of his famine-stricken army from Paris, had been stirred in his conscience by a great thunderstorm, and vowed a peace—renounced his claim to the French throne, restored all his conquests except Calais and Guisnes (reserving Poitou, Gascony, and Ponthieu), and set free the captive King of France for a ransom of three million crowns.

⁸ Underfongen, receive.

¹ Ac, but.

² Defendeth, forbiddeth.

³ Who the catel ought, who owns the property, to whom the goods seized by the covetous really belong.

⁴ Ywit, know.

⁵ "For the congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery." (Job xv. 34.)

All kyne crafty men crave meed for their apprentices,
Merchandise and meed must needs go together
Is no lede¹ that liveth that he ne loveth meed,
And glad for to gripe her, great lord or poor."

Then quoth the King to Conscience, "Meed deserves mastery." But, "Nay," quoth Conscience to the King, "clerks know the truth, that Meed is evermore a maintainer of Guile, as the Psalter sheweth. There is besides Meed, Mercede, which is the just hire for work done, but men give meed many a time where there is nothing earned. Payment for work done is mercede, not meed. There is no meed in merchandise, that is but exchange of a penny for a pennyworth; and if the King give lordship to his liegeman, he does that for love, and may revoke the gift." Conscience discussed more fully the difference between Mercede and Meed who brought Absalom to hanging, and who caused Saul's kingdom to pass from him. "The speaker of truth," said Conscience, "is now blamed; but I, Conscience, know this, that Reason shall reign and Agag shall suffer. Saul shall be blamed and David diademed; and each of us shall be in the keeping of a Christian king.

"Shall no Meed be master never more after,
But love and lowness and loyalty together
Shall be masters on mold,² true men to help."

Meed hinders the law by her large gifts,

"But Kind Love shall come yet and Conscience together,
And make of law a labourer, such love shall arise
And such peace among the people; and a perfect truth,
That Jews shall ween in their wit and wax so glad
That their King be ycome from the court of heaven,
Moses or Messias, that men ben so true.
For all that beareth baselards,³ bright sword, or lance,
Axe or hatchet, or any kynne weapon,
Shall be doomed to the death but if he do it smithie⁴
Into sickle or into scythe, to share or to coulter.

*Conflabunt gladios suos in vomeres, et lanceas
suas in falces.⁵*

Each man to play with a plough, a pickaxe, or a spade,
Spinnen and speak of God, and spill no time."

To more prophesy from Isaiah of the day when war shall cease on earth and God be truly known, Meed replied with half a text from the Proverbs of Solomon, and was confuted by the other half, with a comment that she was like the woman who justified doing as she pleased with the text, "Prove all things" at the bottom of a leaf, and omitted to turn over the page and read "Hold fast that which is good."

After all this argument the King bade Conscience kiss Meed. Conscience replied that he would rather die than do so, unless Reason counselled him. "Then,"

said the King, "ride away quickly, and fetch Reason. He shall rule my realm, and advise me concerning Meed and other things, tell me to whom she is to be wedded, and take account with you, Conscience, as to your dealings with my people, learned and unlearned." Conscience then rode off gladly to Reason and gave the King's message.

"I shall array me to ride," quoth Reason, "rest thou awhile":—

And called Cato his knave, courteous of speech,
And also Tom True-Tongue-tell-me-no-fores-
Ne-leasings-to-laugh-of-for-I-loved-it-never,
And set my saddle upon Suffer-till-I-see-my-time
Let warroke⁶ him well with Advise-thee-before,
For it is the wone⁷ of Will to wince and to kick."

Then Conscience and Reason rode together, talking of the mastery of Meed at court. Waryn Wiseman and his fellow Wilyman were fain to follow that they might take counsel of Reason for record before the King and Conscience in case they had a plaint against Wilyman and Wittiman and Waryn Wringlaw. But Conscience knew them well, and said to Reason, "Hither come servants of Covetise. Ride forth, Sir Reason, and reck not of their tales; for they will abide where wrath and wrangling is, but love and loyalty are not after their hearts. They will do more for a dinner or a dozen capons than for our Lord's love. Then Reason rode forth, and did not look back till he met the King. Then came the King, says the poet, and greeted Sir Reason courteously, and set him between himself and his son.

When the poem was begun, in 1362 or 1363, Edward III's son and heir, the Black Prince, still lived, and the image of the sovereign enthroning Reason between himself and his heir was, of course, not altered when change, caused by the death of the King's son, led to the covert reference to tyranny of John of Gaunt and danger from Richard's youth, in the inserted fable about belling the cat. To have then written in this part of the poem grandson for son would have implied a direct identifying of the King in the allegory with the King of England, which would have been equally bad in art and policy.

The King, then, set Sir Reason between himself and his son, and for a long while they spoke wise words together. Then came Peace into parliament, and put up a bill showing all the violent misdeeds of Wrong. "No women are safe from him, he takes my geese, my pigs, my grass. Because of his fellowship," said Peace, "I dare not carry silver to the fair upon St. Giles's down. He is bold to borrow, bad to pay. He borrowed my horse Bayard, which never was returned or paid for. He maintains men to murder my servants, breaks my barn-doors, and carries off my wheat. Because of him, I scarcely venture to look up."

The King knew this to be true, for Conscience told him that Wrong was a wicked man who worked much woe. Then Wrong besought help of Wisdom, looked

¹ *Is no lede*, there is no man. First-English "lead."

² *On mold*, on earth.

³ *Baselards* were long daggers worn in the girdle. It was with a baselard that Sir William Walworth stabbed Wat Tyler. The weapon was worn by civilians in Richard II.'s time.

⁴ *But if he do it smithie*, unless he cause it to be forged.

⁵ "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," (Isaiah ii. 4.)

⁶ *Warroke*, girth. First-English "wear" and "wearh," a knot.

⁷ *Wone*, custom.

to Men of Law, and offered them large pay for their help. "With your help," he said, "I should care little for Peace, though he complained for ever." Then Wisdom and Wit went together, and took Meed with them to win mercy.

"Yet Peace put forth his head, and his pan¹ bloody;
'Without guilt, God wot, got I this scathe;
Conscience knoweth it well and all the true commons.'"



BREAKING THE HEAD OF PEACE.
From the Capital to a Cluster of Columns in Wells Cathedral.

Wiles and Wit went about to bribe the King, if they could; but the King swore that Wrong should suffer, and commanded a constable to cast him in irons where he should not for seven years see feet or hands. A wise one said, "That is not best. Let him have bail if he can make amends." Wit seconded this. Meed meekly sought mercy,

"And proffered Peace a present all of pure gold;
'Have this, man, of me,' quoth she, 'to amend thy scathe;
For I will wage² for Wrong he will do so no more.'
Piteously Peace then prayéd the King
To have mercy on that man that many times grieved him—
'For he hath waged me well, as Wisdom him taught;
Meed hath made mine amends; I may no more asken,
So all my claims ben quit, by so the King assent.'"

The King answered that if Wrong escaped so lightly, he would laugh and be bolder. "He shall lie in the stocks so long as I live, unless Reason have ruth of him."

Then some besought Reason to take pity on Wrong, provided Meed were bail for him. Reason bade them not counsel him to pity—until lords and ladies all loved truth, Pernel locked up her finery, spoilt

children were chastised, the poor were clothed out of the luxury of the clergy, monks and friars kept to their strict rule, and learned men lived as they taught; till the King's counsel is all for the profit of the Commons; till bishops become bakers, brewers, tailors for all manner of men as they find need, and Saint James is sought not in pilgrimages to Galicia, but where the sick poor lie in their prisons and their wretched homes; till the Rome-runners carry no more of the King's silver over sea, coined or uncoined: and yet, he said, I will have no ruth upon Wrong, while Meed masters the pleadings. "Were I," said Reason, "a crowned king, never wrong that I knew of should go unpunished if within my power, upon peril of my soul; nor should it get my grace by any gift or glosing speech. By Mary of Heaven, I would do no mercy for Meed. For *nullum malum* should be *impunitum*, and *nullum bonum irremuneratum*."³ Let your confessor, Sir King, construe this into English, and if you work it out into deeds, Law may turn labourer and cast dung to the field, while Love shall lead thy land as thee lief liketh."

Confessors coupled themselves together to translate this Latin. Meed winked at the lawyers that by subtle speech they might put down Reason, of whom all just men said that he spoke truth, while Conscience and Kind-Wit courteously thanked him. Love made light of Meed and Loyalty less. Whoever wedded her, they said, would be betrayed. Meed mourned when she was scorned, and a sisour and a summoner led her away softly from the judgment-hall. A sheriff's clerk proclaimed that she was to be taken into safe custody, but not imprisoned. The King then took counsel with Conscience and Reason, looked with anger on Meed, frowned on the Men of Law as hinderers of truth, and declared that, if he reigned any while, Reason should reckon with them, and judge them as they deserved. He would have loyalty for his law, and an end of jangling. His law should be administered by leal men, who were holy of their lives.

Conscience said it would be hard to bring matters to that without help of the Commons.

Reason declared that all realms could be brought under his rule.

"I would it were well about," said the King, "and, therefore, Reason, you shall not ride hence. I make thee my chief Chancellor in the Exchequer and the Parliament, and Conscience shall be as the King's Judge in all the courts." "I assent," said Reason, "if thou thyself hear both sides between Lords and Commons, and send no *supersedeas*, or seal no private letters with unfitting sufferance; I assent, and I dare lay my life that Love will furnish you with more silver than all the Lombards." The King was commanding Conscience to discharge all his officers, and appoint those whom Reason loved, when William awoke from the first dream of his Vision.

In the first form of the earlier part of the Vision the poet grieved when awake that he had not slept better and seen more, walked a furlong on over the Malvern Hills, sat down, babbled on his beads, and

¹ Pan, crown. Sweedish "panna," the skull, head.

² Wage, engage, be surety.

³ No evil should go unpunished, and no good unrewarded.

slept again. That when he began the poem he was at home on Malvern Hills may be inferred from his change in the manner of prefacing the second dream when in after years he recast his work. He went to sleep on Malvern Hills, and awoke, he then said, to find himself living on Cornhill, Kit and he in a cot. He was clothed as an idler, and yet not much of an idler, for he wrote about such men as Reason taught him. For as he came by Conscience he met Reason, in a hot harvest time when he had health and limbs for labour but loved to fare well and do nothing but drink and sleep. Then he represents Reason asking him what work he did in the world; and the lesson of Duty which allows no true man to be "a loller" is associated with those answers from Will, already referred to, which indicate what was his work in London. Reason then bade him begin at once a life that should be loyal to the soul. "Yea, and continue," quoth Conscience. And to the kirk, Will says, he went to honour God, weeping and wailing for his sins, until he slept.

These new incidents served as a natural introduction to the second dream. In this there was again seen the field full of folk from end to end, and Reason and Conscience, by whom he himself had just been counselled, were there among the stir of men. Reason clothed as a Pope, with Conscience for cross-bearer, stood before the King, and before all the realm

"Preached and proved that these pestilences
Was for pure sin, to punish the people;
And the south-west wind on Saturday at eve
Was pertelich¹ for pride, and for no point else.
Piries² and plum-trees were puffed to the earth
In ensample to syggen³ us we should do better;
Beeches and broad oaks were blown to the ground
And turned upward their tail in tokening of dread
That deadly sin ere doomsday should foredo us all."

The south-west wind here spoken of blew, in pestilence time, on Saturday, the 15th of January, 1362 (new style), and among other things that it blew down was the spire of Norwich Cathedral. The gale must have been fresh in the minds of the people when it was joined with the pestilence in Reason's warning to the people to flee from the wrath of God, and the allusion to it helps to determine the time when Langland began his poem.

Reason, thus preaching, bade Wasters go work for their food and lose no time, prayed Pernel (Petronilla) to lock up her embroidery, taught Thomas Stow to fetch his wife out of disgrace, and warned Wat that his wife was to blame, for her head-gear was worth half a mark and his hood not a groat. He charged Bet to cut a bough or two and beat Betty her maid if she would not work, and merchants as they became rich not to withhold from their children due correction; for the wise man wrote "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Then he prayed prelates and priests to prove in themselves their preaching to the people:

¹ *Pertelich*, apertly, openly, manifestly. Latin "apertus," open.

² *Piries*, pear-trees. Latin "pyrus."

³ *Syggen*, say to. First-English "seegan," to say.

"Live ye as ye lereth⁴ us, we shalleth lieve you the better." And then he bade Religion hold her rule; for Gregory the Great had said that a monk out of rule is a fish out of water.

"For if heaven be on this earth or any ease for soul,
It is in cloister or in school, by many skills⁵ I find.
For in cloister cometh no man to chide ne to fight,
In school is love and lowness and liking to learn.
As many day men telleth, both monks and canons
Han ride out of array, their rule evil y-hold,
And pricked about on palfreys from places to manors,
An heap of hounds at his [back] as he a lord were;
And but his knave kneel that shall his cup hold
He looketh all louting and 'Lurdane!'⁶ him calleth.
Little had lords ado to give land from their heirs
To religious that han no ruth though it rain on their
altars.
In places where these persons be by themselves at ease
Of the poor han they no pity, that is their pure charity."

Then follows a passage that, in the years next following the reign of Henry VIII., was looked upon by the reformers as giving to Langland's poem almost the dignity of prophecy. I give it without change of spelling:—

"Ac 3ut shal come a kyng and confesse 3ow alle
And bete 3ow, as the byble telleth for brekyng of 3oure
reule,
And amende 3ow monkes, moniales, and chanons,
And put 3ow to 3oure penaunce *ad pristinum statum ire*.⁷
And barons and here barnes blame 3ow and reprove;
*Hii in curribus & hi in equis: ipsi obligati sunt, et
cecciderunt.*⁸
Freres in here freitour⁹ shulle fynde that tyme
Bred withoute beggyng to lyue by euere after,
And Constantyn shal be here cook and couerer of here
churche.
For the Abbot of Engelande¹⁰ and the abbesse hys nece
Shullen haue a knok on here crounes and incurable the
wounde.
*Contrivit dominus baculum impiorum, virgam domi-
nancium, plaga insanabili.*¹¹
Ac er that kyng come, as cronycles me tolde,
Clerkus and holy churche shal be clothed newe."

Reason went on in his sermon to counsel the King to love his Commons:—

"For the comune ys the Kynges tresour, Conscience
wot wel;
And also, quath Reson, 'ich rede¹² 3ow riche
And comuners to a-corden in alle kynne treuthe.
Let no kynne consail ne couetyse 3ow departe

⁴ *Lereth*, teach.

⁵ *Skills*, reasons.

⁶ *Lurdane*, worthless fellow. French "lourdin."

⁷ To go to your former state; be as you were at your foundation.

⁸ "Some trust in chariots and some in horses. . . . They are brought down and fallen." (Psalm xx. 7, 8.)

⁹ *Here freitour*, their convent. *Here*, their.

¹⁰ In an earlier version it was the "Abbot of Abingdon," who should have "a knock of a king."

¹¹ "The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. . . . with a continual stroke" (Isaiah xiv. 5, 6). Langland's quotations are from the Vulgate, then in use.

¹² *Rede*, counsel.

That on wit and on wil alle 3oure wardes keep.
Lo! in heuene an hy¹ was an holy comune
Til Lucifer the lyere leyued² that hym-selue
Were wittyour and worthiour than he that was hus
maister.

Hold 3ow in vnite, and he that other wolde
Ys cause of alle combraunce to confounde a reame.³
And siththen³ he preide the Pope haue pite of Holy-
churche,

And no grace to graunte til good loue were
Among alle kynne kynges ouer cristene puple.
'Comaunde that alle confessours that eny kynge
shryueth,

Enioyne hem pees for here penaunce and perpetual
for3eueneſſe

Of alle manere acciouns, and eche man loue other.
And 3e that secheth Seint Iame and seyntes of Rome,
Secheth seinte Treuthe in sauacion of 3oure saules:
Qui cum patre et filio that faire hem by-falle
That suweth⁴ my sarmon.⁵ And thus ended Reason."

When Reason had done preaching, Repentance went among the throng, and made Will weep and Pernel Proudheart stretch herself flat on the earth. It was long ere she looked up and cried upon the Lord for mercy. Pernel personifying Pride, with her began the repentant confessions of the Seven Deadly Sins, which classify homely suggestions of the evil that is in the world. After Pride came Envy to confession, after Envy Wrath, dweller with men who delight in harming one another. Prelates and friars are at war, and so Wrath keeps them in dispute. One of Wrath's aunts is a nun, another an abbess; he has been cook in their kitchen and made their pottage of jangles. The sisters sit and dispute until "Thou liest!" and "Thou liest!" be lady over them all. Wrath sits in the wives' pews. "The parson knows how little I love Lettice at the Stile, my heart was changed towards her from the time when she was before me at sacrament to take the holy bread. I don't care to live among monks, for they eat more fish than flesh, and drink weak ale; but otherwhile when wine cometh and when I drink late I have a flux of a foul mouth well five days after." "Now repent thee!" quoth Repentance, "and be sober;" and absolved him, and bade him pray to God by His help to amend. Luxury next came to confession and repentance; then Avarice in a torn tabard of twelve years old, who was once apprentice to Sim at the Stile,⁶ where he learned to lie and to use false weights. He went with his master's goods to the fair at Winchester or Weyhill, and his wares would have gone unsold for seven years had Guile not helped him. Avarice told of tricks of trade learnt from the drapers; how his wife, Rose the Regrater, wove, and paid the spinsters by false weight for their work upon the wool; how

she was brewster too, and played tricks with her ales.

"Didst thou never make restitution?" quoth Repentance.

"Yes," said Avarice; "I was lodged once with a company of chapmen, and when they were asleep, I got up and rifled their bags."

"That was a rueful restitution," quoth Repentance, "forsooth. Thou wilt hang high for it, here or in hell. Usedst thou ever usury in all thy lifetime?"

"Nay, only in my youth, when I learned among the Lombards to clip coin, and took pledges of more worth than the money lent. I lent to those who would lose their money; they bought time. I have lent to lords and ladies that loved me never after. I have made a knight of many a mercer."

"By the rood," said Repentance, "thine heirs shall have no joy in the silver thou leavest. The Pope and all his pardoners cannot absolve thee of thy sins unless thou make restitution."

"I won my goods," Avarice went on, "by false words and false devices. I am rich through Guile and Glosing. If my neighbour had anything more profitable than mine, I used all my wit to find how I might have it. And if it could be had no other way, at last I stole it, or shook his purse privily, unpicked his locks. And if I went to the plough, I pinched on his half acre, so that I got a foot of land or a furrow of my neighbour's earth; and if I reaped, I bade my reapers put their sickle into that I never sowed. On holy days when I went to church, I mourned not for my sins, but for any worldly good that I had lost. Though I did deadly sin, it less troubled me than money lent and lost, or long in being paid. And if a servant was at Bruges to await my profit and trade with my money, neither matins nor mass, nor penance performed, nor paternoster said, could comfort the mind that was more in my goods than in God's grace and His great might."

"Now," quoth Repentance, "truly I have ruth of your way of living. Were I a friar, in good faith, for all the gold on earth, I would not clothe me or take a meal's meat of thy goods, if my heart knew thee to be as thou sayest. I would rather live on water-cresses than be fed and kept on false men's winnings. Thou art an unnatural creature. I cannot absolve thee until thou have made, according to thy might, to all men restitution. All that have of thy goods are bound at the high day of doom to help thee to restore. The priest that takes thy tithe shall take his part with thee in purgatory and help pay thy debt, if he knew thee to be a thief when he received thine offering."

Then there was a Welshman named Evan Yield-again, who said in great sorrow that though he were left without livelihood, he would restore to every one, before he went thence, all that he had won from him wickedly. Robert the Rifler looked on *Reddite*⁶ and wept sorely, because he had not wherewith to make restitution; and he prayed with tears to Christ, who pitied Dismas his brother,

¹ An hy, on high.

² Leyued, believed.

³ Siththen, after that.

⁴ That suweth, that follow, or act according to. French "suivre."

⁵ Sim at the Stile. In another version he is "Sim atte noke," equivalent to "atten oke," at the oak: here use happens to be made of the answering phrase for a hypothetical dwelling-place "at the stile." Both forms remain in the phrase "Jack Nokes and Tom Stiles." See, just before, "Lettice at the Stile."

⁶ Reddite, Restore! Reddere, to restore.

the repentant thief upon the cross, to rue on him, Robert, who had not *Reddere*, and never hoped to come by it through any craft he knew. "By the rood," said Repentance, "thou art on the way to heaven if that be in thy heart which I hear upon thy tongue—

"Trust in his mochel mercy and zet might thou be saved,
For all the wretchedness of this world, and wicked deeds,
Fareth as a fork of fire that fell emid Temese
And died for a drop of water; so doth all sins
Of all manner men that with good will
Confessen hem and crien mercy: shullen never come in hell."

*Omnis iniquitas quoad misericordiam dei est quasi
scintilla in medio maris.*¹

"Repent thee anon!" quoth Repentance, right so to the usurer,

"And have His Mercy in mind."

After Avarice came Gluttony in like manner to Repentance, and confessed his evil ways. On his way to church on a Friday fast-day, when he passed the house of Betty the brewster, she bade him good morrow, and asked whither he went.

"To holy church," he said, "to hear mass, and then sit and be shriven, and sin no more."

"I have good ale, gossip Glutton, wilt thou assay?"

"What hast thou?" quoth he. "Any hot spices?"

"I have pepper and peony-seed, and a pound of garlic, a farthing's worth of fennel-seed for fasting days."

Then goeth Glutton in, and Great-oaths after. Ciss the sempstress sat on the bench, Wat the warrener and his wife drunk, Tom the tinker and two of his boys, Hick the hackneyman and Hugh the needler, Clarice of Cock Lane, the Clerk of the church, Sir Piercy Pridie and Pernel of Flanders, Daw the ditcher, with a dozen idle lads of porters and of pick-purses and of pilled tooth-drawers. A ribibour² and a ratcatcher, a raker and his boy, a roper and a riding-king, and Rose the disher, Godfrey the garlic-monger, Griffith the Welshman, and a heap of upholders early in the morning gave Glutton with glad cheer good ale for hansel. Clement the cobbler cast off his cloak and put it up at New Fair.³ Hick the hackneyman threw his hood after, and bade Bet the butcher be on his side. Chapmen were chosen to appraise the goods. Then arose great disputing and a heap of oaths, each seeking to get the better of the other, till Robin the roper was named umpire to end the dispute. Hick the hackneyman had the

cloak, in covenant that Clement should fill the cup and have the hackneyman's hood, and hold himself satisfied; and whoever first repented should arise after and greet Sir Glutton with a gallon of ale. Then follows a lively picture of Glutton's drunkenness, and his being helped home by Clement the cobbler. His wife put him to bed, where he slept all Saturday and Sunday, and the first words he said when he woke were, "Who holds the bowl?" His wife and his conscience rebuked him of sin; he became ashamed, shrove himself to Repentance, and cried, "Have mercy on me, thou Lord that art on high. To thee, God, I Glutton, yield me guilty of my trespass with the tongue, swearing, I cannot tell how often, by 'thy Soul' and by 'thy Sides,' and 'so help me God Almighty!' where no need was, many times falsely; I have over-supped myself at supper, and sometimes eaten at dinner more than nature could digest. I cannot speak for shame of my filthiness. Before noon on fast-days I fed me with ale out of reason, among ribalds to hear their ribaldry. Hereof, good God, grant me forgiveness of all my ill living in all my lifetime."

Sloth, described with the same homely truth as really seen and known among the people, came to Repentance after Gluttony, and completed the embodiment of the chief misdeeds of the world in the confessions of the Seven Deadly Sins. Then Repentance prayed for all the penitents, and after the prayer of Repentance, Hope blew on a horn "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven," till all the saints joined with the sinners in the song of David, "O Lord, Thou preservest man and beast. How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O God!"

Then thronged a thousand men together, crying upward to Christ and to his pure mother, that they might have grace to find Truth. But there was none who knew the way. They went astray like beasts over the brooks and hills.

They met a Palmer⁴ in his pilgrim's weeds, with bowl and bag and vernicle, and asked him "Whence he came?" "From Sinai," he said, "and from the Sepulchre. I have been to Bethlehem and Babylon, to Armenia, Alexandria, Damascus. You may see by the tokens in my cap that I have been to shrines of good saints for my soul's health, and walked full widely in wet and in dry."

"Knowest thou," they asked him, "of a saint that men call Truth; and could'st thou show us the way to where he dwells?"

"Nay," said the man then, "I never knew of palmer with staff and scrip, who ever asked after him before, until now in this place."

"Peter!"⁵ quoth a Plowman, and put forth his head

"I know him as kindly⁶ as clerks don their books,

¹ All Iniquity in relation to the Mercy of God is as a spark in the midst of the sea.

² Ribibour, player on the rebeck, or rude country fiddle.

³ There was in 1297 a mart called the New Fair in Soper Lane, Cheapside, and others like it were called "Eve-chepings." They were for the sort of barter still popular among schoolboys as "swapping." Something is offered in exchange against some other thing, and if necessary something else must be thrown in to make the exchange equal. New Fair is in our day carried on through papers devoted to the satisfaction of a taste for "swapping" among grown-up boys and girls. Clement the cobbler has many descendants who contribute to them, and manage exchanges more politely than their ancestor, by inserting and answering advertisements like this:—"Wanted, lady's large new dark brown soft felt hat, broad brim. Exchange swansdown muff and collar. —7116 P."

⁴ The Palmer was one who visited the shrines of many saints. Living upon the way by charity, his bowl was for what he found to drink, his bag for bread and meat that might be given to him. The vernicle, worn with other tokens in the cap, was a little copy of the miraculous transfer of the face of Christ to the handkerchief offered him by St. Veronica when he was bearing his own cross to Calvary.

⁵ "Peter!" was a common exclamation in the fourteenth century. It has perhaps a designed fitness in the introducing of Piers Plowman, Peter being the rock on whom Christ built his Church.

⁶ Kindly, naturally. "Kind," nature.

Conscience and Kind-wit¹ kenne² me to his place
 And maked me sykeren him² siththen to serve him for
 ever,
 Both to sowe and to setten, the while I swink³ might,
 Within and without to wayten⁴ his profit.
 I have been his follower all these forty winter,
 And served Truth soothly, somdel to paye.⁵
 In all kynne craftes that he couth devise
 Profitable to the plough, he put me to learn;
 And though I say it myself I served him to paye.
 I have mine hire of him well, and otherwhile more;
 He is most prest⁶ payer that any poor man knoweth.
 He withholds non hewe⁷ his hire over even;
 He is low as a lamb, and leal of his tongue,
 And whoso wilneth to wite⁸ where that Truth woneth⁹
 I will wissen¹⁰ you well right to his place."

In this manner Piers the Plowman first appears in the Vision. In the field full of folk "working and wandering as the world asketh," repentant men turn from the ills of life, look up to God, and seek for Truth. Those who toil in the mere form of search, but want its soul, know nothing of their need and cannot help. But what is hidden from the wise of this world God has revealed to the humble. "Whosoever would be chief among you let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Under the figure, therefore, of the Plowman, faithful to his day's labour, the poet first introduces the humility that becomes servant to Truth. Once introduced, the Plowman presently rises to his place in the poem as a type of Christ himself.

The pilgrims to Truth offered meed to Piers for showing them the way; but he set that aside and freely told them that they must all go through Meekness, till they came to Conscience, known to God Himself, and loyally¹¹ love him as their lord; that is, they must rather die than do any deadly sin, and must in nowise hurt their neighbours or do otherwise to them than they would have them do to themselves. Then as they followed the brook they would find the ford Honour-your-fathers; therein they should wade and wash them well. Then they would come to Swear-not-but-for-need, and by the croft Covet-not, from which they must be careful to take nothing away. Near by it are two stocks, Steal-not and Slay-not, but do not stay there; strike on to the hill Bear-no-false-witness, through a forest of florins. Pluck there no plant, on peril of thy soul! Next they would see Say-sooth, and by that way come to a court clear as the sun; the moat is of Mercy, and the walls are of Wit that Will cannot win; the battlements are of Christendom, the buttresses are of Believe-so-or-thou-be'st-not-saved. The houses are

¹ Kind-wit, natural knowledge. ² S keran him, give him surety.

³ Swink, labour. ⁴ Wayten, watch after.

⁵ Somdel to paye, in some part to his content. To paye, to his pleasure. Latin "pacare," to satisfy.

⁶ Prest, ready. French "prêt."

⁷ Hewe, servant. First-English "hiwan," domestics.

⁸ Wite, know. ⁹ Woneth, dwells.

¹⁰ Wissen (First-English "wissian"), to show the way.

¹¹ The word leal or loyal qualifying love throughout Piers Plowman and otherwise used, has always its first sense of obedience to or accordance with just law.

roofed, not with lead, but all with love and loyalty; the bars are of buxomness as brethren of one body, the bridge is Pray-well-and-the-better-speed. Each pillar is of penance and prayers to saints; alms-deeds are the hinges of the gates, which are kept by Grace and his man Amend-you. "Say to him this for token, 'I am sorry for my sins, so shall I ever be, and I perform the penance that the priest commanded.' Ride to Amend-you, humble yourselves to his master Grace to open the high gate of Heaven that Adam and Eve shut against us all. Through Eve that gate was closed, and through the Virgin Mary it is opened. She hath a latchkey, and can lead in whom she loveth. If Grace grant thee to enter in this wise, thou shalt see Truth where he sits in thine own heart, and solaces thy soul and saves thee from pain. Also charge Charity to build a temple within thine whole heart, to lodge therein all Truth and find all manner of folk food for their souls, if Love and Loyalty and Our Law be true. Beware then of Wrath, for he has envy against him who sitteth in thine heart and urges Pride in thee to praise thyself. If thy well-being make thee bold and blind, thou wilt be driven out and the gate locked and latched against thee, so that thou mayest not enter again for a hundred years. To that place belong Seven Sisters, who serve Truth ever, and are porters at the postern. They are Abstinence, Humility, Charity, Chastity, Patience, Peace, and Liberality. Unless one be sib¹² to these seven it is hard to enter in at the gate unless Grace be the more."

"I have no kin among them," said a cut-purse; "Nor I," said an ape-ward; "Nor I," said a wader maker. "Yes," said Piers Plowman, and urged them all to good: "Mercy is a maid there who hath might over them all, and she and her Son are sib to all the sinful. Through the help of these two ye may get grace there, if ye go betimes." "Yes," quoth one, "I have bought a piece of ground, and now must I thither to see how I like it," and took leave of Piers. Another said, "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and therefore I must go with a good will at once to drive them; therefore, I pray you, Piers, if peradventure you meet Truth, so tell him, that I may be excused." Then there was one named Active, who said, "I have married a wife who is changeable of mood, and if I were out of her sight for a fortnight she would lour on me and say I loved another. Therefore, Piers Plowman, I pray thee tell Truth I cannot come, because my Kit so cleaves to me. *Uxorem duxi et ideo non possum venire*."¹³ Quoth Contemplation, "Though I suffer care, famine, and want, yet will I follow Piers. But the way is so difficult that, without a guide to go with us, we may take a wrong turning."

Then said Piers Plowman, "I have a half-acre to plough by the highway. Had I ploughed that half-acre and sowed seed in it, I would go with you and teach the way."

"That will delay us a long time," said a lady in a veil. "What shall we women do meanwhile?"

¹² Sib, related. First-English "sib," peace, relationship; so *Goodsp* is God-sib, related in God, sponsor in baptism.

¹³ See Luke xiv. 18-20.

"I pray you," said Piers, "for your own profit, that some sew the sack to prevent shedding of the wheat; and ye worthy women who work on fine silk with your long fingers, work at fit times chasubles for chaplains to do honour to the church; wives and widows spin wool and flax, Conscience bids you make cloth for profit of the poor and pleasure of yourselves. For I shall feed them, unless the earth fail, as long as I live, for our Lord's love in heaven. And all manner of men whom this earth sustains, help me, your food-winner, to work vigorously."

Quoth a knight, "He counsels the best. I never was taught to drive a team. I wish I could. I should like to try some time, as it were, for pleasure."

"Surely, Sir Knight," said Piers then, "I shall toil and sow for us both, and labour for thee while thou livest, on condition that thou keep Holy-Church and myself from wasters and wicked men who destroy this world. Go boldly to hunt the beasts that break my hedges, and fly falcons at the wild fowl that defile my corn."

Then said the Knight, "According to my power, Piers; I plight my troth faithfully to defend thee, and fight for thee if need be."



THE KNIGHT.
From the Abbey Church at Tewkesbury.

Then the Knight was warned also to respect his bondmen, and remember that before God it was hard to distinguish knight from knave or queen from quean. Ranks might be reversed, when to the lowly it would be said, "Friend, go up higher." The knight is bound to be courteous and avoid the com-

pany of idle chatterers who help the devil to draw men to sin. The Knight promised for himself and his wife to obey his conscience and work as Piers directed.

Then Piers apparelled himself to go as a pilgrim with those who sought Truth; he hung his seed-basket on his neck instead of a scrip, and a bushel of bread-corn was within, "For I will sow it myself," he said, "and then we will go upon our journey. My plough-foot shall be my staff to help my coulter to cut and cleanse the furrows, and all who help me to plough and to weed shall have leave, by our Lord, to go and glean after, and be merry therewith, grudge who may. And I shall feed all true men who live faithfully; not Jack the juggler, Daniel the dice-player, Robin Ribald, Friar Faitour,¹ and folk of that order."

Piers had a wife, Dame Work-when-time-is, and the names of his son and daughter mean Obedience. Piers made a will, leaving his body to the Church, to his wife and children all that he had truly earned. Debts he had none. He always bare home what he borrowed ere he went to bed.

Then Piers went to the ploughing of his half-acre by the roadside, and had many to help. At high prime Piers let the plough stand to see who wrought best; he should be hired thereafter when harvest-time came. Some sat and sang at the ale, helping to plough the half-acre with "Hoy, trolly lolly!" When urged to work with the threat that not a grain should gladden them in time of need, they pleaded that they were blind, or lame, and could not work: "But we pray for you, Piers, and for your plough too, that God of his grace will multiply your grain and reward you for your almesse that ye give us here. We have no limbs to labour with, we thank the Lord."

"Your prayers would help, I hope, if ye were true," said Piers, "but Truth wills that there be no feigning among those who beg. I fear ye are wasters, who devour what loyal toil has raised out of the land. But the halt, the blind, the prisoners shall eat my corn and share my cloth."

Then one of the Wasters offered to fight with Piers Plowman, and spoke to him contemptuously. Another came bragging, and said, "Will thou or nill thou, we will have our will, and fetch thy meat and flour whenever we like to make us merry." Piers looked to the Knight for help. The Knight warned Waster courteously that if he did not amend his way he must be beaten, and set in the stocks. "I was never used to work," said Waster, "and I will not begin now." So he took little heed of the law, and less of the Knight, and set Piers at defiance.

Then Piers fetched Hunger to punish these misdoers. Hunger soon seized Waster by the throat, wrung him by the belly till his eyes watered, and buffeted him about the cheeks till he looked like a lanthorn all his life after. Piers had to pray off Hunger with a loaf of pease-bread. "Hunger, have mercy on him," said Piers, "and let me give him

¹ Faitour, Make-believe.

beans. What was baked for the horse may save him." Then the feigners were afeared, and flew to Piers's barns, and threshed with their flails so stoutly from morning to evening that Hunger was afraid to look on them. Hermits cut their copes into short coats, took spades, spread dung, weeded, for dread of their death, such strokes gave Hunger. Friars of all five orders worked, for fear of Hunger. Piers was glad, and was sending Hunger away, but asked counsel of him first; since many were at work for fear of famine, not for love.

"Truth," said Piers, "taught me once to love them all; teach me, Sir Hunger, how to master them, and make them love the labour for their living."

Hunger advised that the able-bodied who avoided work should be fed only with the bread of dogs and horses. "Give them beans. If any object, bid him Go, work; and he shall sup the sweeter when he hath deserved."

Hunger quoted many words of Scripture in support of his argument that men were born to work. They should not eat till Hunger sent his sauce, or let Sir Surfeit sit by them at table. If men did thus, Physic should sell his furred hood for his food,

"And lerne labore with londe leste lyfode hym faile.
Ther aren meny luthere¹ leeches, and lele leches fewe;
Thei don men deye² thorgh here³ drynkes er destynye hit wolde."

Piers said that Hunger was right, and bade farewell; but Hunger would not go till he had dined. It was not yet harvest, and there was nothing to be had but a little curds and cream, an oat-cake, a few loaves of beans and pease, parsley, onions, half-red cherries, a cow and her calf, and a cart-mare. But the poor people brought what they could to feed Hunger, who ate all in haste, and asked for more. But when it was harvest-time, and the new corn was in, Hunger ate and was satisfied, and went away. And then the beggars would eat only the finest bread, they would take no halfpenny ale—only the best and brownest that the brewsters sell. Labourers, who had only their hands to live by, would not dine upon worts more than one night old, or penny ale and a piece of bacon, but must have fresh meat and fish, hot, and hotter, because their stomachs were a-cold. They would chide if they had not high wages, and curse the laws; but they strove not so when Hunger frowned upon them. Here the poet, reading signs of the stars according to the astrology that formed part of the undoubted science of his day, warned his countrymen, by the aspect of Saturn, that Hunger was coming back; for famine and pestilence were on the way to them again. It was a sad prediction which, in those days, must needs be fulfilled. The next of the great pestilences followed a sore famine in 1382.

Truth heard of these things, and sent to bid Piers till the earth; granting a full pardon to him and all

who in any way helped at his ploughing: to kings and knights who defended him; to bishops if they were loyal and full of love, merciful to the meek, mild to the good, severe to the bad men of whatever rank when they would not amend; to merchants who earned honestly and made a right use of their gain, repairing the hospitals, mending the highways, helping the fatherless, the poor, the prisoner, helping also to bring the young to school. "Do this," said Truth, "and I myself shall send you Michael, mine angel, that no fiend shall hurt you, and your souls shall come to where I dwell, and there abide in bliss for ever and ever." Then the merchants wept for joy, and prayed for Piers Plowman. It was ill with lawyers who would not plead unpaid, but well with them if they would plead for the innocent poor and comfort them, and maintain their cause against injustice of the strong. There follows upon Truth's message a tender picture of the sorrows of the poor mother of many children, whose spinning barely pays the rent of the low cot, the cost of milk and meal to feed the little ones who hunger as she is hungering herself:—

"And woe in winter-time with waking a-nights
To rise to the ruel,⁴ to rock the cradle,
Both to card and to comb, to clouten⁵ and to wash,
To rub and to rely,⁶ rushes to pilie,⁷
That ruth is to read other⁸ in ryme shewe
The woe of these women that woneth in cotes."

Still dwelling upon love as the companion of labour, the poet touches on the secret sorrows of poor men, who will not beg or complain or make their need known to their neighbours; whose craft is all their substance, bringing in few pence to clothe and feed those whom they love; to whom a farthing's worth of mussels is a fast-day feast. To help and comfort such as these, and crooked men and blind, is charity indeed. But beggars with their bags, whose church is the brewhouse; if they be not halt, or blind, or sick, if they be idlers who deceive; leave them to work or starve. And those who wander wanting wit,—the lunatics and lepers, to whom cold and heat are as one, and who walk moneyless far and wide, as Peter and Paul did, though they preach not nor work miracles,—to my conscience, it is as if God, giver of wit and health, had sent forth these also as His apostles, without bread and bag and begging of no man, reverencing no man more than another for his dignity, to draw from us love and mercy. They are heaven's minstrels: men give gold to all manner of minstrels in the name of great lords. Rather, ye rich, should ye help with your goods these minstrels of God, whose sins are hid under His secret seal, than the idlers and unlearned eremites who come into the house to rest them and to roast them with their backs to the fire, and leave when they will, to go next where they are most likely to find a round of bacon. These eremites worked till they found out

¹ *Luthere*, bad. First-English "lath," evil, whence our "loathe."

² *Don men deye*, cause men to die.

³ *Here*, their.

⁴ *Ruel*, the spinning-wheel.

⁵ *Clouten*, patch.

⁶ *Rely*, reel.

⁷ *Pilie*, peel.

⁸ *Other*, or.

that feigners in friar's clothing had fat cheeks. Such men may truly be called lollers.

"As by English of our elders, of old men teaching,
He that lolleth is lame, or his leg is out of joint,
Or maimed in some member, for to mischief it soundeth.
And right so soothly such manner eremites
Lollen agen the Belief and Law of Holy-Church."

Because he is a friar, he sits at meat with the first who once sat at a side-bench and second table, tasted no wine all the week, had neither blanket on his bed nor white bread before him. The fault is with bishops who allow such sins to reign. "Simon, why sleepest thou? To watch were better, for thou hast great charge. For many strong wolves are broken into the fold; thy dogs are all blind, thy sheep are scattered, thy dogs dare not bark. They have an ill tar, their salve is of *supersedeas* in the Summoner's boxes. Thy sheep are nearly all scabbed; the wolf tears away their wool. Ho, shepherd! Where is thy dog?"

To such exhortation a priest answered by calling upon Piers to show the form of the Pardon Truth had sent him. Piers unfolded it, and showed it to them all. There were but two lines in it:

*"Qui bona egerunt ibunt in vitam eternam;
Qui vero mala, in ignem eternum."*¹

"Peter!" quoth a priest then, "I can find no pardon here! Nothing but

"Do well and Have well, and God shall have thy soul:
Do ill and have ill, and hope thou none other
But he that ill liveth shall have an ill end."

Thus the priest disputed with Piers about the Pardon, and with their words, says the Dreamer, I awoke, and saw the sun far in the south, and wandered a mile over Malvern Hills musing upon this dream. What meant Piers Plowman by the Pardon wherewith he would gladden the people? what meant the priest by his contention that it was no pardon at all? and the dream seemed to him to mean

"—that Do-well Indulgences passed,
Biennals and triennals and bishops' letters.
For whoso doth well here, at the day of doom
Worth faire underfong before God that time.
So Do-wel passeth Pardon and Pilgrimages to Rome.
Yet hath the Pope power pardon to grant
As lettered men us lereth² and Law of Holy-Church.
And so I believe loyally, lords forbid else,
That pardon and penance and prayers do save
Souls that have sinned seven siths³ deadly.
Ac⁴ to trusten upon triennals, truly me thinketh,
Is not so sicker for the Soul certes as is Dowel.
Forthi ich rede you renkes⁵ that rich ben on this earth
Up trist⁶ of your treasure triennals to have
Be ye never the bolder to break the ten hests.

And nameliche⁷ ye maistres, mayors, and judges
That han the wealth of this world, and wise men ben hold,⁸
To purchase you pardon and the Pope's bulls,
At the dreadful day of doom when dead men shullen rise,
And comen all before Christ accounts to yield
How we had our life here and his laws kept,
And how we did day by day, the doom will rehearse:
A poke⁹ full of pardon there, ne provincials' letters,
Though we be found in fraternity of all five orders,
And have indulgences doublefold, but¹⁰ Do-wel us help,
I set by pardon not a pea nother a pye-heel.
Forthi ich counsel all Christians to cry God mercy
And Mary his mother be our mene¹¹ to Him,
That God give us grace here, ere we go hence,
Such works to work while we ben here
That after our death day Do-wel rehearse
At the day of doom, we did as he taught." *Amen.*"

Thus ends, with the second dream, the first part of the Vision of Piers Plowman, which I am dwelling on the more fully because the book is not yet read and known as widely as it ought to be, and because there is no other work of the fourteenth century that shows so vividly the life of England in those days, and in the midst of all its ills, the rising spirit of a Reformation that sought grace of God in calling every man—king, knight, priest, merchant, peasant—to his Duty. Langland opposed no doctrines then accepted by his Church. He joins in testimony to the general corruption of the friars, but finds many monks true to their vows; the place held by the Virgin Mary in the mediæval Church he gave her without question, and he did not contradict what the Church taught concerning the Pope's power to grant indulgences. Obey Holy-Church, he says, but trust not in what money can buy. A bagfull of pardons will surely help you less at the Last Day, than grace of God obtained by prayer to Him with true penitence shown by undoing of the evil done, and labour to do well all one's life after. He has no faith in the religion of Say-well who turns his back upon well-doing, or in a love of God that does not show itself by love of man and deeds of mercy. He looks to Christ, and bids men strive to read their duty in the pure light of our Saviour's teaching.

The second part of his poem—styled in MSS. the vision concerning Dowel—Langland began by representing himself thus robed in russet, roaming about all a summer season in search of Dowel. He asked of many where he might be found, and met on a Friday two Franciscan friars.

"You travel much about," he said, "in princes' palaces and poor men's cots. Tell me where Dowel dwells."

"He is one of us friars," said one; "always has been, and I hope always will be."

"Nay," said Will, "even the just sins seven times a day. He cannot always be at home with you."

"I will explain to you, my son," said a friar, "how we sin seven times a day and have Dowel. If a man be in a boat on the wild sea of the world,

¹ The reference is to Matthew xxv. 34–46.

² *Lereth*, teach.

³ *Siths*, times.

⁴ *Ac*, but.

⁵ Therefore I counsel you men.

⁶ *Up trist*, upon trust.

⁷ *Nameliche*, especially.

⁸ *Ben hold*, are esteemed.

⁹ *Poke*, bag. First-English "*pocca*," pocket, a little bag.

¹⁰ But, unless.

¹¹ *Our mene*, our mediator.

and stumble and fall seven times a day, if his fall be within the boat he is safe and sound. Man has also free will and free wit to row out of sin."

"I cannot follow that," said Will. "We acknowledge Christ who died upon the cross," said the friar; and Will said, "May he save you from mischance, and give me grace to die with a good end."

Then he went farther in a wilderness by a wood-side, and pleasure of the birds' songs caused him to lie under a tree and listen to their lays and lovely notes until he slept, and dreamt. In this his third dream came to him a man like to himself and called him by his name.

"What art thou?" quoth I, "that my name knowest?"

"That wotst thou, Will," quoth he, "and no wight better."

"Wot I?" quoth I; "Who art thou?" "Thought," said he then,

"I have thee sewed¹ this seven year. Seih² thou me no rather?"

"Art thou Thought?" quoth I then, "thou coutheest me wisse³"

Where that Dowel dwelleth, and do⁴ me to know."

"Dowel and Dobet," quoth he, "and Dobest the third, Beeth three fair virtues, and beeth not far to find.

Whoso is true of his tongue and of his two hands,
And through leal labour liveth and loveth his emchristian,⁵
And thereto is true of his tale and halt⁶ well his hands,
Not dronkelewe ne deynous,⁷ Dowel him folweth.

Dobet doth all this, ac yet he doth more:
He is low as a lamb and lovely of speech,
And helpeth heartily all men of that he may spare.
The bags and the by-girdles he hath to-broke them all
That the Earl Avarous held and his heirs,
And of Mammon's money made him many friends,
And is run into religion, and rendreth his Bible,
And preacheth to the people Saint Paul's words:

*Libenter sufferitis insipientes, cum sitis ipsi sapientes.*⁸

"Ye worldliche wise unwise that ye suffer,
Lene them⁹ and love them," this Latin is to mean.

Dobest bear should the bishop's cross
And hale with the hooked end ill men to good,
And with the point put down *prevaricatores legis*,¹⁰
Lords that liven as them lust and no law acounten,
For their muck and their meuble¹¹ such men thinken
That no bishop should their bidding withsit.¹²
But Dobest should not dreaden them, but do as God
highte,¹³

*Nolite timere eos qui possunt occidere corpus.*¹⁴ "

And these three have crowned a king with sole power over the lives of those who will not do as

Dobest taught; have crowned one to be king and rule all realms according to their teaching, but no otherwise than as those three assented." The Dreamer thanked Thought for his teaching, but was not yet satisfied. He would go farther and learn more about Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest. Thought directed him to Wit (knowledge). None in the kingdom could tell him better than Wit where those three dwelt. So Thought and the Dreamer went together until they met with Wit.

"He was long and lean, like to none other,
Was no pride in his apparel, nor poverty neither,
Sad of his semblant, with a soft speech."

The Dreamer, afraid to address him, caused Thought to inquire for him where Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest dwell, what lives they live, what laws they use, and what they dread and fear.

"Sir Dowel dwelleth," quoth Wit, "not a day hence
In a castle that Kind made of four kyne things;
Of Earth of Air it is made, medled¹⁵ together,
With Wind and Water wittily en-joined.
Kind hath closed therein craftily withal
A leman that he loveth well, like to himself,
Anima she hatte,¹⁶ to her hath envy
A proud pricker of France, *Princeps hujus Mundi*,¹⁷
And would win her away with wiles if he might.
And Kind knoweth this well, and keepeth her the better,
And dooth her with Sir Dowel, Duke of these Marches.
Dobet is her damsel, Sir Dowel's daughter,
To serve that Lady leally both late and rathe.¹⁸
Dobest is above both, a bishop's peer,
And by his lering¹⁹ is led that ilk Lady *Anima*.
The constable of that castle that keepeth them all
Is a wise knight withal, Sir Inwit²⁰ he hatte,
And hath five fair sons by his first wife,
Sir Seewell, Sir Saywell, Sir Hearwell the hende,
Sir Work-well-with-thine-hand, a wight²¹ man of
strength,
And Sir Goodfaith Gowell, great lords all.
These five ben ysett for to sauye *Anima*,²²
Till Kind come or send and keep her himself."

"And who is Kind?" asked Will. Wit then described him as the Creator of all things, Lord of Light and Life, who made man in His image, that sin hides from us as clouds obscure the sun. Inwit (Conscience) lives in the head; *Anima* lives in the heart. Wit added in new form the direct lessons of human love and duty, and dwelt on the relations between husband and wife that should be founded upon higher love than that of money, and have issue in peace, not in contention. But Wit himself had Study for his wife, and she contended with him for giving his wisdom to fools,

"And said, *Noli mittere*, ye men, margerie-pearls
Amonge hogges that haven haws at will."

¹ Sewed, followed. ² Seih . . . rather, sawest . . . sooner.

³ Wisse, direct.

⁴ Do, make, cause.

⁵ Emchristian, even or equal Christian; fellow-Christian.

⁶ Halt, holds.

⁷ Deynous, disdainful.

⁸ "Ye suffer fools gladly, seeing ye yourselves are wise." (2 Cor. xi. 19.)

⁹ Lene them, give to them; that is, give to them of your knowledge.

¹⁰ Prevaricators of the law.

¹¹ Meuble, furniture.

¹² Withsit, withstand; set himself against.

¹³ Highte, commanded.

¹⁴ "Fear not them which kill the body." (Matthew x. 28.)

¹⁵ Medled, mixed.

¹⁶ *Anima* she hatte, the Soul she is called.

¹⁷ The Prince of this World.

¹⁸ Rathe, early.

¹⁹ Lering, teaching.

²⁰ Inwit, conscience.

²¹ Wight, vigorous.

²² Appointed to keep *Anima* safe.

The world, she said, loves land and lordship more than all the saints can teach. Through her the poet paints contempt of true learning in clerks who argue blindly of the Trinity and send the poor shivering and starving from their gates. Were not the poor more merciful to one another, many would go unfed. Pride is so much enhanced that men's prayers have no power to stay these pestilences. Men now want charity, are gay and gluttonous. Beware, Dame Study said to Wit her husband, beware of showing Holy Writ to swine. Wit laughed and bowed to his wife, and looked at the Dreamer as inviting him to win her grace. The Dreamer bowed, and very courteously prayed that she would teach him to know what Dowel is. For his meekness, she said, and his mild speech, she would introduce him to her cousin Clergy, who has Study's sister Scripture (written knowledge) for his wife. By their understanding and counsel he should come to know Dowel. The Dreamer asked the way to Clergy's home, and was bidden to go by the highway to Suffer-both-weal-and-much-woe, and then ride on through Riches without tarrying. "When you come to Clergy, say it was I who taught his wife. Many men," said Dame Study, "have been taught by me, but Theology has vexed me ten-score times.

"The more I muse thereon the mistier it seemeth,
And the deeper I dive the darker methinketh it.
It is no science soothly, but a soothfast belief,
Ac for it lereth¹ men to love, I believe thereon the better."

When Clergy was found, he told the Dreamer that if he coveted Dowel he must keep the Ten Commandments and believe in Christ. If man's wit could not doubt evidence of the revealed mysteries of God, there would be no merit in Faith. Belief and Loyalty and Love make Dowel, Dobet, and Dobest.

Then Clergy's wife, Scripture (written knowledge) scorned the questioner, and looked to Clergy to get rid of him; saying in Latin, "Many know many things, and not themselves."

The Dreamer wept for woe and awoke, and slept again, and passed into another—the fourth—dream of the Vision.

He dreamt that Fortune took him to the Land of Longing and Love, and bade him look into a Mirror of the World. "Here," she said, "thou may'st see wonders, and know that which thou covetest to know." Fortune had two fair maidens following her, named Lust-of-Flesh and Covetise-of-Eyes. Pride-of-Perfect-living also followed him fast, and bade him make light of Clergy's teaching. The two maidens offered him their comfort, but there was one named Eld (old age), heavy of cheer, who warned him that he should find Fortune fail him at his need, and that he would then be forsaken by her daughters.

"Yea, never reck thee," said Recklessness, who stood forth in ragged clothes, "it is a far way yet to Eld."

Sir Wanhope (Despair) was sib to Recklessness,

and said, "Go I to hell or heaven, I shall not go alone. If all be true that Clergy and Scripture say, there's not a lord or lady on earth who shall see God in his bliss. The Church says that Solomon and Aristotle are in hell; that Mary Magdalene and the repentant thief are in heaven. A little of God's grace is better than much learning of Clergy and Scripture. Clerks who are most learned can forfeit the heaven that poor loyal labourers and tillers of the soil reach with a Pater Noster. God disposes." Then childish Recklessness drew the Dreamer towards the daughters of Fortune; he thought no more of Dowel and Dobet; he cared no more for Clergy and his counsel.

"Alas!" said Eld and Holiness both, "that Wit should become wretchedness, when Wealth has all his will!"

But Covetise-of-Eyes solaced the Dreamer, and said, "So thou be rich, have no conscience how thou come to good. Confess to a friar, and thou'rt soon absolved."

He did so; but Fortune presently became his foe, and Poverty pursued him. Then he went to the friar, and could get no absolution without silver. "Why frown'st thou at this friar?" asked Loyalty. "Because he flattered me when I was rich, and will not look upon me now." Here Loyalty gave counsel, and Scripture enforced it with texts, setting forth the grace of God to those who faithfully bear poverty and trials upon earth. Poverty walks in peace, unrobbed among the plunderers. Poverty Jesus chose. The poor may be as having nothing, yet possessing all things. The poet dwells at length upon the consolations of the unencumbered poor. Recklessness argued against Clergy until Nature came to Clergy's help, and showed how the beasts follow Reason, while men alone ride away from Reason recklessly. The birds patiently build their nests, and hatch their young; the flowers yield their fit colour and perfume. The Dreamer asked of Reason why he did not rather govern man than beasts. "Ask not," said Reason, "what I suffer from those who sin against me. Who is more long-suffering than God? Be patient. Rule thy tongue. Praise God, and know that none lives without crime."

The Dreamer then awoke, and grieved that he had slept no more. "Sleeping," he said, "I might have found Dowel. Waking, I never shall."

After this fourth dream of the Vision, while Will mourned, there came to him one who told him that if he had been patient, even though but in a dream, he would have heard Reason confirm the teaching of Clergy. For his pride and presumption of perfect living, Reason refused to stay with him. He had been brought to shame for reasoning against Reason. The new counsellor was Imaginative, who said he had followed him these forty years, and often taught him about Dowel; counselling that to beguile no man, neither to lie, nor to waste time, nor to hurt any true thing, to live humbly, and obey the Church is Dowel; but to love and to give, living a good life in faith, is called *Caritas*, Kind Love in English, that is Dobet. In different forms, in short, there is one lesson: Dowel is the life of truth and justice that

¹ *Ac for it lereth*, but because it teacheth.

should be natural to man; Dobet rises within himself above simple equity, to the grace of a true Christian charity and self-denial; Dobest multiplies in others these blessings, represses evil in the world, calls forth its good, is the human head of the Church when he fulfils his duty, and is, above all, the divine Head of the Church, who wipes out the sins of the people, and brings many to salvation.

Imaginative tells the Dreamer of the grace of God, of the right use of learning, and of the attention due from the unlearned to those who bring them knowledge. It is well with the lowly who seek heaven. The peacock's tail hinders his flying, and he is harsh of voice. Many a man's riches are as the peacock's tail. The lark is a smaller bird, but he is sweeter of song, sweeter of savour, and swifter of wing:

"To low living men the lark is resembled,
And to leal and to life-holy that loven all truth."

To heathen men who had loved all truth they knew or could discover, Langland makes Imaginative apply the saying of the lord to the steward in Christ's parable of the talents, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

"And that is love and large hire, if the lord be true,
And courtesy more than covenant was, what so clerks carpen.
For all worth¹ as God will—and therewith he vanished."

The Dreamer awoke, and mused upon his dreaming till he slept again. In this, his sixth dream, Conscience and Clergy came to him and bade him rise and roam, for he should dine with Reason. To the allegorical dinner

"Patience as a poor thing came and prayed meat for charity,
Ylike to Piers Plowman."

The Dreamer sat with Patience at a side table, served with the sour bread of Penitence and the drink of Long Perseverance. Will was grieved at the gluttony of a doctor at the high dais, whom he had heard preach three days ago at St. Paul's, of the penance through which Paul and all who sought heaven attained its joy. He wondered why the doctor never preached of "perils among false brethren." But (ac), he says,

"Ac me is loth, though I Latin know, to lacky² any sect,
For all we ben brethren, though we be diversely clothed."

Yet this doctor with the great cheeks hath no pity on the poor. Let him be asked, when he is full, said Patience, what penance is; and whether Dobet do any penance. Presently this doctor, ruddy as a rose, began to cough and converse. "What is Dowel, Sir Doctor?" quoth I. "Is Dobet any penance?" "Dowel?" quoth this Doctor, and he drank after, "Do thy neighbour no harm nor thyself neither,

then dost thou well and wisely." "Certes, sir," then said I, "in that ye divide not with the poor ye pass not do well, and do not live as our Lord would, who hath visited and redeemed his people." Then Conscience courteously asked the Doctor concerning Dowel and Dobet. "Do well," he replied, "is do as the doctors tell you; Dobet is travail to teach others; and he that doth as he teacheth I hold it for a Dobest." Then Conscience asked Clergy also, "What is Dowel?" "Have me excused," quoth Clergy; "for me that shall remain a question of the schools, for love of Piers the Plowman, who has rejected all kinds of learning and craft—

"Save love and loyalty and lowness of heart,
And no text taketh to prove this for true
But *Dilige Deum et proximum*³ and *Domine quis habitabit in tabernaculo*, &c.,⁴
And proveth by pure skill imperfect all things,
Nemo bonus,⁵
But leal Love and Truth, that loth is to be yfound."

Quoth Piers the Plowman, "*Patientes vincunt*."⁶ Suddenly here breaks in the voice of Piers the Plowman, "*Disce, doce, dilige*. Learn, teach, and love God and thine enemy; help him with all thy might; heap coals of gentle words upon his head; give to him again and again in the day of his need; lay on him thus with love until he laughs, and if he do not yield him to this beating, blind he must be." And when he had said thus no man knew what was become of Piers the Plowman, so privily he went. Reason ran after and went with him, but no others except Conscience and Clergy. Then Patience said, when Piers had passed from them, "They who love loyally covet but little. I could win all France if I would, without any bloodshedding. *Patientes vincunt*. Neither poverty nor malice, heat nor hail, can hurt the man who has taken Patience to his bosom. Perfect love casteth out fear. Live as thou teachest, and the world is at thy feet." "This is all dido," said the Doctor. "All the wit of this world and strength of the strong cannot make a Peace between the Pope and his enemies that shall be profitable to both parties." Will noticed that Conscience soon quitted this doctor and said to Clergy, "I would liever, if I should live, have patience perfectly than half thy pack of books. I will depart, therefore, with Patience to find Perfectness." So they went their way, and, with great will, the Dreamer followed.

They talked by the way of Dowel and met Hawkin the Active man, a baker of wafer-bread, who said he was prentice to Piers Plowman, for the comfort of all people. He was very poor, and wished the Pope might bear in his mouth mercy and amend us all; since he hath the power that Saint Peter had, why shall he not lay hands on the sick and they recover; why did he not give health to the sickly air, and stay the pestilence? Is it that men are no longer worthy of such grace? There would be less pride

³ Love God and thy Neighbour. (Matthew xxii. 37, 38.)

⁴ Psalm xv.

⁵ "There is none good." (Mark x. 18.)

⁶ The patient conquer. "If we suffer we shall also reign with him" (2 Timothy ii. 12).

¹ All worth, all is, all becomes.

² Lacky, find fault with.

among men if there were bread for all. But Patience said that though there were no bread, plough, or pottage in existence, yet Pride would shoot forth. Hawkin's own coat was soiled with sins, and he was so busy that he had not time to clean it. But Conscience taught him, and Patience satisfied his hunger with a piece of the Paternoster called "Thy-Will-be-Done."

Then they met one who was named Free-Will, and well known to both Conscience and Clergy. He said he was Christ's creature, to whom neither Peter nor Paul would deny admission into heaven. He went about in man's body and had many names—*Mens, Memoria, Ratio, Sensus, &c.*

"You would like to know what they all mean?"

"I should," said the Dreamer.

"Then you are one of the knights of Pride. God alone can know everything. The priesthood should leave fallacies and insoluble problems that cause men to doubt their own belief, and show the way of holiness by walking in it as guides of the people. Unsound priests get with guile and spend ungraciously; but there is an ill end to those who live against holy love and the love of Charity."

"Charity!" said the Dreamer. "I have often heard that praised, but never met with it. I have lived in London many long years and have never found, as the friars say, Charity that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. I never found layman or clerk who would not ask after his own, and covet besides what he could do without, and get it if he could."

The reply pictures Charity as child-like in gladness with the glad and sadness with the sorry, child-like in faith that what a man declares for truth he holds for truth, and for reverence to God who is so good, unable to beguile or grieve another. Charity has no laugh of scorn, and takes all griefs of life as ministries from heaven.

"And who," the Dreamer asked, "feeds Charity? What friends hath he, what rents or riches to relieve him at his need?"

"For rents and riches," was the reply, "he never cares. He hath a friend that faileth never. He can find all in Thou-openest-thine-hand,¹ and Thy-Will-be-Done feasteth him each day. He visits the prisoners; he tells men of the sufferings of Christ; he takes all the apparel of Pride into his laundry, and it is washed white with his tears."

"Were I with him I would never leave him," said the Dreamer. "But they know him not, who keep the church."

"Piers Plowman," it was answered, "knoweth him most perfectly. By clothing and talking thou shalt know him never, but by works thou mightest come into his way. He is pleasant of speech and companionable, as Christ himself teacheth. Be not as the hypocrites of a sad countenance.² I have seen him myself sometimes in russet and sometimes in gold. He was found once in a friar's frock, but that was long since in the far days of

Francis.³ He seldom comes to court, because of the brawling and backbiting there, or to the consistory, for law there is too slow, except when silver is wanting. He would live with bishops for the sake of the poor, but Avarice keeps him outside their gates. Whoso coveteth to follow Charity must be of such kind as I told you not long ago. He holds it a shame to beg or borrow but of God only, Give us this day our daily bread."

At this point in the narrative the MSS. mark the close of the Vision as far as it concerns Dowel, and the beginning of Dobet. There is no man, says the Dreamer, who does not sometimes borrow or beg, and who is not at times wrathful without any sin. "Whoso is wroth and desires vengeance," he is told, "puts aside Charity, if Holy-Church be true. Charity suffers all things. Holy men have lived also without borrowing or begging. Paul, the first hermit, if Augustine be true, was fed by the birds; Paul the Apostle made baskets after his preaching, and earned what he needed with his hands; Peter and Andrew fished. To Mary of Egypt three little loaves sufficed for thirty years. But now no prayers bring us peace; the learned err so much that the unlearned lose belief. The sea and the earth fail, though sea and seed and sun and moon daily and nightly do their duty.⁴ If we did the same our peace would be perpetual. Weatherwise shipmen have now lost their faith in the air and in the lode-star. Clerks say that faith alone suffices. It would be better for us if they did their duty. Saracens might so be saved, if they believed in Holy-Church."

"What is Holy-Church, friend?" asked the Dreamer.

"Charity," was the answer. "Life and love and loyalty in one belief and law, a love-knot of loyalty and leal belief. All kinds of Christians joined together by one will, without guile and gabbing give and sell and lend. Jews, Gentiles, and Saracens judge themselves that they believe loyally (that is, according to law), and yet their law differeth; and with good heart they honour one God, who is source of all. But our Lord loveth no love unless law be the cause. For dissolute men love against the law, and at the last are damned; thieves love against loyalty, and at the last are hanged; and leal men love as the law teacheth, and love thereof ariseth which is head of charity and health of man's soul. Love God, for he is good and ground of all truth. Love thine enemy entirely, God's hest to fulfil. Love thy friend that followeth thy will, that is thy fair soul."

When Free Will had said much more upon this head, "Dear Free Will," quoth I, "I believe as I hope that thou couldst tell me the way to Charity." Then he smiled, and led me forth with tales till we came into a garden land, its name was *Cor Hominis* (the Heart of Man). In the midst was a tree called *Imago Dei* (the Image of God). This was the tree of True-Love, which shot forth blossoms named Benign Speech, and thereof cometh a good fruit which men call Works of Holiness, of Gentleness, of Help-him-that-needeth, the which is called *Caritas*,

¹ "That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good." (Psalm civ. 28.)

² Matthew vi. 16.

³ Francis of Assisi, founder of the Franciscan order. See page 53.

⁴ "Dever" ("devoir") is the word here representing duty.

Christ's own food. The tree is shored up with three props against the wind of Covetise, that shakes the tree and nips its fruit. The first prop is the Might of God the Father; the second is the Wisdom of the Father in the passion and penance and perfectness of the Son. The Devil comes with a ladder, of which the rungs are lies, to shake the tree; but Free Will then brings down the evil spirit with the third shorer, which is *Spiritus Sanctus*, and that firm belief which is grace of the Holy Ghost. The Dreamer gazed intently on the fruit, and saw that it was wondrous fair, and asked if it were all of the same kind. Yes, he was told, but, as in an apple-tree, some are sounder and some sweeter than others. Then the tree was Adam; the fruit in different positions on the tree, some getting more light to ripen the love in them, were men in different positions of life. The contemplative life has more light than the active. Widowhood is above matrimony, maidenhood above them both. The Dreamer, wishing to taste this fair fruit, asked that the tree might be shaken. Eld (Old Age) shook it, but as the fruit fell, the Devil picked it up. Then Free Will of God struck at the fiend with the middle prop, and the Son, with the Father's will, flew with the Holy Spirit to recover the fruit from that accuser.¹ Then spake the Holy Ghost, through Gabriel's mouth, to a meek maid named Mary. Here the narrative proceeds from the Annunciation to the Birth and Life of Christ, and to the betraying kiss of Judas, and the noise of the carrying of Christ by the Jews to judgment. With that William awoke from his sixth dream.

He awoke and knew not whither Free Will was gone, but waited for him till, on Mid-Lent Sunday, he met a man hoar as a hawthorn, and Abraham he hight. "Whence came you?" the poet asked. "I am with Faith," he said, "who was a herald before there was any law." "What is his cognisance?" "Three persons in one pennon;" and the allegory goes on to set forth a Triune God as the mark of faith. Abraham bare in his bosom a thing that he often blessed. It was a leper. The fiend claimed Abraham and the leper too. Christ only could ransom them by giving life for life. The poet wept at hearing, but presently there came one who ran swiftly.

"I am Spes,"² quoth he, "and speer after a knight
That took me a mandement upon the Mount of Sinai,
To rule all realms therewith in right and in reason.
Lo here the Letter," quoth he, "in Latin and in Ebrew,
That I say is sooth, see whoso liketh."
'Is it a-sealed?' I said. 'May men see the letters?'
'Nay,' he said, 'I seek him that hath the seal to keep,
The which is Christ and Christendom, and a Cross thereon
to hang.
Were it therewith a-sealed, I wot well the truth,
That Lucifer's lordship lie should full low.'
'Let see thy letters,' quoth I; 'we might the Law know.'
He plight forth a patent, a piece of an hard rock,
Whereon was writ two words in this wise glosed:

*Dilige Deum et Proximum tuum.*³

¹ *Ragman* is the name here given to Satan, from Icelandic "*rægja*," to slander or defame; First-English "*wregean*," to accuse. The word is not related to the "*ragman*" of page 79, Note 1.

² *Spes*, Hope.

³ Love God and thy neighbour.

This was the text truly I took full good gome,⁴
The glose gloriously was writ with a gilt pen:

*In his duobus mandatis pendet tota lex et propheta.*⁵

During the talk that arose from the words of Faith (for whom Abraham spoke) and Hope, a Samaritan, travelling their own way, came by them quickly on a mule. He was on his way from Jericho to joustings at Jerusalem. Abraham, Hope, and He came together in a wild wilderness where thieves had fast bound a man who was naked, and who seemed to be half dead. Faith and Hope saw and passed him at a distance; the Samaritan at once drew near, dismounted and led his mule, poured wine and oil into the stranger's wounds, bandaged them, set him on Bayard, and led him to a grange called *Lex Dei* (the law of God), where he left him to be healed, giving two pence to the hosteler, and saying that he would make good to him what more was spent on medicine; for I may not stay, he said, and re-mounted and sped on towards Jerusalem. Then the Dreamer hurried after that Samaritan, and was taught by him, of the Trinity upon which Faith (Abraham) had dwelt; and of Love, the theme of Hope. "Every man can love his neighbour if he will," said the Samaritan, and hasted on.

Here ended the seventh dream of the Vision, but the poet slept again and dreamt much of Palm Sunday, of the Palm Sunday hymn, the *Gloria laus* (sung as the procession halts before re-entering the church), and of Hosanna sung by old folk to the organ. One who was like the Samaritan, and some part like Piers Plowman, came barefoot on an ass's back, without spurs or spear, as a knight on his way to be dubbed. Then was Faith in a window, and cried, "O Son of David!" as a herald cries when adventurers come to the jousts. Old Jews of Jerusalem sang for joy, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!" Then the Dreamer asked of Faith what this meant.

"And who should jousten at Jerusalem?"—"Jesus," he said;
'And fetch that the fiend claimeth, Piers' fruit, the Plowman.'

'Is Piers in this place?' quoth I."

Then he was told that Free Will of God had undertaken for love that Jesus should joust in the arms of Piers the Plowman; in his helm and habergeon of human nature. He asked who should joust with Jesus, Jews or scribes? None, he was told, but the Fiend, and the false doom of Death. Death claims and threatens all, but Life hath laid his life to pledge that within three days he will recover from the Fiend the fruit of Piers the Plowman.

Then came Pilate to the judgment-seat, and Jesus was condemned and suffered on the cross, and said, "It is finished." And the day became dark, and the dead rose, and one of the dead told of the battle in darkness between Life and Death. The side of the Saviour was pierced by Longeus, who, in doing so

⁴ *Gome*, heed. First-English "*gy'me*" and "*gy'men*," care, heed; "*gy'man*," to take care of.

⁵ "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets" (Matthew xxii. 40.)

against his will, begged Mercy of Jesus. Presently there came Mercy as a mild maiden walking from the west, and looking hell-ward. Forth from the east, came softly walking, clean and comely, one who seemed to be her sister, and her name was Truth. They spoke of what they saw and what should follow, and Truth doubted the high promises of Mercy, that by this death Death should be destroyed. Then out of the north came to them Righteousness (Justice), and Peace out of the south. Righteousness paid reverence to Peace, who said she was come forth to welcome the redeemed. They shall sing, she said—

“And I shall dance thereto; do also thou, sister,
For Jesus jousted well; joy beginneth to dawn.”

So Mercy and Truth and Peace and Righteousness spoke of Salvation.

Then is set forth in lively narrative the Descent into Hell. A spirit bade unbar the gates.

“A voice loud in that light to Lucifer said,
‘Princes of this palace, prest undo the gates,
For here cometh with coroune the King of all Glory!’”

Then Satan bade the fiends bar out the coming light and hold the gate, but, owning presently that they had not power against Christ, he would appeal, he said, to his justice. Here also Christ crucified prevailed. Satan was bound; the angels sang in Heaven, and Peace piped a poet's note that when the dark cloud disappears, much brighter for that is the sunshine; so when the Hatreds are gone, brighter for that is the Love.

“After sharpest showers,” quoth Peace, “most sheen is the sun;

Is no weather warmer than after watery clouds
Neither love liever, ne liever friendes
Than after war and wrack, when Love and Peace ben
masters.”

Then Truth and Peace embraced; Righteousness and Peace kissed each other; Truth trumpeted and sang, “We praise Thee, O God!” and then Love sang in a loud note, “Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.” Till the day dawned these damsels danced. Then men rang to the Resurrection, and the Dreamer awoke, and called to Kit his wife and Calot his daughter, “Arise, and go reverence God's Resurrection, and creep on knees to the cross.”

Here the eighth dream ends, and the rest of the poem is said to be Vision of Dobest. The awakened Dreamer went to mass and sacrament, and, sleeping in the midst of the mass, he dreamt again—

“That Piers the Plowman was painted all bloody,
And came in with a cross before the common people,
And right like in all limbs to Our Lord Jesu;
And then called I Conscience to ken me the sooth.
‘Is this Jesus the jouter,’ quoth I, ‘that Jews duden
to death,
Other is it Piers Plowman? Who painted him so red?’
Quoth Conscience, and kneeled then, ‘These aren Christ's
arms,

His colours and his coat-armour, and he that cometh so
bloody

It is Christ with his cross, conqueror of Christine.”

Then Conscience tells the Dreamer of Our Lord as Jesus and as Christ. In his youth he was Dowel. When he was older, and gave eyes to the blind and food to the hungry, he got a greater name, and was Dobet. When he had died for man, and said to doubting Thomas, “Blessed are they that see not as thou hast seen, and yet believe,” and gave Piers power and might to show mercy to all manner of men, and power to absolve the penitent who seek to pay that which they owe, and power to bind and to unbind; then he became Dobest, and ascended into heaven, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. Then, says the poet, methought the Holy Spirit descended in likeness of lightning upon Piers and his fellows, and made them to know all kinds of languages. I wondered, and asked Conscience what that was, and feared the fire with which the Holy Spirit overspread them all. Quoth Conscience, then, and kneeled, “This is Christ's messenger, and cometh from the great God; Grace is his name. Welcome him, and worship him with *Veni, Creator Spiritus*.” And I sang then that song, and so did many hundreds, and cried with Conscience, “Help us, God of grace.”

Then began Grace to go with Piers Plowman, and counselled him and Conscience to summon the Commons, to take weapons for the battle against Antichrist. Antichrist and his kind were coming to grieve the world; false prophets and flatterers would have the ears of King and Earl; Pride would be Pope, with Covetise and Unkindness for his cardinals. “Therefore,” said Grace, “ere I go I will give you treasure, and weapons for the conflict.”

Here follows an enumeration of the gifts of the Spirit, followed by the Holy Spirit's counsel to all to be loyal, and each one craft to love others without boast, or debate, or envy. All crafts are given to men variously by the Grace of God. Let men not blame one another, but love as brethren, and crown Conscience for their king. Piers Plowman is appointed steward of God's Grace, and registrar to receive Redde-quod-debes (pay that which is due), the duty done by each. Piers also was appointed to be God's Plowman on earth, to till Truth with a team of four great oxen named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John the most gentle of all, the prize neat of Piers' Plough, passing all other. Also four stots—Austin, Ambrose, Gregory, and Jerome—to draw the harrow over all those oxen ploughed. Also four seeds, the four Cardinal Virtues—Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice. “Against thy grains begin to grow,” said Grace, “prepare thee a house, Piers, for garnering thy corn.” “Give me timber for it,” said Piers, “ere ye go hence.” And Grace gave him the cross with the crown of thorns, and Mercy was the name of the mortar made with the blood shed for man.

Then Grace laid a good foundation, and Piers built a house, and called that house Unity, in English Holy-Church. Then he devised a cart, called Christendom, to carry home the sheaves, and

put two horses to it—Contrition and Confession—and made Priesthood work with him in tilling Truth.

But Pride espied Piers at the plough, and gathered a great host for assault upon his ground, and sent forth his serjeants-of-arms and his spy Spill-love on Speak-evil-behind, who came to Conscience and all Christians, preparing for the destruction of all Piers's work, and for bringing men out of the house Unity. Pride and Lust then came in arms to waste the world. Conscience counselled all Christians to take refuge in the house Unity, Holy-Church, and defend it, seeking Grace for helper. Kindwit (natural sense) joined Conscience in urging upon Christian men to dig a great moat about Unity, that might be a strength to defend Holy-Church. Then most repented of their sins. The cleanness of the people, and clean-living of clerks, made Unity, Holy-Church, to stand in holiness. Conscience called all Christians to eat together, for help of their health as partakers of the Lord's Supper, once a month, or as often as those needed who had paid to Piers Plowman *Redde-quod-debes*.¹

"How?" quoth all the Commons; "counsellst thou us to give to every one his due ere we go to housel?"

"That," said Conscience, "is my counsel."

"Yea, bah!" quoth a brewer; "I will not be ruled. It is my business to sell dregs and draff, and draw at one hole thick and thin ale, and not to hack after holiness. Hold thy tongue, Conscience."

Conscience warned him that he could not be saved unless he lived as the spirit of justice taught.

"Then," said a Vicar, "many men are lost. I never heard talk in the church of cardinal virtues, or knew a man who cared a cock's feather for Conscience. The only Cardinals I know are those sent by the Pope, and it costs us much, when they come, to pay for their furs and their commons, and to feed their palfreys and the thieves that follow them. Therefore," said this Vicar, "I would that no Cardinals came among the common people, but that they stayed at Avignon among the Jews, or at Rome, if they pleased, to take care of the relics; and that thou, Conscience, wert in the King's Court, never to come thence; and that Grace, of whom thou criest aloud so much, were the guide of all clergy; and that Piers, with his new plough and his old, were Emperor of all the World; that all men were Christian!"

A Lord said, as to *Redde-quod-debes*, that he held it right and reason to take of his reeve whatever his auditor or steward and the writing of his clerks made to be his. With a spirit of Understanding they make out the rent-roll, and with a spirit of Fortitude they gather it in, will-he, nill-he. A King said that as he was head of the law, crowned to rule Commons and defend the Church, law would that if he wanted anything, he should take it wherever it could most readily be had. "Whatever I take, I take by the spirit of Justice, for I judge you all; so I may be houseled."

"Yes," said Conscience, "on condition that thou learn to rule thy realm right well in reason and in truth, and that thou have thine asking as the law asks. All things are thine to defend, but not to seize."

Here the Vicar, who was far from home, departed, and the ninth dream ended.

Then William went by the way heavy of cheer, not knowing where to eat, and he met Need, who rebuked him for not excusing himself as the King and others had done. He might have pleaded that as to food, water, and clothing, a man who has them not cannot be forbidden to take them without reference to Conscience or the Cardinal Virtues, if only he obey the Spirit of Temperance, which is a virtue greater than Justice or Fortitude, or even Prudence, for Prudence may fail in many points. God himself taking the shape of man, was so needy that he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."² Be not ashamed of poverty. And then Will slept again, and there came to him the tenth and last of the dreams that form the Vision of Piers Plowman.

He saw Antichrist, in the form of man, spoiling the crop of Truth, and causing Guile and Falsehood to spring and spread in its place in each country that he entered. Friars followed that fiend, for he gave them copes. Whole convents, except only the fools more ready to die than live while loyalty was so rebuked, came out to welcome him, and rang bells in his honour. A false fiend Antichrist ruled over all, and cursed all mild and holy men, and kings who comforted them. So many gathered about Antichrist's banner, and Pride was its bearer.

Conscience counselled men to fortify themselves in Unity, Holy-Church, and call Kind (nature) to their help for love of Piers the Plowman. Then Kind came out of the planets, and sent forth his forayers; fevers and fluxes, coughs and cramps and frenzies, and foul ills. Death came, with his banner borne before him by Old Age, who claimed that office as his right. There was wild battle. Death dashed into dust kings and knights, kaisers and popes, learned and unlearned.

Conscience besought Kind then to stay his wrath, and see whether the people would amend and turn from Pride. But when the punishment was stayed, then Fortune flattered those who were alive, and promised them long life; and the sins warred still against Conscience and his company. Simony followed Avarice, and they pressed on the Pope, and made prelates who held with Antichrist to save their pockets. Avarice came into the King's council as a bold baron, and struck Conscience in the court before them all, compelled Good Faith to fly, held Falseness there, and boldly bare down with many a bright noble much of the wit and wisdom of Westminster Hall. He jogged to a justice, and jousted in his ear, and overtilted all his truth; hied then to the Arches, and turned Civil Law to Simony.

"Alas!" said Conscience, "I would that Covetise, so keen in battle, were a Christian!"

¹ *Redde-quod-debes*. Render to all their dues. . . . Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. (Romans xiii. 7, 8.)

² Matthew viii. 20.

Then Life laughed loudly, and held Holiness a jest, and Loyalty a churl, and Liar a free man, Conscience a folly. Life took for his mate Fortune, who said, "Health and I and Highness of Heart shall save thee from all dread of Eld and Death." Life and Fortune became parents of Sloth, who soon came of age, and mated with Despair. Sloth used his sling against Conscience, who called Eld (old age) to battle, and Eld fought with Life, who fled to Physic for protection. Life thought leechcraft able to stay the course of Eld. Eld struck a physician in a furred hood, so that he fell into a palsy, and was dead in three days.

"Now I see," said Life, "that Physic cannot help me to stay the course of Eld;" so he took heart and rode to Revel, a rich place and a merry. Eld hastened after him, the Dreamer says, and on his way passed over my head so closely that he left it bald before and bare upon the crown.

"Sir illtaught Eld," I cried, "since when was there a highway over men's heads? Hadst thou been civil, thou wouldst have asked leave."

"Yea, dear dolt," he said, and so hit me under the ear, that I am hard of hearing. He buffeted me about the mouth, and beat out my grinders, and gyved me with gout so that I may not go at large. Then Death drew near me, and I quaked for fear, and cried to Kind, "Awreak me, if your will be, for I would be hence."

Kind counselled him to go into Unity, hold himself there till Kind summoned him, and see that he had learnt some craft ere he went thence.

"Counsel me, Kind," quoth I; "what craft is best to learn?"

"Learn to love," quoth Kind, "and leave all other things. If thou love loyally, thou shalt lack nothing while life lasteth."

The Dreamer, therefore, went through Contrition and Confession, till he found his way to Unity, where Conscience was constable, to save Christians besieged by seven great giants, who held with Antichrist. Sloth and Avarice led the attack. "By the Mary," said a priest from the Irish border, "so I catch silver, I mind Conscience no more than the drinking of a draught of ale." And so said sixty of that country, and shot against him many a sheaf of oaths and broad-hooked arrows, God's Heart, and His nails, and almost had Holy-Church down, when Conscience cried, "Help, Clergy, or I fall." Friars came to the cry; but as they did not understand their work, Conscience forsook them, but offered to be their helper if they learnt to love. Armies under their officers, monks' in their houses, have their numbers known; only the friars, like the hosts of hell, are numberless. Envy bade Friars learn logic, and prove the falsehood that all things under heaven ought to be in common. But God made a law that Moses taught, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods."

Envy, Covetise, Unkindness assailed Conscience, who held him within Unity, Holy-Church, and bade Peace, his porter, bar the gate. Hypocrisy with all the tale-tellers and idle titterers made sharp assault upon the gate, and wounded many a wise teacher who held by Conscience and the

four Virtues. Conscience called Shrift, a good leech, who used the sharp salve of penance and duty. Many asked for a surgeon who would handle them more softly, and give milder plasters. Then one who loved ease, and lay groaning in fear that he should be killed by fasting on a Friday, told of a friar named Flatterer, who was both surgeon and physician. Quoth Contrition to Conscience, "Bring him to Unity, for here are many men hurt through hypocrisy." "We have no need," quoth Conscience; "I know no better leech than parson or parish priest, save Piers the Plowman, that hath power over all." Nevertheless, Conscience did not prevent them from calling on that friar Flatterer. Peace questioned him at the gate, and denied him entrance, but Fair-Speech pleaded for him, and the gates were opened. "Here," quoth Conscience, "is my cousin Contrition wounded. The plasters and powders of the parson are too sore, and he lets them lie too long, and is loth to change them. From Lent to Lent he lets his plasters bite."

"That is overlong," saith this limitour; "I think I shall amend it." He gave him a plaster of Privy-payment-and-I-shall-pray-for-you. Contrition quickly ceased to weep for his wicked works. When Sloth and Pride saw that, they came with a keen will to the attack on Conscience. Conscience again cried, "Clergy, come help me!" and bade Contrition help to keep the gate. "He lies drowned," said Peace. "This friar with his physic hath enchanted folk and drenches men with error till they fear no sin."

Then Conscience vowed that he would become a pilgrim over the wide world to seek Piers the Plowman. "Now Kind, avenge me, and send me hap and hele till I have Piers Plowman!" And after that he cried aloud upon Grace till, says the poet, I awoke.

So ends the Vision, with no victory attained, a world at war, and a renewed cry for the grace of God, a new yearning to find Christ, and bring with him the day when wrongs and hatreds are no more. Though in its latest form somewhat encumbered by reiteration of truths deeply felt, the fourteenth century yielded no more fervent expression of the purest Christian labour to bring men to God. And while the poet dwells on love as the fulfilment of the law—a loyal not a lawless love—he is throughout uncompromising in requirement of a life spent in fit labour, a life of Duty. The sin that he makes Pride's companion in leading the assault on Conscience is Sloth. Every man has his work to do, that should be fruit of love to God and to his neighbour. For omitted duties or committed wrongs there is in Langland's system no valid repentance that does not make a man do all he can to repair the omission, right the wrong. Langland lays fast hold of all the words of Christ, and reads them into a Divine Law of Love and Duty. He is a Church Reformer in the truest sense, seeking to strengthen the hands of the clergy by amendment of the lives and characters of those who are untrue to their holy calling. The ideal of a Christian Life shines through his poem, while it paints with homely force the evils against which it is directed. On points of theology he never dis-

putes; but an ill life for him is an ill life, whether in Pope or peasant.

If John Gower's "*Speculum Meditantis*," (the Mirror of one Meditating), which he wrote in French, were not a lost work, we should have had from Gower also a book exclusively religious. His Latin and his English poem, "*Vox Clamantis*" and "*Confessio Amantis*," deal one with the ills of English life in Richard II.'s reign, the other with the Seven Sins, in stories illustrating them, and again also with the ills of England and the duties of a king. The Latin poem "*Vox Clamantis*" (the Voice of one Crying) was suggested to him by the tumults of the Wat Tyler and Jack Straw Rebellion, in the year 1381. He said there was no blind Fortune who ruled events, no misery without a cause; the ills suffered by man were caused by man. Whence then the misery of England? He went in his poem through all orders of society, and found each failing in duty. Like Langland, he called upon men to live true lives, and he prayed in his poem that his verse might not be turgid, that there might be in it no word of untruth; that each word might answer to the thing it spoke of pleasantly and fitly; that he might flatter in it no



RICHARD THE SECOND.
From the Picture in Westminster Abbey.

one, and seek in it no praise above the praise of God. "Give me," he said, "that there shall be less vice and more virtue for my speaking." But while the same true voice was rising from both Langland and Gower, Gower's two poems are of a kind that may be left for description in the volume of this

Library set apart for larger works that do not fall necessarily into the present section. The king himself was answerable for many of the miseries of England in Richard II.'s reign; and after the *coup d'état* of 1397, and the murder of his uncle Gloucester, both Langland and Gower turned their backs on him.

John Gower wrote a Latin metrical "*Tripartite Chronicle*," in which he treated as human work the endeavour to keep Richard within bounds of law, and abate courtly corruption; as hellish work his violent breaking of bounds in 1397, after his marriage with an eight-year-old French princess had given him, as he believed, support of the King of France against his people; as heavenly work his deposition. William Langland wrote also in 1399 a poem on the deposition of Richard II., which Mr. Skeat has edited under the well-chosen title of "*Richard the Redeless*."

Without taking part as a writer in the political questions of his time, but with a faith in God and a goodwill to man that kept him cheerful in days of adversity, Geoffrey Chaucer painted life in his "*Canterbury Tales*" with a spirit of religion that usually animated pictures of human conduct in which the skill of the artist caused his teaching to be felt rather than seen. He also contrasted the spirit of the poor priest true to his calling with the self-seeking that corrupted many orders of the Church. Although no combatant with bitterness, but calm in the strength of goodwill towards man and faith in God's rule of the world, Chaucer shows always the sympathy of a high poet's nature with the purest aspirations of his time. In his own genial way he joins issue with the corruptions of the Church in pictures of the lordly Monk who loved no text that said hunters were not holy men, and the jingling of whose bridle might be heard in a whistling wind as clear and loud as the chapel bell; of the Friar who knew all the innkeepers and tapsters better than the lepers and beggars, who were no acquaintances for such a worthy man as he; of the summoner who went shares in plunder with the devil, and himself became the devil's share; and he not only paints with a tender enthusiasm, in the poor Town Parson, a minister of religion such as men like Wiclif and Langland were conceiving him, but he makes him also brother to the Ploughman who loved God with all his heart and his neighbour as himself. At the close of the "*Canterbury Tales*," as they come down to us with their plan unfinished, is the "*Parson's Tale*." This is in prose, and is simply a sermon, apt to the theme of a Canterbury Pilgrimage, upon the pilgrimage of life. Its text is from the sixth chapter of Jeremiah, "Stand ye in the old ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." It dwells, as the Vision of Piers Plowman dwells, on true repentance and the battle with the seven deadly sins. In the course of the treatise, each of the seven sins is described, and the description of each is followed by its Remedy. Thus, for example, the religious mind of Chaucer makes his Parson tell of Anger.



Bas-relief from the



Monastery Gate, Norwich.

De Ira.

After envy will I declare of the sin of Ire: for soothly who so hath envy upon his neighbour, anon commonly will find him matter of wrath in word or in deed against him to whom he hath envy. And as well cometh Ire of pride as of envy, for soothly he that is proud or envious is lightly wroth.

The sin of Ire, after the describing of Saint Augustine, is wicked will to be avenged by word or by deed. Ire, after the philosopher, is the fervent blood of man yquickened in his heart, through which he would harm to him that he hateth: for certes the heart of man enchafing and moving of his blood waxeth so troubled, that it is out of all manner judgment of reason.

But ye shall understand that Ire is in two manners, that one of them is good, and that other is wicked. The good ire is by jealousy of goodness, through the which man is wroth with wickedness, and against wickedness. And therefore saith the wise man, that ire is better than play. This Ire is with debonairete, and it is wroth without bitterness: not wroth against the man, but wroth with the misdeed of the man: as saith the Prophet David; *Irascimini, and nolite peccare*.¹ Now understand that wicked Ire is in two manners, that is to say, sudden ire or hasty ire without avisement and consenting of reason; the meaning and the sense of this is, that the reason of a man ne consenteth not to that sudden ire, and that it is venial. Another Ire is that is full wicked, that cometh of felony of heart, avised and cast before, with wicked will to do vengeance, and thereto his reason consenteth: and soothly this is deadly sin. This Ire is so displeasing to God, that it troubleth His house, and chaseth the Holy Ghost out of man's soul, and wasteth and destroyeth that likeness of God, that is to say, the virtue that is in man's soul and putteth in him the likeness of the devil, and benimeth² the man from God, that is his rightful Lord. This Ire is a full great pleasance to the devil, for it is the devil's furnace that he enchafeth with the fire of hell. For certes right so as fire is more mighty to destroy earthly things than any other element, right so Ire is mighty to destroy all spiritual things. Look how that fire of small gledes,³ that ben almost dead under ashen, will quicken again when they ben touched with brimstone, right so ire will evermore quicken again when it is touched with pride that is covered in man's heart. For certes fire ne may not come out of no thing, but if it were first in the same thing naturally; as fire is drawn out

of flint with steel. And right so as pride is many times matter of Ire, right so is rancour nourice and keeper of ire. There is a manner tree saith Saint Isidore, that when men make a fire of the said tree, and cover the coals of it with ashen, soothly the fire thereof will last all a year or more: and right so fareth it of rancour when it is once conceived in the heart of some men, certes it will lasten peraventure from one Easter day until another Easter day, or more. But certes the same man is full far from the mercy of God all this while.

In this foresaid devil's furnace there forgen three shrews:⁴ Pride, that aye bloweth and encreaseeth the fire by chiding and wicked words: then standeth Envy, and holdeth the hot iron upon the heart of man, with a pair of long tongs of long rancour: and then standeth the sin of Contumely or Strife and Chest,⁵ and battereth and forgeth by villainous reprovings. Certes this cursed sin annoyeth both to man himself, and eke his neighbour. For soothly almost all the harm or damage that any man doth to his neighbour cometh of wrath: for certes, outrageous wrath doth all that ever the foul fiend willet or commandeth him; for he ne spareth neither for our Lord Jesu Christ, ne his sweet mother; and in his outrageous anger and ire, alas! alas! full many one at that time, feeleth in his heart full wickedly, both of Christ, and also of all his halwes.⁶ Is this not a cursed vice? Yes certes. Alas! it benimeth from man his wit and his reason, and all his debonaire life spiritual that should keep his soul. Certes it benimeth also God's due lordship (and that is man's soul) and the love of his neighbours: it striveth also all day against truth; it reaveth him the quiet of his heart, and subverteth his soul.

Of Ire comen these stinking engendures: first, Hate, that is old wrath; Discord, through which a man forsaketh his old friend that he hath loved full long; and then cometh war and every manner of wrong that a man doth to his neighbour in body or in catel.

Of this cursed sin of Ire cometh eke manslaughter. And understand well that homicide (that is, manslaughter) is in divers wise. Some manner of homicide is spiritual, and some is bodily.

Spiritual manslaughter is in six things. First, by Hate, as saith St. John: He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is also by Backbiting; of which backbiters saith Solomon, that they have two swords, with which they slay their neighbours: for soothly as wicked it is to benime of

¹ "Be ye angry and sin not" (Ephesians iv. 26). "Cease from anger and forsake wrath; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil" (Psalm xxxvii. 8).

² Benimeth, taketh away. First-English "beniman."

³ Gledes, red-hot embers. First-English "gléd."

⁴ Shrews, evil betrayers.

⁵ Chest, contention, battle, enmity. First-English "ceast."

⁶ Halwes, saints. First-English "hálg," a holy one, a saint; "hálig," holy.

him his good name as his life. Homicide is also in giving of wicked counsel by fraud, as for to give counsel to raise wrongful customs and tallages; of which saith Solomon: A lion roaring, and a bear hungry, ben like to cruel Lords; in withholding or abridging of the hire or of the wages of servants; or else in usury; or in withdrawing of the alms of poor folk. For which the wise man saith: Feed him that almost dieth for hunger; for soothly but if¹ thou feed him thou slayest him. And all these ben deadly sins.

Bodily manslaughter is when thou slayest him with thy tongue in other manner, as when thou commandest to slay a man, or else givest counsel to slay a man. Manslaughter in deed is in four manners. That one is by law, right as a justice dammeth him that is culpable to the death: but let the justice beware that he do it rightfully, and that he do it not for delight to spill blood, but for keeping of righteousness. Another homicide is done for necessity, as when a man slayeth another in his defence, and that he ne may none other wise escape from his own death: but certain, an he may escape without slaughter of his adversary, he doth sin, and he shall bear penance as for deadly sin. Also if a man by cas or aventure shoot an arrow or cast a stone, with which he slayeth a man, he is an homicide.

Yet come there of ire many more sins, as well in word, as in thought and in deed: as he that arreteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himself guilty; or despiseth God and all his halwes, as do these cursed hasardours² in divers countries. This cursed sin do they, when they feel in their heart full wickedly of God and of his halwes: also when they treat unreverently the sacrament of the altar, this sin is so great, that unneth³ it may be released, but that the mercy of God passeth all his works, it is so great, and He so benign.

Then cometh also of Ire attr⁴ anger, when a man is sharply admonished in his shrift to leave his sin, then will he be angry, and answer hokerly⁵ and angerly, to defend or excuse his sin by unsteadfastness of his flesh; or else he did it for to hold company with his fellows; or else he sayeth the fiend enticed him; or else he did it for his youth; or else his complexion is so courageous that he may not forbear; or else it is his destiny, he saith, unto certain age; or else he saith it cometh him of gentleness of his ancestors, and semblable things. All these manner of folk so wrap them in their sins, that they ne will not deliver themselves; for soothly no wight that excuseth himself wilfully of his sin, may not be delivered of his sin, till that he meekly beknoweth his sin.

After this then cometh swearing, that is express against the commandment of God: and that befalleth often of Anger and of Ire. God saith: Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lord God in idel. Also our Lord Jesu Christ saith by the word of Saint Matthew: Ne shall ye not swear in all manner, neither by heaven, for it is God's throne: ne by earth, for it is the bench of his feet: ne by Jerusalem, for it is the city of a great King: ne by thine head, for thou ne mayst not make an hair white ne black: but He saith, be your word, yea, yea, nay, nay; and what that is more, it is of evil. Thus saith Christ. For Christ's sake swear not so sinfully, in dismembering of Christ, by soul, heart, bones, and body: for certes it seemeth, that ye think that the cursed Jews dismembered him not enough, but ye dismember him more.

And if so be that the law compel you to swear, then ruleth

you after the law of God in your swearing, as saith Jeremie:⁶ Thou shalt keep three conditions; thou shalt swear in truth, in doom, and in righteousness. This is to say, thou shalt swear sooth; for every leasng is against Christ; for Christ is very truth: and think well this, that every great swearer, not compelled lawfully to swear, the plague shall not depart from his house while he useth unlawful swearing. Thou shalt swear also in doom, when thou art constrained by the doomsman to witness a truth. Also thou shalt not swear for envy, neither for favour, ne for meed, but only for righteousness, and for declaring of truth to the honour and worship of God, and to the aiding and helping of thine even Christian.

And therefore every man that taketh God's name in idel, or falsely sweareth with his mouth, or else taketh on him the name of Christ, to be called a Christian man, and liveth against Christ's living and his teaching: all they take God's name in idel. Look also what saith Saint Peter; *Actuum iv. Non est aliud nomen sub celo, &c.* There is none other name (saith Saint Peter) under heaven given to men, in which they may be saved; that is to say, but the name of Jesu Christ. Take keep eke how precious is the name of Jesu Christ, as saith Saint Paul, *ad Philipenses ii. In nomine Jesu, &c.* That in the name of Jesu every knee of heavenly creature, or earthly, or of hell, should bow; for it is so high and so worshipful, that the cursed fiend in hell should tremble for to hear it named. Then seemeth it, that men that swear so horribly by his blessed name, that they despise it more boldly than did the cursed Jews, or else the devil, that trembleth when he heareth his name.

Now certes, sith that swearing, (but if it be lawfully done), is so highly defended,⁷ much worse is for to swear falsely, and eke needless.

What say we eke of them that delight them in swearing, and hold it a genterie or manly deed to swear great oaths? And what of them that of very usage ne cease not to swear these great oaths, all be the cause not worth a straw? Certes is horrible sin. Swearing suddenly without avisement is also a great sin. But let us go now to that horrible swearing of adjuration and conjuration, as do these false enchaunters and necromancers in basins full of water, or in a bright sword, in a circle, or in a fire, or in a shoulder bone of a sheep: I cannot say, but that they do cursedly and damnably against Christ, and all the faith of holy church.

What say we of them that believe on divinales, as by flight or by noise of birds or of beasts, or by sort of geomancy, by dreams, by chirking of doors, or of creaking of houses, by gnawing of rats, and such manner wretchedness? Certes, all these things ben defended by God and holy church, for which they ben accursed, till they come to amendment, that on such filth set their belief. Charms for wounds, or for maladies of men or of beasts, if they take any effect, it may be peraventure that God suffereth it, for folk should give the more faith and reverence to his name.

Now will I speak of leasings, which generally is false signification of word, in intent to deceive his even Christian. Some leasng is, of which there cometh none advantage to no wight; and some leasng turneth to the profit and ease of a man, and to the damage of another man. Another leasng is, for to save his life or his catel. Another leasng cometh of delight for to lie, in which delight, they will forge a long tale, and paint it with all circumstances, where all the ground of the tale is false. Some leasng cometh, for he will sustain

¹ But if, unless.

² Hasardours, gamblers.

³ Unneth, hardly, not easily. First-English "eithe," easily.

⁴ Attr, poisonous. First-English "attre," with poison; "attor," poison.

⁵ Hokerly, frowardly. First-English "hocer," a mocking, a reproach.

⁶ "And thou shalt swear, The Lord liveth, in truth, in judgment, and righteousness." (Jeremiah iv. 2.)

⁷ Defended, forbidden. French "defendu."

his word: and some leasing cometh of recklessness withouten avisement, and semblable things.

Let us now touch the vice of Flattery, which ne cometh not gladly, but for dread, or for covetise. Flattery is generally wrongful praising. Flatterers ben the devil's nourices, that nourish his children with milk of losengerie.¹ Forsooth Solomon saith, That flattery is worse than detraction: for some time detraction maketh an hautein² man be more humble, for he dreadeth detraction, but certes flattery maketh a man to enhance his heart and his countenance. Flatterers ben the devil's enchaunters, for they make a man to ween himself be like that he is not like. They be like to Judas, that betrayed God; and these flatterers betray man to sell him to his enemy, that is the devil. Flatterers ben the devil's chaplains, that ever sing *Placebo*. I reckon flattery in the vices of Ire, for oft time if a man be wroth with another, than will he flatter some wight to sustain him in his quarrel.

Speak we now of such cursing as cometh of irous heart. Malison³ generally may be said every manner power of harm: such cursing bereaveth man the regne of God, as saith Saint Paul. And oft time such cursing wrongfully returneth again to him that curseth, as a bird returneth again to his own nest. And over all thing men ought eschew to curse their children, and to give to the devil their engendrure, as far forth as in them is: certes it is a great peril and a great sin.

Let us then speak of Chiding and Reproving, which ben full great wounds in man's heart, for they unsew the seams of friendship in man's heart: for certes, unneth may a man be plainly accorded with him, that he hath openly reviled, reproved, and disclaunders: this is a full grisly sin, as Christ saith in the Gospel. And take ye keep now, that he that reproveth his neighbour, either he reproveth him by some harm of pain, that he hath upon his body, as, "Mesel!"⁴ crooked harlot!⁵ or by some sin that he doth. Now if he reprove him by harm of pain, than turneth the reproof to Jesu Christ: for pain is sent by the righteous sonde of God, and by his suffrance, be it meselrie, or maim, or maladie: and if he reprove him uncharitably of sin, as, "Thou holour!" "Thou dronkelewe harlot," and so forth; then appertaineth that to the rejoicing of the devil, which ever hath joy that men do sin. And certes, chiding may not come but out of a villain's heart, for after the abundance of the heart speaketh the mouth full oft. And ye shall understand, that look by any way, when any man chastiseth⁶ another, that he beware from chiding or reproving: for truly, but he beware, he may full lightly quicken the fire of anger and of wrath, which he should quench: and peraventure slayeth him that he may chastise with benignity. For, as saith Solomon, amiable tongue is the tree of life; that is to say, of life spiritual. And soothly, a dissolute tongue slayeth the spirit of him that reproveth, and also of him which is reproveth. Lo, what saith Saint Augustine: There is nothing so like the devil's child, as he which oft chideth. A servant of God behoveth not to chide.

And though that chiding be a villainous thing betwix all

manner folk, yet it is certes most uncovenable between a man and his wife, for there is never rest. And therefore saith Solomon; an house that is uncovered in rain and dropping, and a chiding wife, ben like. A man, which is in a dropping house in many places, though he eschew the dropping in one place, it droppeth on him in another place: so fareth it by a chiding wife; if she chide not in one place, she will chide him in another: and therefore, better is a morsel of bread with joy, than a house filled full with delices with chiding, saith Solomon. And Saint Paul saith; O ye women, be ye subject to your husbands, as you behoveth in God; and ye men love your wives.

Afterward speak we of Scorning, which is a wicked sin, and namely,⁷ when he scorneth a man for his good works: for certes, such scorers fare like the foul toad, that may not endure to smell the sweet savour of the vine, when it flourisheth. These scorers ben parting fellows with the devil, for they have joy when the devil winneth, and sorrow if he loseth. They ben adversaries to Jesu Christ, for they hate that he loveth; that is to say, salvation of soul.

Speak we now of Wicked Counsel, for he that wicked counsel giveth is a traitor, for he deceiveth him that trusteth in him. But natheless, yet is wicked counsel first against himself: for, as saith the wise man, every false living hath this property in himself, that he that will annoy another man, he annoyeth first himself. And men shall understand, that man shall not take his counsel of false folk, ne of angry folk, or grievous folk, ne of folk that love specially their own profit, ne of too much worldly folk, namely, in counselling of man's soul.

Now cometh the sin of them that make Discord among folk, which is a sin that Christ hateth utterly; and no wonder is: for he died for to make concord. And more shame do they to Christ, than did they that him crucified: for God loveth better that friendship be amongst folk, than he did his own body, which that he gave for unity. Therefore they be likened to the devil, that ever is about to make discord.

Now cometh the sin of Double Tongue, such as speak fair before folk, and wickedly behind; or else they make semblaunt as though they spake of good intention, or else in game and play, and yet they speak of wicked intent.

Now cometh Bewraying of Counsel, through which a man is defamed: certes unneth may he restore the damage. Now cometh Menace, that is an open folie: for he that oft menaceth, he threateth more than he may perform, full oft time. Now come Idle words, that be without profit of him that speaketh the words, and eke of him that hearkeneth the words: or else idle words be those that be needless, or without intent of natural profit. And albeit that idle words be sometime venial sin, yet should men doubt them, for we shall give reckoning of them before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not come without sin: and as saith Solomon, it is a sign of apert folly. And therefore a philosopher said, when a man asked him how that he should please the people, he answered; Do many good works, and speak few janglings.⁸ After this cometh the sin of japers,⁹ that ben the devil's apes, for they make folk to laugh at their japerie, as folk do at the gauds of an ape: such japes defendeth Saint Paul. Look how that virtuous words and holy comfort them that travail in the service of Christ, right so comfort the villain's words and the knakkes¹⁰ of japers them that travail in the service of the devil. These be the sins of the tongue, that come of Ire, and other sins many more.

¹ *Losengerie*, flattery. Old French "los" and "losange," praise.

² *Hautein*, haughty. French "hautain."

³ *Malison*, cursing. (French.) The reverse of "benison," blessing.

⁴ *Mesel*, leper. French "mesel" and "meseau." Old German "maser," a spot.

⁵ *Harlot* was a word of contempt applied to either sex, as here to any one with crooked back or limbs. The word is of like origin with "churl" (First-English "ceorl"), from "carl," male. Old High-German "hari" for "kari," man, husband, with the meaner sense in Modern German "kerl."

⁶ *Chastiseth*, seeks to free from fault.

⁷ *Namely*, especially; as in modern German "namentlich."

⁸ *Jangling*, vain talk.

⁹ *Japers*, tricking jesters.

¹⁰ *Knakkes*, tricks.

Remedium Ire.

The remedy against Ire, is a virtue that cleped is mansuetude, that is Debonairtee: and eke another virtue, that men clepen Patience or sufferance.

Debonairtee withdraweth and refraineth the stirrings and movings of man's courage in his heart, in such manner, that they ne skip not out by anger ne Ire. Sufferance suffereth sweetly all the annoyance and the wrong that is done to man outward. Saint Jerome saith this of debonairtee, That it doth no harm to no wight, ne saith: ne for no harm that men do ne say, he ne chafeth not against reason. This virtue sometime cometh of nature, for, as saith the Philosopher, a man is a quick thing, by nature debonaire, and trefable to goodness: but when debonairtee is inforced of grace than it is the more worth.

Patience is another remedy against Ire, and is a virtue that suffereth sweetly every man's goodness, and is not wroth for none harm that is done to him. The philosopher saith, that patience is the virtue that suffereth debonairly all the outrage of adversity, and every wicked word. This virtue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him God's own child: as saith Christ. This virtue discomfiteth thine enemies. And therefore saith the wise man: if thou wilt vanquish thine enemy, see thou be patient. And thou shalt understand, that a man suffereth four manner of grievances in outward things, against the which four he must have four manner of patienties.

The first grievance is of wicked words. This grievance suffered Jesu Christ, without grudging, full patiently, when the Jews despised him and reproved him full oft. Suffer thou therefore patiently, for the wise man saith: if thou strive with a fool, though the fool be wroth, or though he laugh, algate thou shalt have no rest. That other grievance outward is to have damage of thy chattel. Thereagainst suffered Christ full patiently, when he was despoiled of all that he had in this life, and that nas but his clothes.¹ The third grievance is a man to have harm in his body. That suffered Christ full patiently in all his passion. The fourth grievance is in outrageous labour in works: wherefore I say that folk that make their servants to travail too grievously, or out of time, as in holy days, soothly they do great sin. Hereagainst suffered Christ full patiently, and taught us patience, when he bare upon his blessed shoulders the cross upon which he should suffer despitous² death. Here may men learn to be patient; for certes, not only Christian men be patient for love of Jesu Christ, and for guerdon of the blissful life that is perdurable, but certes the old Pagans, that never were christened, commended and used the virtue of patience.

A philosopher upon a time, that would have beaten his disciple for his great trespass, for which he was greatly moved, brought a yerde³ to beat the child; and when this child saw the yerde, he said to his master, "What think ye to do?" "I will beat thee," said the master, "for thy correction." "Forsooth," said the child, "ye ought first correct yourself, that have lost all your patience for the offence of a child." "Forsooth," said the master all weeping, "thou sayest sooth: have thou the yerde, my dear son, and correct me for mine impatience."

Of patience cometh obedience, through which a man is obedient to Christ, and to all them to which he ought to be

obedient in Christ. And understand well, that obedience is perfect, when that a man doth gladly and hastily, with good heart entirely, all that he should do. Obedience generally, is to perform hastily the doctrine of God, and of his sovereign, to which him ought to be obeisant in all righteousness.

Another religious work of the fourteenth century is a series of three poems in West-Midland dialect, perhaps of Lancashire, and written, like the "Vision of Piers Plowman," in alliterative verse. They are the work of a poet who had true feeling, and probably were all suggested to him by the grief which is the theme of the first poem in the series—the death of an innocent child, his own two-year-old daughter, his darling Pearl. Out of his home affliction and out of his Bible study he drew always the one lesson, that we owe to God pure lives in patient resignation to His will.⁴

The unknown author of these poems begins the first of them, which Dr. Morris, its editor, has fitly named "The Pearl," with a father's outpouring of love over the grave of his lost little one, his precious pearl without a spot. Never, the mourner says, was song so sweet as that which steals to him in the stillness there; sweet flowers cover her earth-dwelling. And there, when the August reapers put the sickle in the corn, he sleeps in heaviness of grief as he laments the loss of her whom he tenderly calls again and again "My precious Pearl, withouten spot."

Then comes the dream. His body lies upon the grave, his "ghost is gone in Godes grace" to a strange land of light and beauty, where the cliffs are clear as crystal, the leaves upon the trees as burnished silver, the small stones of the ground as orient pearl. There in a glorious wood he followed the sweet music of a stream in which pebbles glittered as the stars that shine through winter night over the sleepers. Earthly heart cannot contain such gladness as this gave; and Paradise, he thought, must be upon the other bank.

"But the water was deep, I durst not wade,
And ever me longed a more and more.

"More and more, and yet well more,
Me lest⁵ to see the brook beyond;
For if it was fair there I con fare,⁶
Well loveloker⁷ was the fyrr⁸ lond."

⁴ These poems are in the same MS. of the Cotton collection (Nero A. x.), which also contains, in the same handwriting and dialect, the metrical romance of "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," first edited by Sir Frederic Madden. Dr. Richard Morris edited them in 1864 for the Early English Text Society, as "Early English Alliterative Poems in the West-Midland Dialect of the Fourteenth Century. Copied and Edited from a Unique Manuscript in the Library of the British Museum, Cotton, Nero A. x., with an Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index." Students of literature have to thank Dr. Morris not only for his careful editing, but for making known to them a work of so much intrinsic value.

⁵ Me lest, I desired. First-English "me lyste," it pleases me, I wish; "lystan," to wish, being used generally with a dative or objective impersonally.

⁶ There I con fare, where I could go.

⁷ Loveloker, lovelier. First-English "lufice," lovely.

⁸ Fyrr, farther. First-English "fyr," far; "fyrr," farther; "fyrrer," farthest.

¹ Nas, was not. "Eom," I am, had its negative "neom," I am not; as "willan" had its negative "nyllan," &c.

² Despitous, malicious.

³ Yerde, stick, rod. First-English "gyrd."

In vain he sought to find a ford, and presently he saw new marvel. A crystal cliff poured out many a royal ray, and at its foot there sat a child, a gentle maiden, shining white. "I knew her well, I had seen her ere." And long he looked towards her. "The longer, I knew her more and more." He would call, and feared to call to her in that strange place. She lifted up her face, white as pure ivory; that went to his heart, "And ever the longer, more and more"—

"More than me list my dread arose,
I stood full still and durst not call;
With eyen open and mouth full close
I stood as hend as hawk in hall."

He feared lest he should lose her if he broke the silence. Then fresh as a lily she came down the bank towards him; and he dwells upon her purity of beauty, and her bright array; a wondrous pearl, without a spot, in midst her breast was set so sure. She advanced to him, bent low to him in woman's wise; with a faint sound she greeted him from beyond the stream.

"O Pearl, adorned with pearls," he said, "art thou my Pearl that I have plained¹? What fate hath brought my jewel hither, and caused me this grief? for since we two were parted I have been a joyless jeweller." Then comes to him the voice of consolation. The Pearl is not lost, but is in that gracious garden where no sin comes near her—is become indeed a pearl of price.

"And thou has called thy wyrd² a thief
That aught of naught has made thee clear,
Thou blames the bote of thy mischief³
Thou art no kindé Jewelere."

"A Jewel to me then was this geste
And jewels wern her gentle saws,
I wis, quoth I, my blissful best,
My great distress thou all to-draws."⁴

Henceforth, says the glad father, I will live in joy—

"And love my Lord and all His laws
That has me brought this blissé near;
Now were I at you beyond these waves⁵,
I were a joyful Jewelere."

But his Pearl teaches him that he errs in thinking that she is with him because his eyes behold her; that he errs in thinking he can be with her; that he errs in thinking he can freely pass this water that flows between. He must abide God's time; and he can cross only through death. Then rises again the note of despair for the child's loss. She replies with the lesson of Christian Patience. He must not strive against God. He answers sadly and humbly to her

gentle rebuke, and asks her of the life she is now leading. He may know her bliss, for now his meekness, she says, is dear to her—

"My Lord, the Lamb, loves aye such cheer,
That is the ground of all my bliss.

A blissful life thou says I lead,
Thou wouldest know thereof the stage,
Thou wost well when thy Pearl con schede⁶
I was full young and tender of age;
But my Lord, the Lamb, through His God-hede,
He took myself to his marriage,
Corouned me Queen in bliss to brede,⁷
In length of days that e'er shall wage,⁸
And seised in all His heritage
His lief⁹ is, I am wholly His.
His praise, his price,¹⁰ and his parage¹¹
Is root and ground of all my bliss."

But says the Father, "Art thou the Queen to whom all this world shall do honour? Can any take the crown from Mary?" Then the child vision kneels in worship to the Virgin before telling of the many mansions in Heaven, and of the crowns of glory that make kings and queens of all who enter, each delighting in the honour of the other. Still the Father asks to be taught. She lived but two years upon earth, was too young to have learned Pater or Creed—and Queen made on the first day! The child-angel answers.

"There is no date of God's goodness,
Then said to me that worthy wight,
'For all is truth that He con dress,¹²
And He may do no thing but right.'"

She tells him our Lord's parable of the vineyard. She too was in the vineyard but a little while, and "was paid anon of all and some." The dialogue then dwells upon God's taking to himself the little ones, who have been baptized to Him, and have not lived till they could sin. They who live longer are tempted more, but let them pray and strive to keep their innocence—to be as the children whom Christ blessed and would have come to him, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Forsake the mad ways of the world, and seek the kingdom that is like a pearl without a spot.

"O maskelless¹³ Pearl, in pearlés pure,
That bears,' quoth I, 'the pearl of price,
Who formed thee thy fair figure?
That wrought thy weed he was full wise.'"

She is adorned, she answers, by the Lamb, whose bride she is; the Lamb without spot who patiently suffered, and whose brides are the souls of the innocent and patient. She recalls the Vision of John. "I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming

¹ *Plained*, bewailed, lamented. From Latin "plango."

² *Wyrd*, fate.

³ *The bote of thy mischief*, the remedy of thy misfortune.

⁴ *Thou all to-draws*, thou completely drawest from me.

⁵ *Waves*, waves.

⁶ *When thy Pearl con schede*, at the time of thy Pearl's departure.

⁷ *Brede*, broaden, increase.

⁸ *Wage*, endure.

⁹ *His lief*, his dear one, his bride.

¹⁰ *Price*, worth.

¹¹ *Parage*, kindred, exalted nature.

¹² *Dress*, direct, order.

¹³ *Maskelless*, spotless.

down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." Can there be castles enough in Jerusalem for many brides? the Father asks. In the Old Jerusalem, he is told, men sinned and the Saviour suffered; but in the New Jerusalem is peace only. There the Lamb gathers his own, there we seek home after our flesh is laid in earth. Then the Father begs of his spotless maid so meek and



THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.¹
From Cotton MS., Nero A. x.

mild that she will bring him to see that blissful bower. He can see only its outside, she says, but if he will trace the stream up to its source he will find a hill from which he can look out upon the distant glory of that city. Eagerly he seeks the hill, and sees from it the New Jerusalem. When he has dwelt upon its glories, the moon rises, and white-robed virgins issue from the city, each having bound on her breast the blissful pearl. They come forth in love and delight. The Lamb is before, and before the Lamb the elders bow. Legions of angels fill the air with a sweet incense, and a sweet song rises in praise of the Lamb that was slain. The Father looks among the shining company of those whose home is with the Lamb, and there he sees his Little Queen in peace and joy, and yearns towards her with love-longing in great delight. His delight urges him to seek to cross the stream and be with

her. By the vain struggle his dream is broken, and he awakes to grief, with his head upon the little hill over his buried Pearl.

The next poem in the series illustrates Purity and Patience, by dwelling upon Scripture incidents that enforce such virtues; the Parable of the Marriage Feast; the Fall of the Angels; the sins of the world before the Deluge, and the Deluge itself; the Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; the Captivity of Judah; the Stories of Belshazzar and of Nebuchadnezzar; and the other poem is a lesson of patience enforced by the story of Jonah. The pieces show not only a poetical mind in their author, but variety of power. This poet, whose name is lost, can paint a storm with vigour, and look tenderly upon a vision of his little child among the angels worshipping the Lamb.

Another poet, whose name is forgotten, produced at the close of the fourteenth century, probably in 1394 and 1395, two pieces which he associated with the two greatest poetical works of his day. One was in alliterative verse, after the manner of "The Vision of Piers Plowman," and was called "Pierce the Plowman's Crede." The other was in rhyming ballad stanzas, and professed to be a story by the Plowman whom Chaucer had reckoned as one of his Canterbury Pilgrims—"The Plowman's Tale." Mr. Skeat has been the first to show that these two poems are from the same hand. When the Pelican in the Plowman's Tale says—

"Of freres I have told before
In a making of² a Crede,"

he refers certainly to the previously written "Pierce the Plowman's Crede." As the Pelican stands for every good Christian who was called a Lollard for endeavouring to check pride and worldliness among the clergy, it is not necessary to believe that the poet means himself by his Pelican when he says, "I have told before." But it is not improbable that he does; and when Mr. Skeat adds to the resemblance in tone of thought, good evidence of the frequent occurrence in both poems of such words and terms of speech as may more fairly be accounted proper to an individual writer than common to two, he adds all argument necessary to convince us that the author of "The Plowman's Tale" (which was first printed in Chaucer's works in the edition of 1542), did mean himself when he wrote that he had told before of the Friars "in a making of a Crede."

The Ploughman of the Creed is simply a ploughman. The poet supposes himself to know his Pater-noster and his Ave Maria, but not yet his Creed. He must learn it before Easter, and would like to have it from a man, learned or unlearned,

"that liveth thereafter
And fully followeth the faith and feigneth none other;
That no worldly weal wilneth no time,
But liveth in loving of God, and his law holdeth,

¹ This is one of four pictures which in the original MS. of the poem are added as illustrations, each of them upon one of its small 4to pages.

² A making of, a poem about. "Maker" was the Old English name for poet, and "poet" in Greek means "maker."

And for no getting of good never his God grieveth,
But followeth Him the full way, as He the folk taught."

Where shall he find such a man to teach him his Creed properly? He asks the Friars; meets one morning a Minorite (Franciscan), and asks of him where he shall get the knowledge he needs. A Carmelite, he says, had offered to teach him. "But," he says to the Minorite—"but, for thou knowest Carnes well, thy counsel I ask." The Minorite laughs at the questioner, and holds him mad for supposing that the Carmelites can teach anything of God, whom they know not. So the narrow feuds between order and order are suggested while the jugglings and backslidings of the Carmelites are dwelt upon by a Franciscan—

"'Alas, frere,' quoth I then, 'my purpose is ifailed.
Now is my comfort cast! Canst thou no bote¹
Where I might meten with a man that might me wissen²
For to con my Creed, Christ for to follow.'
'Certaine, fellow,' quoth the frere, 'withouten any faile,
Of all men upon mold we Minors most sheweth
The true Apostles life.'"

The Franciscan glorifies his order in a way that does not exalt it, boasts of his great buildings and painted windows—

"And mightest thou amenden us with money of thine own,
Thou shouldest kneel before Christ in compass of gold
In the wide window westward, well nigh in the middle,
And Saint Francis himself shall folden thee in his cope
And present thee to the Trinity, and pray for thy sins.
Thy name shall nobly be written and wrought for the nonce,
And in remembrance of thee y-read there for ever.
And, brother, be thou not afeard! Bethink in thine heart!
Though thou con not thy Creed, care thou no more.
I shall assoilen thee, sir, and setten it on my soul
An thou may maken this good, think thou no other."

When the seeker had applied Christ's words to this manner of well-doing, he went farther in search of a man to teach him, and came next to the Dominicans, whom he found housed in royal splendour. After he has painted in verse one of their great convents, he says—

"And yet these builders will beg a bag full of wheat
Of a pure poor man that may unneth pay
Half his rent in a year and half ben behind!
Then turned I again when I had all y-toted³
And found in a freitour⁴ a frere on a bench,
A great churl and a grim, growen as a tun,
With a face as fat as a full bladder
Blowen Bret full⁵ of breath, and as a bag hanged

¹ Bote, help.

² Wissen, teach.

³ Y-toted, carefully observed. "Toten" is to look narrowly around—a watch-tower was a "totyng place"—or to peep out in a derived sense, as when it is said in this poem of Pierce's broken shoes, "His ton" (toes) "toteden out as he the lond treddede."

⁴ Freitour, refectory.

⁵ Bret full, so over-full that some of it must escape. "Standing corn so ripe that the grain falls out is said to *bret out*" (Halliwell's "Diet. of Archaic and Provincial Words"). The notion of breaking up and falling associates the word "bret" also with fading and

On bothen his cheeks and his chin, with a jowl lolled
As great as a goose egg, growen all of grease,
That all wagged his flesh as a quick mire.⁶
His cope that beclipped him well clene was it folden,
Of double worsted ydight down to the heel;
His kirtle of clean white cleanly y-sewed,
It was good enow of ground grain for to beren."⁷

To this Dominican the seeker told his want, and said that an Austin Friar had offered to help him. Thereupon the Dominican abused the Austin Friar, and said that his own order was greatest of degree, as Gospels tell.

"'Ah, sir,' quoth I then, 'thou say'st a great wonder,
Sithen Christ said himself to all his disciples,
Which of you that is most, most shall he work,
And who is goer before, first shall he serven.
And said he saw Satan sitten full high
And full low ben y-laid. In likeness he told
That in poorness of spirit is speedfullest heal,
And hearts of highness harmeth the soul.
And therefore, frere, farewell; here find I but pride;
I preise⁸ not thy preaching but as a pure mite.'"

He tried next an Austin Friar, and opened upon him with talk of a Minorite. This brought abuse of the Minorites from the lips of one of a rival order, followed by the Austin Friar's picture of himself. Then visit was paid to a Carmelite, and to him a Dominican was cited, which brought down the contempt of the white friar upon the black. The Carmelite dwelt on the value of his prayers and masses, and wanted value for them—

"'A mass of us mean men is of more meed
And passeth all prayers of these proud freres,
An thou wilt given us any good, I would thee here granten
To taken all thy penance in peril of my soul,
And though thou con not the Creed, clean thee assoil;
So that thou mowe amenden our house with money, or else
With some catel, or corn, or cups of silver.'"

But as the searcher said that he had not a penny, the friar left him in scorn to hie to a housewife, who had bequeathed to his house ten pounds in her testament.

"Then turned I me forth and talked to myself
Of the falsehood of this folk, how faithless they weren,
And as I went by the way, weeping for sorrow,
I saw a sely⁹ man me by upon the plough hangen,
His coat was of a clout that cary¹⁰ was y-called,
His hood was full of holes, and his hair out,
With his knopped shoon clouted full thick,

altering. The root is, probably, First-English "breetan," to bruise or break.

⁶ Quick mire, living, palpitating, mire; quasimire.

⁷ Good enow of ground grain for to beren, of texture good enough to be dyed scarlet. Grain was a name for scarlet or purple dye, because the dried cochineal insects from which dye was made resemble seeds. Scarlet and purple were associated with the finest textures in robes of state, and one born to empire was said to be born in the purple.

⁸ Preise, value, prize; value your preaching at a mere mite.

⁹ Sely, simple.

¹⁰ Cary, the name of a coarse kind of cloth.

His toen toteden out as he the land treaded,
 His hosen overhungen his hockshins¹ on everich a side
 All beslobbered in fen as he the plough followed;
 Two mittens as mete,² made all of clouts,
 The fingers weren for-werd,³ and full of fen hanged.
 This wight wasled⁴ in the fen almost to the ankle,
 Four rotheren⁵ him before, that feeble were worthen,⁶
 Men might reckon each a rib,⁷ so rueful they weren.
 His wife walkéd him with, with a long goad
 In a cutted coat, cutted full high,
 Wrapped in a winnow sheet, to weren⁸ her from weathers,
 Barefoot on the bare ice that the blood followed.
 And at the land's end lay a little crumb bowl,
 And thereon lay a little child lapped in clouts,
 And twain of two years old upon another side,
 And all they sungen one song, that sorrow was to hearen,
 They crieden all one cry, a careful note.
 The sely man sighed sore, and said, 'Children, be'th still!'
 This man lookéd upon me and let the plough standen,
 And saidé, 'Sely man, why sighest thou so hard?
 If thee lack livelihood lend thee I will
 Such good as God hath sent:—go we, lief brother.'
 I said then, 'Nay, sir, my sorrow is well more;
 For I con not my Creed. I care well harde,⁹
 For I can finden no man that fully believeth
 To teachen me the highway, and therefore I weep.'

Then comes from Pierce the Plowman warning
 against hypocrisy and pride of those by whom God's
 word was overlaid with glosses. Witness, he says—

"Witness on Wiclif that warned them with truth,
 For he in goodness of ghost graithly¹⁰ them warned
 To waiven their wickedness and works of sin.
 How soon these sorry men serveden his soul
 And over all lolled him¹¹ with heretic's works!'"

¹ Hockshins, hosekins, small hose, gaiters.

² Mete, scanty. First-English "mæ'te," moderate, small.

³ For-werd, worn out. First-English "forwered," from "weran," to wear.

⁴ Wasled, bemired himself. First-English "wase," dirt, mire.

⁵ Rotheren, oxen. First-English "hryther."

⁶ Worthen, become.

⁷ Each a rib, each one rib. So before, "Everich a side," every one side.

⁸ Weren, defend. First-English "wæ'ran."

⁹ I care well harde, I trouble very greatly. "Well" was a common intensive prefix. The *e* in "harde" is an adverbial ending. First-English "hearde," severely, greatly, above all things.

¹⁰ Graithly, straightly.

¹¹ Lolléd him, called him "Lollard." There are various reasons given for the name. I believe it to be an application to heretics of the word held to represent what was meant by the Greek *zizania* in the 13th chapter of Matthew, the tares sown by the enemy among the wheat. The Latin Vulgate version kept the Greek word *zizania*, and a collection of heretical writings was entitled "Fasciculi Zizaniorum." But the *zizania* were held to be darnel, lolium, then often spelt "lollium," which grows among good corn, having much resemblance to it, and is very poisonous. In the old Latin rendering of the Persian version of the Gospels, the passage runs: "Quin tu, O Domine, semen bonum in agro tuo seminasti, Lolium igitur inter illud unde provenit? Ille respondit, Quispiam per inimicitiam injectit. Servi dixerunt, Permite itaque nobis ut Lolium exinde secernamus." Christ's answer by no means justified Church practice in dealing with the tares. William Langland, in the Vision of Piers Plowman, describing himself on Cornhill, played on the analogy of this word to Loller or idler, and so easily returned it on the friars. Chaucer seems to have had in mind the relation of the word to Lolium, when the Host having with an idle oath called on the Parson for a tale, is gently rebuked: "I smell a loller in the wind, quoth he. . . . This loller here wol prechen us

The Ploughman points to the likeness between friars and the Pharisees, and shows how far they were gone from the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount—

"Behold upon Wat Brute,¹² how busily they pursueden
 For he said them the sooth: and yet, sir, further
 They may no more marren him, but men telleth
 That he is an heretic and evil believeth,
 And preacheth it in pulpit to blinden the people.
 They wolden awyrien¹³ that wight for his weldeeds,
 And so they chewen Charity as chewen schaf¹⁴ hounds,
 And they pursueth the poor and passeth pursuits;
 Both they wiln and they wolden yworthen so great
 To passen any man's might, to murtheren the souls,
 First to burne the body in a bale of fire
 And sithen the sely soul slayen, and senden her to hell."

The Ploughman spoke his mind also of the monks, and ended by the utterance of truth in simple words. As God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen, the poor ploughman whose first impulse was of Charity towards a sufferer, became the teacher of the Christian's Creed.¹⁵

"The Plowman's Tale," by the same author, puts into another form the common protest of the time against the worldliness that had corrupted those who should be guardians of faith, encouragers of hope, embodiments of the charity without which, though the Christian teacher speak with tongues of men and angels, he is nothing worth. It begins with direct reference to the rising controversy between those who were called Lollards and their persecutors:—

"A sterné strife is stirréd new
 In many stedés in a stound;

somewhat;" and the Shipman, who stops him by interposing a tale, says of the good town Parson—

"He wolde sowen some difficultee,
 Or springen cockle in our clene corn."

Such accusation levelled against the man whom he clothes with apostolic virtue, and whom he afterwards does make to preach, shows the goodwill of Chaucer to these persecuted Churchmen.

¹² Wat Brute. Walter Brute was a learned private gentleman in the diocese of Hereford, who, though a layman, was urged by religious feeling to teach openly and privately, assisted by two intimate friends, William Swinderby and Stephen Ball. They sought reform of church discipline, and held the opinions of Wiclif. In 1392 Richard II. issued a commission, addressed to the Mayor of Hereford and noblemen and gentlemen of the county, authorising them to investigate charges against Walter Brute of heresy and keeping of conventicles. Walter Brute defended himself, and withdrew into private life; but William Swinderby and others, quitting the diocese of Hereford, continued their work in Wales. The persecution was continued, and in 1401 Swinderby was burnt in Smithfield.

¹³ Awyrien, curse. First-English "awyrian" and "awyrgian."

¹⁴ Schaf. This is said to mean "chaff," and Mr. Skeat interprets the line "They gobble down their charity as hounds do bran." But may not the sense be, "They champ at their charity as dogs do over food they will not swallow?" "Skaf," from "skafa," to scrape, was the Scandinavian name for peeled bark used as fodder for goats and cattle, and "schaf" was probably our name, derived from the Scandinavian, for some such cattle fodder as a dog might take into his mouth and try his teeth on, but could hardly be got to swallow.

¹⁵ "Pierce the Ploughman's Crede" has been edited from collation of two MSS. with the old printed text of 1553, and fully supplied with notes and glossary by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, who adds to it in the same two-shilling book a poem of about A.D. 1500, "God speke the Plough." It is published for the Early English Text Society by Trübner and Co.

Of sundry seedés that ben sewe
It seemeth that some ben unsound.
For some be great growen on ground,
Some ben souble,¹ simple and small;
Whether of them is falser found,
The falser, foul mote him befall!

"That one side is that I of tell
Popés, cardinals, and prelates,
Parsons, monks, and friars fell,
Priors, abbóts of great estates;
Of heaven and hell they keep the gates,
And Peter's successors they ben all,
This is deemed by oldé dates,
But falsehood, foul mought it befall!

"The other side ben poor and pale
And people put out of prease,²
And seemé caitiffes sore acale,³
And ever in one without increase,
I-clepéd lollers and landlesse,
Who toteth⁴ on them they ben untall,⁵
They ben arrayed all for the peace,
But falsehood, foul mought it befall.

"Many a country have I sought
To know the falser of these two;
But ever my travail was for nought
All so far as I have go.
But as I wandered in a wro,⁶
In a wood beside a wall,
Two foulés saw I sitté tho,
The falser, foul mote him befall.

"That one did plead on the Popé's side
A Griffon of a grim statúre;
A Pelican withouten pride
To these Lollers laid his lure.
He mused his matter in measúre
To counsel Christ e'er gan he call,
The Griffon shewéd sharp as fyre,
But falsehood, foul mote it befall.

"The Pelican began to preach
Both of mercy and of meekness,
And said that Christ so gan us teach
And meek and merciable gan bless,
The Evangely beareth witness
A Lamb he likeneth Christ o'er all,
In tokening that he meekest was
Sith Pride was out of heaven fall.

"And so should every Christned be,
Priestés, Peter's successours,
Beth lowly and of low degree,
And usen none earthly honours;
Neither crown ne curious covetours,
Ne pilloure⁷ ne other proud pall,

Ne nought to cofren up great treasours;
For falsehood, foul mote it befall."

The greed, pride, and intolerance of the offending
clergy are dwelt upon—

"Who sayeth that some of them may sin
He shall be done to be dead."

They claim to bind and loose, they stir up strife,
and many a man is now slain to determine which of
them shall have lordship; but Christ said, "He who
takes the sword shall die by the sword."

"They usen no simonye,
But sellen churches and priories;
Ne they usen no envye,
But cursen all them contraries;
And hireth men by days and years
With strength to hold them in their stall,
And killeth all their advers'ries;
Therefore, falsehood, foul thou fall.

"With purse they purchase parsonage;
With purse they painen them to plede;
And men of warré they will wage
To bring their enemies to the dede;
And lordés livés they will lead,
And muché take and give but small,
But he it so get, from it shall shede,⁸
And make such falsé right foul fall."

"They take on them royal powere
And sayé they have swordés two,
One Curse-to-hell, one Slay-men-here;
For at his taking Christ had no mo,
Yet Petér had one of tho,
But Christ to Peter smite gan defend,⁹
And into the sheath bade put it tho;
And all such mischiefs God amend!

"Christ bade Peter keep his sheath,
And with his sword forbade him smite;
Sword is no tool with sheep to keep,
But to shepherds that sheep woll bite;
Me thinketh such shepherds ben to wite,¹⁰
Ayen their sheep with sword that contend;
They drive their sheep with great despise;
But all this God may well amend."

At the close of his argument with the Pelican,

"The Griffon grinned as he were wood¹¹
And lookéd lovely as an owl,
And swore by cockés heartés blood
He would him tear every doule.¹²
Holy-Church thou disclaunderest foul!
For thy reasons I woll thee all to-rase,
And make thy flesh to rot and moul!
Losel, thou shalt have hard grace!

¹ *Souble* (French "*souple*"), supple, yielding; not able to stand firm against pressure.

² *Out of prease*, out of the crowd, expelled from the social herd.

³ *Sore acale*, sore acold.

⁴ *Toteth*, looks narrowly.

⁵ *They ben untall*, they are not the "high society" of this world.

⁶ *Wro*, enclosed or sheltered place.

⁷ *Pilloure*, or "*pelure*," costly fur.

⁸ *Shede*, depart. He who so gains shall part from his gain.

⁹ Christ forbade Peter to smite.

¹⁰ *To wite*, to blame.

¹¹ *Wood*, mad.

¹² *Every doule*, every bit, every deal or dole.

"The Griffon flew forth on his way.
The Pelican did sit and weep,
And to himselfe he gan say,
God would that any of Christ's sheep
Had heard and ytake keep
Each a word that here said was,
And would it write and well it keep,
God would it were, all for his grace."

"*Plowman*. I answeréd and said 'I wolde
If for my travail any man would pay.'
Pelican. He said, 'Yes, these that God hath sold,
For they han store of money.'
Plowman. I said, 'Tell me and thou may
Why tellest thou mennés trespase?'
Pelican. He said, 'To amend them in good fay
If God will give me any grace."

"'For Christ himself is likened to me,
That for his people died on rood;
As fare I right so fareth he,
He feedeth his birds with his blood.
But these doon evil against God,
And ben his fone under friendés face.
I told them how their living stood:
God amend them for this grace.'"

After telling how the Phoenix was brought to destroy the Griffin, and how with the fall of the Griffin vanished all his following of "ravens, rooks, crows, and pie," the poet ends thus:—

"Therefore I pray every man
Of my wyting² have me excused.
This writing writeth the Pelican
That thus these people hath despysed.
For I am fresh fully advysed
I will not maintain his manace,
For the devil is often disguised
To bring a man to evil grace."

"Wyteth the Pelican and not me,
For hereof I will not avow,
In high ne in low ne in no degree,
But as a fable take it ye now.
To Holy Church I will me bow.
Each man to amend him Christ send space;
And for my writing me allow
He that is Almighty for His Grace."

In these poems—written in 1394 and 1395—there is direct reference to the burning as well as the cursing of men charged with heresy. There was already persecution to the death; and the fifteenth century opened with a feeling widely spread among the English people, that many devout men, who in no particular swerved from the faith taught by the Church, were persecuted for a zeal that sought only to make teachers, more than they were, like Chaucer's poor Parson:—

CHAUCER'S TOWN PARSON.

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a poré Persoun of a town;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk

¹ And, if.

² Wyting, blaming.

That Cristes gospel gladly woldé preche;
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wondur diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-provéed ofté sithes.
Ful loth were him to cursé for his tythes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of dowte,
Unto his poré parisschens aboute,
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asoundur,
But he ne lafté not for reyne ne thondur,
In siknesse ne in meschief to visite
The ferrest in his parissche, moch and lite,
Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample unto his scheep he yaf,
That ferst he wroughte, and after that he taught
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
And this figure he addide yit therto,
That if gold rusté, what schulde yren doo?
For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wondur is a lewid man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest take kepe,
A [filéd] schepperd and a clené schepe;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to yive,
By his clenness, how that his scheep schulde lyve.
He setté not his benefice to huyre,
And lefte his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seynté Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
Or with a brethurhedé be withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and kepté wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscharye.
He was a schepperde and no mercenarie;
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to senful man nought dispitous,
Ne of his speché daungerous ne digne,
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawé folk to heven by clenness,
By good ensample, was his busynesse;
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What-so he were of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbé scharply for the nemes.
A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
He waytud after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne makéd him a spicéd conscience,
But Cristés lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, and ferst he folwed it himselve.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



From the Mazarin Bible, the first
Printed Book.

DIVINITY of the spirit
ever hardly to be
tained by men,
certainly exist be
many of those who
for reformation of
them to be conde-
as Lollards, and
demned as heretics
the pious men, from whom Chaucer might
painted his "poor Parson of a town," who

obeyed authority, and trusted in the grace of God to amend those by whose evil lives it was discredited. From the beginning of the world there have been the two great types of human character which produce the forward movements of society by action and reaction on each other. Both desire good. Both know that we inherit every social good that we are born to from the labour, in successive generations, of the wisest of our forefathers. Both know that good institutions may, through human imperfection, and through change in the conditions of society, decay, and require renovation or even removal; and that we have in our turn to build for ourselves and after-comers what the conditions of our later time may need. But some men are born to dwell especially upon the danger of rash change; others to dwell especially upon the importance of removing what has become useless, repairing or reconstructing what has fallen

tion infinitely higher. But there were religious men who dreaded Lollards, believed that they endangered souls, and shared the opinion of the time that—heresy being an evil which brought many to eternal fire—if the temporal death of a few could check it, it should so be checked. They were doing the work of the enemy of man in sowing tares among the wheat, whatever their intentions; and such men, all the more dangerous when their good lives recommended them to thousands of souls, must be driven out of God's harvest-field. So good men might reason, and did reason, in those times. There were also disorderly men, who scorned religion itself, swelling the cry of Lollards who sought only Christian life within the Church; there were angry men who extended the denunciation of hypocrisy and pride in many Churchmen into scoff at all that represented the religious life of England. And as must happen



THE LOLLARDS' PRISON, LAMBETH PALACE. (From Allen's "History of Lambeth.")

to decay, and finding new means to new ends. Some men are in religion, politics, daily business, in action and opinion on all things—even to the arranging of the chairs and tables in their houses—by nature conservative; as others are by nature disposed for reform. Both are alike liberal; both have the same range of human belief and opinion, with difference only in the part of it on which most emphasis is laid; both seek to do their duty; and there are as many good and earnest men upon one side as on the other. From the struggle of the Lollards for reform of evils in the Church, there has come down to us chiefly a remembrance, upon one side, of the noble pleading for pure Christian life by Churchmen who were the true soul of the movement, and by poets who laid hold on its essential truths; and, on the other side, of the corruption that had spread with wealth and idleness through the religious orders, of the hard fight of the worldly man for material advancement, displayed by the Churchman to whom his religion was not real enough to save him from the small ambitions of the world and give him an ambi-

tion infinitely higher. But there were religious men who dreaded Lollards, believed that they endangered souls, and shared the opinion of the time that—heresy being an evil which brought many to eternal fire—if the temporal death of a few could check it, it should so be checked. They were doing the work of the enemy of man in sowing tares among the wheat, whatever their intentions; and such men, all the more dangerous when their good lives recommended them to thousands of souls, must be driven out of God's harvest-field. So good men might reason, and did reason, in those times. There were also disorderly men, who scorned religion itself, swelling the cry of Lollards who sought only Christian life within the Church; there were angry men who extended the denunciation of hypocrisy and pride in many Churchmen into scoff at all that represented the religious life of England. And as must happen

in all human controversies, often among the best men on both sides, mists of human passion and emotion changed to sight the proportions of the matter in dispute. But still the story is the story of an English struggle to find out the right, and do it for the love of God. The question is all of Duty; and from a quiet, orthodox monk, who was no great genius, though he wrote verse, but was a good natural Englishman, we may learn how thousands of honest folk, who took no violent part in the strife, looked at each side of it.

John Audelay or Awdlay, living in a Shropshire monastery at the beginning of the fifteenth century, wrote religious verse.¹ He versified religious duty in short poems upon Bible texts, and, while piously orthodox, he discriminated between men who, seeking the advancement of the Church, objected to self-

¹ Printed in 1844 for the Percy Society as "The Poems of John Audelay. A Specimen of the Shropshire Dialect in the Fifteenth Century. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell."

seeking of the clergy, and were corruptly stigmatised as Lollards, and the men who withdrew from the Church, set aside their duties, and deserved the name. Thus he wrote on the text

EGO SUM PASTOR BONUS.¹

The ground of all goodness curates should be the cause,
And knit them kindly together all the clergy,
And leave their lewdness and their lust and learn Godys laws

With their cunning and cleannes deadly sinners destroy,
Both the flesh and the fiend, false covetise defy,
With mercy and with meekness the truth for to teach,
The commandmentis of Christ to keep kindly
Tofore the People apert thus should he preach.

For ye ben shepherds all one ;

Then Christ to Peter, what said he ?

" My keyis I betake² to thee,

Keep my sheep for love of me,

That they perish never one."

The prophecy of the prophetus all now it doth appear,
That sometime was said by the clergy,
That lewd men, the Law of God that should love and lere,
For curates, for their covetise, would count not thereby,
But to talk of their tithys I tell you truly ;

And if the secular say a sooth, anon they ben y-shent,
And lien upon the lewdmen, and sayn It is Lollere ;

Thus the people and the priestis ben of one assent,

They dare none other do :

For dread of the clergy

Would damnen them unlawfully

To preach upon the pillory

And burn them after too.

DE VOBIS QUI DICITIS MALUM BONUM, ET BONUM MALUM.³

Lef thou me, a Loller, his deeds they will him deem :⁴

If he withdraw his duties from Holy Church away,

And will not worship the cross, on him take good eme,

And hear his matins and his mass upon the haliday,

And believes not in the Sacrament, that it is God veray,

And will not shrive him to a priest, on what death he die,

And settis nought by the Sacramentis soothly to say,—

Take him for a Loller I tell you truly

And false in his fay ;

Deem him after his saw,

But he will him withdraw,

Never for him pray.

This, of course, is not the doctrine of Langland, whose charity would seek to win the sinner back, but Audelay simply follows opinion of Churchmen at the beginning of the fifteenth century. With these lines he closes his little series of admonitory poems based on Scripture texts :—

¹ " I am the Good Shepherd."

² Betake, entrust.

³ " Of you who call evil good, and good evil."

⁴ " Believe me, a Lollard can be known by his deeds."

PLAIN TRUTH.

" Si veritatem dico quare non creditis mihi ; qui ex Deo est, verba Dei audit ; ideo non auditis quia ex Deo non estis."⁵

For I have touched the truth, I trow I shall be shent,

And said sadly⁶ the truth without flattering ;

Hold me for no party that beth here present,

I have no liking ne lust to make no leasing,

For Favel, with his fair words and his flattering,

He will preach the people apert them for to pay,⁷

I will not wrath my God, at my weeting,⁸

As God have mercy of me, Sir John Audlay,

At my most need.

I reek never who it hear,

Whether priest or frere,

For at a fool ye may lere,

If ye will take heed.

To a poem of his on the nine virtues he thus adds his name :

" I made this with good intent,

In hope the rather ye would repent,

Prayes for me that beth present,

My name it is the blind Audelay."

Let us turn now to John Lydgate, the good monk of Bury, who supplied the generation living after Chaucer's death with the best English poetry that time produced. The following poem ascribed to him, but perhaps by one of his contemporaries,⁹ is that upon which Robert Henryson founded his " Abbey Walk :"—

THANK GOD FOR ALL.

By a way wandering as I went

Well sore I sorrowed, for sighing sad,

Of hardé haps that I had hent,

Mourning me made almost mad

Till a letter all one me had

That well was written on a wall,

A blissful word that on I rad.

That alway said " Thank God for¹⁰ all !"

And yet I read furthermore,

Full good intent I took theretill,

Christ may well your state restore,

Nought is to strive against his will ;

He may us spare and also spill,

Think right well we ben his thrall,

What sorrow we suffer, loud or still,

Alway thank God for all.

⁵ " If I speak truth, why do ye not believe me ? He who is of God heareth God's words ; ye, therefore, hear them not because ye are not of God." (John viii. 47.)

⁶ Sadly, seriously.

⁷ Apert them for to pay, openly in the way that pleases them.

⁸ At my weeting, to my knowledge.

⁹ " Thonke God of all" is on leaf 68 of a collection of Old English Poems made in a handwriting of the 15th century (Cotton. MSS., Caligula, A. ii.), which includes Lydgate's " Churl and the Bird," with other of his pieces, and the old poems of Eglamor of Artois, Ypotis, Isumbras, Chevalier Assigne, The Stations of Rome, &c. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has included it in his volume edited for the Percy Society of the Select Minor Poems of John Lydgate.

¹⁰ For : of in original, throughout.

Though thou be both blind and lame,
Or any sickness be on thee set,
Thou think right well it is no shame,
The grace of God it hath the gret ; 20
In sorrow or care though ye be knit,
And worldés weal be fro thee fall,
I cannot say thou myst do bet,
But alway thank God for all.

Though thou wield this Worldés good,
And royally lead thy life in rest,
Well ishape of bone and blood,
None thee like by east ne west ;
Think God thee sent as Him lest,
Riches turneth as a ball, 30
In all mannér it is the best
Alway to thank God for all.

If thy good beginneth to pass,
And thou wax a pooré man,
Take good comfort and bear good face,
And think on Him that all good wan ;
Christ himself for sooth began,
He may rene both bower and hall,
No better counsel I ne can
But alway thank God for all. 40

Think on Job that was so rich,
He wex poor from day to day,
His beastis dieden in each ditch,
His cattle vanished all away ;
He was put in poor array,
Neither in purple neither in pall,
But in simple weed, as clerkés say,
And alway he thanked God for all.

For Christés lové so do we,
He may bothé give and take, 50
In what mischiéf that we in be,
He is mighty enow our sorrow to slake ;
Full good amends he will us make
And ¹ we to him cry or call
What grief or woe that do thee thrall,
Yet alway thank God for all.

Though thou be in prison cast,
Or any distress men do thee bede,
For Christés love yet be stedfast
And ever have mind on thy creed ; 60
Think He faileth us never at need,
The dereworth duke that deem us shall ;
When thou art sorry thereof take heed,
And alway thank God for all.

Though thy friendés fro thee fail
And Death by rene hend their life,
Why should'st thou then weep or wail,
It is nought again God to strive ;
Himself makéd both man and wife,
To His bliss He bring us all, 70
How ever thou thole or thrive,
Yet alway thank God for all.

What divers sonde that God thee send,
Here or in any other place,
Také it with good intent
The sooner God will send His grace ;

Though thy body be brought full bas,
Let not thy heart adown fall,
But think thee God is where he was,
And alway thank God for all. 80

Though thy neighbour have world at will
And thou far'st not so well as he,
Be not so mad to think him ill,
For his wealth envious to be ;
The King of Heaven himself can see
Who takes his sondé great or small,
Thus eaché man in his degree,
I redé thank God for all.

For Christés love be not so wild,
But rule thee by reason within and without, 90
And take in good heart and mild
The sonde that God sent all about ;
Then dare I say withouten doubt,
That in Heaven is made thy stall,
Rich and poor that low will lout,
Alway thank God for all.

Of Lydgate's larger works account will be given in another volume. The thought of his long English poem on the "Falls of Princes," taken from a French metrical version of a Latin prose book by Boccaccio—"De Casibus illustrium Virorum"—Lydgate expressed in this short poem :—

ALL STANDS IN CHANGE.

Let no man boast of cunning nor virtúe,
Of treasure, riches, nor of sapience,
Of worldly support ; for all com'th of Jesu
Counsel, comfort, discretion, and prudence.
Provision for sight and Providence,
Like as the Lord of Gracé list dispose ;
Some man hath wisdom, some man eloquence ;—
All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Wholesome in smelling be the sweté flowres
Full delectáble outward to the sight ; 10
The thorn is sharp, covered with fresh coloúrs,
All is not gold that outward sheweth bright :
A stockfish bone in darkness giveth light ;
Tween fair and foul as God list to dispose ;
A differencé betwix day and night :—
All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Flowers open upon everiché green
When the lauerók messenger of day
Salu'th the uprist of the sonné sheen
Most amorously in April and May. 20
And Aurora again the morrow gray
Causeth the daisy her crown to unclose,
Worldly gladness is melléd with affray :—
All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Atween cuckowé and the nightingale
There is a manner of strange difference ;
On freshé branches singeth the woodwale,
Jays in music have small experience ;
Chattering pies when they come in presénee
Most malapert their verdit to purpose ; 30
All thing hath favour, briefly in sentence,
Of soft or sharp, like a midsummer rose.

¹ And, if.

The royal Lion let call a parlement
 All beest about him everyché one;
 The Wolf of malice, being there présent,
 Upon the Lamb complained against reason,—
 Saidé he made his water unwholesóme
 His tender stomach to hinder and indispose,—
 Raveners reign, the innocent is borne down—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose. 40

All worldly thing braideth upon time;
 The sonnè changeth, so doth the pale moon;
 Th' aureate number in calendars set for prime;
 Fortune is double, doth favour for no boon;
 And who that hath with that queen to doon
 Contrariously she will his change dispose,
 Who sitteth highest most like to fall soon,—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

The golden chair of Phœbus in the air
 Chaseth mistis black that they dare not appear, 50
 At whose uprist mountains be made so fair
 As they were newly gilt with his beams clear;
 The night doth follow, appalleth all his cheer,
 When Western waves his streamés overclose.
 Reckon all beauty, all freshness that is here,—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Constraint of coldé maketh flowrés dare,¹
 With winter frosts that they dare not appear;
 All clad in russet the soil of green is bare,
 Tellus and Jove be dulléd of their cheer. 60
 By revolution and turning of the year
 A gery² March his stondis doth disclose;
 Now rain, now storm, now Phœbus bright and clear,—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Where is now David the most worthy king
 Of Juda and Israel most famous and notable?
 And where is Salamon most sovereign of cunning,
 Richest of building, of treasure incomparable,
 Face of Absolon, most fairé, most aimable?
 Reckon up each one, of truth maké no glose; 70
 Reckon of Jonathas of friendship immutable,—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose.

Where is Julius, proudest in his empire
 With his triumphés most imperial?
 Where is Pyrrhus, that was lord and sire
 Of Ind in his estaté royal?
 And where is Alexander that conquered all,
 Failéd laisé his testament to dispose?
 Nabigodonoser or Sardanapal?—
 All stant in change like a midsummer rose. 80

Where is Tullius with his sugared tongue?
 Or Chrysostemus with his golden mouth?
 The aureate ditties that be read and sung,
 Of Omerus in Greece, both north and south,
 The tragediés divers and uncouth
 Of moral Senec the misteries to uncloze,
 By many an example is full couth—
 All stant on change like a midsummer rose.

¹ *Maketh flowrés dare*, makes them unable to stir. Bird-catchers were said to "dare larks" by use of a mirror.

² *Gery*, changeable. From French "gier," to turn.

Where ben of France all the douze piere³
 Which in Gaule had the governance; 90
 Vowés of peacock, with all their proud cheer,
 The Worthy Nine with all their high bobbaunce;
 Trojan knightés greatest of alliance;
 The Fleece of Gold, conqueréd in Colchós;
 Rome and Cartháge most sovereign of puissance—
 All stant on change like a midsummer rose.

Put in a sum all martial policy!
 Complete in Afric and bounds of Carthage,
 The Theban Legion example of chivalry,
 At Rodomus river was expert their courage; 100
 Ten thousand knightes born of great parage,
 The martyrdom read in metre and prose;
 The golden crownés made in the heavenly stage,
 Fresher than lilies or any summer rose.

The remembrance of every famous knight,
 Ground considéred built on righteousness,
 Rase out each quarrel that's not built on right;
 Withouté truth what vailéth high noblesse?



CHRIST AND THE CROSS.

From R. Pynson's Edition of "Lydgate's Testament" (1515?).

Laurear of martyrs founded on holiness 113
 White was made red their triumphs to disclose;⁴
 The whité lilye was their chaste cleanness
 Their bloody sufferance was no summer rose.

³ *The douze piere*. The twelve peers of Charlemagne, set forth in old romance.

⁴ Sir John Mandeville tells us that in the field Floridas, near Bethlehem, a fair maiden falsely accused was to be burnt. As the flames about her she prayed to God, and immediately the burning fagots became red rose-bushes, and the unkindled fagots became white rose-bushes. And thus came the first roses into the world.

It was the rose of the bloody field
 Rose of Jericho that grew in Bethlem,
 The fine roses pourtrayed in the shield
 'Splayed in the banner at Jerusalem.
 The sun was clipse and dark in every reme
 When Christ Jesu five wellis list uncloze,
 Toward Paradis, calléd the red stream,
 Of whose five wounds print in your heart a rose. 120

The religious verse of John Lydgate includes a translation of the first part of a French poem by Guillaume de Guileville, who was born at Paris about the year 1295, became prior of the Bernardine Abbey of Chalis, and died about the year 1360. Guileville says that the popularity of the "Roman de la Rose" suggested to him the writing of his "Romaunt des Trois Pélerinages" ("Romance of the Three Pilgrimages"), namely, of Man in this Life; of the Soul severed from the Body; and of Our Saviour Jesus Christ, in the form of a Monotessaron. Lydgate translated into English verse the "Pilgrimage of Man in this World" for Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, in the year 1426. Guileville's work was well known in England in the fifteenth century, and its sections of the "Pilgrimage of Man" and "Pilgrimage of the Soul" had more than one translator between 1413, the date of the earliest MS. translation of the "Pilgrimage of Man," and 1483, the date of Caxton's printed English version of the "Pilgrimage of the Soul." Le Pélerinage de l'Homme begins by saying, that in the year 1330 the writer, then a monk at Chalis, dreamed that he saw, as in a mirror, the reflection of the Heavenly Jerusalem. He was stirred to become a pilgrim to it, and to seek to enter by the narrow wicket-gate, of which Lydgate thus translated his description:—

"For such as died for his love
 By wickets entered in above,
 Up the gate high aloft,
 Though there the passage was not soft;
 The porter list them not to let,¹
 And there pencillis² up they set
 On corners where them thoughté good,
 All stained with their owné blood.
 And when that I perceivéd it,
 I conceivéd in my wit
 That who should there within
 Enter by force, he must it win
 By manhood only and by virtù:
 For by recórd of Saint Matthew
 The heaven, as by his sentence,
 Wonne is by violence;
 Chrysostom recordeth eke also,
 Who list taken heed thereto,
 That great violence and might
 It is, who that look aright,
 A man be born in Earth here down
 And ravish like a champioun
 The noble high heavenly place
 By virtue only and by grace.
 For virtue doth to a man assure
 Things denied by natüre,

This to seyne who list lere³
 That virtue mak'th a man conquere
 The high heaven in many wise
 To which kind⁴ may not suffice
 To claim there possession
 But she be guided by reasón,
 Which to virtue is maistress
 To lead her also and to dress⁵
 In her Pilgrimagé right
 Above the starrés clear and bright:
 For other way could I not see
 To enter by in that citee."

Guileville then sought staff and scrip, and rushed out of his house, weeping and lamenting, to know where he should find them. Then came to him a lady of great beauty, who seemed to be the daughter of an Emperor, and asked him why he wept. This is Gracedieu, the Grace of God. She learns his desire, and says that she is sent by the Lord of the Way to guide the weak but willing pilgrims, and open the eyes of the blind. She warns him of the dangers of the road, and bids him fix his eyes on the strait gate, which none enter until they have put off their clothing. "Homme vestu n'y pouvait passer;" the soul must put off its garment of the flesh. Gracedieu then takes the pilgrim to her House—the Church—built 1330 years ago, where Scripture is interpreted. But the pilgrim comes to a stream without ferry or bridge, before the entrance of the Church, which represents the water of baptism. Why, he asks, must he bathe in this water? He is told; he is helped out on the other side; enters the House, where Moses represents the Law, and Reason, Prudence, Nature, Sapience, Repentance, Love, are personified. It is here that the scrip and staff for his pilgrimage are given to him: the name of the scrip is Faith; the staff is Hope, on which he is told that he may lean in all slippery places.

And yet he must not go until he has been armed. He is then girt with a girdle of righteousness, a writing is given him, which is the Creed in rhyme. And, as Lydgate translates—

"'Come near,' quoth she, 'and ha no dreed,
 Look up on high, and take good heed:
 Upon this perch the harness see
 Wherewith that thou wilt arméd be
 Pertinent to thy viage
 And needful to thy pilgrimage.'
 Then saw I helms and habergeons,⁶
 Plate and mail for champions,
 Gorgets again all violence,
 And jackés stuffés⁷ of defence,
 Targets and shieldés large and long,
 And pavys⁸ also that were strong
 For folk to maké resistence
 To all that would them don offence."

¹ Lere, learn.⁴ Kind, nature.⁵ Dress, direct.⁶ Habergeons, breast plates; from "hals," the neck, and "bergen," to protect.⁷ Jackés stuffes, stuffs for the jack or horseman's upper garment, quilted and covered with strong leather.⁸ Pavys, bucklers. French "pavois."¹ Let, hinder.² Pencillis, pennons.

The coat of mail is Patience, the helmet Temperance, the gorget is Sobriety, the gauntlets are named Continençe; the sword is Justice, and the true name of its scabbard is Humility. The pilgrim finds the arms too heavy for him, and asks to go forth like David. He does finally go forth with a sling only, bearing the pebbles David had in his scrip when he went forth to meet Goliath, and having Memory as armour-bearer, to equip him in the time of need. The pilgrim, when Memory first comes to him, is surprised to find her without eyes, and is told that her eyes are behind. But again he is told that he must wear his armour. Why then, he asks, did I put it off, only to put it on again? He put it off because he was too fat. He carries about and nourishes an enemy. It was his body that rebelled against the armour's weight. After teaching him of the light of the soul seen dimly through the cloud of flesh, Gracedieu says to the pilgrim, in Lydgate's version of the poem—

"But for thy sake, anon right,
I shall assayen and provide
Thy body for to leyn aside,
Fro thee take it, if I can,
That thou may'st conceivè than
Of him wholly the governance
And what he is as in substance.
But thou mustest in certain
After soon resort again
To thine oldè dwelling place
Till that death a certain space
Shall thee despoil and makè twynne
Fro the body that thou art inne.¹
And Gracedieu anon me took
I n'ot wher that I slept or wook,
And made, for short conclusioun,
My body for to fall adoun.
And after that, anon right,
Me sempte that I took my flight,
And was ravished into the air,
A placè delitable and fair,
And methought eke in my sight
I was not heavy but very light,
And my beholding was so clear
That I saw both far and near,
High and low and over all,
And I was right glad withal.
All was well to my pleasaunce
Save a manner displeasaunce
I had of o¹ thing in certain
That I must go dwell again
Within my body which that lay
Like an heavy lump of clay,
Which to me was no furth'ring
But perturbáunce and great letting,
Thither to resort of new.
Tho² wist I well that all was true
That Gracedieu had said to me;
And thanne I went for to see
Wher the body slept or nought,
And whan I haddè longè sought,
Tasted his power in certeyne
And gropéd every nerve and veyne,

¹ O, one² Tho, then.

I find in him no breath at all,
But dead and cold as a stone wall.
And when I did all this espy,
His governance I gan defy."

The Pilgrim proceeds on his way till he comes to a place where the road divides into two paths. Industry, making nets, sits by the one, Idleness by the other. He is taught that in the way of Idleness perils are greatest; the way of Industry is safe to those who persevere in it, but many break through the hedge into the other road. Idleness describes her way,—the Idler's way of life,—and her enemy Repentance is said to have set the hedge, so that if any wished to turn from the other road into hers, they could not do so without being pierced with thorns. The Pilgrim takes the way of Industry; has encounters with Gluttony, Wrath, who carries a hawk called Murder; descends a hill, and is met by Tribulation, but he leans upon his staff, Faith, and escapes the danger. He meets afterwards with Heresy, Satan, Dame Fortune, and Gladness-of-the-World, a syren by a wild square tower, whence issued smoke and flame, while the whole tower

"Turned about as a wheel
Upon the floodés enviroon,
With the wavés up and down.
Somewhile as I coudé know
The highest party was most low,
And also eke I saw full oft
The lowest party set aloft;
And thus by transmutacyoun
It turned alway up so down.
And in this while ever among
I heard a melodious song"—

That was the voice of Worldly-Gladness, by whom, after dialogue, the Pilgrim was seized, and cast into the midst of the great sea. He reached the shore of the perilous island, forsaken by Youth, who had been his companion, and pursued no more by Worldly-Gladness, who had gone off with Youth for her comrade. Then

"Even amid of all my pain
I saw amidès of the sea
A shippé sail towardès me;
And even above upon the mast—
Wherefore I was the less aghast—
I saw a cross stand and not flit,
And thereupon a dovè sit,
White as any milk or snow,
Whereof I had joy enow.
And in this ship, again all showers
There were castles and eke towers
Wonder diverse mansiouns
And sundry habitaciouns
By resemblance and seeming
Like the lodging of a King.
And as I took good heed thereat,
All my sorrows I forgot."

Gracedieu comes out of the ship to the Pilgrim's aid, and he learns that the name of the ship is Religion. The allegory of the "Pilgrimage of Man's

Life" is continued in this manner till Old Age and Death have laid the Pilgrim gently on his couch, there to await Death's coming. Mercy takes him to her infirmary, which has Fear of God for porter, and where there are two messengers—Prayer and Almsgiving—whom he may send before him to the Heavenly Jerusalem. At last Death mounts upon his bed. Gracedieu reassures him. Death runs him through the body with her scythe.

He started and awoke, dead or alive he knew not till he heard a cock crow and the ringing of the convent bell, and saw that he was awake in the morning in his own bed in the monastery of Chalis.

The popularity of Guileville's "Romaunt of the Three Pilgrimages" in England during the fifteenth century indicates the growth of the tendency to spiritual allegory, which had its source far back in

regular canons of St. Augustine—made a collection of "Sermons for the Greater Festivals of the Church," and in the middle of the fifteenth century put into English verse a Latin book of "Instructions for Parish Priests."² It began by admonishing priests to know their duties and live as they preach. It then explained in detail how a parishioner was to be dealt with from the cradle to the grave. Beginning at earliest, with birth and baptism, by taking the religious duties of the mother when the child is yet unborn, and the baptism of a child that is half-born to a dying mother, it proceeded to general rules that concern christening, confirmation, marriage, teaching of children, confession, how the people were to be taught as to the Communion, and trained to the right manner of receiving it: also how they were to be made to behave in church:—



THE SHIP RELIGION. (From "The Pilgrimage of Man" in Cotton. MS., Tiberius, A. vii.).

the writings of Greek fathers of the Church and the spiritualizing of the love-conceits of troubadours by lettered monks, who shared the accomplishments of their time, but were restrained by their vows from rhyming of love, like the noblemen and gentlemen who were their neighbours. From English translations of Guileville we pass, by natural transition, through an English poem of the same character, to Spenser's "Faërie Queene," and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."¹

John Mirk, who was a canon of Lilleshall, in Shropshire—a house associated with the order of the

OF BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

Yet thou mosté teach them mare
That when they doth to churché fare,
Then bid them leave their many wordes
Their idle speech and nicé bordes,³
And put away all vanitye
And say their Pater noster and their Ave.
Ne none in churché stonde shall,
Ne lean to pillar ne to wall,
But faire on knees they shall them set,
Kneeling down upon the flet,⁴
And pray to God with herté meke
To give them grace and mercy eke.
Suffer them to make no bere⁵
But aye to be in their prayere,
And when the Gospel read be shall
Teach them then to stand up all,

¹ Much interesting detail on the subject of Guileville's allegory and its English versions will be found in these two volumes:—"The Ancient Poem of Guillaume de Guileville, entitled 'Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme,' compared with the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyan, edited from notes collected by the late Mr. Nathaniel Hill, of the Royal Society of Literature, with illustrations and an Appendix." Pickering, 1858.—"The Booke of the Pilgremage of the Sowle, Translated from the French of Guillaume de Guileville, and Printed by William Caxton An. 1483, with Illuminations taken from the MS. Copy in the British Museum; edited by Katherine Isabella Cust." Pickering, 1859.

² "Instructions for Parish Priests, by John Myre," was first printed in 1868 for the Early-English Text Society; edited from the Cotton. MS. Claudius, A. ii., by Mr. Edward Peacock, F.S.A.

³ *Bordes*, jests. "'Bord' is abridged," says Jamieson, "from Old French 'behourdir' and 'bohorder,' to joust with lances."

⁴ *The flet*, the flat, the floor.

⁵ *Bere*, noise.

And bless them fairé as they con
 When *Gloria tibi* is begon;
 And when the Gospel is i-done,
 Teach them eft to kneel down sone;
 And when they hear the bellé ring
 To that holy saking,¹
 Teach them kneel both young and old
 And both their handés up to hold,
 And say thenné in this manere,
 Fair and softly, without bere,
 "Jesu, Lord, welcome thou be
 In form of bread as I thee see;
 Jesu! for thy holy name,
 Shield me to-day fro sin and shame,
 Shrift and housel, Lord, thou grant me bo,
 Ere that I shall hennes go
 And vray contrition of my sin
 That I, Lord, ne'er die therein:
 And, as thou were of a maid i-bore,
 Suffer me ne'er to be forlore,
 But when that I shall hennes wend
 Grant me the bliss withouten end. Amen."

Whenever and wherever the sacred host was seen
 the people were to kneel; and a list was given of the
 evils from which any one was protected for the day
 on which he should have seen it.

"Also within church and seyntwary
 Do right thus as I thee say;
 Song and cry and suché fare
 For to stint thou shalt not spare;
 Casting of axtree and eke of stone²
 Suffer them there to usé none;
 Ball and bars,³ and suché play,
 Out of churchyard put away;
 Court-holding and such manner chost⁴
 Out of seyntwary put thou most;
 For Christ himself teacheth us
 That Holy Church is His house,
 That is made for nothing elles
 Than for to pray in, as the book tells;
 There the people shall gather within
 To prayen and to weepen for their sin."

Witchcraft was to be forbidden the people; also
 usury. Husbands and wives were to be taught that
 both must consent before either could undertake a
 penance, or a vow of chastity, or a pilgrimage—

"Save the vow to Jerusalem,
 That is lawful to either of them."

Twice or thrice in the year occasion must be taken
 to teach the whole parish the *Pater noster*, *Ave*, and

¹ *Saking*, consecration of the host.

² Throwing the hatchet and putting the stone. *Axtree* may be axle-tree, which is said to have been used for throwing by the rustics.

³ *Bars*. Casting the bar was another of the athletic sports of the people; and Henry VIII., after he came to the throne, is said by Hall and Holinshed to have retained "casting the bar" among his amusements. In a paper of the *Spectator*, written by Eustace Budgell (No. 161), a country fair of the year 1711 is described; and the describer says: "Upon my asking a farmer's son, of my own parish, what he was gazing at with so much attention, he told me that he was seeing Betty Welch, whom I knew to be his sweetheart, pitch a bar."

⁴ *Chost*, chest, "ceast," strife.

Creed. English rhymed forms of these were given, and then followed instruction as to the teaching and explaining of the Articles of Faith, and the Seven Sacraments of the Church:—1. Baptism; 2. Confirmation; 3. The Eucharist; 4. Penance; 5. Priest's orders; 6. Matrimony; 7. Extreme Unction:—

"Lo! here the seven and no mo;
 Look thou preché ofté tho."

The usage of the Church in the fifteenth century was set forth upon all these heads, and as Penance was associated with Confession, this gave rise to a section upon admonition against, and forms of penance for, the seven deadly sins. The seventh sacrament being extreme unction, the book ended with the last offices of the priest to his parishioner. Then added the author—

"Now, dear priest, I pray thee,
 For Goddés love, thou pray for me,
 More I pray that thou me myng⁵
 In thy mass when thou dost sing;
 And yet, I pray thee, levé⁶ brother,
 Read this oft, and so let other;
 Hide it not in hodymoke,⁷
 Let other mo readé this boke;
 The mo therein doth read and learn
 The mo to meed it shalé turn;
 It is i-madé them to shown
 That have no bookés of their own,
 And other that beth of mean lore
 That woldé fain conné more;
 And thou that herein learnest most
 Thanke zerné⁸ the Holy Ghost,
 That giveth wit to eaché mon
 To do the godé that he con,
 And by his travail and his deed
 Giveth him heaven to his meed.
 The meed and the joy of heaven light
 God us granté for His might." Amen.

At the time when this was written, in the middle of the fifteenth century, for the instruction of the humbler clergy, the battle against neglect of duty by those who should be leaders of the Church was steadily continued. Followers of Wiclif were upholding strenuously the Bible as the only rule of faith; were battling against what they believed to be traditions of men, injurious to discipline and doctrine; were contrasting the pride of the Court of Rome, of cardinals, and of lordly prelates, with the life and teaching of Christ, and with the unworldly zeal of the Apostles; were desiring in the Church pure

⁵ *Myng*, remember.

⁶ *Leve*, dear.

⁷ *Hodymoke*, equivalent to "hugger mugger," in concealment. So in *Satiro-mastix*, "One word, Sir Quintilian, in hugger mugger;" and of Polonius in *Hamlet*, "We have done but greenly in hugger-mugger to inter him." In Icelandic "hugr," the mind, genitive "hugar," enters into such compounds as "hugar-angr" and "hugar-ekki," for grief and distress of mind, "hugar-glöggv." &c. "Mugga" means mistiness, and, formed in the same way, "hugar-mugga" would be mugginess or mistiness of mind, a mind obscured in haze.

⁸ *zerné*, earnestly.

Bible teaching from men who strove religiously themselves to follow it, with frequent instruction of the people, by preaching and explaining to them the Word of God.

Reginald Pecock, who was born not long before the death of Chaucer, was a Welshman, who studied at Oxford, and became Fellow of Oriel in 1417. In 1421 he was admitted to priest's orders; and a few years later was thriving in London, because his learning won him the goodwill of a friend of literature who was then protector of the kingdom, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Pecock was made Rector of Whittington College, founded by the Sir Richard Whittington who was thrice Lord Mayor of London (in 1397, 1406, and 1419). The College, dedicated to the Holy Ghost, was in the Church of St. Michael Royal, rebuilt by him, and finished by his executors in 1424. It consisted of a Master and four Fellows, clerks, choristers, &c., and near it was an almshouse for thirteen poor people. The office of Master of this College was associated with that of Rector of the Church to which it belonged; and Pecock became Master of Whittington College and Rector of St. Michael Royal in 1431. Here he was resident for the next thirteen years, in the midst of the Lollard controversy, still active in study, and writing English tracts upon the religious questions of his time. In 1440 he published a "Donet," or Introduction to the Chief Truths of the Christian Religion. In 1444 his friend Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, gave Pecock the bishopric of St. Asaph. In this office his busy mind was still active, and there were many critics of the opinions he expressed.

When Thomas Arundel was Archbishop of Canterbury, from 1396 to 1413, the action against the Lollards had been quickened, new provision had been made for the burning of heretics, and freedom of preaching had been checked throughout the Church. The reason for this was that, as preaching consisted in interpretation of the Scripture, the much interpreting by many minds would lead to diversities of explanation, encourage laymen to apply their reason to Church matters, spread confusion of opinion, and break up the oneness of the Church. Arundel's battle was for unity in Christendom. He died of a swelling of the tongue; and men said that was a judgment upon him for silencing the preachers. Three or four years after Arundel's death, Sir John Oldcastle (Lord Cobham), who had been a successful general in the French wars, but at home was a friend and supporter of the Lollards, was, on Christmas Day, 1417, suspended over a fire, and roasted alive as a Lollard. Such acts were meant to daunt the spirit of the Lollards, and did silence some, while it confirmed in them the spirit of opposition. But to the braver minds it gave new energy of resistance to the action of the bishops. Then Reginald Pecock began a defence of the bishops, which could not please the Lollards because it was directed against them, and displeased many of those whose champion he made himself, because he brought their case into court before the body of the laity, by writing in English, addressing himself to them, appealing to their judgment with such arguments as then passed for reason among scholastic men; and was led by the deeper sense

of right in his impulsive nature, to make what those whom he defended looked upon as dangerous concessions. About the middle of the fifteenth century, perhaps in 1449, Reginald Pecock produced, on the religious struggle of his day, a long English book, entitled "The Repressor of Overmuch Blaming of the Clergy." About the same time, in 1450, he was made Bishop of Chichester. In 1456 he was following up his "Repressor" with another English treatise designed to promote peace by the persuasion of the Lollards. It was called a "Treatise on Faith;" and Pecock, admitting it be vain to attempt to over-rule the Lollards by telling them that "the church of the clergy may not err in matters of faith," trusted to argument, and said: "The clergy shall be condemned at the last day if, by clear wit, they draw not men into consent of true faith otherwise than by fire and sword and hangment; although," he said, "I will not deny these second means to be lawful, provided the former be first used." He upheld the Bible as the only rule of faith, was accused of under-rating the authority of the Fathers, even of the four great fathers and doctors of the Church—Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, and Gregory—the four stots¹ of the allegory of Piers Plowman, who drew the harrow after the plough of the Gospel. It was urged that when the Fathers had been quoted to rebut an argument of Pecock's he had even been known to say, "Pooh, pooh!" In 1457, when, as Bishop of Chichester, Reginald Pecock took his place in a Council at Westminster, many temporal lords refused to take part in the business unless he were ejected. The divines called on the Archbishop of Canterbury to submit to them Pecock's books for scrutiny. He was required to come with his books to Lambeth on the eleventh of the next month, November. He was then ordered to quit the Council chamber. Twenty-four doctors, to whom Pecock's books were submitted, found heresies in them. John of Bury, an Austin friar, replied to the "Repressor" with a "Gladius Salomonis" ("Sword of Solomon"), attacking him for his appeal to reason, and opposing the conclusions which he held to be heretical. Finally, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Bourchier (Archbishop from A.D. 1454 to A.D. 1486) pronounced a sentence which is thus reported:—

"Dear brother, Master Reginald, since all heretics are blinded by the light of their own understandings, and will not own the perverse obstinacy of their own conclusions, we shall not dispute with you in many words (for we see that you abound more in talk than in reasoning), but briefly show you that you have manifestly presumed to contravene the sayings of the more authentic doctors. For as regards the descent of Christ into hell, the Tarentine doctor, in an inquiry of his into the three creeds, says that it was left out of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, because no heresy had then arisen against it, nor was any great question made about it. As to the authority of the Catholic Church, the doctor Augustine says, *Unless the authority of the Church moved me, I should not believe the Gospel*. As to the power of councils, the doctor Gregory says (and his words are placed in the Canon, *Distinct. xv.*), that the four sacred Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon are not less to be

¹ The four stots. See page 99, col. 2.

honoured and revered than the four holy Gospels. For in them (as he asserts), as on a square corner-stone, the structure of sacred faith is raised; and in them the rule of good life and manners consists. The other doctors also say with one mouth that although the sacred councils may err in matters of fact, yet they may not err in matters of faith, because in every general council, where two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, His Holy Spirit is there in the midst of them, who does not suffer them to err in faith or to depart from the way of truth. As regards the sense and understanding of Scripture, the doctor Jerome says, that whoever understands or expounds it otherwise than the meaning of the Holy Spirit requires, is an undoubted heretic. With whom agrees the Lincoln doctor (Groteste), thus saying: Whoever excommunicates any opinion contrary to Scripture, if he publicly teach it and obstinately adhere to it, is to be counted for a heretic." The archbishop having then enlarged on the necessity of removing a sickly sheep from the fold, lest the whole flock should be infected, offered Pecock his choice between making a public abjuration of his errors, and being delivered, after degradation, to the secular arm "as the food of fire and fuel for the burning." "Choose one of these two" (he added), "for the alternative is immediate in the coercion of heretics."

Pecock had admitted the right of the Church to compel submission, though he thought it was the Church's duty to persuade by reason; and it was in absolute accord with his own teaching that he should now submit to the force used against himself. He abjured the condemned opinions; and on the 4th of December, 1457, was brought in his robes as Bishop of Chichester to St. Paul's Cross, where he recanted publicly, in presence of twenty thousand people, and then delivered with his own hand three folios of his writing and eleven quartos to the public executioner, who cast them as publicly into a fire lighted for the purpose.

A fortnight later, the authorities of the University of Oxford went in procession to Carfax, and there burnt every copy of a book of Pecock's that could be found in the town. In March, 1459, Reginald Pecock was deprived of his bishopric, and sent by the Archbishop of Canterbury to Thorney Abbey, in Cambridgeshire, with these instructions for his safe-keeping addressed to William Ryall, who was Abbot of Thorney between the years 1457 and 1464:—

"He shall have a secret closed chamber (having a chimney), and convenience within the abbey, where he may have sight to some altar to hear mass; and that he pass not the said chamber. To have but one person that is sad (grave) and well-disposed to make his bed, and to make him fire, as it shall need. That he have no books to look on, but only a portable (breviary), a mass-book, a psalter, a legend, and a Bible. That he have nothing to write with: no stuff to write upon. That he have competent fuel according to his age, and as his necessity shall require. That he be served daily of meat and drink as a brother of the abbey is served when he is excused from the freytour (i.e., from dining in hall), and somewhat better after the first quarter, as his disposition and reasonable appetite shall desire, conveniently after the good discretion of the said abbot."

M88. differ as to the amount paid to the abbey for the maintenance of Reynold (Reginald) Pecock,

—"for his finding;" one account says forty pounds, another eleven. A fuller copy of the instructions, in which the sum named is eleven pounds, adds to the clause about the prisoner's bed-maker, "that no one else shall speak to him without leave, and in the presence of the abbot, unless the King or the Archbishop send to the abbey any man with writing specially in that behalf;" and another copy, which gives forty pounds as the sum paid—and xi. seems to have been only a clerical error for xl.—shows that part of the money was to be considered by the abbey payment to itself for its trouble and responsibility; for concerning "the said Reynold" there was a "Provided in all wise that all the forty pounds above written be not expended about his finding, but a competent part thereof, as his necessity shall require; and that the remanent thereof be disposed to the common weal of the behoof of the said place."



THORNEY ABBEY. (From Dugdale's "Monasticon.")¹

We turn now to Pecock's "Repressor" for some knowledge of that defence of the Church against the Lollards which brought down upon its author the condemnation of the Church. He began with a text from the fourth chapter of St. Paul's Second Epistle

¹ These instructions are quoted in the introduction to the valuable edition of Pecock's "Repressor," by Mr. Churchill Babington, which is included among "The Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages," published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls.

² Thorney Abbey, completed in 1108, covered five times as much ground as this part, left standing after the Reformation.

to Timothy: "Undername thou, biseche thou, and blame thou, in all pacience and doctrine."—"Reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine." And thus he opened his case with a comment that, at the outset, granted the right of the laity to question, and made it the duty of the higher clergy to reply to questions, and with patience to set forth the doctrine that would satisfy the doubter's mind.

REGINALD PECOCK'S PROLOGUE TO "THE REPRESSOR."

"Undername¹ thou, biseche² thou, and blame thou, in all patience and doctrine."

Though these words were written by Saint Paul to Timothy, being a bishop, and not a lay person of the common people, yet in these words Saint Paul giveth not to Timothy instruction of any higher governance than that which also he might have given to a lay person of the common people, because that in these words Paul giveth instruction, not of correction (or of correcting by threatening and punishing), which longeth only to the overer anentis his netherer, and not to the netherer anentis his overer; but he giveth instruction of correction³ and of correcting, which not only longeth to an overer anentis his netherer, but also to a netherer anentis his overer, as it is open; 2 Thessalonians, ch. iii., and Matthew, ch. xviii., and as reason also it well confirmeth, so that it be do with honesty and reverence and with other thereto by reason due circumstances. Of which correction first opening or doing to wite, then next blaming, and afterward biseching, ben parties: and therefore these same words speaking only of correction, so by St. Paul dressed to Timothy, bishop, to whom longeth both to corrept and correct, mowe well enough be taken and dressed farther to each lay person, for to therein give to him instruction how he should rule him whenever he taketh upon him for to, in neighbourly or brotherly manner, corrept his Christian neighbour or brother, namelich, being in otherwise to him his overer. In which words (as it is open enough for to see) each man which taketh upon him the deeds of brotherly correction is informed that the parties of thilk correction (which ben undernaming, biseching, and blaming) he do "in patience and in doctrine;" that is to say, over this, that for the while of his correcting he have patience, that he have also therewith such doctrine, knowing, or cunning whereby he can show and prove it to be a default for which he undernymeth and blameth, and the person so undernome and blamed to be guilty in the same default and sin.

And forasmuch as after it what is written (Romans, ch. x.) many have zeal of good will, but not after cunning, and have therewith taken upon them for to undername and blame openly and sharply, both in speech and in writing, the clergy of God's whole Church in earth, and for to bear an hand upon the said clergy that he is guilty in some governances as in defaults, which governances those blamers cunnen not to show, teach, and prove to be defaults and sins: and have thereby made full much indignation, disturbance, schism, and other evils for to rise and be continued in many persons by long time of many years: therefore, to each such ungrounded, and unready, and overhasty undernayer and blamer I say the before rehearsed words of St. Paul: Under-

nyme thou, biseche thou, and blame thou, in al pacience and doctrine: as though I should say thus: If thou canst teach, shew, and prove that the deed of which thou undernymest and blamest the person or persons is a default and a trespass, and then that he is guilty thereof, undernyme then and blame thou in thilk cunning, or doctrine, and in patience; and if thou canst not so shew, teach, and prove, thou oughtest be still, and not so undernyme and blame.

For else Saint Paul should not have said thus: Undernyme thou, blame thou, in all patience and doctrine; yea, and else thou oughtest undernyme and blame first thyself of this default that thou undernymest and blamest not, having the doctrine which thou oughtest have, ere than thou take upon thee for to undernyme and blame; and so to each such overhasty and unwise blamer might be said what is written, Luke, ch. iv., thus: O leech, heal thyself. Yea, peradventure, to some such blamers, and for somewhiles, might be said what is written, Luke, the vi. ch., thus: Hypocrite, take first the beam out of thine own eye, and then thou shalt see for to take the mote out of thin neighbour's eye. And furthermore, sithen it is so, that such unwise, indiscreet, and overhasty undernayers letten⁴ the effect of their wise and discreet and well-avised undernymings which they in other times maken or mowe make to the clergy, and so given occasion that both they themself and their just undernymings ben despised and ben not set by, and so maken thereby themself to be letters of much good and causers of much evil, it is right great need that all those which taken upon them to be undernayers and blamers of the clergy keep well what is said to be the meaning of Saint Paul in the before-rehearsed words: Undernyme thou, biseche thou, blame thou, in all patience and doctrine.

Now that God, for His goodness and charity, cease the sooner in the common people such unwise, untrue, and overhasty undernaming and blaming made upon the clergy, and that for the harm and evils thereby coming now said: I shall do thereto somewhat of my part in this, that I shall justify eleven governances of the clergy, which some of the common people unwisely and untruly judgen and condemn to be evil—of which eleven governances, one is the having and using of images in churches, and another is pilgrimage in going to the memorials or the mind-places of saints, and that pilgrimages and offerings mowe be done well, not only privily, but also openly, and not only so of laymen, but rather of priests and of bishops. And this I shall do by writing of this present book in the common people's language, plainly, and openly, and shortly, and to be cleped *The Repressing of ouer miche wijting⁵ the Clergie*: and he shall have five principal parties. In the first of which parties shall be made in general manner the said repressing, and in general manner proof to the eleven said governances. And in the second, third, fourth, and fifth principal parties shall be made in special manner the said repressing, and in special manner the proofs to the same eleven governances; though all other governances of the clergy, for which the clergy is worthy to be blamed in brotherly or neighbourly correction, I shall not be about to excuse, neither defend; but pray, speak, and write, in all patience and doctrine, that the clergy forsake them, leave, and amend.

After this prologue, Pecock began his first part by finding the ground of much blame of the clergy by the laity in "three trowings," holdings, or opinions, of which the first was: That no governance is to be held

¹ Undernyme (First-English "underniman," undertake), take in hand, reprehend.

² Biseche, contend against. First-English "bisæce," disputable, litigious.

³ Correction (Latin "correptio," a laying hold of), reproof, rebuke.

⁴ Letten, hinder. ⁵ Wijting, blaming. First-English "witan."

by Christian men as part of the service or the law of God, except that which is grounded in Holy Scripture of the New Testament, as some say, or as others say, in the New Testament and in that part of the Old Testament which the New has not revoked. They who hold this trowing, said Pecock, "if any clerk affirmeth to them any governance, being contrary to their wit or pleasance, though it lie full open and full surely in doom of reason, and therefore surely in moral law of kind, which is law of God, for to be done, yet they anon asken, 'Where groundest thou it in the New Testament?' or 'Where groundest thou it in Holy Scripture in such place which is not by the New Testament revoked?'"

The second trowing, or opinion, from which Pecock traced much undue blame of the clergy, was this: "That whatever Christian man or woman be meek in spirit and willy for to understand truly and duly Holy Scripture, shall, without fail and default, find the true understanding of Holy Scripture in whatever place he or she shall read and study, though it be in the Apocalypse or oughwhere else, and the more meek he or she be, the sooner he or she shall come into the very true and due understanding of it which in Holy Scripture he or she studieth. This second opinion they weenen to be grounded in Holy Scripture." Here Pecock quoted some of the passages on which it was based, adding that, "in other divers places of Scripture mention is made that God giveth good things to meek men more than if they were not so meek."

The third trowing, Pecock explained to be the opinion that no Christian should let reason of man overthrow the view of Scripture teaching that he or she had arrived at by such meek and faithful study. This trowing was founded upon admonitions of St. Paul, in the second chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians, and in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians. As Pecock quoted one of the warnings to the Colossians that was relied upon, the warning relied upon was, "See ye that no man beguile you by philosophy and vain falseness after the traditions of men and after the elements of the world, and not after Christ."

Against the first of these three trowings, Pecock proceeded to argue for thirteen conclusions. The first was that "It longeth not to Holy Scripture, neither it is his office into which God hath him¹ ordained, neither it is his part, for to ground any governance or deed or service of God, or any law of God, or any truth which man's reason by nature may find, learn and know." After setting forth six arguments to prove this conclusion he drew from it as a corollary, "that whenever and wherever in Holy Scripture or out of Holy Scripture be written any point or any governance of the said law of kind, it is more verily written in the book of man's soul than in the outward book of parchment or of vellum; and if any seeming discord be betwixt the words written in the outward book of Holy Scripture and the doom of reason

written in man's soul and heart, the words so written without forth oughten to be expowned and be interpreted and brought for to accord with the doom of reason in thilk matter, and the doom of reason ought not for to be expowned, glosed, interpreted and brought for to accord with the said outward writing in Holy Scripture of the Bible or oughwhere else out of the Bible." Pecock referred to a previous book of his own on "The just apprising of Holy Scripture" in which he had dwelt on that law of nature which it is not the work of Scripture to reveal, and he drew an illustration from the country people who came into London on Midsummer eve with carts full of branches of trees from Bishop's Wood, and flowers from the fields, for decoration of the houses of the citizens in remembrance of John the Baptist and of the prophecy that many should joy in his birth. Did they think that the branches and flowers grew from the hands of the country folk by which they were given, or from the carts in which they were brought? Though Christ himself and his Apostles were the bringers, "yet the men of London, receiving so those branches and flowers, oughten not say and feel that those branches and flowers grewen out of Christ's hands and out of the Apostles' hands. For why² in this deed Christ and the Apostles diden none otherwise than as other men mighten and couthen do. But the said receivers oughten see and hold that the branches grewen out of the boughs upon which they in Bishop's Wood stooden, and those boughs grewen out of stocks or truncheons, and the truncheons or shafts grewen out of the root, and the root out of the next earth thereto upon which and in which the root is buried, so that neither the cart, neither the hands of the bringers, neither those bringers, ben the grounds or fundaments of the branches; and in like manner the field is the fundament of those flowers, and not the hands of the gatherers, neither those bringers. Certes, but if each man wole thus feel in this matter, he is duller than any man ought to be." So it is, said Pecock, with whatever we find of the natural law brought to us by Scripture. It is not the purpose of Scripture to bring us those truths which we should have still though all the Scriptures were burned. These belong to the Law of Nature; "they ben grounded in thilk forest of Law of Kind which God planteth in man's soul when he maketh him to His image and likeness."

² For why, because.

³ In the first book of Richard Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," published in 1593, is a like argument. "As the actions of men are of sundry distinct kinds, so the laws thereof must accordingly be distinguished. . . . As that first error sheweth wherein our opposites in this cause have grounded themselves. For as they rightly maintain that God must be glorified in all things, and that the actions of men cannot tend unto His glory unless they be framed after His Law; so it is their error to think that the only Law which God hath appointed unto man in that belief is the Sacred Scripture. By that which we work naturally, as when we breathe, sleep, move, we set forth the glory of God as natural agents do, albeit we have no express purpose to make that our end, nor any advised determination thereof to follow a law, but do that we do (for the most part) not as much as thinking thereon. In reasonable and moral actions another law taketh place; law by the observation whereof we glorify God in such sort as no creature else under man is able to do; because other creatures have not judgment to examine the quality of that which is done by them, and therefore in that they do they neither can nor

¹ His and him are not of necessity masculine. They were also neuters in First English and in Pecock's time. "Hit" or "it" was only used in the nominative and accusative, and "its" was a form not yet invented. But Pecock does make "Scripture" masculine.

The second of Pecock's thirteen conclusions against the first trowing of the blamers of the clergy, was that although Holy Scripture be not the ground of moral truths at which man's natural reason must arrive, "yet it may pertain well enough to Holy Scripture that he rehearse such now said governances and truths, and that he witness them as grounded somewhere else in the law of kind or doom of man's reason. And so he doth (as to each reader therein it may be open) that by thilk rehearsing and witnessing so done by Holy Scripture to men, those men shoulde be both remembered, stirred, provoked, and exhorted for to the rather perform and fulfil those same so rehearsed and witnessed governances and truths." The third principal conclusion was that "the whole office and work into which God ordained Holy Scripture, is for to ground articles of faith, and for to rehearse and witness moral truths of law of kind grounded in moral philosophy, that is to say, in doom of reason." Of the articles of faith grounded in Scripture, some—as, that in the beginning God made Heaven and Earth—are not laws; and some—as, that each man ought to be baptized in water—are laws. The next point in the argument—the fourth conclusion—was that, as it is not the part of Scripture to ground laws of nature, so it is no part of the law of nature to ground articles of faith. Nevertheless—fifth conclusion—as Scripture rehearses and enforces the moral law of nature, so treatises on natural religion may rehearse and enforce articles of faith which are not grounded in them. The whole office and work of the books of moral philosophy is to express outwardly, by pen and ink, the truth, grounded on the inward book of law of kind, buried in man's soul and heart, and to rehearse some truths and conclusions of faith, grounded in Holy Scripture, that the readers be the more and often stirred and exhorted by the recital of them. That was the sixth conclusion; and the seventh went on to maintain that the greater part of God's whole law to man on earth is grounded outside Holy Scripture in the inward book of law of kind. Therefore Pecock's next conclusion was—his eighth—that no man can know the whole law of God to which a Christian is bound, without knowledge of moral philosophy; and, ninth, no man without such knowledge could surely and sufficiently understand those parts of Holy Scripture which rehearse moral virtues not being positive law of faith. From these followed the tenth conclusion, that the learning of the said law of nature, and of the said moral philosophy, is necessary to Christian men if they will serve God aright. The articles of

faith themselves rest upon reason as well as Scripture; and the Sacraments of the Church, Pecock urged, would not be grounded on Scripture for our governance without the help of reason, and unless the law of God in nature were joined to the law of God in Holy Writ. Pecock's eleventh conclusion was, therefore, that the laity ought to make much of clerks who had well studied that moral philosophy; and, twelfth conclusion, they should prize and study books based upon such assay and experience, which distinguished between those parts of the law of God which are and are not grounded in Scripture, and between those truths of faith which are and those which are not laws. His thirteenth and last conclusion, against the first of the three throwings of the laity, came then straight to the point that the question—"Where findest thou it grounded in Scripture?"—is only applicable to those governances or truths involving articles of faith. To apply such a question to the statement of governance or truth grounded in law of nature or moral philosophy is, he said, as unreasonable as to ask Scripture authority for a truth in grammar, or to ask of a conclusion in saddlery—"Where findest thou it grounded in tailor-craft?" "And," said Pecock, "if any man be feared lest he trespass to God if he make over little of Holy Scripture, which is the outward writing of the Old Testament and the New, I ask why is he not afared lest he make over little, and apprise over little, the inward Scripture of the before-spoken law of kind, written by God Himself in man's soul, when he made man's soul to His image and likeness?"

Pecock next proceeded to the discussion of texts usually quoted in relation to his argument. He dwelt, also, on the effect produced upon those of the laity who had been enabled, by Wiclif and his fellow-workers, to read the Bible in their mother tongue. They had found it "miche delectable and sweete, and draweth the reders into a devocion and a love to God, and fro love and deinté of the world; as y have had herof experience upon such reders, and upon her¹ now seid dispocioun." The delight and profit, and the lifting of their souls, led them to find all they needed in their Bibles, and to forget that there are truths of God written elsewhere, and reason given to man wherewith to find them, and apply them to his use. But reason is fallible—Scripture infallible; to those who said, for that cause, Let not reason be our guide, the next part of the argument was addressed. This led to argument on the necessity of an instructed clergy, on the errors introduced by private exposition that destroyed Church unity. Here Pecock, in a passage that I give without change of spelling, spoke thus of

DIVISIONS IN THE CHURCH.

"Certis in this wise and in this now seid maner and bi this now seid cause bifille the rewful and wepeable destruccioun of the worthi citee and vniuersite of Prage,² and of the hool

nor approve themselves. Men do both, as the Apostle teacheth; yea, those men which have no written Law of God to show what is good or evil carry written in their hearts the universal law of mankind, the Law of Reason, whereby they judge as by a rule which God hath given unto all men for that purpose. The Law of Reason doth somewhat direct men how to honour God as their Creator; but how to glorify God in such sort as is required to the end he may be an everlasting Saviour, this we are taught by Divize Law, which law both ascertaineth the truth and supplieth unto us the want of that other law. So that in moral actions, Divine law helpeth exceedingly the Law of Reason to guide man's life; but in supernatural it alone guideth."

¹ Her, their.

² Reference is to the taking of Prague in 1419 by Ziska, who led the Hussites after the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague in 1415 and 1416. In 1419, John de Trocznow, called Ziska,

rewme of Beeme, as y haue had ther of enformacioun ynou3. And now, aftir the destruccioun of the rewme, the peple ben glad for to resorte and turne agen into the catholic and general feith and loore of the chirche, and in her pouerte bildith up agen what was brent and throwun down, and noon of her holdingis can thriue. But for that Crist in his propheciung muste needis be trewe, *that ech kingdom deuidid in hem self schal be destroyed*, therfore to hem bifille the now seid wrecchid mys chaunce. God for his merci and pitee kepe Ynglond, that he come not into lijk daunce. But forto turne here fro agen vnto oure Bible men, y preie 3e seie 3e to me, whanne among you is rise a strif in holdingis and opiniouns, (bi cause that ech of you trustith to his owne studie in the Bible aloon, and wole haue alle treuthis of mennys moral conuersacioun there groundid,) what iuge mai therto be assigned in erthe, saue resoun and the bifore seid doom of resoun? For thou3 men schulden be iugis, 3it so muste thei be bi vce of the seid resoun and doom of resoun; and if this be trewe, who schulde thanne better or so weel vse, demene, and execute this resoun and the seid doom, as schulde tho men whiche han spende so miche labour aboute thilk craft? Aad these ben tho now bifore said clerkis. And therfore, 3e Bible men, bi this here now seid which 3e muste needis graunte, for experience which 3e han of the disturblance in Beeme, and also of the disturblance and dyuerse feelingis had among 3ou silf now in Ynglond, so that summe of 3ou ben clepid *Doctour-mongers*, and summe ben clepid *Opinioun-holders*, and summe ben *Neutralis*, that of so presumptuose a cisme abhominacioun to othere men and schame to 3ou it is to heere; rebuke now 3ou silf, for as miche as 3e wolden not bifore this tyme allowe, that resoun and his doom schulde haue such and so greet interesse in the lawe of God and in expownyng of Holi Scripture, as y haue seid and proued hem to haue.

"And also herbi take 3e a sufficient mark, that 3e haue nede forto haue 3oure recours and conseil with suche now biforeseid clerkis, thou3 3e wolden labore, and powre, and dote alle the daies of 3oure lijf in the Bible aloon. And drede 3e of the effect which bifille to Bohemers for lijk cause, and mys gouernaunce in holding the first seid opinioun; and bi so miche the more drede 3e thilk effect, bi how miche bi Crist it is pronouncid forto falle, where euer cysme and dyvisioun is contynued; for he seith [Matth. xij.] *that every kingdom or comounte dyuidid in him self schal be destroyed*. But thanne agenward 3e muste be waar her of, that euen as oon sterre is different from an other sterre in cleernes,

or the one-eyed, who after the burning of Huss deeply resented what he called "the bloody affront suffered by Bohemians at Constance," placed himself at the head of an armed people against the aggressions of Rome on the liberty of the Bohemian Church. King Wenzel died, and his brother, the Emperor Sigismund, who acted with the Pope, and had dishonoured his pledge of safe-conduct by which Huss had been decoyed to Constance, claimed succession in Bohemia. This threatened the Bohemians with forfeiture alike of civil and religious liberty. Ziska then raised national war against both Pope and Emperor. He became master of Prague, was victorious over Sigismund on Mount Wittkow, rudely maintained the work of Reformation sword in hand, and, when an arrow from the wall of Rubi pierced his one sound eye and left him wholly blind, talked still of joining battle. "I have yet," he said, "my blood to shed. Let me be gone." He still battled, suffering defeat once, until Sigismund submitted to the claim of the Bohemians for liberty of worship, and gave them Ziska for their governor. But Ziska died of plague while, in 1424, this treaty was in progress, and the war continued for eleven years after his death. The Bohemians buried their hero in the church at Czaslow, and wrote over his grave, "Here lies John Ziska, who having defended his country against the encroachments of Papal tyranny, rests in this hallowed place in despite of the Pope."

so oon clerk is different from an other in kunnyng. And ther fore, brother, take heede to doom of cleer resoun in this mater, which also is remembrid to vs bi the wise man, Ecclesiastici vj. c., thus: *Manie be to thee pesible, but of a thousand oon be thi counseiler*. And in special be waar that thou not accepte, chese, and take a clerk forto be sufficient to thee into the now seid purpos bi this aloon, that he mai were a pilioun¹ on his heed; neither bi this, that he is a famos and a plesaunt precher to peple in a pulpit; neither bi this, that he is a greet and thikke rateler out of textis of Holi Scripture or of Doctouris in feestis or in othere cumpanyingis: for certis experience hath ofte tau3t and mai here teche surely ynou3, that summe werers of piliouns in scole of dyuynyte han scantli be worthi for to be in the same scole a good scooler; and ful manye of the ij. and iij. soortis appeering ful gloriose to the heering of the lay parti, and also summe of othere maner of clerkis, whanne thei schulden come forto dispute and examyne and trie and iuge in harde doutis of Goddis lawe, were not worthi forto therto vnnethis opene her mouth. I detecte here no man in special; who euer can proue him self to be noon such as y haue here now spoken of, he therbi schewith weel him to be noon of hem."

From what seemed to him the first mistaken trowing of those who for their devotion to the Scripture as a rule of life were called the Bible men, Pecock passed to a brief discussion of the second and third trowing, for which his reply to the first had prepared the ground. Then he went on to the eleven impugned ordinances of the Church which he had undertaken to defend, and the first of these, occupying the second part of his book, was the use of images, the going on pilgrimages, and veneration of relics. Then came, in the third part, his vindication of wealth of the clergy. The fourth part defended the Church government by bishops, archbishops, patriarchs, and popes, and replied to the complaint of the Lollards that ecclesiastical laws, made by the high clergy, were set over divine laws. The fifth part of the "Repressor" replied to the complaints against the religious orders—their existence, their dress, their stately houses, wealth in land—and ended with brief reference to the other five occasions of question: namely, invocation of saints; church ornaments, as bells, banners, and relics; superstitious use of the sacraments; the use of oaths; and the approval of war by the clergy. Pecock here referred also to the places in other works of his in which he had more fully vindicated the Church usage of his time.

The point of view in Pecock's "Repressor" was that of a busy-minded man, essentially religious, who maintained the ecclesiastical forms of his day by looking at what seemed to him to be their foundation in nature and reason. He wrote with Christian charity, desiring to abate the bitterness of strife. He endeavoured to start from first principles, and to show reason for change of opinion by that party in the Church which was intolerant of usages for which there was no direct warrant of Scripture, or which, like the custom of demanding oaths and the sancti-

¹ Pilioun, the headdress of a priest or graduate. The Latin "pileus" was a close-fitting felt cap like the half of an egg, worn at festivals, and given to a slave on his enfranchisement as a sign of freedom.

cation of war, were condemned as contrary to the express commands of Christ. Pecock's design was to do for the English Church of his own day what was done by Richard Hooker, at a later stage of the same controversy, for the Church in the time of Elizabeth, with equal charity and greater power. Hooker wrote with more vigour in a time more vigorous, which needed arguments more valid than many which passed current among Churchmen and schoolmen of the fifteenth century. Pecock's reasoning was above the standard of his day, though it could not approach the energy of English thought in the latter years of Queen Elizabeth. He was defending also many usages and institutions against which, already in Elizabeth's day, time had proved the attack to be more powerful than the defence. Pecock's appeal to reason in aid of a right study of the Bible was, in the fifteenth century, when the balance of culture was largely on the side of the clergy, an appeal to the less educated laity to secure unity of the Church by abandoning the right of private interpretation until they were as well qualified for it as the most cultivated Churchmen. The desire for a Church that should be a stronghold of Christian unity, was strong in him and strong also in those for whom the author of *Piers Plowman* spoke. Perhaps the best of the Lollards or Biblemen, those afterwards called Puritans, admitting differences of interpretation that must follow upon the claim of every man to draw from his Bible what he himself felt to be its truths, looked rather to unity of Christian life: while on the opposite side it was felt that a necessary safeguard to the unity of Christian life lay in the unity of doctrine. It is the purpose of this volume not to set forth the arguments produced on either side, but, so far as it touches the great controversy in its successive stages and the sub-divisions of opinion, to show in men of the most opposite opinions the same search for conditions that will help a people to come near to God, the same aspiration of the soul of man toward the source of light and life. In the quotations here given from Reginald Pecock it is noticeable that while he reasoned with the Lollards, he did not look at the worst men of the party he opposed, but at the best; seeking to understand their highest view of duty; and set forth the grounds of difference between himself and them. Nowhere is there a better witness to the powerful effect produced upon the English people by Wiclif's work on the translation of the Bible, than when Pecock traces the enthusiasm against which he reasons, to the sweetness men found in the words of the Gospel coming to them in their mother-tongue, the charm that bound them to it, and that fervent yearning towards the ideal of a Christian life that it had suddenly awakened in their souls.

While men were thus contending in opinion, and the fiery zeal of many was inevitably blended with the passions of the world, two events happened that greatly affected the course of thought in the next generations. About the time when Pecock's mind was occupied with his "Repressor," and he was

falling into utmost peril for the free use of his reason, there occurred—on the 29th of May, 1453—the fall of all that remained of the Eastern Roman Empire, the taking of Constantinople by the Turks; and in 1455 the production of the first printed book, a Bible (called, from its later discovery in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, the Mazarin Bible), was completed. The Fall of Constantinople scattered learned Greeks, who taught their language in Florence and elsewhere, introduced into Europe the study of Plato—in whom the most cultivated Church reformers found a strong ally—and gave impulse to the revival of learning. The Invention of Printing, by quickening and cheapening the reproduction of books, enabled every energetic thinker to touch with his mind many other men where he had before touched only one. True voices that had reached only a few were to be heard thenceforth by thousands; and the force of every strong mind, as leader of opinion in the warfare for a higher life, was to be as the force of an army, in which every copy of his printed book was as a private soldier combatant with all the genius and courage of his chief.

During the rest of the fifteenth century the new powers were coming into play. It was not until about 1474 that William Caxton brought the printing press to England, and set it up in Westminster Abbey. The diffusion of manuscript books had been from the writing-rooms of the monasteries, and when the demand upon a monastery exceeded the powers of supply by the brotherhood, professional copyists came in aid of the work of the scriptorium, and housed themselves conveniently within or near the precincts of the minster. Thus, when Caxton introduced the new method of copying manuscripts by machinery, he sought custom by setting up his business among the copyists at Westminster. It was not until 1508 that Walter Chepman set up the first printing press in Scotland.

The civil wars of York and Lancaster, stirring no high thought in the hearts of combatants, stayed the advance of English literature. In the reign of Henry VII. its old voice began to be heard again, although not yet with its old vigour. But in Scotland—where our northern English still cherished the spirit of independence, held a kingdom of their own, and battled, not in vain, against rulers of England who desired by conquest to make them subject to their crown—men were free to feel the impulse of the time. A few years before the close of the fifteenth century, Robert Henryson¹ had taken his place as one of a new group of our northern poets, and, in accordance with the taste of his time for religious allegory, wrote this poem—founded on a tale in the "*Gesta Romanorum*,"² of

¹ Robert Henryson. See the volume of this Library illustrating "*Shorter English Poems*," pages 74–81.

² The *Gesta Romanorum* was a collection of tales current in Europe in the Middle Ages, so written that they might be used, by help of an "application" added to each, as spiritual allegories for the enlivenment of sermons or otherwise in aid of the religious life. Some of the tales were old stories ingeniously applied, and others manifestly written for the purposes to which they are addressed. The collection, which is of uncertain origin, was widely used, and of course the MSS. of it differ much in substance and arrangement. The name "*Gesta*"

THE BLUDY SERK.¹

This hindir yeir I hard be tald,
 Thair was a worthy King;
 Dukis, Erlis, and Barronis bald,
 He had at his bidding.
 The Lord was anecane,² and ald,
 And sexty yeiris cowth ring;³
 He had a Dochter, fair to fald,
 A lusty lady ying.⁴

Off all fairheid scho bur⁵ the flour;
 And eik hir faderis air⁶; 10
 Off lusty laitis,⁷ and he⁸ honour;
 Meik, bot and debonair.
 Scho wynnit⁹ in a bigly¹⁰ bour,
 On fold¹¹ was none so fair;
 Princis luvit hir paramour,¹²
 In cuntreis our all quhair.¹³

Romanorum" (Acts of the Romans) was given to it, because a real or imaginary Roman Emperor generally figured in each tale, the Emperor representing in the allegory God or Christ. One form of the story given with original variations as "The Bludy Serk" stands thus in a translation of the "Gesta," published in 1824 by the Rev. Charles Swan:—

OF INGRATITUDE.

"A certain noble lady suffered many injuries from a tyrannical king, who laid waste her domains. When the particulars of it were communicated to her, her tears flowed fast, and her heart was oppressed with bitterness. It happened that a pilgrim visited her, and remained there for some time. Observing the poverty to which she had been reduced, and feeling compassion for her distresses, he offered to make war in her defence; on condition that, if he fell in battle, his staff and scrip should be retained in her private chamber, as a memorial of his valour, and of her gratitude. She faithfully promised compliance with his wishes; and the pilgrim, hastening to attack the tyrant, obtained a splendid victory. But in the heat of the contest, he was transfixed by an arrow, which occasioned his death. The lady, aware of this, did as she promised: the staff and scrip were suspended in her chamber. Now, when it was known that she had recovered all her lost possessions, three kings made large preparations to address, and, as they hoped, incline her to become the wife of one of them. The lady, forewarned of the intended honour, adorned herself with great care, and walked forth to meet them. They were received according to their dignity; and whilst they remained with her, she fell into some perplexity, and said to herself, 'If these three kings enter my chamber, it will disgrace me to suffer the pilgrim's staff and scrip to remain there.' She commanded them to be taken away; and thus forgot her vows, and plainly evinced her ingratitude.

APPLICATION.

"My beloved, the lady is the human soul, and the tyrant is the devil, who spoils us of our heavenly inheritance. The pilgrim is Christ, who fights for and redeems us; but, forgetful of his services, we receive the devil, the world, and the flesh, into the chamber of our souls, and put away the memorials of our Saviour's love."

¹ *Serk*, sark or shirt. First-English "syree," and "serce;" Danish "særk;" Icelandic "serkr." The Norse "berserkr" was probably so called from the old days of clothing in skins, as one who had a bear's hide for his covering. In this poem I leave the old spelling unchanged.

² *Anecane* (French "ancien") ancient, old.

³ *Ring*, reign.

⁴ *Ying*, young.

⁵ *Scho bur*, she bore.

⁶ *Air*, heir.

⁷ *Lusty laitis*, pleasant manners. Icelandic "lát" = English "let," as in "outlet," means in the plural manners.

⁸ *He*, high. First-English "heah."

⁹ *Scho wynnit*, she dwelt. First-English "wanian," to dwell.

¹⁰ *Bigly*, commodious, pleasant to dwell in. Icelandic "byggja," to inhabit.

¹¹ *On fold*, on earth.

¹² *Paramour*, French "par amour," by or with love. Paramour represented either man or woman bound by love to another, and was used in a good sense.

¹³ *Our all quhair*, over all where, everywhere. *Quh* in Scottish is equivalent to *wh* in English. See notes in pages 265 and 78 of the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems."

Thair dwelt a lyt¹⁴ besyde the King
 A fowll Gyane¹⁵ of ane;
 Stollin he hes the Lady ying,
 Away with hir is gane;
 And kest hir in his dungeoning,¹⁶
 Quhair licht scho micht se nane:
 Hungir and cauld, and grit thirsting,
 Scho fand in to hir waine.

He wes the laithlied on to luk
 That on the grund mycht gang:
 His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,
 Thairwith fyve quarteris lang.
 Thair wes nane that he our-tuk,¹⁷
 In rycht or yit in wrang,
 Bot all in schondir¹⁸ he thame schuke;
 The Gyane wes so strang.

He held the Lady day and nycht,
 Within his deip dungeoun;
 He wald nocht gif of hir a sicht
 For gold nor yit ransoun,
 Bot gife¹⁹ the King mycht get a Knycht,
 To fecht with his persoun,
 To fecht with him, both day and nycht,
 Quhill ane wer dungen down.²⁰

The King gart seik²¹ baith fer and neir,
 Beth be se and land,
 Off ony Knycht gife he micht heir,
 Wald fecht with that Gyand.
 A worthy Prince, that had no peir,
 Hes tane the deid on hand,
 For the luv of the Lady cleir;
 And held full trew cunnand.²²

That Prince come prowldy to the toun,
 Of that Gyane to heir;
 And fawcht with him, his awin persoun,
 And tuke him presoneir;
 And kest him in his awin dungeoun,
 Allane withoutin feir,
 With hungir, cauld, and confusioun,
 As full weill worthy weir.

Syne brak the bour, had hame the bricht
 Unto hir Fadir deir.
 Sa evill wondit²⁴ was the Knycht,
 That he behuvit²⁵ to de.
 Unlusem was his likame dicht,²⁶
 His sark was all bludy;
 In all the warld was thair a wicht
 So peteous for to se!

¹⁴ *Lyt*, little.

¹⁵ *Gyane*, giant.

¹⁶ Cast her in his dungeon, where light she might see none; and cold and great thirsting she found in to her veins, in her al

¹⁷ *Our-tuk*, overtook.

¹⁸ *In schondir schuke*, in sunder

¹⁹ *Bot gife*, but if, unless.

²⁰ Till one was beaten down.

²¹ *Gart seik*, caused scorch to be made.

²² *Cunnand*, engagement, promise.

²³ Then broke open the prison chamber, brought home the

²⁴ *Wondit*, wounded.

²⁵ *Behuvit to de*, must needs die.

²⁶ Unlovesome was his body dight. First-English "dight" dispose, set forth, arrange.

The Lady murnyt, and maid grit mone,
 With all hir mekle micht :
 " I luvit nevir lufe bot one,
 That dultfully now is dicht !
 God sen my lyfe wer fra me tone,¹
 Or I had sene yone sicht ; 70
 Or ellis in begging evir to gone
 Furth with yone curtass Knycht."

He said, " Fair Lady, now mone I
 De,² trestly ye me trow :
 Tak ye my sark that is bludy,
 And hing it forrow yow.³
 First think on it, and syne on me,
 Quhen men cumis⁴ yow to wow."
 The lady said, " Be Mary fre,⁵
 Thairto I mak a vow." 80

Quhen that scho lukit to the serk,
 Scho thoct on the persoun :
 And prayit for him with all hir harte,
 That lowd hir of bandoun :⁶
 Quhair scho was wont to sit full merk⁷
 In that deip dungeoun :
 And evir quhill scho wes in quert,⁸
 That wass hir a lesseun.

So weill the Lady luvit the Knycht,
 That no man wald scho tak. 90
 Sa suld we do our God of micht
 That did all for us mak ;
 Quhill fulléy to deid wes dicht,
 For sinfull manis saik.
 Sa suld we do, both day and nycht,
 With prayaris to him mak.

MORALITAS.

This King is lyk the Trinitie
 Baith in hevin and heir.⁹
 The Manis saule to the Lady :
 The Gyane to Lucefeir. 100
 The Knycht to Chryst, that deit on tre,
 And cost our synnis deir :
 The nit to hell, with panis fell ;
 The syn to the woweir.

The Lady was wowd, but scho said Nay,
 With men that wald hir wed ;
 Sa suld we wryth all syn away,
 That in our breist is bred.

God send my life had been taken from me ere I had seen yon
 bt.

Now mone I de, now must I die; trestly ye me trow, surely believe

Hing it forrow yow, hang it before you, within sight.

Quhen men cumis, when men come you to woo. The Northern
 ral in s. See note in this Library on page 166 of "Shorter English
 mns."

By Mary free.

And prayed with all her heart for him who released her of
 down, from thralldom.

Merk, dark. First-English "mirc," dark, murky, troubled.
 fire," darkness, meant also a prison. Compare Lady Macbeth's
 fell is murky," when, in tormented sleep, her mind is carried back
 to the darkness of the night when Glamis murdered sleep.

In quert, in gay spirits.

⁹ Heir, here.

I pray to Jesu Chryst verrey¹⁰
 For us his blud that bled, 110
 To be our help on Domysday,
 Quhair lawis ar straitly led.

The saule is Godis dochtir deir,
 And eik his handewerk,
 That was betrasit with¹¹ Lucifeir,
 Quha sittis in hell, full merk.
 Borrowit with¹² Chrystis angell cleir,
 Hend men! will ye nocht herk?
 For his lufe that bocht us deir,
 Think on the Bludy Serk! 120

CHAPTER V.

FISHER, TYNDALE, MORE, LATIMER, AND OTHERS.—
 A.D. 1500 to A.D. 1558.

THE stream of allegorical literature flows, broaden-
 ing upon its way to Spenser, and in the reign of
 Henry VIII. we have a religious allegory of life from
 Stephen Hawes, "groom of King Henry the Seventh
 his chamber." Stephen Hawes was a Suffolk man
 who studied at the University of Oxford, travelled
 in France, and became skilled in French and Italian
 poetry before he was established in favour at the
 court of Henry VII. A payment to "Mr. Hawse"
 for a play in the twelfth year of Henry VIII. may
 indicate that Stephen Hawes was then still living.
 The most important of his books was an allegorical
 poem in Troilus verse or Chaucer's measure, entitled
 "The History of Graund Amoure and La Bel Pucell,
 called The Pastime of Pleasure, containing the Know-
 ledge of the Seven Sciences, and the Course of Man's
 Life in this World." To Henry VII. he writes in
 the opening

DEDICATION OF THE PASTIME OF PLEASURE.

Right mighty Prince and redoubté sov'rayne,
 Saillingé forth well in the ship of grace,
 Over the waves of this life uncertayne
 Right towards heaven to have dwelling place,
 Grace doth you guide in every doubtful case ;
 Your governance doth evermore eschew
 The sin of sloth, enemy to virtue.

Grace steereth well, the grace of God is grete
 Which you hath broughté to your royal see,¹³
 And in your right it hath you surely sette
 Above us all to have the sov'raintie ;
 Whose worthy power and regal dignitie
 All our rancoür and our debate gan cease,
 Hath to us brought both wealthé reste and peace.

¹⁰ Verrey ("vrai"), true.

¹¹ Betrasit with, betrayed by.

¹² Borrowit with, redeemed by. First-English "borh," a surety.

¹³ See, seat.

From whom descendeth by the rightful line
Noble Prince Henry to succeed the crown;¹
That in his youthé doth so clerely shine,
In² every virtúe casting the vice adown.
He shall of fame attain the high renown;
No doubt but gráce shall him well enclose,
Which by true right sprang of the red rose.

Your noble grace and excellent highness
For to accept I beseech right humbly
This little book, opprest with rudéness
Without rhetoric or colour crafty;
Nothing I am expert in poetry,
As th' Monk of Bury,³ flower of eloquence,
Which was in the time of great excellence

Of your predecessor⁴ the fifth King Henry
Unto whose [sovereign] grace he did present
Right famous books of perfect memory,
Of his high feigning with terms eloquent,
Whose fatal⁵ fictions are yet permanent;
Grounded on reason with cloudy figures
He cloked the truth of all his [wise] scriptúres.

The Light of Truth I lack cunning to cloke,
To draw a curtain I dare not presume,
Nor hide my matter with a misty smoke,
My rudeness cunning doth so sore consume;
Yet as I may I shall blow out a fume
To hidé my mind underneath a fable,
By covert colour well and probable.

Beseeching your grace to pardon mine ign'rance
Which this feigned fable t' eschew idleness
Have so compiled now without doubtance
For to present to your high worthiness:
To follow the trace and all the perfectness
Of my master⁶ Lydgate with due exercise,
Such feigned tales I do find and devise.

For under a colour a truth may rise,
As was the guise in old antiquité
Of the poétés old a tale to surmise
To cloke the truth of their infirmities
Or yet on joy to have mortalities.
I me excuse if by negligence
That I do offend for lack of sciéce.⁷

The poem then begins by telling how Graundamoure, who speaks in his own person, walked in spring-time into a flowery meadow. He went forth in a fair path that he found, not knowing whither it would

lead, until he saw an image with hands pointing towards two highways; and in the right hand was this description:—

“ ‘This is the straight way of contéplacion
Unto the joyful tower perdurable:
Whoso that will unto that mansion
He must forsake all thingés variable,
With the vain glory so much deceivable,
And though the way be hard and dangerous
The last end thereof shall be right precious.’ ”

“And in the other⁸ hand right fairé written was
‘This is the way of worldly dignitie
Of the active life: who will in it pass
Unto the Tower of fair dame Beautie,
Fame shall him tell the way of certaintie
Unto La Bell Pucell, the fair lady excellent,⁹
Above all other in clear beauty splendent.’ ”

Graundamoure took the way of Active Life, and, noticing the charm of pleasant byways, went straight on, until at evening he came to a figure which had inscribed in its breast,

“This is the way and the situation
Unto the Tower of famous Doctrine;
Who that will learn must be ruled by Reason,
And with all diligence he must incline
Sloth to eschew, and for to determine
And set his heart to be intelligible;¹⁰
To a willing heart is nought impossible.”

As he rested by this image, Sloth caught his head in a net, and while he yet slept there came a royal blast of a great horn that awoke him. There were the red clouds of daybreak in the sky, and he saw riding from a far valley a goodly lady—Fame—environed with tongues of fire as bright as any star, on a palfrey swift as the wind, with two white greyhounds before her. Espying Graundamoure, the greyhounds ran to him, and leapt and fawned upon him; their names, written in diamond on their gold collars, were Governance and Grace. The lady who followed marvelled that her greyhounds were so friendly with him, and asked his name. He was Graundamoure, who sought her direction to the Tower of Doctrine, and she!—She was Fame, whose horn had blown after the death of many a champion:

“And after this, Famé gan to express
Of jeopardous way to the Tower Perilous,
And of the beauty and the seemliness
Of La Bell Pucell, so gay and glorious
That dwelléd in the tower so marvellous;
To which might come no manner of créature
But by great labour and hard adventure.”

¹ As Henry VIII.

² In seems to be lost as a syllable in the preceding sound of “shine,” as *ed* was commonly left unpronounced when added to verbs ending in *d* or *t*.

³ *The Monk of Bury*, John Lydgate.

⁴ The short *e* in the second syllable of “predecessor” is not sounded.

⁵ *Fatal*, dealing with the destinies of men; “The Falls of Princes,” &c.

⁶ *My* is slurred in pronunciation before *master*, as in the preceding line the before *trace*.

⁷ These two lines are evidently corrupt in the 1555 edition, from which “The Pastime of Pleasure” was reprinted, in 1845, for the Percy Society. As negligence and lack of knowledge are separate causes of offence, possibly “that” has slipped out of its place after “if” in the first line, and “or” is omitted before “for” in the second.

⁸ In the other, pronounced “i’ th’ o’r” (see Note 12, page 84, of “Shorter English Poems”).

⁹ The *y* in “lady” blends as one syllable with the *e* in “excellent,” and the verse runs: | ‘nto L’ Bell | Pucell | the fair | lady-ex | cellent | This running of a final *y* into an initial vowel is natural and common in the poets. So in “Paradise Lost,” I. 141, “Though all our gory extinct and happy state.”

¹⁰ *Intelligible*, sensible, intellectual.

Fame told the perils of the way, but promised Graundamoure the victory if he followed her direction.

“To the Tower of Doctrine ye shall take your way.
You are now within a day's journey;
Both these greyhounds shall keep you company;
Look that you cherish them full gently.

And Countenance, the goodly portress,
Shall let you in full well and nobly,¹
And also shew you of the perfectness
Of all the seven sciences right notably.
These in your mind you may ententively

the youth to begin, and undergo his years of education in the Tower of Doctrine, whose seven stages rise from Grammar with her A B C to heavenly contemplations of Theology. Countenance was the portress who admitted Graundamoure, and showed him on the arras of the entrance-hall an image of the career before him, setting forth how in the labour towards La Bel Pucell "a noble knight should win the victory." Then the portress introduced the adventurer to the lady Grammar, into whose chamber "the right noble Dame Congruity" admitted him. Dame Grammar told him how to the wise of old it was their whole delight, for common profit of



THE TOWER OF DOCTRINE. (From Reisch's "*Margarita Philosophica*," 1512.)

Unto Dame Doctrine give perfect audience,
Which shall inform you in ev'ry science."

Fame left Graundamoure with the greyhounds. He travelled on, again rested till morning, and then saw set on a rock "the royal tower of moral document," made of fine copper, with turrets that shone against the sun. It is the pilgrimage of man, whose way was first over the flowery fields of childhood till a path in life had to be chosen; the path of Active Life being chosen, fame of the prize to be won nerved

humanity, to study the seven sciences many a long winter's night. After this she taught Graundamour right well, first his Donet,² and then his accidence. When he had been taught by Grammar, he went up to the bright chamber of Logic; and when that fair lady had instructed him, "then above Logic up we went a stair," and there was the star of famous eloquence, the Lady Rhetoric to kneel to. Rhetoric explained to him at length the five parts of her science, which was founded by Reason—

"Man for to govern well and prudently;
His words to order, his speech to purify."

¹ *Nobly*. Pronounced nob-Ly, as three syllables. See Dr. Abbot's "Shakespearian Grammar," section 477, "Liquids in dissyllables are frequently pronounced as though an extra vowel were introduced between them and the preceding consonant." So in "Comedy of Errors," act v., scene 1, "And these two Dromios, one in *semb-lance*;" "Coriolanus," act iii., scene 2, "Be thus to them. You do the *nob-ler*." Two lines farther on "sciences" is pronounced "science," the *s* being merged in the similar final sound of the word.

² *His Donet.* Aelius Donatus, born about A.D. 333, was the teacher of St. Jerome. He wrote an elementary book on the eight parts of speech applied to Latin, and the long-continued use of this in elementary teaching caused a Donatus, or a Donet, to become the common name for a grammar, or a first book of instruction upon any subject. We have seen (page 121) Reginald Peacock giving the name of "Donet" to a book on the First Principles of Faith.

The poet, dwelling here on his own art, expatiates upon these five parts of fair speaking, Invention, Disposition, Elocution with colouring of sentences, Pronunciation, Memory, and in so doing sets forth how the poets feigned no fable without reason:—

"So famous poets did us endoctrine
Of the right way to be intellective;
Their fables they did right so imagine
That by example we may void the strife,
And without mischief for to lead our life,
By the advertence of their stories old,
The fruit whereof we may full well behold."

Cymphans, doussemers, with clavi-cimbales glorious
Rebeckes, clavicordes, each in their degree
Did sit about their lady's majesty."²

After setting forth the use and need of music to the world,—

"She commanded her minstrels right anon to play
Mamours, the sweet and the gentle dance;
With La Bell Pucell that was fair and gay
She me recommended, with all pleasure,
To dance true measures without variance."

Then came the throbbings of delight, the turning



THE CHAMBER OF MUSIC. (From Reisch's "Margarita Philosophica," 1512.)

This section of the poem closes with loving lines to the memory of Chaucer and of Lydgate, whom Stephen Hawes honoured more especially as the master upon whose trace he would seek to follow. Graundamoure next passed to the chamber of Arithmetic,

"With gold depainted, every perfect number,
To add, detract,¹ and to divide asunder."

The next stage led Graundamoure to the tower of Music, and in her chamber, advanced by knowledge to a sense of the harmonies of life, he first saw La Bell Pucell.

"There sat Dame Music with all her minstrelsy,
As tabors, trumpets with pipes melodious,
Sackbuts, organs and the recorder sweetly,
Harps, lutes, and crowdés right delicious,

¹ Detray ("detract"), to draw away, subtract.

aside to conceal, in a temple, hope, doubt, and despair; the coming again of Graundamoure, led by Good Counsel, to declare his love to the lady in a long

² The Tabor was a small drum usually played with accompaniment of life. The Sackbut was a bass-trumpet with stops, and as its name "sambuca" was derived from the elder-tree, it was probably formed of wood, a sort of bassoon. The Recorder was a flageolet or bird-pipe, so named from the word "record" once commonly applied to the singing of birds, as in an eclogue by Drayton:—

"Fair Philomel, night music of the spring,
Sweetly records her tuneful harmony."

The Crowd, "crwth" of the Cymry, was the old British fiddle; "chrotta Britanna canat," wrote Venantius Fortunatus at the end of the sixth century. Invented in Britain, and returned to us with improvements by the Arabs, the fiddle in a simple form, still called "crowd," and the fiddler a "crowder," remained familiar among the people. Cymphans were "symphonies," or "chyfonies," named in the "Roman de Brut"—

"Symphonies, salterions,
Monocordes, tymbres, corrons."

They were large stringed instruments, a sort of harp. Doussemers

dialogue of alternate stanzas which ended in her acceptance of his suit. But he must seek her by a long and dangerous way, for now she is withdrawn from him to a far country :—

“To me to come is hard and dangerous
When I am there, for giantés ugly,
Two¹ monsters also, black and tedious,
That by the way await full cruelly
For to destroy you all and utterly,
When you that way do také the passage
To attainé my love by high advantage.”

So Graundamoure was parted from the fair ideal of life which he had touched, and with which he had kept step when his heart was young and he had been trained up to a perception of true harmony. His friend Good Counsel bade him never flinch, but complete his training by the Seven Sciences, and then go forward to the tower of Chivalry, and be armed for the battles of the life before him. Forth he went, therefore, to the tower of Geometry, and from her to the green meadow whence Astronomy looks heavenward, and where he learnt from her that

“God himself is chief astronomer
That made all things according to His will;
The sun, the moon, and every little star,
To a good intent and for no manner of ill.
Withouten vain he did all things fulfil;
As Astronómy doth make apparaunce,
By reason he weighed all things in balaunce.”

More is taught by Astronomy of the works of Nature and the wits of man, of the high influence of stars and planets as the instruments to Nature's working in every degree.

Instructed in the seven sciences, the Quadrivium of Grammar, Logic, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, and the Trivium of Music, Geometry, Astronomy,² Graundamoure with a varlet called Attendance and his greyhounds Grace and Governance, proceeded over a hill and down a dale to the Tower of Chivalry, where a horn hung by a shield and helmet at the entry. The loud blast of the horn brought to the tower door its gentle porter, Steadfastness, who admitted him into the base-court.³ There he saw four images of armed knights on horseback, contrived to meet in shock of arms by craft of Geometry, with wheels, and cogs, and cords. Beside this tower was a temple which Graundamoure entered. It was the temple of Mars, whose image he saw therein on a wheel-top in the embrace

(dulcimer) was a stringed instrument, usually triangular, with about fifty wires, cast over a bridge at each end, struck with little iron rods. The dulcimer was laid on a table and played with a small rod in each hand. The Clavi-cimbal was a kind of spinet, which the French called clavecin, and the Italian cembalo. Some of Bach's concertos were written “a due cembali.” Like the clavichord, it was played with keys, and ranks with the ancestors of the pianoforte. The Rebeck is another form of rustic fiddle, taking a corruption of the name rebab, or rebebe, by which the British crwth or crowd, played with a bow, was returned to Europe from the East by the Crusaders. Use of the fiddle-bow is said to have had its origin in ancient Britain.

¹ Tyco. In the original “With two,” the first syllable being dropped in the scanning.

² Trivium and Quadrivium. (See “Shorter English Poems,” Note 2, page 12.)

³ Base-court, outer or lower court.

of Lady Fortune, who had two faces under one hood. Of Mars Graundamoure prayed for grace to secure enduring fame. To Mars he said that in the thirty-first year of his young flowering age he thought himself escaped from childish ignorance, and that his wit could withstand and rule Venus and Cupid, but she had wounded him with fervent love, and set before him perilous adventure in which he needed help from Mars. Mars answered that Graundamoure was born under the rule of Venus, and therefore, when he had learned perfectly to govern himself by prudent chivalry, he must go humbly to the temple of Venus and make his oblation, suing to her by the disposition which constrained him to love ladies with a true affection. But here Fortune with the two faces, from behind Sir Mars, laughed at the notion that Mars could have aid to give in the search, where all depended upon Fortune's ordering. Then Fortune declared at large the power of the turning of her wheel; Mars had less might; to her, therefore, Graundamoure must sue. Mars answered that she was nothing substantial, neither spiritual nor terrestrial, and nothing can do nothing. He said to her,

“The Man is Fortune, in the proper deed,
And is not thou that causeth him to speed.”

While yet marvelling at the argument between Mars and Fortune, Graundamoure was approached by Minerva, who led him into her own hall. Knights were there playing at chess, who left their play gently to welcome him; especially was he welcomed by Sir Nurture and his brother Courtesy. They took him up a stair into a chamber gaily glorified. At its door stood a knight named Truth, who told Graundamoure that before entry he should promise to love him. The chamber door was held in custody for King Melezius, that no man might enter wrongfully, and seek without Truth to be chivalrous. King Melezius admitted Graundamoure :—

“‘With all my heart I will,’ quoth he, ‘accept
Him to my service, for he is right worthy;
For unto Doctrine the highway he kept
And so from thence to the Tower of Chivalry.’”

Presented to Melezius, armed and taught by Minerva, he was prepared for knighthood, and when knighted was thus taught his duty by the King :—

“‘Knighthood,’ he said, ‘was first established
The Commonwealth in right [for] to defend,
That by the wrong it be not minished;
So every knight did truly condescend
For the Commonwealth his power to extend
Against all such rebellés contrarioués
Them to subdue with power victorioués.

“‘For knighthood is not in the feats of war,
As for to fight, in quarrel right or wrong,
But in a cause which Truth can not defear;⁴
He ought himself for to make sure and strong
Justice to keep mixt with mercý among;

⁴ Defear, defer, leave Time to right. Or solve, as in Robert of Brunne's version of Langtoft's Chronicle, “defare,” undo.

And no quarrel¹ a knight ought to take
But for a truth, or for the Commons sake.

"For first Good Hope his leg harness should be;
His habergeon of Perfect Righteousness,
Girt fast with the girdle of Chastity:
His rich placard² should be Good Business,
Brandred³ with Almés so full of Largess;
The helmet Meekness, and the shield Good Faith;
His swordé Goddés Word, as Saint Paul saith.⁴

"Also true widows he ought to restore
Unto their right for to attain their dower,
And to uphold and maintain evermore
The wealth of maidens with his mighty power.
And t' his sov'ráyne at every manner hour
To be ready, true, and eke obeisant,
In stable love fixed and not variaunt."

So taught, and armed, and mounted on the fair
barbed steed Minerva brought him, Graundamoure
went forward again with his two greyhounds, Grace
and Governance, and his varlet, Good Attendance.
The knight Truth rode out to put him on his way
with a fair company of other knights—Sir Fortitude,
Sir Justice, Sir Misericorde, Sir Sapience, Sir Cour-
tesy, with famous Nurture, and then Sir Concord.
Each took him by the hand when he at last de-
parted:—

"Adieu!" they said, "and Gracé with you stand
You for to aidé when that you do fight!"
And so they turned unto the castle right.

And good dame Minerve unto me then said:
'Be not adread of your high enterprise;
Be bold, and hardy, and no thing afraid,
And rather die in any manner of wise,
To attain honour and the life despise,
Than for to live and to remain in shame;
For to die with honour it is a good name.'

Onward went Graundamoure into the wilderness,
and in the darkness of night slept under a hill-side
till the neigh of his steed Galantise aroused him at
sunrise. Then, as he rode on with his varlet and
his greyhounds, he was joined by one

"—on a little nag,
A foolish dwarfé, no thing for the war,
With a hood, a bell, a fox-tail, and a bag;⁵
In a pyed coat he rodé brygge-a-bragge."⁶

¹ Quarrel. Pronounced as three syllables, *qu-ar-rel*.

² Placard, a kind of breast-plate, a man's jewelled stomacher.

³ Brandred, supported.

⁴ "The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God" (Ephesians vi. 17). "For the Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (Hebrews iv. 12).

⁵ The hood with a bell on its point and the fox-tail for playful flapping about were badges of the fool. "A flap with the foxtail" thus became a phrase for a jest. "In a pyed coat," a coat of motley, like the magpie.

⁶ *Brygge-a-bragge* (French "*De brie et de broc*"), anyhow, hither and thither. Whence *brie-a-brac*.

A repulsive sketch of the dwarf is given, and the poem then breaks for a time from the seven-lined Troilus Verse or Chaucer Stanza, vulgarly called rhyme royal, because James I. of Scotland followed his master Chaucer in the use of it. This verse had been fixed for us by Chaucer's example in the same position that had been given by the genius of Boccaccio to octave rhyme in Italy, as the standard measure for sustained poetic narrative. So it remained until after the accession of Elizabeth, and so, therefore, it was adopted by Stephen Hawes for his "Pastime of Pleasure," and significantly dropped when this character of empty prating slander, False Report, under the name of Godfrey Gobelive, is set to try Graundamoure's temper by gross slander against woman. The verse chosen for this part of the narrative is Chaucer's Riding Rhyme, so called from its use by Chaucer in description of his pilgrims on the road to Canterbury:—

"Welcome," I said; "I pray thee now tell
Me what thou art, and where thou dost dwell?"
'Sotheliche,' quod he, 'when Icham⁷ in Kent
At home Icham, though I be hither sent;
Icham a gentleman of much noble kin
Though Iche be clad in a knavés skin.'

With this scorner of women by his side, Graundamoure visited the Temple of Venus, where each applied himself in his own way to Dame Sapience, her secretary. For Graundamoure, Dame Sapience drew up a Supplication, and with the setting forth of this the poem resumes its original measure. Venus bade Graundamoure abide with her awhile, and caused Sapience next to write a letter to La Bell Pucell, with thrice nine "Wo worths" in it, in case she did not redress his pains. Cupid fled with the letter to La Bell Pucell, and Graundamoure offered a turtle to Venus.

Then he went forward upon his way, but Godfrey Gobelive came running

"With 's little nag, and cried 'Tarf! tarf!
For I will come and bear you company.'"

His company upon the road again reduces the verse into riding rhyme, for he resumed his merriment at the expense of women, till he was overtaken by a lady from the Tower of Chastity called Dame Correction, who, with a knotted whip, set Godfrey skipping, and declared him to be False Report, escaped from the prison in which he had been held with Villain-Courage and vile False Conjecture. Graundamoure then went as a guest to the Tower of Chastity, and False Report as a prisoner, with his feet fettered underneath his nag. There he saw the bright hall of jet glazed with crystal, and radiant with light of the carbuncle hung from its golden roof; he saw the goodly company, and saw also the dungeons of the scorner and the wronger. Hung with their heads down in holly bushes and scoured

⁷ Icham, I am, used to represent a rustic speech. First-English "ic eom."

by ladies with knotted whips were Villain-Courage and his fellows:—

"These men with sugared mouths so eloquent
A maiden's herté coud right soon relent,
And these young maidens for to take in snare
They feign great woe, and for to suffer care:
The foolish maidens did believe they smarted,
Thus to their willé the men them converted."

Then Graundamoure rode on over the mountains and the craggy rock till he came to a well, beside which hung a shield and horn, with an inscription setting forth that a giant was there ready to contest the way on to La Bell Pucell. The horn was blown, the giant came, a monster with three heads, called Falseness, Imagination, Perjury. Graundamoure charging him, broke his spear upon this giant's helm, leapt down and drew his sure sword, Clara Prudence, and after a stout battle overcame and cut off the three heads. Then came riding to him three ladies, Verity, Good Operation, and Fidelity, and carried Graundamoure with sweet song to their castle, where his wounds were healed, while he was told of another giant to be met after departing. Temperance prepared their supper, and after rest he travelled on again.

"When th' little birdés swetely did sing
Lauds to their Maker early i' th' morning."

Soon he met a messenger whom La Bell Pucell had sent, after receiving the letter brought to her by Cupid. Disdain and Strangeness had counselled her in one way, Peace and Mercy in another, and finally she had sent Dame Perseverance to her knight, with a goodly shield to be worn by him for her sweet sake. So Perseverance took Graundamoure with her for a night's rest at the manor place of her cousin Comfort. Comfort gave best of counsel on the power of patience and wise kindness over stormy winds that stood between him and the object of desire, and told him also of a giant with seven heads yet to be vanquished. Over the heath he went next day till this giant was found, where upon every tree hung shields of knights whom he had slain. The names of his seven heads were Dissimulation, Delay, Discomfort, Variance, Envy, Detraction, Doubleness. The battle with him lasted a day, and when Graundamoure had overcome there came from the castle that stood by seven ladies riding on white palfreys. They were Steadfastness, Amorous Purveyance, Joy after Heaviness, Continuance, Pleasaunce, Report Famous, Amity, who hailed him as victor. These seven ladies undertook next day to bring Graundamoure to La Bell Pucell. They rode till they saw from afar a goodly region

"Where stood a palace high and precious
Beyond an haven full tempestuous."

But in that goodly region was a fire-breathing dragon, made by the Dame Strangeness and the crafty sorceress Disdain, of the seven metals with a fiend enclosed. In a temple of Pallas strength was

sought for the last conflict, and Pallas gave a box containing ointment of marvellous herbs¹ wherewith to anoint his armour, which would turn aside the fervent fire breathed by the serpent, and give power over magic to his sword. From a large and goodly ship in the haven a boat put out to them whence they were hailed by two ladies whom Dame Patience had sent. Then after due inquiries they were rowed to the ship Perfectness, into which Dame Patience received them gladly. Then they weighed anchor, and on the other shore Graundamoure went forth alone to combat with the dragon, Privy Malice. When the death-blow was given to it, by help of the ointment of Pallas, and the fiend within as "a foul Ethiop which such smoke did cast that all the island was full tenebrous," had escaped amidst loud thunderings, it remained only for Perseverance to bring Graundamoure to the presence of La Bell Pucell. So they were joined and wedded. The great aim of his mortal life was won, but afterwards—

"Thus as I livéd in such pleasure glad
Into the chamber came full privily
A fair old man, and in his hand he had
A crookéd staff; he went full weakly;
Unto me then he came full softly,
And with his staff he took me on the breast,
'Obey!' he said, 'I must you needs arrest."

'My name is Agé, which have often seen
The lusty youth perish unhappily,' . . ."

Graundamoure must needs obey the arrest. Then came to him Policy

"With Avaricé bringing great richés.
My wholé pleasure and delight doubtless
Was set upon treasure insatiate,
It to behold, and for to aggregate."

¹ This gift of Pallas, which represents the power of a well-trained mind to stand against all perils of the world, is a symbol first used by Homer in the tenth book of the "Odyssey," when he represented Hermes providing Ulysses with moly to enable him to face unhurt the charms of Circe:—

"Thus I passing turned my feet
On through the glens for the divine retreat
Of Circe; and a youth, in form and mould
Fair as when tender manhood seems most sweet,
Beautiful Hermes, with the wand of gold,
Met me alone, and there my hand in his did fold."

Whither, he said, wouldst thou thy steps incline,
Ah, hapless, all unweeting of thy way?
Thy friends lie huddling in their styes like swine;
And these wouldst thou deliver? I tell thee nay—
Except I help thee, thou with them shalt stay.
Come, take this talisman to Circe's hall,
For I will save thee from thine ills this day,
Nor leave like ruin on thy life to fall,
Since her pernicious wiles I now will tell thee all.

Therewith the root he tore up from the ground,
Black, with a milk-white flower, in heavenly tongue
Called Moly, and its nature did expound—
Hard to be dug by men; in gods all power is found."

(Philip S. Worsley's Translation.)

² Riches is a word in the singular; the French "richesse," in which the final s is part of the word itself, and not a plural suffix.

Then came Eternity into the temple, in a fair white vesture, speaker of the last words of the poem:—

"O mortal folk! revolve in your mind
That worldly joy and frail prosperity
What is it liké but a blast of wind?
For you thereof can have no certainty,
'Tis now so full of mutability.
Set not your mind upon worldly wealth,
But evermore regard your soul's health.

"When earth in earth has ta'en his corrupt taste,
Then to repent it is for you too late;
When you save time, spend it no thing in waste;
Time past with Virtue must enter the gate
Of joy and bliss with miné high estate,
Without Time for to be Everlasting,—
Which God grant us at our last ending."

Although Stephen Hawes was a poet of moderate genius, this work of his marks in an interesting way the steady advance of allegorical poetry, from such works as the "Romaunt of the Rose" and Guileville's "Three Pilgrimages," to Spenser's "Faerie Queene."



JOHN FISHER. (From the Portrait by Holbein.)

John Fisher was a Yorkshireman, born in 1459, son of Robert Fisher, a trader at Beverley, who died when his two boys, John the elder and Robert the younger, were still children. Their mother married again. The boys were first educated by a priest of Beverley Church. John showed special ability, and was at last, when his age was four or five-and-twenty, sent in 1484 to Cambridge. He graduated in 1488 and 1491, became a Fellow of his College, Michael House, and Master of Michael House in 1495. It was about this time, at the age of thirty-six, that he took holy orders. In 1501 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and he served afterwards

and as Graund-
satisfaction,
in a balance,
right owners
Graundamoure
and his soul

Graundamoure's body in

devoutly
soulfully;
in memory,
little epitaphy:

in a wondrous case
and will not thee know,
thy dwelling-place,
thou overthrew.
I trow,
thou wouldst then apply
to learn to die.

of earth why art thou so proud?
Now what thou set vail to remembrance;
Open thine eyes unto my song aloud,—"

being called through each of his
earth on earth will
and arise

of your sleep of mortal heaviness,
Subdue the devil with grace and meekness,
That after your life frail and transitory
You may then live in joy perdurably."

Then Dame with the burning tongues entered the temple, promising that memory of Graundamoure's great acts should be preserved by her, who had preserved the memories of Hector, Joshua, Judas Maccabees, David, Alexander, Julius Cesar, King Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boloigne. But Time followed, and wondered much that Fame could promise everlasting praise, when Time himself lives only until Doomsday.

"Then I am past, I may no longer be,
And after me is Dame Eternity."

1 A Dirge. The first word of the funeral hymn, "Dirige gressus meos." Have the word "dirge."
2 Set here and in next line becomes a dissyllable by rolling the r.

for two years as Vice-Chancellor of the University. The reputation of Dr. John Fisher caused Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII., to draw him into her service. As her chaplain and confessor he obtained her complete confidence, and used it, to the best of his knowledge, for the advancement of religion and learning. He caused her to found two colleges at Cambridge, St. John's and Christ's, and also the chair still known as the Lady Margaret's Professorship of Divinity, which he himself held for a time. His funeral sermon on her death was printed by Wynken de Worde, and has been more than once reprinted. In 1504, Henry VII., who trusted much in Fisher's piety and wisdom, made him Bishop of Rochester. The University of Cambridge made him its Chancellor. Henry VIII., who had been indebted to Fisher for care and instruction in his childhood, honoured him in the earlier part of his reign, and told Cardinal Pole that he could never have met in all his travels a man to compare in knowledge and virtue with the Bishop of Rochester.¹

John Fisher's treatise ("De Necessitate Orandi") on the Need of Prayer was translated into English at the beginning of Elizabeth's reign (in 1560) as "A Godlie treatisse declaryng the benefites, fruites, and great Commodities of Prayer, and also the True Use thereof. Written in Latin fourtie yeres past, by an Englyshe man of great vertue and learnyng. And lately translated into Englyshe." The translation in Elizabeth's reign of a devotional work by one whom her father had sent to the block, printed in St. Paul's

also is the suppression of Fisher's name, while he is described in the preface to the reader as "an Englishman, a Bishop of great learning and marvellous virtue of life." The Pelican is taken here also, as by the writer of the Plowman's Tale, as symbol of devotion. There is a little emblematic woodcut added to the pages introducing Fisher's treatise upon Prayer, with Learn to Die for its uppermost thought; a Latin inscription also around the self-sacrificing Pelican, which means: For Law, King, and Commonwealth; and around that an English motto: "Love kepythe the Lawe, obeyeth the Kyng, and is good to the Commenwelthe."

The treatise has for its text the words in the eighteenth chapter of Luke, "that men ought always to pray;" and thus it begins:—

PRAYER WITHOUT CEASING.

Forasmuch as this saying of Our Saviour Christ, *Oportet semper Orare*, A Man must always Pray, written in the Gospel of Saint Luke, appertaineth generally unto all Christian men: who seeth not how profitable and necessary it is for every man diligently and effectually to apply himself to prayer? And so expedient and beneficial a thing is in no wise to be neglected for vain and hurtful delectations and pleasures. Wherefore to the end that our prayer may wax sweet and pleasant unto us, first of all it shall be very commodious and profitable to have ready at hand and in our remembrance certain reasons with the which as most apt and convenient motions (as oft as we perceive ourselves to wax cold in devotion, and be as it were oppressed with a slothful unaptness to serve God) we may stir up our minds and whet our hearts to prayer. Moreover, it shall marvellously profit and exceedingly further us not to be ignorant of the singular fruits and commodities that very many have obtained by prayer; for by the knowledge thereof, we shall more easily invite and prepare ourselves to pray. And finally it shall be very needful for us thoroughly to understand the very true manner which is specially required in every man to be observed in the time of his prayer; forasmuch as in every work of any difficulty that man taketh in hand, the right way of doing thereof being once known doth very much further the due execution and perfect finishing of the same. I have therefore intended by the help of God to intreat in order of these three things: that is to say, of the Necessity of Prayer, of the Fruit of Prayer, and of the true Use and Manner of Prayer.

But forasmuch as the words of Our Saviour before said do cast some scruple and doubt into many men's minds, it shall not be out of purpose for the better understanding thereof if we do first expound and declare how those words are most rightly to be understood. And to begin withal, this saying of Our Saviour is most assuredly true, *Oportet semper Orare*, for Prayer is necessary to us every day, every hour, and every minute. And yet doth not Almighty God so severely demand an account thereof of as that he bindeth us to incessant prayer with our mouth, which thing never man hath unto this time, or could be able to observe. But forasmuch as there passeth no moment of time in which we have not great need of the help and assistance of Almighty God: there are we of necessity constrained by continual prayer, humbly with all diligence to require and crave His divine help and succour. For who is he that perceiveth not (so as he give his mind diligently to observe the same) that all we are even presently to be returned to dust and ashes, whensoever God should detain and hold His hand of help



EMBLEMATIC DEVICE.

From the English Version (1560) of Fisher's treatise on the "Need of Prayer."

Churchyard, "by John Cawood, one of the Printers to the Queene's Maiestie," with a preface of "The Translator to the Reader," urging its use for the increase of love to God and man, is suggestive; so

¹ "Se judicare me nunquam invenisse in universa peregrinatione mea, qui literis et virtute cum Roffense esset comparandus." Fisher was commonly known among scholars, from his see of Rochester, as "Roffensis."

from over us, and that there is no man of power without Him to endure the space of one moment of time, as Job sayeth. In His hand is the life of every living creature. Every one of us remaineth in no better estate than as if he did hang in a basket over a great deep pit, borne up and sustained by a cord in the hand of another man. And in that case doubtless the man so placed standeth in great need of the diligent help of him that holdeth the rope, and thereby stayeth him from falling: for if he once let go the rope, the other that hangeth must needs down headlong into the bottom of the pit. And likewise must it needs happen unto every one of us, if God sustain us not incessantly with His mighty hand and power. And He it is that so stayeth the rope that we be not by the grievousness of the fall bruised and crushed in pieces, and so forthwith consumed to nothing. I speak nothing now of many other dangerous perils and headlong falling places wherewith we be continually environed. What is he then so gross witted and so blind in judgment, that understandeth not that there is no time, nor no one moment of time, in the which we have not very great need earnestly to call upon God, to require His aid, defence and succour, and in the which we have not cause incessantly to pray?

But forasmuch as after this understanding and sense there is no man that by actual prayer (as we call it) doth satisfy and fulfil the same words of our Saviour, that is to say, every moment to continue in prayer, therefore we had need to search out some other sense and meaning thereof. And indeed this saying of Our Saviour Christ may rightly be otherwise understood. As thus: A certain monk, one of the old Fathers, being demanded how he fulfilled that saying or commandment of Christ, *Oportet semper Orare*, made this answer: When I have (sayeth he) finished, and said my daily prayers, the time that remaineth I use to bestow in labouring with my hands, as far forth as the ability and strength of my body doth permit, whereby it cometh to pass that daily I gain somewhat, with the which I may relieve not only myself, but also some other poor people. And they (sayeth he) pray for me, as oft as by the unquietness and trouble of my body I can not pray for myself: And by this mean he did believe that he satisfied the commandment. And he had the Holy Scripture agreeable with this opinion which sayeth, *Abconde Eleemosinam in sinu pauperis, et ipsa pro te orabit*.¹ Hide thy alms in the bosom of the poor, and that shall pray for thee. See then, how the Holy Scripture confirmeth that our alms shall pray for us: and therefore, if a man apply his mind to shew mercy and pity to his neighbours, if he seek to defend the orphans and fatherless children, if he labour to comfort the widows which be destitute of all consolation, if he be careful to deliver those that be oppressed with violence from injury and wrong, finally, if he shew himself ready to help to his power any that want succour or relief, so that besides all this he neglect not the ordinary appointed times for prayer by the Church of God, he may well be judged to have fulfilled the former words of Our Saviour. For that man doth pray always, either by himself or else by his alms and charitable deeds, which supplieth all the want that appeareth in his own prayer. In this wise, then, may the words of Christ aforesaid be understood, wherein he teacheth us always to continue in prayer, which is as much as to say, always to live and do well, which doth sometime happen to men, yea, when they be sleeping. For as oft as we do sleep or wake, walk or sit still, eat or drink, be vexed or be in quiet, or what else soever we do or suffer, if all these doings be with a true faith referred to the honour and glory of God, no doubt they appertain to the increase of a good and per-

fect life. For if it were not so, Saint Paul would not have willed the Corinthians, that whatsoever they did, they should intend and direct the same to the glory of God, saying unto them, *Sive editis, sive bibitis, sive quid aliud facitis, omnia in gloriam Dei facite*. Whether ye eat or drink, or what thing else soever ye do, do all to the honour of God. And surely if God be moved with our words and speaking to be gracious unto us, He will be much more stirred in the same by our good works and well doing, forasmuch as works do now supply the place of words.

A little later Fisher defines prayer "the continual desire of the heart which is always strong, and hath his continual motion in man's mind." Thus we must always pray, not indeed by utterance of forms of words, "but so that there pass no minute of time in which we do not desire the succour of His grace and the felicity to come."

John Fisher wrote against Lutheran opinions, and held firmly by those in which he had been bred. In 1527, he was the only bishop who refused to gratify Henry VIII's wish for a divorce from Catherine of Arragon by declaring the king's marriage with her to be unlawful. Thenceforth he had the king for enemy. In 1534, his loyalty to conscience again caused him to stand alone among the bishops in refusal to assent to a denial of the Pope's supremacy in England. When he refused at peril of his life the oath which was refused also by Sir Thomas More, he was deprived of his bishopric, and cast into the Tower. Books were denied him, all his goods were taken, only some old rags were left to cover him, and he was ill-fed. On the 17th of June, 1535, Fisher was brought to trial, and he was beheaded on the 22nd. During his imprisonment in the Tower he wrote to his sister Elizabeth these admonitions of a fallen statesman and a dying brother:—

A SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION.²

Written by John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, to his Sister Elizabeth, at such time as he was prisoner in the Tower of London.

2 CORINTHIANS VI.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.

MATTHEW XXIV.

Watch, therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.

Sister Elizabeth, nothing doth more help effectually to get a good and a virtuous life, than if a soul, when it is dull and unlustie without devotion, neither disposed to prayer nor to any other good work, may be stirred or quickened again by fruitful meditation. I have therefore devised unto you this meditation that followeth, praying you, for my sake and for the weal of your own soul, to read it at such times as you shall feel yourself heavy and slothful to do any good work. It is a manner of lamentation and sorrowful complaining made in the person of one that was hastily prevented³ by death, as I assure you every creature may be; none other surety we have, living in this world here. But if you will have any profit by reading of it, three things you must do in any wise.

Firstly: When you shall read this meditation, devise in

² It is here given complete from the English version published in Elizabeth's reign.

³ Preceded, gone before, forestalled.

¹ Ecclesiasticus (in the Apocrypha) xxix.

your mind as high as you can, all the conditions of a man or woman suddenly taken and ravished by death: and think with yourself that ye were in the same condition so hastily taken, and that incontinent you must needs die, and your soul depart hence, and leave your mortal body, never to return again for to make any amends or to do any release to your soul after this hour.

Secondly: That ye never read this meditation but alone by yourself in secret manner, where you may be most attentive thereunto, and when ye have the best leisure without any let of other thoughts or business. For if you otherwise behave yourself in the reading of it, it shall anon lose the virtue and quickness in stirring and moving of your soul when you would ratherest have it stirred.

Thirdly: That when you intend to read it, you must afore lift up your mind to Almighty God, and beseech Him that by the help and succour of His grace the reading thereof may fruitfully work in your soul a good and virtuous life, according to His pleasure, and say: *Deus in adiutorium meum intende, Domine adjuvare me festina. Gloria patri, &c. Laus tibi Domine rex eternalis gloria. Amen.*¹

Alas, alas, I am unworthily taken, all suddenly death hath assailed me; the pains of his stroke be so sore and grievous that I may not long endure them; my last home I perceive well is come. I must now leave this mortal body, I must now depart hence out of this world never to return again into it. But whither I shall go, or where I shall become, or what lodging I shall have this night, or in what company I shall fall, or in what country I shall be received, or in what manner I shall be entreated, God knoweth, for I know not. What if I shall be damned in the perpetual prison of hell, where be pains endless and without number? Grievous it shall be to them that be damned for ever, for they shall be as men in extreme pains of death, ever wishing and desiring death, and yet never shall they die. It should be now unto me much weary one year continually to lie upon a bed were it never so soft: how weary then shall it be to lie in the most painful fire so many thousands of years without number, and to be in that most horrible company of devils most terrible to behold, full of malice and cruelty? O wretched and miserable creature that I am: I might so have lived and so ordered my life by the help and grace of my Lord Christ Jesu, that this hour might have been unto me much joyous and greatly desired. Many blessed and holy Saints were full joyous and desirous of this hour, for they knew well that by death their souls should be translated into a new life, to the life of all joy and endless pleasure: from the straits and bondage of this corruptible body into a very liberty and true freedom among the company of heaven; from the miseries and grievances of this wretched world, to be above with God in comfort inestimable that cannot be spoken nor thought. They were assured of the promises of Almighty God, which had so promised to all them that be his faithful servants. And sure I am, that if I had truly and faithfully served Him unto this hour, my soul had been partner of these promises. But unhappy and ungracious creature that I am, I have been negligent in His service, and therefore now my heart doth waste in sorrows, seeing the nighness of death, and considering my great sloth and negligence.

I thought full little thus suddenly to have been trapped; but, alas, now death hath prevented me, and hath unwarily

attacked me, and suddenly oppressed me with his mighty power, so that I know not whither I may turn me for succour, nor where I may seek now for help, nor what thing I may do to get any remedy. If I might have leisure and space to repent me and amend my life, not compelled with this sudden stroke, but of my own free will and liberty, and partly for the love of God, putting aside all sloth and negligence, I might then safely die without any dread, I might then be glad to depart hence and leave my manifold miseries and encumbrances of this world. But how may I think that my repentance or mine amendment cometh now of my own free will, sith I was before this struck so cold and dull in the service of my Lord God? or how may I think that I do this more rather for His love than for fear of His punishment, when if I had truly loved Him, I should more quickly and more diligently have served Him heretofore? Me seemeth now that I cast away my sloth and negligence compelled by force. Even as a merchant that is compelled by a great tempest in the sea to cast his merchandise out of the ship, it is not to be supposed that he would cast away his riches of his own free will, not compelled by the storm; and even so likewise do I. If this tempest of death were not now raised upon me, it is full like that I would not have cast from me my sloth and negligence.

O would to God that I might now have some farther respite, and some longer time to amend myself of my free will and liberty! O if I might entreat Death to spare me for a season! but that will not be, Death in no wise will be entreated, delay he will none take, respite he will none give, if I would give him all the riches of this world. No, if all my lovers and friends would fall upon their knees and pray him for me. No, if I and they would weep, if it were so possible, as many tears as there be in the seas drops of water; no pity may restrain him. Alas, when opportunity of time was, I would not use it well, which if I had done, it would now be unto me more precious than all the treasures of a realm. For then my soul as now should have been clothed with good works innumerable, the which should make me not to be ashamed when I should come to the presence of my Lord God, where now I shall appear laden with sin miserably, to my confusion and shame. But, alas, too negligently have I let pass from me my time, not regarding how precious it was, nor yet how much spiritual riches I might have got therein, if I would have put my diligence and study thereunto. For assuredly no deed that is, be it never so little, but it shall be rewarded of Almighty God. One draught of water given for the love of God shall not be unrewarded. And what is more easy to be given than water. But not only deeds, but also the least words and thoughts shall be rewarded in like wise. O how many good thoughts, deeds, and words might one think, speak, and do in one day! But how many more in one whole year! O, alas, my great negligence! O, alas, my foul blindness! O, alas, my sinful madness, that knew this well, and would not put it in effectual execution!

O if now all the people of this world were present here to see and know the perilous condition that I am in, and how I am prevented by the stroke of death, I would exhort them to take me as an example to them all, and while they have leisure and time to order their lives and cast from them sloth and idleness, and to repent them of their misbehaviour towards God, and to bewail their offences, to multiply good works, and to let no time pass by them unfruitfully. For if it shall please my Lord God that I might any longer live, I would otherwise exercise myself than I have done before. Now I wish that I may have time and space, but righteously I am denied. For when I might have had

¹ "O God, be thou my refuge; O Lord, make haste to help me. Glory be to the Father, &c. Praise be unto thee, O Lord, eternal King of glory. Amen."

it, I would not well use it: and therefore now when I would well use it, I shall not have it. O ye therefore that have and may use this precious time in your liberty, employ it well, and be not too wasteful thereof; lest peradventure when you would have it, it shall be denied you likewise, as now it is to me.

But now I repent me full sore of my great negligence, and right much I sorrow that so little I regarded the wealth and profit of my soul, but rather took heed to the vain comforts and pleasures of my wretched body. O corruptible body, O stinking carrion, O rotten earth, to whom I have served, whose appetites I have followed, whose desire I have procured, now dost thou appear what thou art in thy own likeness. That brightness of thy eyes, that quickness in hearing, that liveliness in thy other senses by natural warmness, thy swiftness and nimbleness, thy fairness and beauty, all these thou hast not of thyself, they were but lent unto thee for a season. Even as a wall of earth that is fair painted without for a season with fresh and goodly colours, and also gilted with gold, it appeareth goodly for the time to such as consider no deeper than the outward craft thereof; but when at the last the colour faileth, and the gilding falleth away, then appeareth it in his own likeness. For then the earth plainly sheweth itself. In like wise my wretched body, for the time of youth it appeared fresh and lusty, and I was deceived with the outward beauty thereof, little considering what naughtiness was covered underneath: but now it sheweth itself. Now, my wretched body, thy beauty is faded, thy fairness is gone; thy lust, thy strength, thy liveliness, all is gone, all is failed! Now art thou then returned to thine own earthly colour. Now art thou black, cold, and heavy, like a lump of earth; thy sight is darkened, thy hearing is dulled, thy tongue faltereth in thy mouth, and corruption issueth out of every part of thee. Corruption was thy beginning in the womb of thy mother, and corruption is thy continuance. All thing that ever thou receivest, were it never so precious, thou turnest into corruption, and now to corruption thyself returnest: altogether right vile and loathly art thou become, where in appearance before thou wast goodly; but the good lines were nothing else but as a painting or a gilding upon an earthen wall, under it was covered with stinking and filthy matter. But I looked not so deep, I contented myself with the outward painting, and in that I took great pleasure. For all my study and care was about thee, either to apparel thee with some clothes of divers colours, either to satisfy thy desire in pleasant sights, in delectable hearings, in goodly smells, in sundry manner of tastings and touchings, either else to get thee ease and rest as well in sleep as otherwise; and provided therefore pleasant and delectable lodgings, and to eschew tediousness in all these, not only lodgings but also in apparel, meats and drinks procured many and divers changes, that when thou wast weary of one, then mightest thou content thyself with some other. O, alas, this was my vain and naughty study whereunto my wit was ready applied; in those things I spent the most part of my days. And yet was I never content long, but murmuring or grudging every hour for one thing or other. And what am I now the better for all this? what reward may I look for of all my long service? or what great benefit shall I receive for all my great study, care, and diligence?

Nothing better am I, but much the worse. Much corruption and filth my soul thereby hath gathered, so that now it is made full horrible and loathly to behold. Reward get I none other than punishment, either in Hell everlasting, or at the least in Purgatory, if I may so easily escape. The benefits of my labour are the great cares and sorrows which I

now am wrapped in. May not I think my wit to have been well occupied in this lewd and unfruitful business? have not I well bestowed my labour about this service of my wretched body? hath not my time been well employed in these miserable studies, whereof now no comfort remaineth, but only sorrow and repentance? Alas, I heard full often that such as should be damned should grievously repent themselves, and take more displeasure of their misbehaviour than ever they had pleasure before; and yet that repentance then should stand them in no stead, where a full little repentance taken in time might have eased them of all their pain. This I heard and read full often, but full little heed or regard I gave thereunto. I well perceived it in myself, but all too late I dread me. I would that now by the example of me all other might beware, and avoid by the gracious help of God these dangers that I now am in, and prepare themselves against the hour of death better than I have prepared me. Alas, what availeth me now any delicacy of meats and drinks which my wretched body insatiable did devour? What availeth my vanity or pride that I had in myself, either of apparel or of any other thing belonging unto me? What availeth the filthy and unclean delights and lusts of the stinking flesh, wherein was appearance of much pleasure, but in very deed none other than the sow hath, wallowing herself in the miry puddle? Now these pleasures be gone, my body is nothing better, my soul is much the worse, and nothing remaineth but sorrow and displeasure, and that a thousand-fold more than ever I had any pleasure before. O lewd body and naughty, which hast brought me to this utter discomfort! O dirty corruption, O satchel full of dung, how must I go to make answer for thy lewdness; thy lewdness I say, for it all cometh of thee. My soul had nothing need of such things as was thy desire. What need my soul, that is immortal, either clothing, or meat, or drink? What need it any corruptible gold or silver? What need it any houses or beds, or any other things that appertaineth to these? For thee, O corruptible body, which like a rotten wall daily needeth reparations and botching up with meat and drink, and defence of clothing against cold and heat, was all this study and diligence taken, and yet now wilt thou forsake me at my most need, when account and reckoning of all our misdeeds must be given before the throne of the Judge most terrible. Now thou wilt refuse me, and leave me to the jeopardy of all this matter. O, alas, many years of deliberation suffice not before so great a Judge to make answer, which shall examine me of every idle word that ever passed my mouth. O then how many idle words, how many evil thoughts, how many deeds have I to make answer for! and such as we set but at light, full greatly shall be weighed in the presence of His most high Majesty. O, alas, what may I do to get some help at this most dangerous hour? Where may I seek for succour? Where may I resort for any comfort?

My body forsaketh me, my pleasures be vanished away as the smoke; my goods will not go with me. All these worldly things I must leave behind me. If any comfort shall be, either it must be in the prayers of my friends, or in mine own good deeds that I have done before. But as for my good deeds that should be available in the sight of God, alas, they be few or none that I can think to be available; they must be done principally and purely for His love. But my deeds when of their kind they were good, yet did I tinge them by my folly. For either I did them for the pleasure of men, or to avoid the shame of the world, or else for my own affection, or else for dread of punishment. So that seldom I did any good deed in that purity and straightness that I ought of right to have been done. And my misdeeds, my

lewd deeds that be shameful and abominable, be without number. Not one day of all my life, no not one hour, I trow, was so truly expended to the pleasure of God, but many deeds, words, and thoughts miscaped me in my life. Alas, little trust then may I have upon my deeds. And as for the prayers of my friends, such as I shall leave behind me, of them many peradventure be in the same need that I am in. So that where their own prayers might profit themselves, they cannot so profit another. And many of them will be full negligent, and some forgetful of me. And no marvel, for who should have been more friendly unto me than mine own self? Therefore I that was most bounden to have done for myself, forgot my own weal in my life-time; no marvel therefore if others do forget me after my departing hence. Other friends there be by whose prayers souls may be holpen, as by the blessed and holy saints above in heaven, which verily will be mindful of such as in earth here have devoutly honoured them before. But, alas, I had special devotion but to a few, and yet them I have so faintly honoured, and to them so coldly sued for favour, that I am ashamed to ask aid or help of them. At this time indeed, I had more effectually meant to have honoured them, and more diligently to have commended my wretched soul unto their prayers, and so to have made them my special friends; but now death hath prevented me so, that no other hope remaineth but only in the mercy of my Lord God: to whose mercy I do now offer myself, beseeching him not to look upon my deserts, but upon his infinite goodness and abundant pity.

Alas, my duty had been much better to have remembered this terrible hour, I should have had this danger ever before my eyes, I should have provided therefore so that now I might have been in a more readiness against the coming of death, which I knew assuredly would come at the last, albeit I knew not when, where, or by what manner, but well I knew every hour and moment was to him indifferent, and in his liberty. And yet my madness ever to be sorrowed! Notwithstanding this uncertainty of His coming, and the uncertainty of the time thereof, I made no certain nor sure provision against this hour. Full often I took great study and care to provide for little dangers, only because I thought they might happen, and yet happened they never a deal.¹ And but trifles they were in comparison of this. How much rather should I have taken study and care for this so great a danger, which I knew well must necessarily fall unto me once. For this cannot be eschewed in no wise, and upon this I ought to have made good provision, for in this hangeth all our wealth. For if a man die well, he shall after his death nothing want that he would desire, but his appetite shall be satiate in every point at the full; and if he die amiss, no provision shall avail him that ever he made before. This provision therefore is most effectually to be studied, sithens this alone may profit without other, and without this none can avail.

O ye that have time and space to make your provision against the hour of death, defer not from day to day like as I have done. For I often did think and purpose with myself that at some leisure I would have provided; nevertheless for every frivolous business I put it aside, and delayed this provision always to another time, and promised with myself that at such a time I would not fail but do it, but when that came another business arose, and so I deferred it again unto another time. And so, alas, from time to time, that now death in the meantime hath prevented me. My purpose was good, but it lacked execution; my will was

straight, but it was not effectual; my mind well intended, but no fruit came thereof. All for because I delayed so often and never put in effect that that I had purposed. And therefore delay it not as I have done, but before all other business put this first in surety, which ought to be chief and principal business. Neither building of colleges, nor making of sermons, nor giving of alms, neither yet any other manner of business shall help you without this. Therefore first and before all things prepare for this. Delay not in any wise, for if you do, you shall be deceived as I am now. I read of many, I have heard of many, I have known many that were disappointed as I am now. And ever I thought and said, and intended, that I would make sure and not be deceived by the sudden coming of death. Yet nevertheless I am now deceived, and am taken sleeping, unprepared, and that when I least weened of his coming, and even when I reckoned myself to be in most health, and when I was most busy, and in the midst of my matters.

Therefore delay not you any farther, nor put your trust over much in your friends. Trust yourself while ye have space and liberty, and do for yourself now while you may. I would advise you to do that thing that I by the grace of my Lord God would put in execution if His pleasure were to send me longer life. Account yourself as dead, and think that your souls were in prison of Purgatory, and that there they must abide till that the ransom for them be truly paid, either by long sufferance of pain there, or else by suffrages done here in earth by some of your special friends. Be your own friend. Do you these suffrages for your own soul, whether they be prayers or alms-deeds, or any other penitential painfulness. If you will not effectually and heartily do these things for your own soul, look you never that other will do them for you; and in doing them in your own persons, they shall be more available to you a thousand-fold than if they were done by any other. If you follow this counsel, and do thereafter, you shall be gracious and blessed; and if you do not, you shall doubtless repent your follies but too late.

Thus seeking that his latest words might aid a sister's soul upon the heavenward way, John Fisher freely gave his life for that which he believed to be the truth. A few words, spoken against conscience, would have saved him from the scaffold.

While Fisher was founding colleges in Cambridge, impulse had been given to Greek studies by the fall of Constantinople, in the year 1453. Exiled Greeks carried their scholarship abroad. William Grocyn, an English clergyman, learnt Greek at Florence under Demetrius Chalcondylas, and the brilliant Italian poet and scholar, Poliziano; then came home, and in 1491 began, at Exeter College, the teaching of Greek in the University of Oxford. He was aided in this work by Thomas Linacre, who also had learnt his Greek at Florence. One of their comrades was John Colet, who was twenty-four years younger than Grocyn, and six years younger than Linacre.

John Colet, born in 1466, studied in France and Italy after seven years' training at Magdalen College, and was one of many who drew aid from the new study of Plato to their aspiration for the highest spiritual life. In Plato there was not only

¹ Never a deal, never in any part, never a bit.

a philosophical upholding of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, but a belief also that the soul became immortal if used only as the servant to the flesh, and was fitted for immortal happiness by lifting itself when upon earth above the sensual delights to a pure search for the highest truth: Greek studies, that thus brought in Plato as the ally of men already combating against fleshly corruptions of the Church, caused many an upholder of the joys of the refectory and outward pomps to raise their cry, "Beware of the Greeks, lest you be made a heretic;" and John Colet had not laboured long in his pure way before he incurred suspicion of heresy. His father was a rich City knight, who had been twice Lord Mayor. Of Dame Christian, his mother, Erasmus, who was among Colet's intimate friends, said in a letter, "I knew in England the mother of John Colet, a matron of singular piety; she had by the same husband eleven sons, and as many daughters, all of which hopeful brood were snatched away from her, except her eldest son; and she lost her husband far advanced in years. She herself being come to her ninetieth year, looked so smooth and was so cheerful that you would think she never shed a tear, nor brought a child into the world; and, if I mistake not, she survived her son, Dean Colet. Now that which supplied a woman with so much fortitude was not learning, but piety to God." Her son had both. In 1504 he became Doctor of Divinity, and in 1505 Dean of St. Paul's.

¹ The following passage from the "Phædo," as given in Professor Jowett's masterly translation of the Dialogues of Plato—an English Plato for all libraries—will partly show what attracted the Reformers. A part of it is paraphrased by the elder brother in Milton's "Comus," and causes the younger brother to exclaim—

"How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute;
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

"Yet once more consider the matter in this light. When the soul and the body are united, their nature orders the soul to rule and govern, and the body to obey and serve. Now which of these two functions is akin to the divine, and which to the mortal? Does not the divine appear to you to be that which naturally orders and rules, and the mortal that which is subject and servant?"

"True."

"And which does the soul resemble?"

"The soul resembles the divine, and the body the mortal. There can be no doubt of that, Socrates."

"Then reflect, Cebes: is not the conclusion of the whole matter this—that the soul is the very likeness of the divine, and immortal, and intelligible, and uniform, and indissoluble, and unchangeable; and the body is in the very likeness of the human, and mortal, and unintelligible, and multifarious, and dissoluble, and changeable. Can this, my dear Cebes, be denied?"

"No, indeed."

"But if this be true, then is not the body liable to speedy dissolution? and is not the soul almost or altogether indissoluble?"

"Certainly."

"And do you further observe, that after a man is dead, the body, which is the visible part of man, and has a visible framework, which is called a corpse, and which would naturally be dissolved, and decomposed, and dissipated, is not dissolved or decomposed at once, but may remain for a good while, if the constitution be sound at the time of death, and the season of the year favourable. For the body when shrunk and embalmed, as is the custom in Egypt, may remain almost entire through infinite ages; and even in decay, still there are some portions, such as the bones and ligaments, which are practically indestructible. You allow that?"

"Yes."

"And are we to suppose that the soul, which is invisible, in passing

The office suited him well, for he had an enthusiastic admiration of St. Paul as the interpreter of Christianity. "Paul," he wrote, in a letter to the Abbot of Winchcombe, "seems to me a vast ocean of wisdom and piety." At Oxford, before he was a dean, Colet had given free lectures on St. Paul's Epistles. As dean, he at once began to reform the cathedral discipline. He gave Divinity lectures to all comers on Sundays and holidays, a contemporary writer tells us, when he was usually found expounding St. Paul's epistles with a grace and earnestness that went to the hearts even of those who did not understand the Latin in which he was teaching. He despised the lives commonly led by monks, set forth the dangers of an unmarried clergy, spoke against image-worship and the confessional, and saw irreverence in thoughtless, hurried repetition of a stated quantity of psalm and prayer.

The Bishop of London thought his Dean a heretic, but Colet was protected by the friendship of Archbishop Warham. "He was in trouble, and should have been burnt," said Latimer, "if God had not turned the king's heart to the contrary." His family interest brought Colet church preferment; his ecclesiastical income he spent on the wants of his family, and in exercise of hospitality; and the whole income from his large fortune—derived as an only surviving child from a rich father—was spent upon works of benevolence. In 1510 he founded St. Paul's School—still vigorous and efficient—a monument to a good

to the true Hades, which, like her, is invisible, and pure, and noble, and on her way to the good and wise God, whither, if God will, my soul is also soon to go—that the soul, I repeat, if this be her nature and origin, is blown away and perishes immediately on quitting the body, as the many say? That can never be, my dear Simmas and Cebes. The truth rather is that the soul, which is pure at departing, draws after her no bodily taint, having never voluntarily had connection with the body, which she is ever avoiding, herself gathered into herself, for such abstraction has been the study of her life. And what does this mean but that she has been a true disciple of philosophy, and has practised how to die easily? And is not philosophy the practice of death?"

"Certainly."

"That soul, I say, herself invisible, departs to the invisible world—to the divine, and immortal, and rational; thither arriving, she lives in bliss, and is released from the error and folly of men, their fears and wild passions, and all other human ills, and for ever dwells, as they say of the initiated, in company with the gods? Is not this true, Cebes?"

"Yes," said Cebes, "beyond a doubt."

"But the soul that has been polluted, and is impure at the time of her departure, and is the companion and servant of the body always, and is in love with and fascinated by the body and by the desires and pleasures of the body, until she is led to believe that the truth only exists in a bodily form, which a man may touch, and see, and taste, and use for the purposes of his lusts—the soul, I mean, accustomed to hate, and fear, and avoid the intellectual principle, which to the bodily eye is dark and invisible, and can be attained only by philosophy—do you suppose that such a soul as this will depart pure and unalloyed?"

"That is impossible," he replied.

"She is engrossed by the corporeal, which the continual association and constant care of the body have made natural to her."

"Very true."

"And this, my friend, may be conceived to be that heavy, weighty, earthy element of sight by which such a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of the world below—prowling about tombs and sepulchres, in the neighbourhood of which, as they tell us, are seen certain shadowy apparitions of souls which have not departed pure, but are cloyed with sight, and therefore visible."

"That is very likely, Socrates."

man, that lives and acts in his own spirit. The Latin Grammar produced for the use of his school was first published in 1513, and was still used in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. Its preface was written by Wolsey, who was in that year Dean of York; Colet himself wrote the English rudiments; Erasmus wrote the greater part of the Latin syntax; and Colet's friend and first head-master, William Lily, wrote the Latin rules for genders in the verses beginning "*Propria quæ maribus*," and the rules for past tenses and supines, beginning "*As in presenti*." From Colet's lectures given at Oxford on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans—as translated by Mr. J. H. Lupton,¹ an accomplished master of St. Paul's School, who has paid due honour to its founder by editing several of his works—I take

A SUMMARY OF ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS.

In the Epistle written by St. Paul the Apostle to the Romans, he counsels peace and concord to those who in that city bore the name of Christ.

There were among them three disputes. The first was that between the Jews and Gentiles; the second between Christians and Heathens; the third was in the Christian community itself, between those who were strong in the faith and those who were weak.

The Gentiles and the Jews were mutually accusing one another; each party in turn proudly claiming precedence over the other. But the presumption of the Jews was the greater and more overweening of the two. Accordingly, when St. Paul interposes to allay this fierce contention, he uses many arguments to beat down the haughtiness of the Gentiles, but still it is to the Jews that he chiefly turns, and directs against their faction the main force and point of his discourse. For the Jew was stiffnecked, ever struggling against the yoke of humility.

Both parties, Jew and Gentile, St. Paul endeavours to raise to a higher level, to lift them above all distinction of Jew and Gentile, and to lodge them both immovably in Jesus Christ alone. For He alone is sufficient; He is all things; in Him alone is the salvation and justification of mankind.

After declaring the Church to consist of these (namely, Jew and Gentile) alike, the Apostle then describes of what nature the Christian Church is, and what are its duties and actions.

It was hotly disputed by many, in what way the Christians at Rome were to conduct themselves towards the heathen, in whose midst they then were, and under whose authority they were living; that is to say, how far they were to submit to injuries from them, and to what extent they were to pay the tribute exacted.

Under this head, St. Paul prudently inculcates peace and obedience.

The third dissension and strife that was in the Christian Church was between the stronger in the faith and the weaker. In this, scrupulous persons, of weak conscience, were shocked at the boldness of their stronger brethren; while the latter, confiding in the decision of their own con-

science, looked down upon the weak. And the matter in debate was the eating of meats; how far it was lawful to proceed in different kinds of food. By the Jewish ceremonial law many things were forbidden. From the *idolothya*, for example (that is, things offered in sacrifice unto idols), many shrank with abhorrence. But yet there were some who acted boldly in this matter as they considered lawful, and ate on every occasion what they pleased, thoughtlessly and inconsiderately, with no small scandal and offence to the weak.

In this place, therefore, St. Paul enjoins that kindly account must be taken of the weak; that the mind and resolution of the feebler one must not be startled by any venturesomeness of act even in what was lawful; that offence must be avoided, edification sought, and peace maintained by a settlement of their disputes.

In the first of these he counsels humility, in the second patience, in the third charity.

After giving a reason for writing to the Romans, and promising after a time to visit them, he concludes his Epistle with remembrances and salutations.

And from the lectures on that epistle, here is Colet's comment upon a part of the twelfth chapter:—

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

From the presence of God, and the outpouring of his grace, and the varied bestowal of faith and love, there grow up among men various members, so to speak;—various powers, that is, faculties, offices, actions, and services. These are briefly and cursorily recounted by St. Paul; rather to give a specimen and sample of them, than to enumerate all exactly and in their true order. Thus he mentions *prophecy* according to faith, and the foretelling future events; *ministry*, which the Greeks call *diaconate*; *teaching*, and *exhortation*, and *giving*, and *ruling*, and *mercy*, which the Greeks call *alms*;—faculties that are conspicuous in men according to the measure and proportion of grace and faith bestowed. He then adds, what ought to be in the whole Church,—true love of God, abhorrence of evil, cleaving to the good, mutual and brotherly affection among the faithful, preferring one another in honour, earnestness and diligence, fervour of life, observance of the time, rejoicing in hope, patience in adversity, perseverance in prayer, liberality, hospitality. He adds, after these, continual blessing, even towards evil speakers and evil doers; common joy, common grief; community of mind and of every desire; lowliness, condescension, courtesy, love, fellow-feeling, agreement, unity; such as springs from a mutual adaptation and conformity of different parts. But as for haughtiness, pride, disdain, self-conceit, contempt of others, avenging of wrongs;—he shows them to be abominable in men, and resolutely forbids them, as a nursery of mischief and destruction. For St. Paul would have all vengeance and retaliation to be left to God alone: who has said by his prophet: *Vengeance is mine, and I will repay*. Among the members of Christ's body, even the Church, he feels that there ought to be faith in God, and reason subject to faith; humility, toleration, constancy in good at all times and without cessation, a doing good even to those who do us evil and provoke us wrongfully; that every member, so far as it can, may imitate Christ its head, who was perfect lowliness, goodness, patience, kindness; who did good to the evil, that by his goodness he might make them good instead of evil; herein imitating his Father in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good.

¹ "An Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, delivered as lectures in the University of Oxford about the year 1497, by John Colet, M.A., afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. Now first published, with a Translation, Introduction, and Notes, by J. H. Lupton, M.A., Sub-master of St. Paul's School, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge." (1873.)

For there is nothing that conquers evil, but good; and if you aim at returning evil for evil, and endeavour to crush evil by evil, then you yourself descend to evil, and foolishly shift to a weaker position, and render yourself more powerless to confound the evil. Nay, you even increase the evil, when you make yourself on a level with evil men, seeing that you wish to encounter evil ones while evil yourself. For you cannot render evil for evil, without having done evil in so rendering. In fact, he who begins, and he who returns, evil, are both engaged in evil; and therefore are alike evil. On which account, the good must on all occasions be on their guard not to return evil for evil; lest, by this descent to evil, they cease to be good. But we must constantly persevere in goodness and in reliance upon God; that, as nature demands, we may conquer opposites by opposites, and evil by good; acting with goodness and patience on our part, that evil men may become good.

This must be allowed to be the only means and way of conquering evil. And they who imagine that evil can be dissipated by evil, are certainly fools and madmen; as matter of fact and experience shows. For human laws, and infliction of punishment, and undertaking of wars, and all the other ways in which men labour to do away with evil, aim in vain at that object, and in no respects attain their purpose. Since it is plainly evident, that, whatever efforts men may have made, in reliance on their own powers, the world is none the less on that account full of evils; and that these are growing up day by day, and multiplying with all the more vigour, though foolish men see it not, the more men are attempting to uproot them by their own efforts.

Let this be a settled and established maxim, that evil cannot be removed except by means of good. For as it is light that scatters darkness, and heat that banishes cold, so undoubtedly in like manner is it virtue and goodness only that overcomes evil and exterminates vice. And moreover, just as the sun, were he to overshadow himself, in order to drive away the darkness, would be less efficient, and would by no means accomplish his end; so beyond doubt will those who depart from good, and as it were obscure themselves, and return like for like in the case of evils, never obtain what they are striving for. For whatever seeks to conquer, must needs make itself as unlike as possible to that which it seeks to conquer; since victory is gained in every instance, not by what is like, but by what is unlike. Hence we ought to aim as much as possible at goodness, in order to conquer evil; and at peace and forbearance, to overcome war and unjust actions. For it is not by war that war is conquered, but by peace and forbearance, and reliance on God. And in truth by this virtue we see that the apostles overcame the whole world, and by suffering were the greatest doers, and by being vanquished were the greatest victors; and, in short, by their death, more than by aught else, left life upon the earth. Sooth to say, the Christian warrior's prowess is his patience, his action is suffering, and his victory a sure trust in God; a confidence that He is either justly suffering, or patiently enduring, the evil. Which thing He does, not in evil, but in His all-powerful goodness and mercy: since by His bountiful grace He would make good those that are evil. Him, even God the Father, every good man is bound to imitate, and to endeavour by ceaseless goodness to overcome the badness of others; and as Jesus Christ, who is perfect goodness, teaches, we ought to *love our enemies, and do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that persecute us, that we may be the children of our Father which is in heaven; for he sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.*

Agreeable to this is what the Apostle, the expounder of the Gospel, and possessor of the *mind of Christ*, here writes and enjoins, saying: *Be not wise in your own conceits, nor haughty and self-relying; recompense not evil for evil; a thing which does not conquer, but increases, the evil.* But be ye good, and practise goodness constantly, both before God and before men; that through your manifest goodness wicked men may at length submit, and desire to become like you. Be not angry with the angry, nor repel force by force; but be at peace with all men; and bring it to pass, as much as in you lieth, that others harm you not: that is, offend no one, but be careful at all times, however men may rage against you, not to be yourselves provoked, nor strive against them in self-defence. But keep patience unbroken, and maintain peace undisturbed, at least in yourselves, and *give place unto wrath.* Suffer God to avenge your wrongs, you who know not wherefore and to what end He suffers evils. Interfere not, by your pride and reliance on your own strength, with the great and excellent providence of God; for this is to *mind high things*, and to be *wise in your own conceits.* But be lowly-minded, and rely on God alone: persevere in goodness, and suffer evils. For if these cannot be conquered by your goodness, then believe that God for some better end suffers for a time, and, as it were, endures the evil. Wherefore leave the removal of it, in strong faith, to God; and do ye, in the meanwhile, not cease to do good unto all, that ye may conquer them by goodness. Feed your enemies; and if an adversary thirst, give him drink; and whatever service you can confer, render it cheerfully and willingly to all. For assuredly by this alone will you conquer evil, and win over even the ill-disposed to yourselves as friends. By your love and kindness you will warm those that are in the chill of malice and wickedness; and by your tenderness you will soften the hard and unbending. For just as men grow sweet by goodness and gentleness, so on the other hand do they grow bitter and harsh by unkindness and ill-treatment. But soft, sweet, powerful goodness and kindness at length fuses all things, and by its beneficent heat causes the hard to soften, and the bitter to grow sweet; so that the rugged become smooth, the savage tame, the proud humble, the evil good; in a word, the human become divine. This is what St. Paul means by *heaping coals of fire upon his head*; heating a man, namely, and fusing his dross-like badness, and soothing his implacable mood: which you will either do by goodness and sweetness, or you will never do: seeing that it is only by its opposite that anything is overcome. But if evil provoke you to return evil, then are you being conquered by the evil, and beginning to be yourself evil. Whereas if, on the contrary, your goodness, clemency, kindness, and beneficence attract those that are evil, and draw them gently to a better state, then have you vanquished the evil by your goodness.

This kind of contending with evil men was alone used by those first soldiers in the Church, who fought under the banner of Christ and conquered gloriously. And St. Paul in his wisdom perceiving the force and power of goodness to be such, sent this golden maxim to the Romans; namely, *Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*

Erasmus, born in 1467, came as a poor scholar about thirty years old to learn Greek at Oxford, when he established friendship with John Colet and Thomas More. In 1506, aged thirty-nine, he visited Italy, and obtained from Julius II. a release from the

monastic vows which had been forced upon him in his youth. In 1510 he returned to England, and was for a time at Cambridge, where Fisher had invited him to take the office of Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. He lodged then in Queen's College. In 1514 he went to Brabant, invited by Charles V., as councillor, with a salary of two hundred florins. He was there in 1516, the year before Martin Luther—who was sixteen years younger than Erasmus—began his effectual work as a reformer by affixing his ninety-five theses against indulgences to the church door at Wittenberg.

A new activity of thought had already been directed to the Bible text. In 1502 the movement had begun in Spain with the Archbishop of Toledo, the pious Ximenez, not then cardinal. When Ximenez, a devout Franciscan, became confessor to Queen Isabella of Spain, the secretary of King Ferdinand wrote to his friend Peter Martyr, "A man of great sanctity has come from the depths of a lonesome solitude; he is wasted away by his austerities, and resembles the ancient anchorites, St. Paul¹ and St. Hilarion." He became Provincial of the Franciscans in Old and New Castile, and zealously set about a reformation of the corruptions that had spread among them in Spain as elsewhere. In 1495 Ximenez was made Archbishop of Toledo. In that office he kept to his Franciscan vows, avoided pompous robes, and wore only the Franciscan habit. He turned his palace into a quiet monastery, allowed no silver on his table, no luxury in his rooms, ate simplest fare, and went on foot from place to place, except upon long journeys, when he used a mule and rode without retinue as a simple priest. The Pope was scandalised at what he heard of this, and bade the archbishop conform himself to the dignity of his state of life. He obeyed, but wore under rich clothes his old Franciscan habit, which he mended himself with a needle and thread kept for the purpose. One use made by Ximenez of his archiepiscopal revenues, was in the founding of a university at Alcala, the ancient Complutum. The plans were ready in 1498, the foundation-stone of its chief college was laid in 1500, and in 1508 the university was opened with a full staff of professors, many of whom were employed in carrying out the design of Ximenez to secure the best attainable text of the Scriptures. He said on this subject, "No translation can fully and exactly represent the sense of the original, at least in that language in which our Saviour himself spoke. The manuscripts of the Latin Vulgate² differ so much one from another that one cannot help suspecting some alteration must

have been made, principally though the ignorance and the negligence of the copyists. It is necessary, therefore (as St. Jerome and St. Augustine desired), that we should go back to the origin of the sacred writings, and correct the books of the Old Testament by the Hebrew text, and those of the New Testament by the Greek text. Every theologian should also be able to drink of that water which springeth up to eternal life at the fountain-head itself. This is the reason, therefore, why we have ordered the Bible to be printed in the original language with different translations. . . . To accomplish this task, we have been obliged to have recourse to the knowledge of the most able philologists, and to make researches in every direction for the best and most ancient Hebrew and Greek manuscripts. Our object is, to revive the hitherto dormant study of the sacred Scriptures." The plan was conceived in 1502; the first part of the work—known, from Complutum, the Latin name of Alcala, as the Complutensian Polyglot—appeared in 1514. It contained the New Testament in the Greek text and the Vulgate. The following volumes contained the Pentateuch in Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, and three Latin translations, and so forth. After the Pentateuch there was no Chaldee text to give, and the number of versions given varied necessarily in different parts of the work. The printing of the whole in six folios was completed in 1517, four months before the death of Ximenez in November of that year.

While this was in progress, Erasmus also was at work on a revision of the Greek text of the New Testament, which he published in 1516, with a new Latin version correcting errors of the Vulgate. In



SIR THOMAS MORE. (From the Portrait by Holbein.)

the introduction to this, Erasmus said that the Scriptures addressed all, adapted themselves even to the understanding of children, and that it were well if they could be read by all people in all languages;

¹ Paul, the first hermit, was the son of rich parents in the Lower Thebaid; he became an orphan at fifteen, and at twenty-two fled from persecution to the desert, where he lived in a cave to the age of 113; dying A.D. 341. He is said to have lived on dates to the age of fifty-three, and for the rest of his life to have had his daily bread miraculously brought him by a raven. It was said also that two lions dug his grave. Hilarion, born near Gaza about A.D. 291, became a Christian at Alexandria; went into the desert to seek St. Anthony (who buried Paul in the grave dug for him by the lions); then Hilarion returned to Palestine, and established monasticism in the deserts there.

² The Latin version of the Scriptures used by the Church of Rome was called (from the Latin *vulgata*, for public use) the Vulgate. It was chiefly the work of St. Jerome.

that none could reasonably be cut off from a blessing as much meant for all as baptism or the sacraments. The common mechanic is a true theologian when his hopes look heavenward; he blesses those who curse him, loves the good, is patient with the evil, comforts the mourner, and sees death only as the passage to immortal life. If princes practised this religion, if priests taught it instead of their stock erudition out of Aristotle and Averroes, there would be fewer wars among the nations of Christendom, less private wrath and litigation, less worship of wealth. "Christ," added Erasmus, "says, 'He who loves me keeps my commandments.' If we be true Christians, and really believe that Christ can give us more than the philosophers and kings can give, we cannot become too familiar with the New Testament."

When Erasmus was thus working and thinking, he had Thomas More by his side, for More was sent in 1516, with Cuthbert Tunstal, on an embassy to Brussels, and then lodged under the same roof with his friend. It was in this year that he wrote his "Utopia," which dealt in a spirit closely akin to that of Erasmus with the ambition of princes and the false notes in man's life as it was then. More, born in 1478, the son of a judge, and himself trained to the law, had showed a rare vivacity of mind as a boy placed in the household of Cardinal Morton; he had been, at twenty, one of the Greek scholars at Oxford, with an aspiration for the highest purity of life. He incurred afterwards the displeasure of Henry VII., but was in high favour for his wit with Henry VIII., though he had no sympathy with the king's appetite for foreign war. Of his Latin "Utopia" some account will be given in another volume. Here we take a few sentences translated from the chapter on the

RELIGION OF THE UTOPIANS.

Those among them who have not received our religion, do not fright any from it, and use no one ill that goes over to it; so that all the while I was there, one man only was punished on this occasion. He being newly baptized, did, notwithstanding all that we could say to the contrary, dispute publicly concerning the Christian religion, with more zeal than discretion; and with so much heat, that he not only preferred our worship to theirs, but condemned all their rites as profane; and cried out against all that adhered to them, as impious and sacrilegious persons, who were to be damned to everlasting burnings. Upon his having frequently preached in this manner, he was seized, and after trial, he was condemned to banishment, not for having disparaged their religion, but for his inflaming the people to sedition: for this is one of their most ancient laws, that no man ought to be punished for his religion. At the first constitution of their Government, Utopus having understood, that before his coming among them, the old inhabitants had been engaged in great quarrels concerning religion, by which they were so divided among themselves, that he found it an easy thing to conquer them, since instead of uniting their forces against him, every different party in religion fought by themselves: after he had subdued them, he made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavour to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by amicable and modest ways, but without bitterness against those of other opinions; that he ought to use no other force but that

of persuasion, and was neither to mix with it reproaches nor violence; and such as did otherwise were to be condemned to banishment or slavery.

In 1517, on the 31st of October, Martin Luther, then an Augustinian monk, and a Professor at the University of Wittenberg, affixed to a church door his ninety-five Theses against Indulgences. John Tetzel had been trading actively in his town with the Pope's Indulgences, to raise money for the building of St. Peter's and a crusade against the Turks. He had said that when one of his customers dropped a penny into the box for a soul in purgatory, as soon as the money chinked in the chest the soul flew up to heaven. John Huss (whose name meant "goose") had said, a hundred years before, when condemned for his faith, "To-day you burn a goose; a hundred years hence a swan shall arise whom you will not be able to burn." That prophesied the advance of irrepressible thought. Luther was reasoned with in vain by his spiritual superiors. The papal legate, Cajetan, foiled by a firm placing of Scripture above the Pope when he sought to bring Luther to reason, said, "I will not speak with the beast again; he has deep eyes, and his head is full of speculation." It is said by a Romanist biographer, Audin, that when Luther, in 1521, was on his way to the Diet of Worms, where he maintained his cause before the assembled cardinals, bishops, and princes of Germany, as the towers of Worms came in sight he stood up in his carriage and first chanted his famous hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott" ("A mighty stronghold is our God"), which Audin calls the "Marseillaise" of the Reformation. Luther, while combating against the Pope, who had forced him into an antagonism made violent by fervour of his zeal, busied himself actively with the work of giving the Bible in their own tongue to the German people. Luther's translation of the New Testament in German appeared in 1522.

In England, William Tyndale, who was of about Luther's age, stirred by Luther's example, was then impelled to work on his translation of the New Testament into English. He was an Oxford graduate living as tutor in the house of a Gloucestershire gentleman, when he translated the "Enchiridion" of Erasmus, which argued that the Christian warrior is best armed by the Christian life. Tyndale had also taken interest in all he heard of Luther, and when arguing with a Worcestershire clergyman, who showed himself ill-read in his Latin Bible, said, "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause that a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost." He went to London in 1523; failed to obtain a place in the household of Cuthbert Tunstal, then newly made Bishop of London, but was received by Humphrey Monmouth, a rich draper, in whose house part of his translation of the New Testament was made. Then Tyndale left England for Hamburg, where he was aided by the English merchants, and in 1525 secretly printed 3,000 copies of his translation of the New Testament into English. A second edition was soon afterwards printed at Worms, and the first copies of it

were smuggled into England in March, 1526. As an example of the English of Tyndale's translation, for convenience of comparison, I give the same chapter that has been quoted from Wiclif's version:—

MATTHEW'S GOSPEL, CHAP. VI.

Take hede to youre almes, that ye geve it not in the syght of men to the intent that ye wolde be sene off them, or els ye gett no reward off youre father in heven. Whensoever therefore thou gevest thine almes, thou shalt not make a trompet to be blowne before the, as the ypocrites do in the synagoges and in the stretes, ffor to be preysed off men; verily I say vnto you, they have there reward. But when thou doest thine almes, let not thy lyfte hond knowe what thy righte hand doth, That thyne almes may be secret, and thy father which seith in secret, shall reward the openly. And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the ypocrites are, for they love to stond and praye in the synagogges and in corners of the stretes, because they wolde be sene of men; verely I saye vnto you, they have there reward. But when thou prayest, entre into thy chamber, and shutt thy dore to the, and praye to thy father which ys in secrete, and thy father which seith in secret, shal reward the openly. But when ye praye bable not moche, as the gentyls do, for they thincke that they shalbe herde ffor there moche bablynges sake. Be ye not lyke them there fore, for youre father knoweth wherof ye have neade, before ye ax off him. After thys maner there fore praye ye, O oure father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name; Let thy kingdom come; thy wyll be fulfilled as well in erth as hit ys in heven; Geve vs this daye oure dayly breade; And forgeve vs oure trespasses, even as we forgeve them which trespass vs; Leede vs not into temptacion, but delyvre vs ffrom yvell. Amen. For and yff ye shall forgeve other men there trespasses, youre father in heven shal also forgeve you. But and ye wyll not forgeve men there trespasses, no more shall youre father forgeve youre trespasses. Moreovre when ye faste, be not sad as the ypocrites are, for they disfigure there faces, that hit myght apere vnto men that they faste; verely I say vnto you, they have there reward. But thou when thou fastest, annoynte thyne heed, and washe thy face, that it appere not vnto men howe that thou fastest, but vnto thy father which is in secret, and thy father which seith in secret, shall reward the openly. Gaddre not treasure together on erth, where rust and mothes corrupte, and where theves breake through and steale; But gaddre ye treasure togedder in heven, where nether rust nor mothes corrupte, and wher theves nether break vp, not yet steale. For whearesoever youre treasure ys, there are youre hertes also. The light off thy body is thyne eye; wherfore if thyne eye be single, all thy body ys full of light; But and if thyne eye be wycked, then is all thy body full of derckness. Wherfore yf the light that is in the be derckness, howe greate ys that derckness? No man can serve two masters, for other he shall hate the one, and love the other; or els he shall lene² the one, and despise the other. Ye can not serve God and mammon. Therefore I saye vnto you, be not carefull for youre lyfe, what ye shall eate, or what ye shall dryncke; nor yet for youre boddy, what rayment ye shall weare. Ys not the lyfe more worth then meate, and the boddy more off value then rayment? Beholde the foules of the aier, for they sowe not, neder reepe, nor yet cary into the barnes; and yett youre heavenly father fedeth them. Are ye not better then they? Whiche off you though he toke tought therefore coulde put

one cubit vnto his stature? And why care ye then for rayment? Beholde the lyles off the felde, howe thy growe. They labour not, nether spynn; And yet for all that I saie vnto you, that even Solomon in all his royalte was nott arayed lyke vnto one of these. Wherfore yf God so clothe the grasse, which ys to daye in the felde, and to morowe shalbe cast into the founnace, shall he not moche more do the same vnto you, o ye off lytle fayth? Therefore take no thought, saynge, What shall we eate? or, What shall we dryncke? or, Wherewith shall we be clothed? Afre all these thynges seke the gentyls; for youre heavenly father knoweth that ye have neade off all these thynges. But rather seke ye fyrst the kyngdom of heven and the rightewesnes ther of, and all these thynges shalbe ministred vnto you. Care not therfore for the daye foloyng, for the daye foloyng shall care ffor yt sylfe; eche dayes trouble ys sufficient for the same silfe day.

Tyndale in this translation was a follower of Luther. He incorporated in the Prologue to it part of Luther's preface to his translation of the New Testament, and gave marginal notes that were sometimes Luther's and sometimes his own. There was also a consideration of the controversies of the day in Tyndale's method of translation. Because the Pope and the higher clergy were regarded as the Church, and the church in the New Testament meant the whole body of worshippers, Tyndale avoided in his translation the word "church," and substituted "congregation." In like manner he used the word "knowledge" instead of "confession," and "repentance" instead of "penance." The consequence was that some in the Church declared that there were 3,000 errors in Tyndale's translation. Controversy arose. Tyndale maintained his cause with tracts, and More, the ablest man who held by the old forms of the Church, was licensed by Tunstal to read the tracts written by Tyndale and others, and endeavour to refute their arguments. In 1529 a Dialogue in four books, by Sir Thomas More, dealt with the questions in dispute, and in 1530 Tyndale answered it. A short passage from each of these works will suffice to show the tenor of the argument.

More wrote in one of his chapters:—

"Then are ye," quod I, "also fully answered in this, that where ye said ye should not believe the church telling you a tale of their own, but only telling you Scripture, ye now perceive that in such things as we speak of, that is to wit, necessary points of our faith, if they tell you a tale, which if it were false were damnable, ye must believe and may be sure that, sith the church cannot in such things err, it is very true all that the church in such things telleth you; and that it is not their own word, but the word of God, though it be not in Scripture." "That appeareth well," quod he. "Then are ye," quod I, "as fully satisfied that where ye lately said that it were a disobedience to God, preferring of the church before himself, if he shall believe the church in such things as God in His Holy Scripture sayeth himself the contrary, ye now perceive it can in no wise be so. But sith His church, in such things as we speak of, cannot err, it is impossible that the Scripture of God can be contrary to the faith of the church. "That is very true," quod he. "Then it is as true," quod I, "that ye be further fully answered in the principal point, that the Scriptures laid against images, and pilgrimages and worship of saints, make nothing against them. And also

¹ See page 75. ² *Lene* (First-English "*leanian*"), recompense.

that those things, images I mean and pilgrimages, and praying to saints, are things good, and to be had in honour in Christ's church, sith the church believeth so; which as ye grant, and see cause why ye should grant, can in such points not be suffered, for the special assistance and instruction of the Holy Ghost, to fall into error. And so be we, for this matter, at last, with much work, come to an end."

Tyndale answered:—

And upon that M. More concludeth his first book, that whatsoever the church, that is to wit, the Pope and his brood, say, it is God's word, though it be not written, nor confirmed with miracle, nor yet good living; yea, and though they say to-day this, and to-morrow the contrary, all is good enough and God's word; yea, and though one pope condemn another (nine or ten popes a row) with all their works for heretics, as it is to see in the stories, yet all is right, and none error. And thus good night and good rest! Christ is brought asleep, and laid in his grave; and the door sealed to; and the men of arms about the grave to keep him down with pole-axes. For that is the surest argument to help at need, and to be rid of these babbling heretics that so bark at the holy spirituality with the Scripture; being thereto wretches of no reputation, neither cardinals, nor bishops, nor yet great benefited men, yea, and without tot quots and pluralities, having no hold but the very Scripture, whereunto they cleave as burs, so fast that they cannot be pulled away save with very singeing them off.

And even Thomas More came to believe in burning.

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was publicly burnt in the autumn of 1526, and in December of that year appeared in Latin Henry VIII's answer to Luther, who was said, in a preface to the English version of this answer, which appeared early in 1527, to have fallen "into device with one or two lewd persons born in this our realm for the translating of the New Testament into English, as well with many corruptions of that holy text, as certain prefaces and pestilent glosses in the margins, for the advancement and setting forth of his abominable heresies." In 1530 Tyndale finished printing at Marburg his translation of the Pentateuch. In this work he had been helped by Miles Coverdale, a Yorkshireman, who had been an Austin friar at Cambridge, but there was drawn to the opinions of the Church Reformers, and brought into danger that obliged him to escape to the Continent. At the close of 1534, the English clergy in convocation, aided by Thomas Cromwell, carried a petition to the king for an authorised Bible in English. On the 22nd of June, 1535, John Fisher, then eighty years of age, was beheaded on Tower Hill; a fortnight afterwards, on the 6th of July, Sir Thomas More was executed. In the following year, 1536, on the 6th of October, William Tyndale, condemned by the Privy Council of Brussels, was strangled and burnt at Vilvorde, his last words being, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes!" In the same year Tyndale's New Testament was first printed in England, and the completed translation of the whole Bible by Miles Coverdale was admitted into England. In the next year, 1537, it was printed in England. In July of that year appeared a complete English Bible in folio, formed by revision of the translations of Tyndale and Coverdale,

and addition of the Apocrypha, by John Rogers, a Birmingham man, who had been their ally when they were at Antwerp and Rogers was chaplain to the English merchants there. John Rogers's was known as Matthew's Bible, because Thomas Matthew was the name upon its title page. Thomas Cromwell, who was then in search of a version that could be authorised, sent Coverdale to Paris, where he was to superintend the finishing of the Bible known as Cromwell's; and, at the same time, Cromwell employed Richard Taverner, an Oxford Reformer, then at court, on the printing of a revision of Rogers's (or Matthew's) Bible. In 1539 there appeared the results of both these endeavours in Taverner's Bible, and that known as Cromwell's (or the Great) Bible. These were followed in 1540 by the revision planned by Cranmer, then Archbishop of Canterbury, and based on direct collation with the Hebrew and Greek texts. This Bible, to which Cranmer wrote a Prologue, at last satisfied the requirements of the time, was authorised, and continued for twenty-eight years to be read in churches.

In the same year, 1540, Clement Marot had presented to Charles V., then a visitor to Francis I., in Paris, the thirty Psalms which he had by that time translated into French verse, and dedicated to King Francis. The dedication was followed by a metrical address to the ladies of France, in which Marot asked, "When will the Golden Time come wherein God alone is adored, praised, sung as He ordains, and His glory shall not be given to another?" He exhorted the ladies of France to banish unclean songs from their lips. "Here," he said, "is matter without offence to sing. But no songs please you that are not of Love. Certes, they are of nothing else but Love; Love itself, by Supreme Wisdom, was their composer, and vain man was the transcriber only. That Love gave you language and voices for your notes of praise. It is a Love that will not torment your hearts, but fill your whole souls with the pleasure angels share. For His Spirit will come into your hearts, and stir your lips, and guide your fingers on the spinet towards holy strains. O happy he who shall see the blossoming of that time when the rustic at his plough, the driver in the street, the workman in his shop, solaces labour with the praise of God! Shall that time come sooner to them than to you! Begin, Ladies, begin! Help on the Golden Age, and singing with gentle hearts these sacred strains, exchange the everchanging God of Foolish Love, for the God of a Love that will not change." Marot's wish was in part fulfilled; for it became a fashion at the French court to sing psalms of his translating set to lively tunes. Ten thousand copies of Marot's thirty Psalms in French were sold soon after they were printed. Music, written for them by Guillaume Franc, was afterwards printed with them. Marot's thirty Psalms, to which twenty were added, even Calvin adopted and published, with a preface of his own, for use at Geneva. They became the basis of the Psalter of the French Protestant Church, which was completed by Theodore Beza. At the English court the Earl of Surrey then wrote paraphrases in verse of the 8th, 55th, 73rd, and 88th Psalms, as well as of the first five chapters of Ecclesiastes; Sir

Thomas Wyat versified the Penitential Psalms, the 6th, 32nd, 38th, 51st, 102nd, 130th, and 143rd, with a Prologue and connecting stanzas of his own. Of the Psalms put into music by Surrey only the 8th was in Marot's collection; but of those chosen by Wyat, all except the 102nd are among the fifty that were chosen by Marot. Another English versifier of the Psalms at Henry VIII's court was Thomas Sternhold, groom of the Robes to his Majesty. It was Sternhold's expressed desire to do in England with the Psalms what had been done by Marot in France, "thinking thereby that the courtiers would sing them instead of their sonnets; but did not, some few excepted." Sternhold, who died in 1549, published in 1548, "Certayne Psalms," nineteen in number. After his death next year there appeared immediately "All such Psalms of David as Thomas Sternhold, late grome of the King's Majestyes Robes, did in his lyfe time drawe into Englysshe metre." This contained thirty-seven Psalms by Sternhold, with seven by John Hopkins, a Suffolk clergyman and schoolmaster. Hopkins, with help of others, laboured on until there was produced a complete metrical setting of the Psalms in English for congregational singing. It appeared in 1562, was in the same year adopted for use in the Church of England, and appended to the Book of Common Prayer. One of the "apt tunes," provided for the 100th Psalm, and known to us now as the Old Hundredth, was a tune that had been provided by Goudimel and Lejeune for the French version of the Psalms by Clement Marot.

This is one of the Psalms paraphrased by the Earl of Surrey:—

PROEM.

Where reckless youth in an unquiet breast,
Set on by wrath, revenge and cruelty,
After long war patience had oppressed,
And justice, wrought by princely equity:
My Denny then, mine error deep imprest,
Began to work despair of liberty;
Had not David, the perfect warrior taught,
That of my fault thus pardon should be sought.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O Lord! upon whose will dependeth my welfare,
To call upon thy holy name, since day nor night I spare,
Grant that the just request of this repentant mind
So pierce thine ears, that in thy sight some favour it may find.

My soul is fraughted full with grief of follies past;
My restless body doth consume, and death approacheth fast;
Like them whose fatal thread, thy hand hath cut in twain:
Of whom there is no further bruit, which in their graves remain.

O Lord! thou hast me cast headlong, to please my foe,
Into a pit all bottomless, whereas I plain my woe.
The burden of thy wrath it doth me sore oppress:
And sundry storms thou hast me sent of terror and distress.

The faithful friends are fled and banished from my sight:
And such as I have held full dear, have set my friendship light.

My durance doth persuade of freedom such despair,
That by the tears that bain¹ my breast mine eyesight doth appair.²

Yet do I never cease thine aid for to desire,
With humble heart and stretched hands, for to appease thine ire.
Wherefore dost thou forbear in the defence of thine,
To show such tokens of thy power in sight of Adam's line

Whereby each feeble heart with faith might so be fed,
That in the mouth of thy elect thy mercies might be spread?
The flesh that feedeth worms cannot thy love declare;
Nor such set forth thy praise as dwell in the land of despair.

In blind induréd³ hearts light of thy lively name
Cannot appear, nor cannot judge the brightness of the same.
Nor blazéd may thy name be by the mouths of those
Whom death hath shut in silence, so as they may not disclose.

The lively voice of them that in thy Word delight,
Must be the trump that must resound the glory of thy might;
Wherefore I shall not cease, in chief of my distress
To call on Thee, till that the sleep my wearied limbs oppress,

And in the morning eke when that the sleep is fled,
With floods of salt repentant tears to wash my restless bed.
Within this careful mind, burdened with care and grief,
Why dost thou not appear, O Lord! that shouldst be his relief?

My wretched state behold, whom death shall straight assail;
Of one, from youth afflicted still, that never did but wail.
The dread, lo! of thine ire hath trod me under feet:
The scourges of thine angry hand hath made death seem full sweet.

Like as the roaring waves the sunken ship surround,
Great heaps of care did swallow me, and I no succour found:
For they whom no mischance could from my love divide,
Are forced, for my greater grief, from me their face to hide.

This is, with its Introduction, one of the Psalms paraphrased by Sir Thomas Wyat: the Introduction is in the Italian octave rhyme, established by Boccaccio, the Psalm itself is in terza rima, the measure of Dante's Divine Comedy:—

THE AUTHOR.

When David had perceivéd in his breast
The Spirit of God return, that was exil'd;
Because he knew he hath alone express'd
These great things that the greater Spirit compil'd;

¹ Bain, bathe.² Appair, impair.³ Induréd, hardened.

As shawm or pipe lets out the sound impress'd
By music's art forgèd tofore, and fil'd;
I say, when David had perceiv'd this,
The sp'rit of comfort in him revived is.

For thereupon he maketh argument
Of reconciling, unto the Lord's grace;
Although sometime to prophecy have lent
Both brute beastés, and wicked hearts a place.
But our David judgeth in his intent
Himself by penance clean out of this case;
Whereby he hath remission of offence,
And ginn' th' allow his pain and penitence.

But when he weight'h the fault and recompense,
He damneth his deed; and findeth plain
Atween them two no whit equivalence,
Whereby he takes all outward deed in vain,
To bear the name of rightful penitence:
Which is alone the heart returned again
And sore contrite, that doth his fault bemoan;
And outward deed the sign or fruit alone.

With this he doth defend the sly assault
Of vain allowance of his void desert,
And all the glory of his forgiven fault,
To God alone he doth it whole convert;
His own merit he findeth in default:
And whilst he ponder'd these things in his heart,
His knee his arm, his hand sustained his chin,
When he his song again thus did begin.

PSALM CXXX.

From depth of sin, and from a deep despair,
From depth of death, from depth of heart's sorrow,
From this deep cave of darkness deep repair,

Thee have I called, O Lord! to be my borrow.
Thou in my voice, O Lord! perceive and hear
My heart, my hope, my plaint, my overthrow,

My will to rise; and let, by grant, appear
That to my voice thine ears do well intend.
No place so far that to Thee is not near,

No depth so deep that thou ne may'st extend
Thine ear thereto; hear then my woeful plaint,
For, Lord, if thou do observe what men offend,

And put thy native mercy in restraint;
If just exaction demand recompence,
Who may endure, O Lord! who shall not faint

At such account? dread, and not reverence
Should so reign large: but thou seeks rather love;
For in thy hand is Mercy's residence,

By hope whereof Thou dost our heartés move.
I in the Lord have set my confidence;
My soul such trust doth evermore approve.

Thy Holy Word of eterne excellence,
Thy mercy's promise that is alway just,
Have been my stay, my pillar, and pretence.

My soul in God hath more desirous trust,
Than hath the watchman looking for the day,
By the relief to quench of sleep the thrust.

Let Israel trust unto the Lord alway;
For grace and favour are his property:
Plenteous ransom shall come with him I say,

And shall redeem all our iniquity.



HUGH LATIMER. (From a Portrait prefixed to his Sermons. 1533.)

In the year of the executions of John Fisher and Sir Thomas More (1535), Hugh Latimer, then about forty-five years old, was made Bishop of Worcester in place of a non-resident Italian who was deprived of the office. Hugh Latimer, son of a small farmer at Thurcaston, in Leicestershire, had graduated at Cambridge, and attacked opinions of the Reformers in his oration made on taking his B.D. degree. Thomas Bilney, who was burnt for his Reformed opinions in 1531, heard Latimer speak, went afterwards to his room, and talked over with him privately the matter of his oration. The result was that Latimer's opinions greatly changed. As he opposed the Pope at a time when Henry VIII had broken with Rome, Latimer was introduced to the king in 1530 by his physician, Dr. Butts, preached before him, and became his chaplain. In 1531 the king gave him a rectory in Wiltshire, at West Kingdon. Here his plain speaking as a preacher brought Latimer into difficulty. He was accused of heresy, excommunicated, and imprisoned, but the king protected him, and next year also his friend Cranmer became archbishop; so that in 1535 Latimer became, as has been said, Bishop of Worcester. He held that office only until 1539, when the king dictated to Parliament, and imposed as domestic Pope upon the English people, an "Act Abolishing Diversity of Opinions." It required all men, under severe penalties, to adopt the king's opinions—which were those of the Church of Rome—upon six questions then in dispute: transubstantiation, the confessional, vows of chastity, private masses, denial of the cup to the people at communion, and celibacy of priests. Hugh Latimer, who

could not retain his bishopric by a compliance with this act, resigned, and was silenced for the rest of Henry's reign. When the king died, Latimer was still a prisoner in the Tower, and in danger of his life. Then came, at the end of January, 1547, Edward VI. to the throne. He was but ten years old, and was to come of age at eighteen. During those eight years—which he did not live to complete, for he died in his sixteenth year—Cranmer was among the sixteen executors to whom regal power was entrusted, and his maternal uncle, the Earl of Hertford, created Duke of Somerset—hitherto a secret friend, and now an open friend of the Reformers—became Lord Protector.



EDWARD VI. (From the Portrait by Holbein.)

There was thus a sudden change of the force of authority in the direction to which the Reformers pointed. Latimer, released from the Tower, preached at Paul's Cross on the 1st of January, 1548. The Parliament proposed to reinstate him in his bishopric, but he preferred to remain free, and speak his heart on all that concerned the religious life of England and of Englishmen, with his own homely directness that went straight to its mark. In January, 1549, he preached in the Shrouds,¹ at St. Paul's, his sermon on the Ploughers, by which he meant the clergy bound to labour in the field of God. He insisted much on faithful preaching, and in this characteristic passage warned his hearers who was

THE BUSIEST PRELATE IN ENGLAND.

Well, I would all men would look to their duty, as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing Christian Commonweal. And now I would ask a strange question. Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in

¹ The Shrouds were covered places by the side of old St. Paul's which might be used by the preacher and audiences at Paul's Cross in case of bad weather. The name was given also to the old church of St. Faith, in the crypt under the cathedral, when that was chosen as the place of shelter.

all England, and passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him who he is; I know him well. But now methinks I see you listening and hearkening, that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other. He is never out of his diocese, he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied, he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times, ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when ye will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm, he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering may hinder him, he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of popery. He is as ready as he can be wished for to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea at noon days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry, censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing, as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with Purgatory pickpurse—up with Popish Purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's will and His most holy Word. Down with the old honour due unto God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin. There must be nothing but Latin, not so much as *Memento homo quod cinis es, et in cinerem reverteris*—"Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt return." What be the words that the minister speaketh to the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday, but they must be spoken in Latin? And in no wise they must be translated into English. Oh, that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel. And this is the devilish ploughing, the which worketh to have things in Latin, and hindereth the fruitful edification. But here some man will say to me, "What, sir, are ye so privy to the devil's council, that ye know all this to be true?" Truly, I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much, in condescending to some follies; and I know him, as other men do, that he is ever occupied, and ever busied in following the plough. I know him by St. Peter's words, which saith of him, *Sicut leo rugiens circuit querens quem devoret*—"He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." I would have this text well viewed, and examined every word of it. *Circuit*, he goeth about every corner of his diocese; he goeth on visitation daily, and leaveth no place of his cure unvisited; he walketh round about from place to place, and ceaseth not. *Sicut leo*, as a lion—that is, strongly, boldly, fiercely, and proudly, with haughty looks, with a proud countenance, and stately braggings. *Rugiens*, roaring, for he letteth not slip any occasion to speak or to roar out when he seeth his time. *Querens*, he goeth about seeking, and not sleeping, as our bishops do, but he seeketh diligently—he searcheth diligently all corners, where as he may have his prey. He rovet abroad in every place of his diocese—he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough that it may go forward.

Latimer was a Lent preacher before the king in 1548 and 1549, preaching from a pulpit built in the king's private garden at Westminster, with many statesmen, courtiers, and people gathered about him. The king listened at an open window near the preacher, and the princess Elizabeth, then fifteen or sixteen years old, was among his hearers.¹

As the next passages will serve to show, Latimer went straight to his point in plain idiomatic English :

A REQUEST TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

"When all Israel heard of this judgment [the judgment of Solomon] they feared the king." It is wisdom and godly knowledge that causeth a king to be feared. One word note here, for God's sake, and I will trouble you no longer. Would Salomon, being so noble a king, hear two poor

to satisfy this place. I am no sooner in the garden and have read awhile, but by-and-by cometh there some or other knocking at the gate. Anon cometh my man and saith, "Sir, there is one at the gate would speak with you." When I come there, then it is some one or other that desireth me that I will speak that his matter might be heard, and that he hath lain thus long at great cost and charges, and cannot once have his matter come to the hearing. But among all other, one specially moved me at this time to speak. This it is, sir :—

A gentlewoman came to me and told me, that a great man keepeth certain lands of hers from her, and will be her tenant in the spite of her teeth. And that in a whole twelvemonth she could get but one day for the hearing of her matter, and the same day when the matter should be heard, the great man brought on his side a great sight of lawyers for his counsel: the gentlewoman had but one man of law; and the



LATIMER PREACHING BEFORE EDWARD VI. (From a Woodcut in Fox's "Martyrs") (1563).

women? They were poor, for, as the Scripture saith, they were together alone in a house, they had not so much as one servant between them both. Would King Salomon, I say, hear them in his own person? Yea, forsooth. And yet I hear of many matters before my Lord Protector, and my Lord Chancellor, that cannot be heard. I must desire my Lord Protector's grace to hear me in this matter, that your Grace would hear poor men's suits yourself. Put them to none other to hear, let them not be delayed. The saying is now, that Money is heard everywhere; if he be rich, he shall soon have an end of his matter.

Other are fain to go home with weeping tears, for any help they can obtain at any judge's hand. Hear men's suits yourself, I require you in God's behalf, and put it not to the hearing of these velvet coats, these upskips. Now a man can scarce know them from an ancient knight of the country. I cannot go to my book, for poor folks come unto me, desiring me that I will speak that their matters may be heard. I trouble my Lord of Canterbury, and being at his house, now and then I walk in the garden looking in my book, as I can do but little good at it; but something I must needs do

great man shakes him so, that he cannot tell what to do. So that when the matter came to the point, the judge was a mean to the gentlewoman that she would let the great man have a quietness in her land. I beseech your Grace that ye will look to these matters; hear them yourself. View your judges, and hear poor men's causes.

CORRUPT PATRONAGE OF LIVINGS.

If the great men in Turkey should use in their religion of Mahomet to sell, as our patrons commonly sell benefices here (the office of preaching, the office of salvation), it would be taken as an intolerable thing, the Turk would not suffer it in his commonwealth. Patrons, be charged to see the office done, and not to seek a lucre and a gain by their patronship. There was a patron in England (when it was) that had a benefice fallen into his hand, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man to carry them to his master; it is like he gave one to his man for his labour, to make up the game, and so there was thirty-one. This man cometh to his master and presenteth him with a dish of apples, saying, "Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a benefice." "Tush, tush!"

¹ Fox, in the picture here copied, places her on the front steps of the pulpit.

quothe he, "this is no apple matter, I will none of his apples. I have as good as these (or as he hath any) in mine own orchard." The man came to the priest again, and told him what his master said. "Then," quothe the priest, "desire him yet to prove one of them for my sake, he shall find them much better than they look for." He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. "Marry!" quothe he, "this is a good apple." The priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out and answered, "They are all one fruit, I warrant you, sir; they grew all on one tree, and have all one taste." "Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it," said the patron, &c. "Get you a graft of this tree, and I warrant you it will stand you in better stead than all St. Paul's learning."

NEGLECT OF PREACHING.

I would our preachers would preach, sitting or standing, one way or other. It was a goodly pulpit that our Saviour Christ had gotten Him here. An old rotten boat, and yet He preached His Father's will, His Father's message out of this pulpit. He cared not for the pulpit, so He might do the people good. Indeed, it is to be commended for the preacher to stand or sit, as the place is; but I would not have it so superstitiously esteemed, but that a good preacher may declare the Word of God sitting on a horse, or preaching in a tree. And yet, if this should be done, the unpreaching prelates would laugh it to scorn. And though it be good to have the pulpit set up in churches, that the people might resort thither, yet I would not have it so superstitiously used, but that in a profane place the Word of God might be preached sometimes; and I would not have the people offended withal, no more than they be with our Saviour Christ's preaching out of a boat. And yet to have pulpits in churches it is very well done to have them; but they would be occupied, for it is a vain thing to have them as they stand in many churches.

I heard of a bishop of England that went on visitation, and (as it was the custom) when the bishop should come and be rung into the town, the great bell's clapper was fallen down, the tyall was broken, so that the bishop could not be rung into the town. There was a great matter made of this, and the chief of the parish was much blamed for it in the visitation. The bishop was somewhat quick with them, and signified that he was much offended. They made their answers and excused themselves as well as they could. "It was a chance," said they, "that the clapper brake, and we could not get it mended by-and-by; we must tarry till we can have it done. It shall be mended as shortly as may be." Among the other, there was one wiser than the rest, and he comes to the bishop, "Why, my lord," saith he, "doth your lordship make so great a matter of the bell that lacketh his clapper? Here is a bell," saith he, and pointed to the pulpit, "that hath lacked a clapper this twenty years. We have a parson that fetcheth out of his benefice fifty pounds every year, but we never see him." I warrant you the bishop was an unpreaching prelate. He could find fault with the bell that wanted a clapper to ring him into the town, but he could not find any fault with the parson that preached not at his benefice. Ever this office of preaching hath been least regarded, it hath scant had the name of God's service. They must sing *Salve festa dies* about the church, that no man was the better for it, but to show their gay coats and garments.

I came once myself to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holiday, and methought it was an holiday's work. The

church stood in my way, and I took my horse and my company, and went thither (I thought I should have found a great company in the church), and when I came there, the church door was fast locked. I tarried there half an hour and more. At last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me, and said, "Sir, this is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood, I pray you let¹ them not." I was fain there to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded though I were not; but it would not serve, it was fain to give place to Robin Hood's men.

It is no laughing matter, my friends; it is a weeping matter, a heavy matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for gathering for Robin Hood, a traitor and a thief, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robin Hood before the ministration of God's Word; and all this hath come of unpreaching prelates. This realm hath been ill provided for, that it hath had such corrupt judgments in it, to prefer Robin Hood to God's Word. If the bishops had been preachers, there should never have been any such thing, but we have a good hope of better. We have had a good beginning: I beseech God to continue it. But I tell you, it is far wide, that the people have such judgments. The bishops they could laugh at it. What was that to them? They would have them to continue in their ignorance still, and themselves in unpreaching prelacy.

The last of the sermons so preached, which Latimer called his *Ultimum Vale* (Last Farewell) to the Court, was more than three hours long, vigorous, discursive, and rich in illustration of the directness of speech that made his preaching effectual, and at the same time laid it open, in its own day, to much critical exception from his adversaries. The substance of the sermon is here given, without the digressions:—

COVETOUSNESS.

From Latimer's "Ultimum Vale," the last Sermon before King Edward. Preached in 1550.

Videte et cavete ab avaritia. Take heed and beware of covetousness: take heed and beware of covetousness: take heed and beware of covetousness.

And what and if I should say nothing else, these three or four hours (for I know it will be so long, in case I be not commanded to the contrary) but these words: "Take heed and beware of Covetousness." It would be thought a strange sermon before a king, to say nothing else but *Cavete ab Avaritia*—"Beware of Covetousness." And yet as strange as it is, it would be like the sermon of Jonas that he preached to the Ninivites, as touching the shortness, and as touching the paucity or fewness of the words. For his sermon was, *Adhuc quadraginta dies, et Nineve subvertetur*—"There is yet forty days to come, and Ninivy shall be destroyed." Thus he walked from street to street, and from place to place round about the city, and said nothing else but, "There is yet forty days," quothe he, "and Ninivy shall be destroyed." There is no great odds nor difference, at least wise, in the number of words, no nor yet in the sense or meaning between these two sermons. This is, "Yet forty days, and Ninivy shall be destroyed;" and these words that I have taken to speak of this day, "Take heed and beware of covetousness." For Ninivy should be destroyed for sin, and of their sins covetousness

¹ Let, hinder.

was one, and one of the greatest, so that it is all one in effect. And as they be like concerning the shortness, the paucity of the words, the brevity of words, and also the meaning and purpose, so I would they might be like in fruit and profit. For what came of Jonas' sermon? What was the fruit of it? *Ad prædicationem Jonæ crediderunt Deo*—"At the preaching of Jonas they believed in God." Here was a great fruit, a great effect wrought. What is the same? They believed in God. They believed God's preacher, God's officer, God's minister Jonas, and were converted from their sin. They believed that (as the preacher said) if they did not repent and amend their life, the city should be destroyed within forty days. This was a great fruit: for Jonas was but one man, and he preached but one sermon; and it was but a short sermon neither, as touching the number of words; and yet he turned all the whole city, great and small, rich and poor, king and all. We be many preachers here in England, and we preach many long sermons, yet the people will not repent nor convert. This was the fruit, the effect, and the good that his sermon did, that all the whole city at his preaching converted, and amended their evil loose living, and did penance in sackcloth.

And yet here in this sermon of Jonas is no great curiousness, no great clerkliness, no great affectation of words, nor painted eloquence; it was none other but, *Adhuc quadraginta dies, et Ninive subvertetur*—"Yet forty days," *Ninive subvertetur*, "and Ninive shall be destroyed;" it was no more. This was no great curious sermon; but this was a nipping sermon, a pinching sermon, a biting sermon; it had a full bite, it was a nipping sermon, a rough sermon, and a sharp biting sermon. Do you not here marvel that these Ninivites cast not Jonas in prison, that they did not revile him, nor rebuke him? They did not revile him nor rebuke him, but God gave them grace to hear him, and to convert and amend at his preaching. A strange matter, so noble a city to give place to one man's sermon. Now England cannot abide this gear, they cannot be content to hear God's minister, and his threatening for their sins, though the sermon be never so good, though it be never so true. It is a naughty fellow, a seditious fellow, he maketh trouble and rebellion in the realm, he lacketh discretion. But the Ninivites rebuked not Jonas that he lacked discretion, or that he spake out of time, that his sermon was out of season made; but in England, if God's preacher, God's minister be any thing quick, or do speak sharply, then he is a foolish fellow, he is rash, he lacketh discretion. Now-a-days if they cannot reprove the doctrine that is preached, then they will reprove the preacher, that "he lacketh due consideration of the times," and that "he is of learning sufficient but he wanteth discretion. What a time is this picked out to preach such things? he should have a respect and a regard to the time, and to the state of things, and of the common weal." It rejoiceth me sometimes, when my friend cometh and telleth me that they find fault with my indiscretion, for by likelihood, think I, the doctrine is true; for if they could find fault with the doctrine, they would not charge me with the lack of discretion, but they would charge me with my doctrine, and not with the lack of discretion, or with the inconvenience of the time.

I will now ask you a question, I pray you when should Jonas have preached against the covetousness of Ninive, if the covetous men should have appointed him his time? I know that preachers ought to have a discretion in their preaching, and that they ought to have a consideration and respect to the place and to the time that he preaches in, as I myself will say here that I would not say in the country for no good. But what then? sin must be rebuked, sin must be plainly spoken against. And when should Jonas have preached

against Ninive, if he should have forborne for the respects of the times, or the place, or the state of things there? For what was Ninive? A noble, a rich, and a wealthy city. What is London to Ninive? Like a village, as Islington, or such another, in comparison of London. Such a city was Ninive; it was three days' journey to go through every street of it, and to go but from street to street. There was noblemen, rich men, wealthy men; there was vicious men and covetous men, and men that gave themselves to all voluptuous living, and to worldliness of getting riches. Was this a time well chosen and discreetly taken of Jonas to come and reprove them of their sin, to declare unto them the threatenings of God, and to tell them of their covetousness, and to say plainly unto them, that except they repented and amended their evil living, they and their city should be destroyed at God's hand within forty days? And yet they heard Jonas, and gave place to his preaching. They heard the threatenings of God, and feared His stroke and vengeance, and believed God—that is, they believed God's preachers and minister; they believed that God would be true of His word that he spake by the mouth of his prophet, and thereupon did penance to turn away the wrath of God from them. Well, what shall we say? I shall say this, and not spare Christ's faith, Ninive shall arise against the Jews at the last day, and bear witness against them, because that they, hearing God's threatenings for sin, *Ad prædicationem Jonæ in cinere et fæce egerunt penitentiam*, "they did penance at the preaching of Jonas in ashes and sackcloth" (as the text saith there); and I say Ninive shall arise against England—thou, England—Ninive shall arise against England, because it will not believe God, nor hear his preachers that cry daily unto them, nor amend their lives, and especially their covetousness. Covetousness is as great a sin now as it was then, and it is the same sin now as it was then. And He will as sure strike for sin now as He did then. But ah, good God, that would give thee a time of repentance after His threatening!

But how long time hast thou, England—thou, England? I cannot tell, for God hath not revealed it unto me; if He had, so God help me, I would tell you of it. I would not be afraid, nor spare to tell it you, for the good will I bear you; but I cannot tell how long time ye have, for God hath not opened it unto me. But I can tell you that this lenity, this long-forbearing and holding of His hand, provoketh us to repent and amend. And I can tell that whosoever contemneth this riches and treasure of God's goodness, of His mercy, His patience and long-suffering, shall have the more grievous condemnation. This I can tell well enough. Paul telleth me this. And I can tell that ye have time to repent as long as you live here in this world, but after this life I can make no warrant of any further time to repent. Therefore, repent and amend while ye be here; for when ye are gone hence ye are past that. But how long that shall be, whether to-morrow, or next day, or twenty years, or how long I cannot tell. But, in the meantime, ye have many Jonases to tell you of your faults, and to declare unto you God's threatenings, except you repent and amend; therefore, to return to my matter, I say as I said at the beginning. *Videte et cavete ab avaritia. Videte*; see it. First see it, and then amend it. For I promise you, great complaints there is of it, and much crying out, and much preaching, but no amendment that I see. But *cavete ab avaritia*—"Beware of covetousness." And why of covetousness? *Quia radix est omnium malorum avaritia et cupiditas*—"For covetousness is the root of all evil and mischief."

This saying of Paul took me away from the gospel that is read in the church this day; it took me from the epistle, that I would preach upon neither of them both at

this time. I cannot tell what ailed me. But to tell you my imperfection. When I was appointed to preach here, I was new come out of a sickness whereof I looked to have died, and weak I was. Yet, nevertheless, when I was appointed unto it, I took it upon me, albeit I repented afterwards that I had done. I was displeased with myself; I was testy, as Jonas was when he should go preach to the Ninivites. Well, I looked on the gospel that is read this day, but it liked me not; I looked on the epistle: tush! I could not away with that neither. And yet, I remember I had preached upon this epistle once before King Henry the Eighth; but now I could not frame with it, nor it liked me not in no sauce. Well, this saying of Paul came in my mind, and at last I considered and weighed the matter deeply, and then thought I thus with myself: "Is covetousness the root of all mischief and of all evil? Then have at the root, and down with all covetousness."

So this place of Paul brought me to this text of Luke: "See, and beware of covetousness." Therefore, you preachers, out with your swords and strike at the root; speak against covetousness, and cry out upon it. Stand not ticking and toying at the branches, nor at the boughs (for then there will new boughs and branches spring again of them), but strike at the root, and fear not these giants of England, these great men, and men of power, these men that are oppressors of the poor. Fear them not, but strike at the root of all evil, which is mischievous covetousness. . . .

See and beware of covetousness, for covetousness is the cause of rebellion. Well, now, if covetousness be the cause of rebellion, then preaching against covetousness is not the cause of rebellion. Some say that the preaching now-a-days is the cause of all sedition and rebellion, for since this new preaching has come in, there hath been much sedition; and therefore, it must needs be that the preaching is the cause of rebellion here in England. Forsooth, our preaching is the cause of rebellion much like as Christ was the cause of the destruction of Jerusalem. For, saith Christ, *Si non venissem et locutus fuisssem eis, peccatum non haberent, etc.*—"If I had not come," saith Christ, "and spoken to them, they should have no sin." So we preachers have come and spoken unto you; we have drawn our swords of God's Word, and stricken at the roots of all evil to have them cut down; and if ye will not amend, what can we do more? And preaching is cause of sedition here in England much like as Elias was the cause of trouble in Israel; for he was a preacher there, and told the people of all degrees their faults, and so they winced and kicked at him, and accused him to Achab the king that he was a seditious fellow, and a troublous preacher, and made such uproar in the realm. So the king sent for him, and he was brought to Achab the king, who said to him, "Art thou he that troubleth all Israel?" And Elias answered and said, "Nay, thou and thy father's house are they that trouble all Israel." Elias had preached God's Word, he had plainly told the people of their evil doings, he had showed them God's threatenings. In God's behalf I speak; there is neither king nor emperor, be they never in so great estate, but they are subject to God's Word; and therefore, he was not afraid to say to Achab, "It is thou and thy father's house that causeth all the trouble in Israel." Was not this presumptuously spoken to a king? Was not this a seditious fellow? Was not this fellow's preaching a cause of all the trouble in Israel? Was he not worthy to be cast in bocardo or little ease?¹ No, but he had used God's sword, which is His Word, and done nothing else that was evil; but they could not abide it. He never dis-

obeyed Achab's sword, which was the regal power; but Achab disobeyed his sword, which was the Word of God. And therefore, by the punishment of God, much trouble arose in the realm for the sins of Achab and the people. But God's preacher, God's prophet, was not the cause of the trouble. Then it is not we preachers that trouble England.

But here is now an argument to prove the matter against the preachers. Here was preaching against covetousness all the last year in Lent, and the next summer followed rebellion. Ergo, preaching against covetousness was the cause of the rebellion. A goodly argument. Here, now, I remember an argument of Master Moore's, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Bilney;² and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master Moore was once sent in commission into Kent to help to try out (if it might be) what was the cause of Goodwin sands, and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither came Master Moore, and calleth the country afore him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man, with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than an hundred years old. When Master Moore saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter (for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company). So Master Moore called this old aged man unto him, and said, "Father," said he, "tell me, if ye can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the oldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most to it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled." "Yea, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man, "for I am well nigh an hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto mine age." "Well, then," quoth Master Moore, "how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?" "Forsooth, sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands. For I am an old man, sir," quoth he, "and I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and, therefore, I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven." And so, to my purpose, is preaching of God's Word the cause of rebellion as Tenterden steeple was cause that Sandwich haven is decayed. . . .

. Elizeus' servant, Giezi, a bribing brother, he came colourably to Naaman the Syrian; he framed a tale of his master, Elizeus, as all bribers will do, and told him that his master had need of this and that, and took of Naaman certain things, and bribed it away to his own behoof secretly, and thought that it should never have come out; but Elizeus knew it well enough. The servant had his bribes that he sought; yet was he stricken with the leprosy, and so openly shamed. Think on this, ye that are bribers, when ye go so secretly about such things; have this in your minds when ye devise your secret fetches and conveyances, how Elizeus' servant was served and was openly known. For God's proverb

¹ Bocardo, the old North Gate of Oxford, used as a prison. Latimer himself was confined in it before his martyrdom.

² More tells the story in the "Dialogue" written against opinions of the reformers, and Tyndale refers to it in his reply: "Neither intend I to prove unto you that Paul's steeple is the cause why Thames is broke in about Erith, or that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the decay of Sandwich haven, as Master More jesteth."

will be true: "There is nothing hidden that will not be revealed." He that took the silver basin and ewer for a bribe thinketh that it would never come out: but he may now know that I know it, and I know it not alone; there are more besides me that know it. Oh, briber and bribery! he was never a good man that will so take bribes. Nor I can never believe that he that is a briber shall be a good justice. It will never be merry in England till we have the skins of such. For what needeth bribing where men do their things uprightly? But now I will play St. Paul, and translate the thing on myself. I will become the king's officer for awhile. I have to lay out for the king two thousand pounds, or a great sum, whatsoever it be. Well, when I have laid it out, and to bring in mine account, I must give three hundred marks to have my bills warranted. If I have done truly and uprightly, what should need me to give a penny to have my bills warranted? If I have done my office truly, and do bring in a true account, wherefore should one groat be given? Yea, one groat for warranting of my bills? Smell ye nothing in this? What needeth any bribes-giving, except the bills be false? No man giveth bribes for warranting of his bills except they be false bills.

Well, such practice hath been in England, but beware, it will out one day. Beware of God's proverb, "There is nothing hidden that shall not be opened." Yea, even in this world, if ye be not the children of damnation. And here, now, I speak to you my masters, minters, augmentationers, receivers, surveyors, and auditors, I make a petition unto you. I beseech you all be good to the king, be good to the king; he hath been good to you, therefore be good to him, yea, be good to your own souls. Ye are known well enough what you were afore ye came to your offices, and what lands ye had then, and what ye have purchased since, and what buildings ye make daily. Well, I pray you so build, that the King's workmen may be paid. They make their moan, but they can get no money. The poor labourers, gunmakers, powdermen, bow-makers, arrow-makers, smiths, carpenters, soldiers, and other crafts cry out for their duties. They be unpaid, some of them, three or four months; yea, some of them, half a year; yea, some of them put up bills this time twelve months for their money, and cannot be paid yet. They cry out for their money; and, as the prophet saith, *Clamor operatorum ascendit ad aures meas*—"The cry of the workmen is come up to mine ears." Oh, for God's love, let the workmen be paid if there be money enough, or else there will whole showers of God's vengeance rain down upon your heads. Therefore, ye minters and ye augmentationers serve the King truly. So build and purchase that the King may have money to pay his workmen. It seemeth evil-favourably that ye should have enough wherewith to build superfluously, and the King lack to pay his poor labourers. Well, yet I doubt not but that there be some good officers. But I will not swear for all.

I have now preached three Lents. The first time I preached restitution. "Restitution," quoth some, "what should he preach of restitution? Let him preach of contrition," quoth they, "and let restitution alone. We can never make restitution." "Then," say I, "if thou wilt not make restitution, thou shalt go to the devil for it. Now, choose thee, either restitution or else endless damnation." But now, there be two manner of restitutions, secret restitution and open restitution; whether of both it be, so that restitution be made, it is all good enough. At my first preaching restitution, one man took remorse of conscience, and acknowledged himself to me that he had deceived the King, and willing he was to make restitution. And so the first Lent came to my hands twenty pounds, to be restored

to the King's use. I was promised twenty pounds more the same Lent, but it could not be made, so that it came not. Well, the next Lent came three hundred and twenty pounds more. I received it myself, and paid it to the King's Council. So I was asked what was he that made this restitution. But should I have named him? Nay; they should as soon have this wesaunt of mine. Well, now, this Lent came one hundred and eighty pounds ten shillings, which I have paid and delivered this present day to the King's Council. And so this man hath made a godly restitution. "And so," quoth I to a certain nobleman that is one of the King's Council, "if every man that hath beguiled the King should make restitution after this sort, it would cough the King twenty thousand pounds, I think," quoth I. "Yea, that it would," quoth the other, "a whole one hundred thousand pounds." Alack! alack! make restitution, for God's sake, make restitution; ye will cough in hell else, that all the devils there will laugh at your coughing. There is no remedy but restitution, open or secret, or else hell. This that I have now told you of was a secret restitution.

Some examples have been of open restitution, and glad may he be that God was so friendly unto him to bring him unto it in this world. I am not afraid to name him. It was Master Sherrington, an honest gentleman, and one that God loveth. He openly confessed that he had deceived the King, and he made open restitution. Oh, what an argument may he have against the devil when he shall move him to desperation. God brought this out to his amendment. It is a token that he is a chosen man of God, and one of His elected. If he be of God, he shall be brought to it; therefore, for God's sake make restitution, or else remember God's proverb, "There is nothing so secret," &c. "If you do either of these two in this world, then are ye of God; if not, then, for lack of restitution, ye shall have eternal damnation. Ye may do it by means, if you dare not do it yourselves. Bring it to another, and so make restitution. If ye be not of God's flock, it shall be brought out to your shame and damnation at the last day, when all evil men's sins shall be laid open before us. Yet there is one way how all our sins may be hidden, which is repent and amend. *Resipiscencia, resipiscencia*; repenting and amending is a sure remedy and a sure way to hide all that it shall not come out to our shame and confusion. Yet there is another seed that Christ was sowing in that sermon of His, and this was the seed: "I say to you, my friends, fear not him that killeth the body, but fear Him that, after He hath killed, hath power also to cast into hell fire," &c. And there, to put His disciples in comfort and sure hope of His help, and out of all doubt and mistrust of His assistance, He bringeth in unto them the example of the sparrows—how they are fed by God's mere providence and goodness; and also of the hairs of our heads—how that not so much as one hair falleth from our heads without Him. "Fear Him," saith He, "that, when He hath killed the body, may also cast into hell fire." Matter for all kinds of people here, but especially for kings.

And, therefore, here is another suit to your highness. Fear not him that killeth the body. Fear not these foreign princes and foreign powers. God shall make you strong enough. Stick to God, fear God; fear not them. God hath sent you many storms in your youth, but forsake not God, and He will not forsake you. Peradventure ye shall have that which shall move you, and say unto you, "Oh, sir, oh, such a one is a great man, he is a mighty prince, a king of great power; ye cannot be without his friendship; agree with him in religion, or else ye shall have him your enemy," &c. Well, fear them not, but cleave to God, and He shall defend you. Do not as King Ahaz did, that was afraid of the Assyrian king, and, for fear lest he should have

him to his enemy, was content to forsake God, and to agree with him in religion and worshipping of God; and anon sent to Uryas, the high-priest, who was ready at once to set up idolatry of the Assyrian king. Do not your highness so; fear not the best of them all, but fear God. The same Urias was *Capellanus ad manum*—a chaplain at hand, an elbow chaplain. If ye will turn, ye shall have that will turn with you, yea, even in their white rochets. But follow not Ahaz. Remember the hair—how it falls not without God's providence. Remember the sparrows—how they build in every house, and God provideth for them. "And ye are much more precious to me," saith Christ, "than sparrows or other birds." God will defend you, so that before your time cometh ye shall not die nor miscarry.

On a time when Christ was going to Jerusalem, His disciples said to Him, "They there would have stoned Thee, and wilt Thou now go thither again?" "What!" saith He again to them, "*Nonne duodecim sunt horæ in die,*" &c.—"Be there not twelve hours in the day?" saith He. God hath appointed His times as pleaseth Him, and before the time cometh that God hath appointed, they shall have no power against you. Therefore, stick to God and forsake Him not, but fear Him, and fear not men. And beware chiefly of two affections, fear and love. Fear, as Ahaz, of whom I have told you, that for fear of the Assyrian king he changed his religion, and thereby purchased God His indignation to him and his realm. And love, as Dina, Jacob's daughter, who caused a change of religion by Sicheu and Hemor, who were contented, for lust of a wife, to the destruction and spoiling of all the whole city. Read the chronicles of England and France, and ye shall see what changes of religion hath come by marriages and for marriages. "Marry my daughter and be baptized, and so forth, or else," &c. Fear them not. Remember the sparrows. And this rule should all estates and degrees follow, whereas now they fear men, and not God. If there be a judgment between a great man and a poor man, then must there be a corruption of justice for fear. "Oh, he is a great man; I dare not displease him," &c. Fie upon thee! Art thou a judge, and wilt be afraid to give right judgment? Fear him not, be he never so great a man, I say, but uprightly do true justice. Likewise, some pastors go from their cure; they are afraid of the plague; they dare not come nigh any sick body, but hire others, and they go away themselves. Out upon thee! The wolf cometh upon your flock to devour them, and when they have most need of thee, thou runnest away from them. The soldier, also, that should go on warfare, he will draw back as much as he can. "Oh, I shall be slain. Oh, such and such went, and never came again. Such men went the last year into Norfolk and were slain there." Thus they are afraid to go. They will labour to tarry at home. If the King command thee to go, thou art bound to go, and, serving the King, thou servest God. If thou serve God, He will not shorten thy days to thine hurt. "Well," saith some, "if they

had not gone they had lived to this day." How knowest thou that? Who made thee so privy of God's counsel? Follow thou thy vocation, and serve the King when he calleth thee. In serving him thou shalt serve God; and, till thy time comes, thou shalt not die. It was marvel that Jonas escaped in such a city. What then? Yet God preserved him so that he could not perish. Take, therefore, example by Jonas, and every man follow his vocation, not fearing men, but fearing God. . . . "There was," said Christ, "a man that went from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, and they wound him and left him for dead. And a priest came by that was his own countryman, and let him lie. A Levite came by, and would show no compassion upon him. At last a Samaritan came by, and set him on his horse, and conveyed him to a city, and provided surgery for him," &c. "Now, who was neighbour to this wounded man?" said Christ. *Qui fecit illi misericordiam*, quoth the lawyer. "He that showed mercy unto him." He that did the office of a neighbour, he was a neighbour. As ye may perceive by a more familiar example of the Bishop of Exeter, at Sutton, in Staffordshire. Who is a Bishop of Exeter? Forsooth, Master Coverdale. What? Do not all men know who is Bishop of Exeter? What! he hath been bishop many years. Well, say I, Master Coverdale is Bishop of Exeter; Master Coverdale putteth in execution the bishop's office, and he that doth the office of the bishop, he is the bishop indeed.² Therefore, say I, Master Coverdale is Bishop of Exeter. But to the purpose of Christ's question. Who made me a judge between you? Here an Anabaptist will say, "Ah, Christ refused the office of a judge. Ergo! there ought to be no judges nor magistrates among Christian men. If it had been a thing lawful, Christ would not have refused to do the office of a judge, and to have determined the variance between these two brethren." But Christ did thereby signify that He was not sent for that office. But if thou wilt have a trial and sentence of the matter according to the laws, thou must go to the temporal judge that is deputed therefore. But Christ's meaning was that he was come for another purpose; He had another office deputed unto Him than to be a judge in temporal matters. *Ego veni vocare peccatores ad penitentiam*—"I am come," said He, "to call sinners to repentance." He was come to preach the Gospel, the remission of sins, and the kingdom of God, and meant not thereby to disallow the office of temporal magistrates. Nay, if Christ had meant that there should be no magistrates, He would have bid Him take all, but Christ meant nothing so. But the matter is, that this covetous man, this brother, took his mark amiss; for he came to a wrong man to seek redress of his matter; nor Christ did not forbid him to seek his remedy at the magistrate's hand, but Christ refused to take upon Him the office that was not His calling.

For Christ had another vocation than to be a judge between such as contended about matters of land. If our rebels had had this in their minds, they would not have been their own judges, but they would have sought the redress of their grief at the hands of the King and his magistrates under him appointed. But no marvel of their blindness and ignorance, for the bishops are out of their diocese that should teach them this gear. But this man, perchance, had heard and did think that Christ was Messiah, whose reign in words foundeth a corporeal and a temporal reign, which should do justice and see a redress in all matters of worldly controversy; which is a necessary office in a Christian realm, and must needs be put in execution for ministering of justice. And therefore I require you (as a suitor rather than a preacher) look to your

¹ Reference is to the insurrections of 1549. In Devonshire the rioters, as an army of ten thousand men, under Humphrey Arundel, claimed restoration of the mass, the law of the Six Articles, and resumption of half the abbey lands. In Norfolk the insurrection, headed by Ket, a tanner, required the diversion from Scotch wars of six thousand men under the Earl of Warwick for attack upon the rebels. Two thousand of the Norfolk men were killed in the battle and pursuit; and Ket was hanged. The leaders of the rising in Devonshire and prisoners taken were also very severely dealt with. In the same year, 1549, Somerset was deposed from the Protectorate, after much abuse of power, including the erection, begun in that year, of Somerset House in the Strand, upon the site of buildings belonging to the bishoprics of Worcester, Lichfield, and Llandaff, and to the Temple, which were seized and appropriated without compensation.

² In the following year, 1551, Miles Coverdale was made actual Bishop of Exeter upon the resignation of Bishop Veysey.

office yourself, and lay not all on your officers' backs. Receive the bills of supplication yourself. I do not see you do so now-a-days as you were wont to do the last year.

For God's sake look unto it, and see to the ministering of justice your own self, and let poor suitors have answer. There is a king in Christendom, and it is the King of Denmark, that sitteth openly in justice thrice in the week, and hath doors kept open for the nonce. I have heard it reported of one that hath been there and seen the proof of it many a time and oft. And the last justice that ever he saw done there was of a priest's cause, that had had his glebe land taken from him. And now, here in England, some go about to take away all. But this priest had had his glebe land taken from him by a great man. Well, first went out letters for this man to appear at a day; process went out for him, according to the order of the law, and charged by virtue of those letters to appear before the king at such a day. The day came. The king sat in his hall ready to minister justice. The priest was there present. The gentleman, this lord, this great man, was called, and commanded to make his appearance according to the writ that had been directed out for him. And the lord came and was there, but he appeared not. "No?" quoth the king. "Was he summoned as he should be? Had he any warning to be here?" It was answered yea, and that he was there walking up and down in the hall; and that he knew well enough that that was his day, and also that he hath already been called; but he said he would not come before the king at that time, alleging that he needeth not as yet to make an answer, because he had had but one summoning. "No?" quoth the king. "Is he here present?" "Yea, forsooth, sir," said the priest. The king commanded him to be called, and to come before him. And the end was this, he made this lord, this great man, to restore unto the priest, not only the glebe land which he had taken from the priest, but also the rent and profit thereof for so long time as he had withholden it from the priest, which was eight years or thereabouts. Saith he, "When you can show better evidence than the priest has done why it ought to be your land, then he shall restore it to you again, and the profits thereof that he shall receive in the meantime. But till that day comes I charge ye that ye suffer him peaceably to enjoy that is his." This is a noble king, and this I tell for your example, that ye may do the like. Look upon the matter your own self. Poor men put up bills every day, and never the near. Confirm your kingdom in judgment, and begin doing of your office yourself, even now while you are young, and sit once or twice in the week in council among your lords. It shall cause things to have good success, and that matters shall not be lingered forth from day to day. It is good for every man do his own office, and to see that well executed and discharged.

But the root of all evil is covetousness. "What shall I do?" saith this rich man. He asked his own brainless head what he should do; he did not ask of the Scripture. For if he had asked of the Scripture, it would have told him; it would have said unto him, *Frange esurienti panem tuum*, &c.—"Break thy bread unto the hungry." All the affection of men now-a-days is in building gay and sumptuous houses; it is in setting up and pulling down, and never have they done building. But the end of all such great riches and covetousness is this—"This night, thou fool, thy soul shall be taken from thee. It is to be understood of all that rise up from little to much, as this rich man that the Gospel spake of. I do not despise riches, but I wish that men should have riches as Abraham had and as Joseph had. A man to have riches to help his neighbour is goodly riches. The worldly riches is to put all his trust and confidence in his worldly riches, that he may by them live

here gallantly, pleasantly, and voluptuously. Is this godly riches? No, no, this is not godly riches. It is a common saying now-a-days among many, "Oh, he is a rich man!" He is well worth five hundred pounds that hath given five hundred pounds to the poor, otherwise it is none of his. Yea, but who shall have this five hundred pounds? For whom hast thou got that five hundred pounds? What says Solomon? (Eccles. v.)—*Est alia infirmitas pessima, quam vidi sub sole, divitiæ conservatæ in malum Domini sui*—"Another evil," saith he, "and another very naughty imperfection—riches hoarded up and kept together to the owner's harm; for many times such riches do perish and consume away miserably." "Such a one shall sometimes have a son," said he, "that shall be a very beggar, and live in all extreme penury." Oh, goodly riches, that one man shall get it and another come to devour it! Therefore, *Videte et cavete ab avaritia*—"See and beware of covetousness." Believe God's words, for they will not deceive you nor lie. Heaven and earth shall perish, but, *Verbum Domini manet in æternum*—"The Word of the Lord abideth and endureth for ever." Oh, this leavened faith, this unseasoned faith! Beware of this unseasoned faith. A certain man asked me this question, "Diddst thou ever see a man live long that had great riches?" Therefore, saith the wise man, if God send thee riches, use them. If God send thee abundance, use it according to the rule of God's Word, and study to be rich in our Saviour Jesus Christ. To whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all honour, glory, and praise for ever and ever. Amen.

After taking leave of the court, Hugh Latimer seems to have been in Lincolnshire during the rest of Edward VI's reign. In 1552 he preached at Grimsthorpe Castle seven sermons on the Lord's Prayer, and notes have been left us of twenty-one other sermons of his preached in Lincolnshire. Upon the accession of Mary he was sent for, and taken to the Tower, saying, as he passed through Smithfield, that this place had long groaned for him. But it was at Oxford, on the 16th of October, 1555, that Hugh Latimer was burnt with Nicholas Ridley, saying, when the lighted fagot was placed under his friend's martyr-pile, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

The martyrdom of Thomas Cranmer followed that of Hugh Latimer, on the 21st of March, 1556. A part of his labour as Archbishop of Canterbury had been to assist in producing the first Prayer Book of the Reformed Church of England, which came into use on Whit Sunday, the 9th of June, 1549. A revision of this was entrusted to Cranmer, who invited criticisms from the most competent advisers, and produced what is known as King Edward's Second Prayer Book. This was authorised by Parliament in 1552. Many of the Collects in the Prayer Book of 1549 were first written in that year, and among them this:—

"Blessed Lord, who hast caused all Holy Scriptures to be written for our learning; Grant that we may in each wise hear them, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of Thy Holy Word, we may embrace and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour, Jesus Christ."

In the summer of 1551 Archbishop Cranmer sketched the faith of the Reformed Church of England in a series of forty-two Articles of Religion. Of these, a draught was sent to the bishops for revision and suggestion. They were then submitted to William Cecil and John Cheke, then to the royal chaplains, including Edmund Grindal and John Knox. In November, 1552, they were returned to the Archbishop for final corrections, and in 1553 they were published by Richard Grafton, the king's printer, as "Articles agreed on by the Bishops and other learned men in the Synod at London in the year of our Lord God 1552, for the avoiding of controversy in opinions and the establishment of a godly concord in certain matters of Religion." By a royal mandate of June 19th, 1553, actual incumbents of Church livings were required to subscribe to these forty-two articles, on pain of deprivation; future incumbents were to subscribe to them before admission. But the death of Edward VI. in July arrested the movement.

There was also an authorised book of Homilies to which Cranmer contributed three sermons. In 1540 a book of Postilles or Homilies upon the Epistles and Gospels with sermons on other subjects "by dyverse learned men" had been issued by royal allowance, and in 1542 the Convocation of the Clergy resolved to prepare a Book of Homilies "to stay such errors as were then by ignorant men sparkled¹ among the people." In 1547 Archbishop Cranmer applied his energy to the carrying out of this design, and he published in that year a volume of twelve Homilies. The three written by himself were on "The Salvation of Mankind," "The True and Lively Christian Faith," and "Good Works annexed unto Faith." Two were by Thomas Becon, who lived until 1570.

Of Cranmer's preaching I take as an example the First Part of his "Short Declaration of the True, Lively, and Christian Faith" in the first Book of Homilies. The Homily was in three parts, which were to be read at successive meetings of the congregation, and the First Part, a complete sermon for one service, was this upon

FAITH, DEAD AND LIVING.

The first entry unto God, good Christian people, is through faith, whereby (as it is declared in the last sermon) we be justified before God. And lest any man should be deceived for lack of right understanding thereof, it is diligently to be noted, that faith is taken in the Scripture two manner of ways. There is one faith, which in Scripture is called a dead faith, which bringeth forth no good works, but is idle, barren, and unfruitful. And this faith by the holy Apostle St. James is compared to the faith of devils, which believe God to be true and just, and tremble for fear; yet they do nothing well, but all evil. And such a manner of faith have the wicked and naughty Christian people, "which confess God," as St. Paul saith, "in their mouth, but deny him in their deeds, being abominable, and without the right faith, and in all good works reprobable." And this faith is a persuasion and belief in man's heart, whereby he knoweth that there is

a God, and assenteth unto all truth of God's most holy Word, contained in holy Scripture: so that it consisteth only in believing of the Word of God, that it is true. And this is not properly called faith. But as he that readeth Caesar's Commentaries, believing the same to be true, hath thereby a knowledge of Caesar's life and noble acts, because he believeth the history of Caesar; yet it is not properly said, that he believeth in Caesar, of whom he looketh for no help nor benefit: even so, he that believeth that all that is spoken of God in the Bible is true, and yet liveth so ungodly, that he cannot look to enjoy the promises and benefits of God; although it may be said that such a man hath a faith and belief to the Word of God, yet it is not properly said that he believeth in God, or hath such a faith and trust in God, whereby he may surely look for grace, mercy, and eternal life at God's hand, but rather for indignation and punishment, according to the merits of his wicked life. For, as it is written in a book intituled to be of Didymus Alexandrinus: "Forasmuch as faith without works is dead, it is not now faith, as a dead man is not a man." The dead faith therefore is not that sure and substantial faith, which saveth sinners.

Another faith there is in Scripture, which is not, as the foresaid faith, idle, unfruitful, and dead, but "worketh by charity," as St. Paul declareth (Gal. v.); which, as the other vain faith is called a dead faith, so may this be called a quick or lively faith. And this is not only the common belief of the articles of our faith, but it is also a sure trust and confidence of the mercy of God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and a steadfast hope of all good things to be received at God's hand; and that, although we through infirmity, or temptation of our ghostly enemy, do fall from him by sin, yet if we return again unto him by true repentance, that he will forgive and forget our offences for his Son's sake, our Saviour Jesus Christ, and will make us inheritors with him of his everlasting kingdom; and that in the mean time, until that kingdom come, he will be our protector and defender in all perils and dangers, whatsoever do chance: and that, though sometime he doth send us sharp adversity, yet that evermore he will be a loving father unto us, correcting us for our sin, but not withdrawing his mercy finally from us, if we trust in him, and commit ourselves wholly to him, hang only upon him, and call upon him, ready to obey and serve him. This is the true, lively, and unfeigned Christian faith, and is not in the mouth and outward profession only, but it liveth and stirreth inwardly in the heart. And this faith is not without hope and trust in God, nor without the love of God and of our neighbours, nor without the fear of God, nor without the desire to hear God's Word, and to follow the same, in eschewing evil and doing gladly all good works.

This faith, as St. Paul describeth it, is the "sure ground and foundation of the benefits which we ought to look for, and trust to receive of God; a certificate and sure expectation of them, although they yet sensibly appear not unto us." And after he saith: "He that cometh to God must believe both that he is, and that he is a merciful rewarder of well-doers." And nothing commendeth good men unto God so much as this assured faith and trust in him.

Of this faith three things are specially to be noted. First, that this faith doth not lie dead in the heart, but is lively and fruitful in bringing forth good works. Second, that without it can no good works be done, that shall be acceptable and pleasant to God. Third, what manner of good works they be that this faith doth bring forth.

For the first, as the light cannot be hid, but will show forth itself at one place or other; so a true faith cannot be kept secret, but, when occasion is offered, it will break out

¹ Sparked, scattered, sprinkled. From Latin "spargere."

and show itself by good works. And as the living body of a man ever exerciseth such things as belongeth to a natural and living body, for nourishment and preservation of the same, as it hath need, opportunity, and occasion; even so the soul, that hath a lively faith in it, will be doing alway some good work, which shall declare that it is living, and will not be unoccupied. Therefore, when men hear in the Scriptures so high commendations of faith, that it maketh us to please God, to live with God, and to be the children of God; if then they phantasy that they be set at liberty from doing all good works, and may live as they list, they trifle with God, and deceive themselves. And it is a manifest token that they be far from having the true and lively faith, and also far from knowledge what true faith meaneth. For the very sure and lively Christian faith is, not only to believe all things of God which are contained in holy Scripture; but also is an earnest trust and confidence in God, that he doth regard us, and hath cure of us, as the father of the child whom he doth love, and that he will be merciful unto us for his only Son's sake, and that we have our Saviour Christ our perpetual advocate and priest, in whose only merits, oblation, and suffering, we do trust that our offences be continually washed and purged, whensoever we, repenting truly, do return to him with our whole heart, steadfastly determining with ourselves, through his grace, to obey and serve him in keeping his commandments, and never to turn back again to sin. Such is the true faith that the Scripture doth so much commend; the which, when it seeth and considereth what God hath done for us, is also moved, through continual assistance of the Spirit of God, to serve and please him, to keep his favour, to fear his displeasure, to continue his obedient children, showing thankfulness again by observing his commandments, and that freely, for true love chiefly, and not for dread of punishment or love of temporal reward; considering how clearly, without our deservings, we have received his mercy and pardon freely.

This true faith will show forth itself, and cannot long be idle: for, as it is written, "The just man doth live by his faith." He neither sleepeth, nor is idle, when he should wake and be well occupied. And God by his prophet Jeremy saith, that "he is a happy and blessed man which hath faith and confidence in God. For he is like a tree set by the water-side, that spreadeth his roots abroad toward the moisture, and feareth not heat when it cometh; his leaf will be green, and will not cease to bring forth his fruit:" even so faithful men, putting away all fear of adversity, will show forth the fruit of their good works, as occasion is offered to do them.

John Bale, born at Hove, in Suffolk, in the year 1495, began life as a Carmelite monk at Norwich, was afterwards a priest in the Suffolk parish of Thorndon, then studied at Cambridge, and at the age of thirty became Doctor of Civil Law. Lord Wentworth, of Nettlestead, Suffolk, in days of much controversy about reformation in religion, transformed John Bale the Carmelite into John Bale the Reformer. As he wrote himself, in the last chapter of his eighth Century of British Writers, "I was involved in the utmost ignorance and darkness of mind, both at Norwich and Cambridge, without tutor or patron, till the Word of God shining forth, the Churches began to return to the true foundation of Divinity. Moved not by any monk or priest, but by the noble Lord Wentworth, of Nettlestead, in Suffolk, I saw and acknowledged my former defor-

mity, and by the goodness of God I was transported from the barren Mount (Carmel) into the fair and fruitful valley of the Gospel, where I found all things built, not on a sandy shore, but on a solid foundation of stone." Then John Bale put off his habit as Carmelite, married a wife Dorothy, and became a zealous convert. For marrying and preaching heresy he was cited before Dr. Lee, Archbishop of York, and Dr. Stokesly, Bishop of London. Thomas Cromwell rescued him, but after Cromwell had been executed in 1540 for introducing Henry VIII. to his fourth wife, who proved fatter than he expected, and who did not please him, John Bale had lost his friend. He then went into Germany, where he remained during the last six years of Henry VIII.'s reign, writing some sharp attacks upon the Roman Catholics, and preparing in Latin an account of the Illustrious Writers of Great Britain (*"Illustrium Majoris Britanniae Scriptorum Summarium"*), printed at Ipswich by John Overton, in 1548. Edward VI. had then come to the throne, and his advisers had just recalled John Bale and given him the rectory of Bishopstoke, near Southampton. Therefore his account of British Writers, divided into Centuries, had in this first edition a picture of its author presenting his book to the young king in formal state.



JOHN BALE PRESENTING A BOOK TO EDWARD VI.
From his *"Centuries of British Writers"* (1548).

It is this volume which contains the portrait of Wiclif already given.¹ It has one other illustration as tailpiece to prefatory matter, which again represents Bale's presentation of his book to the young king, and contrasts amusingly with the other sketch of the same incident. The more solemn picture may be supposed to represent such a presentation as it was fancied beforehand. The other shows, perhaps, the fact as it was afterwards remembered; and, since

¹ On page 76.

Bale did not want liveliness, it seems to have been suggested as the subject of another little woodcut.



SECOND VIEW OF JOHN BALE PRESENTING A BOOK TO EDWARD VI.
From his "Centuries of British Writers" (1548).

In August, 1552, Bale was made Bishop of Ossory, in Ireland, and endeavoured to convert his people to the Reformed Church. King Edward died before the bishopric had been held quite a year; Mary came to the throne, and the relations of the Roman Catholics to the Reformers were again suddenly reversed. Some of Bale's servants were killed, and his own life was in danger; he escaped to Dublin, sailed thence, was taken by pirates, but at last made his way to Basle, where he published a new edition of his "Centuries of British Writers." He came back after Elizabeth's accession, declined to return to Ireland, and was made a prebend of Canterbury, where he lived content until he died in 1563, leaving, said Thomas Fuller, "a scholar's inventory, more books (many of his own writing) than money behind him."

Among John Bale's works are religious Interludes, one on "the Promises of God" which is comparatively well known;¹ another, made in 1538, which remains only in a single copy of the original edition, and has been reproduced by the Rev. A. B. Grosart in the Miscellany of his "Fuller Worthies' Library."² This is on "The Temptation of our Lord," which thus opens:

BALEUS PROLOCUTOR.

After his baptism Christ was God's Son declared
By the Father's voice, as ye before have heard,
Which signifieth to us that we, once baptized,
Are the sons of God by His gift and reward,
And because that we should have Christ in regard
He gave unto him the mighty authority
Of His Heavenly Word, our only Teacher to be.

¹ It is in the first volume of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays.

² This Miscellany, now completed, forms four substantial volumes, each containing five or six scarce and valuable works, privately printed.

Now is he gone forth into the desert place
With the Holy Ghost his office to begin,
Where Satan, the Devil, with his assaults apace,
With colours of craft and many a subtle gin
Will undermine him, yet nothing shall he win
But shame and rebuke in the conclusion final,
This tokeneth our rise, and his unrecurable fall.

Learn first in this act that we whom Christ doth call
Ought not to follow the fantasies of man
But the Holy Ghost as our guide special,
Which to defend us is he that will and can;
To persecution let us prepare us than,³
For that will follow in them that seek the Truth:
Mark in this process what troubles to Christ ensu'th.

Satan assaulteth him with many a subtle drift,
So will he do us, if we take Christ's part.
And when that helpeth not he seeketh another shift
The rulers among to put Christ unto smart,
With so many else that bear him their good heart:
Be ye sure of this, as ye are of daily meat,
If ye follow Christ, with him ye must be beat.

For assaults of Satan, learn here the remedie,
Take the Word of God, let that be your defence.
So will Christ teach you in our next comedie,
Earnestly print it in your quick intelligence.
Resist not the World but with meek patience
If ye be of Christ. Of this hereafter ye shall
Perceive more at large, by the story as it fall.

The Interlude begins with Christ in the Wilderness, who will encounter Satan to teach men ways his mischiefs to prevent

By the Word of God, which must be your defence,
Rather than Fastings, to withstand his violence.

Then comes Satan, seeking everywhere the hurt of man, to try Christ, of whom he has heard as the Redeemer. He puts on a semblance of religion, approaches Christ and says:

It is a great joy, by my halidom, to see
So virtuous a life in a young man as you be.
As here thus to wander in godly contemplation,
And to live alone in the desert solitary.

Iesus Christus.

Your pleasure is it to utter your fantasie.

Satan Tentator.

A brother am I of this desert wilderness,
And full glad would be to talk with you of goodness,
If ye would accept my simple companie.

Iesus Christus.

I disdain nothing which is of God truly.

Satan Tentator.

Then will I be bold a little with you to walk.

Iesus Christus.

Do so if ye list, and your mind freely talk.

³ Than, then.

The temptations then begin in dialogue of argument. To the suggestion that the stones should be made bread it is answered :

Man liveth not by bread or corporal feeding only,
But by God's Promise, and by His Scriptures heavenly.
Here ye persuade me to recreate my body
And neglect God's Word, which is great blasphemy.
This causéd Adam from innocency to fall,
And all his offspring made miserable and mortall.
Whereas in God's Word there is both sprete¹ and life,
And where that is not, death and damnation is rife.
The strength of God's Word mightily sustained Moses
For forty days' space, thereof such is the goodnéss.
It fortified Elias, it preservéd Daniél
And help in the desert the children of Israël.
Sore plagues do follow where God's Word is reject,
For no persuasion will I therefore neglect
That office to do which God hath me commandéd,
But in all meekness it shall be accomplishéd.

Satan Tentator.

I had rather nay, considering your feebleness,
For ye are but tuly,² ye are no strong person doubtless.

Iesus Christus.

Well, it is not the bread that doth a man uphold,
But the Lord of Heaven with His graces manifold;
He that man creates is able him to nourish
And after weakness cause him again to flourish.
God's Word is a rule for all that man should do,
And out of that rule no creature ought to go.

There spoke the Reformer who desired a Church based upon Bible rule, and Christian lives obedient to the teaching of Christ and his Apostles. When Scripture is still insisted on, Satan is made to answer :

Scriptures I know none, for I am but an hermit I;
I may say to you, it is no part of our study.
We religious men live all in contemplation;
Scriptures to study is not our occupation.
It longeth to Doctors. Howbeit I may say to yow,
As blind as we are they in the understanding now.

Then Satan suggests to Christ to wander to Jerusalem, there tempts him to throw himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, saying :

Tush, Scripture is with it, ye cannot fare amiss.
For it is written how God hath given a charge
Unto his Angels that if ye leap at large
They shall receive ye, in their hands tenderly
Lest ye dash your foot against a stone thereby.
If ye do take scathe, believe God is not true
Nor just of His word, and then bid Him Adieu.

Iesus Christus.

In no wise ye ought the Scriptures to deprave,
But as they lie whole, so ought ye them to have.

No more take ye here than serve for your vain purpose
Leaving out the best, as ye should trifle or glose.
Ye mind not by this towards God to edify,
But of sincere faith to corrupt the innocency.

Satan is shown that he has wrested Scripture from its sense for his own purpose, and Christ say

To walk in God's ways it becometh mortal man,
And therefore I will obey them if I can.
For it is written, in the sixth of Deuteronomy,
Thou shalt in no wise tempt God presumptuously.

Satan Tentator.

What is it to tempt God, after your judgement ?

Iesus Christus.

To take of His Word an outward experiment
Of an idle brain, which God neither taught ne meant.

Satan Tentator.

What persons do so ? Make that more evident.

Iesus Christus.

All such as forsake any grace or remedy
Appointed of God for their own policy.
As they that do think God shall fill their belly
Without their labours, when His laws are contrary.
And they that will say, the Scripture of God doth else
They never searching thereof the verities.
Those also tempt God that vow presumptuously,
Not having His gift, to keep their continence.
With so many else as follow their good intents
Not grounded on God nor yet on His commandments.
These throw themselves down into most deep damnation.

Satan Tentator.

Little good get I by this communication.
Will ye walk farther and let this prattling be ?
A Mountain here is, which I wold you to see.

Still by reference to God's Word all the temptations are resisted. Then says Satan :

Well, then it helpeth not to tarry here any longer,
Advantage to have I see I must go farther;
So long as thou livest I am like to have no profit.
If all come to pass, I may sit as much in your light
If ye preach God's Word, as methinks ye do intend :
Ere four years be past I shall you to your Father send.
If pharisees and scribes can do anything thereto,
False priests and bishops with my other servants mo.
Though I have hinderance it will be but for a season;
I doubt not thine own will hereafter work some treason.
My Vicar at Rome I think will be my frynde,
I defy thee therefore ; and take thy words as wynde.
He shall Me worship and have the World to reward :
That Thou here forsakest, he will most highly regard.
God's Word will he tread underneath his foot for ever
And the hearts of men from the Truth thereof disserve.
Thy faith will he hate, and slay thy flock in condescend.
All this will I work, to do thee utter confusion.

² *Slee, slay.*

¹ *Sprete, spirit.*

² *Tuly.* In Halliwell's "Dictionary of Provincial and Archaic Words," *tully* is given as Yorkshire for "a little wretch." Cymric "*tuli*" is a shroud; "*tul*" an outer covering only. In that sense "*tuly*" would be equivalent to "*skinny*."

Jesus Christus.

Thy cruel assaults shall hurt neither me nor mine,
 Though we suffer both, by the Providence Divine.
 Such strength is ours, that we will have victory
 Of Sin, Death, and Hell, and Thee in thy most fury.
 For God hath promised that His shall tread the Dragon
 Underneath their feet with the fierce roaring lion.

Then Angels come with heavenly food and minister to Christ; at the close of the Interlude both Christ and the Angels turn to the people, urging them to follow Christ; and the piece ends with a sweet singing of the Angels before Christ.

John Bale adds then an Epilogue in his own person, bidding all men resist the devil, and lay fast hold on the Scriptures:

Resist, saith Peter, resist that roaring lion—
 Not with your fastings, Christ never taught ye so.
 But with a strong faith withstand his false suggestion
 And with the Scriptures upon him ever go.

It is interesting to observe how Bale draws from the Temptation in the Wilderness a lesson for the days of Henry VIII., when the battle was for a Bible in the hands of every Englishman. He makes it his whole object to insist on the fact that Christ prevailed because he rested on the Word of God. In a later day we shall find Milton in his "Paradise Regained" applying the same narrative with equal precision and far higher power to the maintenance of faith during another critical stage of the life of England.

John Knox was born in 1505, at Gifford, in Lothian. He was taught first at the Haddington Grammar School, and then at the University of St. Andrews. He was ordained priest at the age of twenty-five, in 1530. This was two years after the burning of Patrick Hamilton, a young Scottish gentleman, who had visited Luther, and had then taught Lutheran opinions in Scotland. The martyrdom of Hamilton gave impulse to the movement for Reform, and other burnings, between 1530 and 1540, helped it much. Knox, teaching philosophy at St. Andrews, advanced in the boldness of his opinions, and attacked corruptions of the Church. Cardinal Beatoun being then supreme at St. Andrews, Knox went to the south of Scotland, and in 1542 declared himself a Protestant. He was then sentenced by Beatoun as a heretic, and expelled from the priesthood of the Roman Church. In 1544 George Wishart returned to Scotland with the commissioners who had been sent to negotiate a treaty with Henry VIII. George Wishart, a brother of the Laird of Pittarow, in Mearns, had been banished by the Bishop of Brechin for teaching the Greek Testament in Montrose, and he had been living for some years at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. One of his pupils there sent to John Fox, who published it in the "Book of Martyrs," the following

CHARACTER OF GEORGE WISHART.

About the yeare of our Lord, a thousand, five hundreth, fortie and three, there was, in the universitie of Cambridge, one Maister George Wischart, commonly called Maister George of Bennet's Colledge, who was a man of tall stature, polde headed,¹ and on the same a round French cap of the best. Judged of melancholye complexion by his phisiognomie, blacke haired, long bearded, comely of personage, well spoken after his country of Scotland, courteous, lowly, lovely, glad to teach, desirous to learne, and was well trauelled; hauing on him for his habit or clothing, neuer but a mantell friso gowne to the shoes, a blacke Millian fustain dublet, and plaine blacke hosen, coarse new canuasse for his shirtes, and white falling bandes and cuffes at the hands. All the which apparell he gaue to the poore, some weekly, some monethly, some quarterly, as hee liked, sauing his Frenche cappe, which hee kept the whole yeare of my beeing with him. Hee was a man modest, temperate, fearing God, hating couetousnesse: for his charitie had neuer ende, night, noone, nor daye. Hee forbore one meale in three, one day in foure for the most part, except something to comfort nature. Hee lay hard upon a pouffe of straw: coarse new canuasse sheetes, which, when he changed, he gaue away. Hee had commonly by his bedside a tubbe of water, in the which (his people being in bed, the candle put out, and all quiet) hee used to bathe himselfe, as I being very yong, being assured often heard him, and in one light night discerned him. Hee loved me tenderly, and I him, for my age, as effectually. Hee taught with great modestie and grauitie, so that some of his people thought him seuer, and would haue slain him, but the Lord was his defence. And hee, after due correction for their malice, by good exhortation amended them, and hee went his way. O that the Lord had left him to mee his poore boy, that hee might haue finished that hee had begunne! For in his Religion hee was as you see heere in the rest of his life when he went into Scotland with diuers of the Nobilitie, that came for a treaty to King Henry the eight. His learning was no less sufficient than his desire, alwayes prest and readie to do good in that hee was able, both in the house priuately, and in the schoole publicly, professing and reading diuers authours.

If I should declare his loue to mee and all men, his charitie to the poore, in giuing, relieuing, caring, helping, prouiding, yea infinitely studying how to do good unto all, and hurt to none, I should sooner want words than just cause to commend him.

All this I testifie with my whole heart and trueth of this godly man. Hee that made all, gouerneth all, and shall judge all, knoweth I speake the troth, that the simple may be satisfied, the arrogant confounded, the hypocrite disclosed.

τέλος²

EMERY TYLNEY.

George Wishart preached Church Reform in Scotland, and had many adherents, none more devoted than John Knox, who was then a tutor in the family of Hugh Douglas of Langniddrie, in East Lothian, who had become a Protestant. The son of a neighbouring gentleman, John Cockburn of Ormiston, was also taught by him. When Wishart visited Lothian, Knox stood by him at his preaching with the sword that was carried to defend the preacher

¹ Polde-headed, with shaven head.² τέλος, the end.

after an attempt had been made to assassinate him at Dundee. When Wishart was arrested, Knox desired to go with him, but his friend said, "Nay, return to your bairnis" (his pupils); "ane is sufficient for a sacrifice." Wishart was burnt on the 28th of March, 1546, Cardinal Beatoun looking on. Of Cardinal Beatoun's use of extreme penalties against heresy it was said that he caused the Governor of Perth to hang four honest men for eating a goose on Friday. Beatoun's own life was conspired against, not without privy of the English court; his Castle of St. Andrews was seized by surprise; and he was put to death on the 29th of May, two months after the burning of George Wishart. It was at Easter, in 1547, that John Knox with his pupils, the sons of the Lairds of Langniddrie and Ormiston, went into the Castle, which was held, after Beatoun's assassination, by those who had seized it. They were besieged by the Regent and helped by England. Scottish Reformers joined them. John Knox taught his boys, and catechised them publicly in the Castle as he had done at Langniddrie in a chapel of which the ruin is still called John Knox's Kirk. But the regular preacher to the St. Andrews garrison was John Rough, a reformer about five years younger than Knox.¹ Knox was urged to share his work, and refused to intrude on the regular ministrations. But on a fixed day Rough preached a sermon on the right of a congregation, however small, to elect a minister, and the responsibility incurred by one who had fit gifts if he refused the call. Then in the name of the congregation he publicly turned to Knox and said, "Brother, you shall not be offended, although I speak unto you that which I have in charge, even from all those that are here present, which is this: In the name of God and of His Son Jesus Christ, and in the name of all that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that you refuse not this holy vocation; but as you tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ's kingdom, the edification of your brethren, and the comfort of me, whom you understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labours, that you take the public office and charge of preaching, even as you look to avoid God's heavy displeasure, and desire that He shall multiply his graces unto you." Then the preacher, turning to the congregation, said, "Was not this your charge unto me? and do ye not approve this vocation?" They all answered, "It was; and we approve it." Knox, overwhelmed with emotion, burst into tears and left the assembly. He shut himself in his chamber, and records in his own History that "his countenance and behaviour from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself in the public place of preaching did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth from him, neither had he pleasure to accompany any man for many days together."

Among those reformers besieged in the Castle of St. Andrews who called upon Knox to preach was one

who has been called the Poet of the Scottish Reformation, Sir David Lindsay of the Mount;² and Lindsay's latest and longest poem, "The Monarchie," finished in 1553, may have been suggested by a sermon that Knox preached in this year 1547, against the Church of Rome. Dean John Annand having in public controversy sheltered himself behind authority of the Church, Knox replied that authority of the Church depended on acceptance of her as the lawful spouse of Christ. "For your Roman Church," he said, "as it is now corrupted, wherein stands the hope of your victory, I no more doubt that it is the synagogue of Satan, and the head thereof, called the Pope, to be that Man of Sin of whom the Apostle speaks, than I doubt that Jesus Christ suffered by the procurement of the visible church of Jerusalem. Yea, I offer myself, by word or writing, to prove the Roman Church this day farther degenerate from the purity which was in days of the Apostles than was the church of the Jews from the ordinances given by Moses when they consented to the innocent death of Jesus Christ." Called upon to make good his challenge, Knox preached next Sunday in the parish church, and interpreting Daniel's Vision of Four Beasts as a vision of the Four Empires of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome, he took for his text³ "The Fourth Beast shall be the Fourth Kingdom upon earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down and break it in pieces. And the ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings that shall arise; and another shall rise after them, and he shall be diverse from the first, and he shall subdue three kings. And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws; and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time." This king John Knox identified with him who is elsewhere called the Man of Sin, the Antichrist, describing not a single person, but a body of people under a wicked headship held by a succession of persons. He argued that the Papal rule was Antichristian by describing it under the three heads of life, doctrine, and law. Of the effect of this sermon Knox wrote himself in his History, "Some said, 'Others hewed the branches of Papistry, but he striketh at the root to destroy the whole.' Others said, 'If the doctors and magistri nostri defend not now the Pope and his authority, which in their own presence is so manifestly impugned, the Devil have my part of him and his laws both.' Others said, 'Mr. George Wishart spake never so plainly, and yet he was burnt; even so will he be in the end.' Others said, 'The tyranny of the Cardinal made not his cause the better, neither yet the suffering of God's servant made his cause the worse. And therefore we would counsel you and them to provide better defences than fire and sword, for it may be that always ye shall be disappointed. Men now

¹ John Rough was burnt, by sentence of Bishop Bonner, on the 22nd of December, 1537.

² See the volume of this Library illustrating "Shorter English Poems," pages 145-151.

³ Daniel vii. 23-25.

have other eyes than they had then.' This answer gave the Laird of Niddrie."

Lindsay's poem of "The Monarchie, a Dialogue between Experience and a Courtier of the Miserable Estate of the World," began with a religious prologue, and was then divided into four books, which went through the four great Monarchies, Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman, to dwell especially upon that which grew out of the last, namely, the Fifth, spiritual and Papal, which, after the triumph over Antichrist, was to be followed by the true Monarchy of Christ. These lines from the section of Lindsay's "Monarchie" which treats of the Fifth or Papal Monarchy, touch the self-seeking of

THE SPIRITUALTIE.

The seilye¹ Nun wyll thynk gret schame,
Without scho callit be Madame;
The pure Preist thynkis he gettis no rycht,
Be he nocht stylit lyke ane Knycht,
And callit "schir" affore his name,
As "schir Thomas" and "schir Wilgame."
All Monkrye, 3e may heir and se,
Ar callit Denis,² for dignite:
Quhowbeit his mother mylk the kow,
He man³ be callit Dene Androw,
Dene Peter, dene Paull, and dene Robart.
With Christ thay tak ane painfull part,
With dowbyll clethyng frome the cald,
Eitand and drynkand quhen thay wald;
With curious countryng in the queir:⁴
God wait gyf thay by⁵ heuin full deir.
My lorde Abbot, rycht venerabyll,
Ay marschellit vpmoste at the tabyll;
My lord Byschope, moste reuerent,
Sett abufe Erlis, in Parliament;
And Cardinalis, duryng thare ryngis,⁶
Fallowis to Princis and to Kyngis;
The Pope exaltit, in honour,
Abufe the potent Empriour.
The proude Persone,⁷ I thynk trewlye,
He leidis his lyfe rycht lustelye;
For quhy he hes none vther pyne,
Bot tak his teind, and spend it syne.⁸
Bot he is oblyste, be resoun,
To preche ontyll parrochioun:⁹
Thought thay want precheing sewintene 3eir,
He wyll nocht want ane boll of beir.¹⁰

[14 lines omitted.]

And, als, the Vicar, as I trow,
He wyll nocht fail to tak ane kow,
And vmaist claith, thought babis thame ban,
Frome ane pure selye housbandman.
Quhen that he lyis for tyll de,
Haiffeing small bairnis two or thre,
And hes thre ky, withouttin mo,
The Vicare moist haue one of tho,

With the gay cloke that happis the bed,
Howbeit that he be purelye cled.
And gyf the wyfe de on the morne,
Thocht all the babis suld be forlorne,
The vther kow he cleikis awaye,
With hir pure coit of reploch graye.
And gyf, within tway dayis or thre,
The eldest chyld hapnis to de,
Off the thrid kow he wylbe sure.
Cuhen he hes all, than, vnder his cure,
And Father and Mother boith ar dede,
Beg mon the babis, without remede:
Thay hauld the Corps at the kirk style;
And thare it moste remane ane quhyle,
Tyll thay gett sufficient souerte.
For thare kirk rycht and dewite.¹¹
Than cumis the Landis Lord, perfors,
And cleikis tyll hym ane herield hors.
Pure laubourars wald that law wer down,
Quhilk neuer was fundit be resoun.
I hard thame say, onder confessioun,
That law is brother tyll Oppressioun.

At the end of June, 1547, the Reformers in St. Andrews Castle were, with the help of a French fleet and French soldiers, beset by land and sea. At the end of July they capitulated, and Knox became a chained prisoner in a French galley, under conditions that brought on dangerous fever. After nineteen months of imprisonment he was set free, in February, 1549. Edward VI. was then King of England, and John Knox, welcomed by the Privy Council, was at once sent to preach in Berwick.

In April, 1550, John Knox, cited to appear at Newcastle, justified himself for preaching that the mass, at its best, was an idolatrous substitute for the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In 1551 he preached chiefly at Newcastle, and in December of that year he was made one of King Edward's six chaplains in ordinary, each paid with a salary of forty pounds. Two of them were to be always present with the king, and four to preach elsewhere in appointed districts. Knox's influence produced modifications of the form of administering the Communion as set forth in King Edward's first service-book, modifications planned to shut out the Roman doctrine of real presence.

At Berwick, John Knox engaged himself to Miss Marjorie Bowes, whom he married in 1553, after the death of Edward VI., under whom his scruples as to the constitution of the English Church caused him to refuse first the living of All Hallows, and afterwards a bishopric. After the change of reign Knox at first hoped to live quietly in the north of England, but it was soon made evident to him

¹ Seilye, simple.

² Denis. Dene or Dan, the shortened form of Dominus, Master; so Dan Chaucer and Dan John Lydgate. "Sir" (*schir*) was for a long time a common prefix to a clerical name, as with "Sir Topas the curate" in "Twelfth Night."

³ Man, must.

⁴ God knows if they buy.

⁵ Persone, parson.

⁶ Perrochioun, parishioners.

⁷ Account-keeping in the choir.

⁸ Ryngis, reigns.

⁹ Take his tithe and then spend it.

¹⁰ Beir, barley.

¹¹ Lindsay here repeats what he had expressed between the two parts of his "Satire of the Three Estates" in a tragi-comic episode of a poor man ruined by church claim on his scanty goods after each death in his household. Here the poor husbandman dies, leaving widow and children. The church claims his counterpane (upmost cloth) and one of his three cows. If next the widow dies, another cow is taken. If then the eldest of the orphans dies, the church takes the last cow, the little ones must beg, and the corpse go unburied until they can find surety for burial fees.

that he must leave the country, and he crossed to Dieppe at the end of January, 1554. Returning to Dieppe from time to time for news from his wife and friends in England, John Knox presently found a friend in John Calvin—a man of his own age—in Geneva. In August, 1555, he used opportunity of paying a visit to his wife at Berwick, and went quietly to Edinburgh, where he preached to a small gathering of Protestants, who then showed a growing desire to be taught by him. He stirred some to enthusiasm, persuaded them against outward conformity to Roman forms, and established formal separation. In a hall at Calder House in West Lothian hangs a picture of John Knox, with an inscription on the back, saying that “the first sacrament of the supper given in Scotland after the Reformation was dispensed in this hall.” The reference is to this visit to Scotland at the close of 1555. Knox was invited by Erskine of Dun to his home in Angus, and there for a month preached daily to the chief people of the neighbourhood. Then he went to Calder House, where his host was Sir James Sandilands, Chief of the Knights Hospitallers in Scotland. Among those who attended Knox’s preachings at Calder House were Archibald, Lord Lorne, afterwards Earl of



JOHN KNOX. (From a Portrait at Calder House. Engraved for McCrie's "Life of Knox," 1811.)

Argyle; John Lord Erskine, afterwards Earl of Mar; and Lord James Stewart, afterwards Earl of Murray. At the beginning of 1556 Lockhart of Bar and Campbell of Kineancleuch took Knox to Kyle, where there were many advanced Reformers. Next he was with the family of the Earl of Glencairn at Finlayston. Then he was at Calder House again, and then again at Dun, where many gentlemen received the Sacrament sitting at the Lord's Table, and entered into a Covenant binding themselves to renounce the Popish communion, and maintain the pure preaching of the Gospel as they had opportunity. Knox's preaching had by this time stirred so many that he was summoned before a convention of the

clergy that was to meet in the church of the Black Friars (Dominicans) of Edinburgh on the 15th of May, 1556. He went boldly and unexpectedly with Erskine of Dun and other gentlemen, but, as the Queen Regent discouraged action against him, the citation was set aside on ground of informality, and Knox, master of the situation, spent that 15th of May and the ten following days, forenoon and afternoon, in preaching to large audiences. In the midst of the enthusiasm of this work, on the third day of it, he wrote to his wife's mother at Berwick—

JOHN KNOX TO MRS. BOWES.

Belovit mother, with my maist hartlie commendation in the Lord Jesus, albeit I was fullie purpoisit to have visitit yow before this tyme, yet hath God laid impediments, whilk I culd not avoyd. They are suche as I dout not ar to his glorie, and to the comfort of many heir. The trumpet blew the ald sound thrie dayis together, till privat housis of idifferent largenes culd not conteane the voce of it. God, for Chryst his Sonis sake, grant me to be myndful, that the sobbis of my hart hath not been in vane, nor neglectit, in the presence of his Majestie. O! sweet war the death that suld follow sic fourtie dayis in Edinburgh, as heir I have had thrie. Rejoise, mother; the tyme of our deliverance approacheth: for, as Sathan rageth, sa dois the grace of the Halie Spreit abound, and daylie geveth new testimonys of the everlasting love of oure mercifull Father. I can wryt as mair to you at this present. The grace of the Lord Jesus rest with you. In haste—this Monunday—your sone, JOHN KNOX.

While thus busy in Scotland, Knox was made one of its pastors by the English congregation at Geneva. He accepted the call, and in the summer of 1556 went to Geneva with his wife and his wife's mother. He left behind him an organised body of Scottish Church Reformers, and he gave to them, for the encouragement and support of their faith, this Pastoral Letter—

JOHN KNOX TO HIS BRETHREN IN SCOTLAND.

After he had bene quyet among thame.

"The comfort of the halie Gaist for salutation."

Not sa mekill to instruct you as to leave with you, dearie belovit brethren, sum testimony of my love, I have thought gud to communicate with you, in theis few lynis, my weak consall, how I wald ye suld behave yourselves in the middis of this wickit generatioun, tuiching the exercis of Godis maist halie and sacred Word, without the whilk, nether all knowledge incres, godlines apeir, nor fervencie continew among yow. For as the Word of God is the begynning of lyfe spirituall, without whilk all flesche is deid in Godis presence, and the lanterne to our feit, without the bryghtnes whairof all the posteritie of Adame doith walk in darknes; and as it is the fundament of faith, without the whilk na man understandeth tha gud will of God; sa is it also the onlie organ and instrument whilk God useth to strenthin the weak, to comfort the afflictit, to reduce to mercie be repentance sic as have sliddin, and finallie to preserve and keip the verie lyfe of the saule in all assaltis and temptationis. And thairfor if that ye desyr your knowledge to be incressit, your faith to be confirmit, your consciencis to be quyetit and comfortit, or finallie your saule to be preservit in lyfe, lat your exercis be

frequent in the law of your Lord God. Despys not that precept whilk Moses (who, be his awn experience had learnt what comfort lyeth hid within the Word of God) gave to the Israelitis in theis wordis: "Theis Wordis whilk I command the this day sal be in thi hart, and thou sal exercis thi children in thame, thou sal talk of thame when thou art at home in thi hous, and as thou walkest be the way, and when thou lyes doun, and when thou rysis up, and thou sall bind thame for a signe upon thi hand, and they salbe paperis of remembrance betwene thi eis, and thou sall wryt thame upon the postis of thi hous and upon thi gatis." And Moses in another place commandis thame to "remember the law of the Lord God, to do it, that it may be weill unto thame, and with thair children in the land whilk the Lord sall gif thame;" meanyng that, lyke as frequent memorie and repetitioun of Godis preceptis is the middis whairby the feir of God, whilk is the begynning of all wisdome and felicitie, is keipit recent in mynd, sa is negligence and obliuion of Godis benefitis ressavit the first grie of defectioun fra God.¹ Now yf the Law, whilk be reasone of our weaknes can wirk nathing but wraith and anger, was sa effectuell that, rememberit and rehersit of purpois to do, it brought to the pepill a corporall benedictioun, what sall we say that the glorious Gospell of Chryst Jesus doith wirk, so that it be with reverence intreatit? St. Paule calleth [it] the suet odour of lyfe unto thois that suld ressaif lyfe, borrowing his similitude fra odoriferous herbis or precious unguementis, whais nature is, the mair thay be touchit or moveit, to send furth thair odour mair pleasing and delectabill. Even sic, deir brethren, is the blissit evangell of oure Lorde Jesus; for the mair that it be intreatit, the mair comfortable and mair plissant is it to sic as do heir, read, and exercis the sam. I am not ignorant that, as the Israelitis lothit manna becaus that everie day they saw and eat but one thing, sa sum thair be now a dayis (wha will not be haldin of the worst sort) that efter anis reiding sum parcellis of the Scriptures do convert thame selves altogether to prophane autors and humane letteris, becaus that the varietie of matteris thairin conteynit doith bring with it a daylie delectatioun, whair contrairwys within the simpill Scriptures of God the perpetuall repetitioun of a thing is fascheous and werisome. This temptatioun I confes may enter in Godis verie elect for a tyme, and impossibill is it that thairin they continew to the end: for Godis electioun, besydis othir evident signis, hath this ever joynit with it that Godis elect ar callit from ignorance (I speik of thois that ar cumin to the yeiris of knowlege) to sum taist and feilling of Godis mercie; of whilk thay ar never satisfieit in this lyfe, but fray tyme to tyme thay hunger and thay thirst to eat the breid that descendit fra the heavin, and to drink the watter that springeth into lyfe everlasting—whilk thay can not do but be the meanis of faith, and faith luketh ever to the will of God revealit be His Word, sa that faith hath baith her begynning and continewance be the Word of God: and sa I say that impossibill it is that Godis chosin children can despys or reiect the word of their salvatioun be any lang continewance, nether yit loth of it to the end. Often it is that Godis elect ar haldin in sic bondage and thraldome that they can not have the breid of lyfe brokin unto thame, neither yit libertie to exercis thame selves in Godis halie Word: but then doith not Godis deir children loth, but maist gredilie do thay covet the fude of thair saulis; then do thay accuse thair former negligence; then lament and bewaill thay the miserable afflictioun of thair brethren; and than cry and call thay in thair hartis (and opinlie whair thay dar) for frie passage to

the Gospell. This hungir and thirst doith argue and prufe the lyfe of thair saullis. But gif sic men as having libertie to reid and exercis thame selves in Godis Halie Scripture, and yet do begin to wearie becaus fra tyme to tyme they reid but a² thing, I ask why wearie thay not also everie day to drink wyne, to eat bread, everie day to behald the bryghtnes of the sone, and sa to use the rest of Godis creatures whilk everie day do keip thair awn substance, cours, and nature? thay sall anser, I trust, becaus sic creatures have a strenth, as oft as thay ar usit, to expell hunger, and quenche thirst, to restoir strenth, and to preserve the lyfe. O miserabill wreachis, wha dar attribut mair power and strenth to the corruptible creatures in nurischung and preservung the mortall karcas, than to the eternall Word of God in nurishment of the saule whilk is immortall! To reasone with thair abominable unthankfulnes at this present it is not my purpois. But to yow, deir brethrene, I wryt my knowlege and do speik my conscience, that sa necessarie as meit and drink is to the preservatioun of lyfe corporall, and so necessarie as the heit and bryghtnes of the sone is to the quicknyng of the herbis and to expell darknes, sa necessarie is also to lyfe everlasting, and to the illuminatioun and lyght of the saule, the perpetuall meditatioun, exercis, and use of Godis Halie Word.

And thairfor, deir brethrene, yf that ye luke for a lyfe to cum, of necessitie it is that ye exercise yourselves in the Buke of the Lord your God. Lat na day slip over without sum comfort ressavit fra the mouth of God. Opin your earis, and Hie will speik evin pleasing thingis to your hart. Clois not your eis, but diligentlie lat thame behald what portioun of substance is left to yow within your Fatheris testament. Let your toungis learne to prais the gracious gudness of him wha of his meir mercie hath callit you fra darknes to lyght and fra deth to lyfe. Nether yit may ye do this sa quyetlie that ye will admit na witnessis; nay, brethren, ye are ordeynit of God to reule and governe your awn housis in his trew feir and according to his halie word. Within your awn housis, I say. In sum cassis ye ar bishopis and kingis, your wyffis, children and familie ar your bishoprik and charge; of you it sal be requyrit how cairfullie and diligentlie ye have instructit thame in Godis trew knowlege, how that ye have studeit in thame to plant vertew and to repress vyce. And thairfor, I say, ye must mak thame partakeris in reading, exhortation, and in making commoun prayeris, whilk I wald in everie hous wer usit anis a day at leist. But above all thingis, deir brethren, studie to practis in lyfe that whilk the Lord commandis, and than be ye assurit that ye sall never heir nor reid the same without frute: and this mekill for the exercises within your housis.

Considering that St. Paul callis the Congregatioun the bodie of Chryst, whairfor everie ane of us is a member, teaching ws thairby that na member is of sufficiency to susteine and feide the self without the help and support of any uther, I think it necessarie that for the conference of Scriptures, assemblies of brether be had. The order thairin to be observit is expressit be sanct Paule, and thairfor I neid not to use many wordis in that behalf: onlie willing that when ye convene (whilk I wald wer anis a weik), that your begynning suld be fra confessing of your offences, and invocatioun of the spreit of the Lord Jesus to assist yow in all your godlie interprysis; and than lat sum place of Scripture be planelie and distinctlie red, sa mekill as sal be thoct sufficient for a day or tyme, whilk endit, gif any brother have exhortatioun, interpretatioun, or dout, lat him not feir to speik and move the same, sa that he do it with moderatioun, either to edifie or be edifeit. And heirof I dout not but great

¹ Oblivion of God's benefits received the first step of defection from God.

² A, one.

profit sall schortlie ensue: for first be heiring, reiding, and conferring the Scriptures in the assemblie, the haill bodie of the Scriptures of God sal becom familiar, the judgement and spreitis of men sal be tryit, thair pacence and modestie salbe knawin, and finallie thair giftis and utterance sall appeir. Multiplicatioun of wordis, perplexit interpreta-tioun, and wilfulnes in reasonyng is to be avoydit at all tymes and in all places, but chieffie in the Congregation, whair nathing aucht to be respectit except the glorie of God, and comfort or edificatioun of our brethrene. Yf any thing occur within the text, or yit arys in reasonyng, whilk your judgementis can not resolve, or capacities apprehend, let the same be notit and put in wryt befor ye depart the congregatioun, that when God sall offir unto yow any interpreter your doutis being notit and knawin may have the mair expedit resolutioun, or els that when ye sall have occasion to wryt to sic as with whome ye wald communicat your judgementis, your letteris may signifie and declair your unfeaned desyre that ye haue of God and of his trew knowlege, and thay, I dout not, according to thair talentis, will indeuour and bestow thair faithfull labors, [to] satisfie your godlie petitionis. Of myself I will speak as I think, I will moir gladlie spend xv houris in communicatting my judgment with yow, in explaynyng as God pleassis to oppin to me any place of Scripture, then half ane hour in any other matter besyd.

Farther, in reading the Scripture I wald ye suld joyne sum bukis of the ald, and sum of the new Testament together, as Genesis and ane of the evangelistis, Exodus with another, and sa furth, euer ending sic bukis as ye begyn, (as the tyme will suffer) for it sall greitly comfort yow to heir that harmony, and weilunit sang of the halie Spreit speiking in oure fateris frome the begynning. It sal confirme yow in theis dangerous and perrellous dayis, to behald the face of Christ Jesus his loving spous and kirk, from Abell to him self, and frome him self to this day, in all ageis to be ane. Be frequent in the prophetis and in the epistillis of St. Paul, for the multitude of matteris maist comfortable thairin conteanit requyreth exercis and gud memorie. Lyke as your assemblis aucht to begyn with confessioun and invocatioun of Godis halie Spreit, sa wald I that thay wer never finissit without thanksgiving and commoun prayeris for princes, ruleris, and maiestratis, for the libertie and frie passage of Chrystis evangell, for the comfort and delyverance of our afflictit brethrene in all places now persecutit, but maist cruellie now within the realme of France and England, and for sic uther thingis, as the Spreit of the Lord Jesus sal teache unto yow to be profitable ether to your selues, or yit to your brethren whairsoeuer thay be. If this, or better, deir brethrene, I sall heir that ye exercis your selues, than will I prais God for your great obedience, as for thame that not onlie haue ressavit the Word of Grace with gladnes, but that also with cair and diligence do keip the same as a treasure and jewell maist precious. And becaus that I can not expect that ye will do the contrarie, at this present I will vse na threatenyngis, for my gud hoip is, that ye sall walk as the sonis of lyght in the middis of this wickit generatioun, that ye salbe as starris in the nyght ceassone, wha yit ar not changeit into darknes, that ye salbe as wheit amangis the kokill, and yit that ye sall not change your nature whilk ye haue ressavit be grace, through the fellowship and participatioun whilk we haue with the Lord Jesus in his bodie and blud. And finallie, that ye salbe of the novmber of the prvdent virginis, daylie renewing your lampis with oyle, as ye that pacientlie abyed the glorious aparitioun and cuming of the Lord Jesus, whais omnipotent Spreit rule and instruct, illuminat and comfort your hartis and myndis in all assaltis, now euer. Amen. The grace of

the Lord Jesus rest with yow. Remember my weaknes in your daylie prayeris, the 7 of July, 1557.

Your brother vnfained, **JOHNE KNOX.**

During the next two years Knox was quietly at home in Geneva, with Calvin for a friend. Calvin's spiritual rule in Geneva made John Knox speak of the place as "the most perfect school of Christ that ever was in the earth since the days of the Apostles. In other places," he said, "I confess Christ to be truly preached; but manners and religion to be so sincerely reformed, I have not yet seen in any other place beside." In April, 1557, two friends from Edinburgh brought to John Knox at Geneva letters from the Earl of Glencairn, and from Lords Lorne, Erskine, and James Stewart, inviting him, in the name of the brethren, to return to Scotland and aid them in maintaining and advancing the Reformation there. Calvin advised him that he could not refuse the call. He obeyed it; resigned his pastoral care at Geneva; and in October was at Dieppe upon his way to Scotland, when he was met by letters, telling him that the greater number of the Scottish reformers were become faint-hearted, and seemed to have repented of their invitation. He then sent off the most earnest exhortations that his letters could convey, and awaited in France the answers to them, preaching at Dieppe for a time as colleague to the pastor of the newly-formed Protestant congregation there. The expected answers from Scotland did not come. He himself felt that his appearance there would at that time stir up tumult and lead to bloodshed, and he asked himself, "What comfort canst thou have to see the one half of the people rise up against the other, yea, to jeopard the one to murder and destroy the other?" Knox wrote from Dieppe on the 1st of December, 1557, a letter to the Scottish Protestants in general, and on the 17th, another to the Scottish Protestant nobility, and in the beginning of the year 1558 he returned to Geneva. There he was among the persons engaged in preparing that English version of the Bible produced in Geneva at the expense of John Bodley, and known afterwards as the Geneva Bible, and he published his "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment¹ of Women." He meant, he said, that the trumpet should be blown three times, and at the third time he would declare his name, which was not upon the title-page of the "First Blast," though manifest in every page. There was no doubt as to the authorship. Knox saw the part of Christendom he cared for subject to three Marys, who maintained the cause of Rome in their religion—Mary of Guise, Regent of Scotland; Mary Queen of Scots; and Mary Queen of England. This led him to argue that "to promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrarious to His revealed will and approved ordinance, and finally it is the subversion of good order, of all equity and justice." Then Mary of England died, Elizabeth came to the throne, and she too was a woman.

¹ Regiment, rule, government.



MARY TUDOR. (When Princess. From the Portrait by Holbein.)

CHAPTER VI.

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—JOHN KNOX, JOHN FOX, JOHN JEWEL, MATTHEW PARKER, EDMUND GRINDAL, JOHN AYLMER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1558 TO A.D. 1579.

PREACHER'S HOUR-GLASS AND STAND.¹

ON April, 1558, Mary Queen of Scots, aged sixteen, was married to Francis, the French Dauphin. On the 17th of November, Elizabeth, aged twenty-five, became Queen of England, and the Estates of Scotland, meeting in that month, gave to the French Dauphin the title of King Consort. The Dauphin in 1559 became King of France as Francis II., and the young queen's uncles, the two brothers, Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, and Francis, Duke of Guise, became rulers in France—one of financial and civil affairs, the other of the army. Their principles of civil and religious liberty were, as set forth by the Duke of Guise, that "all Truth must proceed from Tradition, all Justice and all Authority from the Crown." Francis and Mary styled themselves King and Queen of England, and Scotland, and Ireland; and it was determined to join Scotland to France if Mary died childless in her husband's lifetime. In August of the same year, 1559, Philip II. of Spain ordered the enforce-

ment in the Netherlands of a severe edict for the extirpation of all sects and heresies. Elizabeth had dangerous neighbours, and a people divided against itself. She meant to uphold the Reformation. She desired to establish harmony within the English Church by taking a middle way between extreme opinions, and forcing all within the Church to follow that course. In the first year of her reign appeared an Act for the Uniformity of Common Prayer, which restored, with some slight modification, the forms of church service established in the fifth and sixth years of the reign of Edward VI., required the use of them in all churches, and made it punishable to "preach, declare, or speak anything in the derogation or depraving" of the Book of Common Prayer. For one such offence a minister was to forfeit his clerical income for a year, and be imprisoned for six months without bail; for the second offence he was to be deprived of his church offices and imprisoned for a year, or for life upon a third conviction. An offender not beneficed was to suffer a year's imprisonment for the first offence, and for the second offence imprisonment for life. Of 9,400 clergy there were not quite two hundred who refused to hold their livings upon these conditions.

Meanwhile John Knox—whose Trumpet Blast against the Government of Women closed England against him, when he would gladly have sought the goodwill of Elizabeth—landed at Leith and preached in Perth against idolatry. A fervent zeal opposed the force of the Queen Regent. The Reforming Lords, who had been withdrawing from the churches to form congregations of their own, and were called Lords of the Congregation, entered into a second covenant for mutual support and defence. The Queen Regent was defied. Monasteries were destroyed, the Abbey of Scone was burnt, Edinburgh came into the keeping of the Reformers, and at Stirling the Lords of the Congregation signed a third covenant binding themselves not to treat with the Queen Regent separately. When the Dauphin became Francis II. of France, French soldiers landed at Leith, with a legate from the Pope and doctors from the Sorbonne. Elizabeth aided the Scots quietly with English money. In October, 1559, the Queen Regent in Scotland, Mary of Guise, was deprived of her authority by "us the Nobility and Commons of the Protestants of the Church of Scotland." Elizabeth, for security against a French conquest of Scotland, gave more active aid, and in April, 1560, the English were besieging Leith. The Lords of the Congregation then signed a fourth covenant, binding themselves to pursue their object to the last extremity. Then the Queen Regent died. Peace was made between England and France in the affairs of Scotland, and proclaimed at the Edinburgh market-cross in July, 1560. The Estates of Scotland met on the 1st of August, and embodied on the 17th the opinions of John Knox in a Confession of Faith for

the due length of the sermon by the running of its sand. An over-fervent preacher might sometimes turn it when the sand was run, and invite his hearers to "take another glass." The hour-glass above figured was in the church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, London, and the sketch of it is taken from Allen's "History of Lambeth."

¹ The hour-glass, once familiar neighbour to the pulpit, measured

the Scottish Church. On the 24th they annulled former acts for the maintenance of the Roman Church, abolished the Pope's jurisdiction, and made it criminal to say a mass or hear a mass.¹ And so the Scottish Reformation was accomplished.

The short reign of Francis II. of France, husband of young Mary Queen of Scots, was ended by his death in December, 1560, and he was succeeded by a boy of eleven, Charles IX. The queen-mother, Catherine of Medicis, made friendly advances to Elizabeth, who said to the young king's ambassador, "Tell your master that war is only fit for poor devils of princes who have their fortunes to make, and not for the sovereigns of two great countries like France and England."

The change of rule in England brought home from Switzerland and Germany many Reformers who had been in exile under Mary. John Fox did not return immediately. His age was forty-one in the year of Elizabeth's accession, and he was then living with a wife and two children at Basle, earning his bread as a corrector of the press. He was born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, educated at Oxford, and expelled in 1545 on accusation of heresy. He was then tutor, first to the children of Sir Thomas Lucy, at Charlote, near Stratford-on-Avon, and next to the children of the Earl of Surrey after their father's execution. Their grandfather, the Duke of Norfolk,



JOHN FOX. (From his "Acts and Monuments," ed. 1641.)

who had shared his son's peril, and narrowly escaped sharing his fate, became John Fox's friend, and protected him at the beginning of the reign of Mary. But soon Fox escaped to Basle, and introduced him-

¹ *Mass*. The name that had come to be used in the Church of Rome for the Communion Service was not rejected in the First Prayer Book of Edward VI., where that service is headed "The Supper of the Lord, and the Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass." But the name was soon restricted to the communion service of the Church of Rome. The Latin "*Missa*" first referred only to the close of service and the dismissal of the congregation; then it was applied to the church service generally, then to a special part of it.

self to the printer Oporinus by showing him the first sketch of his "History of the Church." This, written in Latin, was published in 1554. After the death of Mary, his friends, Edmund Grindal and others, returned to England, whence they supplied Fox with ample material from the records of the bishops' courts. An enlarged version of his History, still in Latin, came from the press of Oporinus in August, 1559. Then Fox came home, and lived at first near Aldgate, at the manor place of the Duke of Norfolk, constantly busied over the production of the first English edition of his famous book, which appeared in folio in 1563 as "Acts and Monuments of these latter and perilous Days touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecutions and horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, especially in this realm of England and Scotland, from the Year of Our Lord a Thousand, unto the Time now Present. Gathered and collected according to the true copies and writings certificatory, as well, of the parties themselves that suffered, as also out of the Bishops' Registers which were the doers thereof." It is the book of a devout and zealous partisan, adorned with pictures designed to impress more vividly on readers' minds the reasons for repudiation of the Church of Rome. Fox condemned the Roman Church for persecution to the death, and honestly endeavoured to prevent, as far as he could, infliction of the penalty of death by the Reformed Church upon those whom he accounted heretics. He busied himself much to save the lives of two Anabaptists, and sought without success to do away with punishment by death in matters of religion. But in the conflict of opinion he was an eager combatant, not an impartial judge, deeply convinced of the truth of his own cause, and showing what is to be found also sometimes in a writer of more genius, the inability to know how men as honest and as earnest as himself could hold the opposite opinion.

A few records of the suffering of Englishmen in Spain were added by Fox to his narrative of English persecutions, the chief of them being this account of the burning of an English merchant, *an auto da fê*, at Seville, on the 20th of December, 1560.

THE CRUELL HANDLYNG AND BURNYNG OF NICHOLAS BURTON, ENGLISHMAN AND MERCHANT IN SPAYNE.

Forasmuch as in our former booke of Actes and Monuments mention was made of the martyrdome of Nicholas Burton, I thought here also not to omit y^e same, the story beyng such as is not unworthy to be known, as well for the profitable example of his singular constancie, as also for the notyng of the extreme bearing and cruell manner of those Catholicke Inquisitours of Spayne, who under the pretended visour of religion, do nothing but make the owne private gayne and commoditie, with crafty deceipt, and spoylyng of other men's goodes, as by the notyng of this story may appeare.

The fift day of the moneth of Nouember, about the yere of our Lord God 1560, this Nicholas Burton, citizen and tyme of London, and marchaunt, dwelling in the parish of

little Saint Bartlemewe, peaceably and quietly following his traffike in the trade of marchaundise, and beyng in the citie of Cadiz, in the partes of Andolazia in Spayne, there came into his lodgyng a Judas (or, as they terme them) a Familiar of the Fathers of the Inquisition, who, in askyng for the sayd Nicholas Burton, fayned that hee had a letter to deliuer to his owne handes: by whiche meanes he spake with him immediatly. And hauing no letter to deliuer to him, then the sayd Promoter or Familiar, at the motion of the Deuill his master, whose messenger he was, inuented another lye, and sayd that he would take ladyng for London in such shyppes as the sayd Nicholas Burton had frayed to lade, if he would let any: whiche was partly to knowe where hee laded his goodes, that they might attache them, and chiefly to detract the tyme untill the Alguisiel, or Sergeant of the sayd Inqui-

Triana,¹ where the sayd fathers of the Inquisition proceeded agaynst him secretly accordyng to their accustomed cruell tyranny, that neuer after he could be suffered to write or speake to any of his nation: so that to this day it is unknown who was his accuser.

Afterward the xx. day of December, in the foresayd yeare, they brought the sayd Nicholas Burton, with a great number of other prisoners, for professyng the true Christian religion, into the citie of Siuill, to a place where the sayd Inquisition sat in iudgement, which they call the Awto,² with a canuas coate, whereon in diuers partes was paynted the figure of an honge deuill tormentyng a soule in a flame of fire, and on his head a copping tanke of the same worke.

His toung was forced out of his mouth, with a clouen sticke fastened vpon it, that hee shoulde not vtter his conscience



BURNING OF AN ENGLISH MERCHANT IN SEVILLE. (From Fox's "Acts and Monuments," ed. 1576.)

sition, might come and apprehend the body of the sayd Nicholas Burton: whiche they did incontinently.

Who then well perceauyng that they were not able to burden nor charge him that he had written, spoken, or done any thynge there in that countrey agaynst the ecclesiasticall or temporall lawes of the same realme, boldly asked them what they had to lay to his charge, that they did so arrest hym, and had them to declare the cause, and hee would aunswere them. Notwithstanding, they aunswered nothyng, but commaunded him with cruell and threatnyng woordes to hold his peace, and not to speake one word to them.

And so they caryed him to the cruell and filthy common prison of the same towne of Cadiz, where he remained in yrons xiiij. dayes amongst theeues.

All whiche tyme he so instructed the poore prisoners in the Worde of God, accordyng to the good talent whiche God had geuen him in that behalfe, and also in the Spanish toung to vtter the same, that in short space he had well reclaymed sundry of these superstitious and ignorant Spanyardes to embrace the Worde of God, and to reiect their popish traditions.

Whiche beyng knowen vnto the officers of the Inquisition, they conueyed him, laden with yrons, from thence to a citie called Siuill, into a more cruell and straighter prison called

and fayth to the people, and so hee was set with an other Englishe man of Southampten, and diuers others condemned men for religion, as well Frenchmen, as Spanyardes, vpon a scaffold ouer agaynst the sayd Inquisition, where their sentences and iudgements were read and pronounced against them.

And immediatly after the sayd sentences geuen, they were all caryed from thence to the place of execution without the

¹ In the low suburb of Seville called Triana, on the opposite bank of the Guadalquiver.

² Judgement which they call the Awto. Auto (Latin "actus") was originally a Spanish forensic term, and meant a decree or judgment of a court. The *Auto da Fé* (Act of Faith) was a public gaol delivery by the Court of the Inquisition, when acquittals and convictions of those accused of crimes against religion were read, and those adjudged to death were delivered to the secular power by which sentence was immediately executed. The "Auto" ended with the delivery of the judgments; but as, in days of extreme persecution, burning of heretics immediately followed, and they were carried to the place of execution with much public ceremony, in yellow dresses painted over with suggestions of the pains of hell, to arrest attention and strike doubters dumb with fear, the term *Auto da Fé* was commonly associated with these public executions. Besides the general *Auto da Fé*, there was the private Auto, the *Autillo*, or little Act, and the delivery of judgment in a single case, the *Auto singular*.

city, where they most cruelly burned him, for whose constant faith God be praised.

This Nicholas Burton, by the way, and in the flames of fire, made so chearefull a countenance, embracing death with all patience and gladness, that the tormentours and enemies which stode by said that the deuill had his soule before he came to the fire, and therefore they said his senses of feeling were past him.

It happened that after the arrest of this Nicholas Burton aforesaid, immediately all the goodes and marchaundise whiche hee brought with him into Spayne by way of trafficke, were, according to their common vsage, seised and taken into the Sequester; among the which they also rolled by much that appertained to an other Englishe marchaunt, wherewith he was credited as factour; wherof, so soone as newes was brought to the marchaunt, as well of the imprisonment of his factour as of the arrest made vpon his goodes, he sent his attorney into Spayne, with authoritie from him to make clayme to his goodes, & to demaunde them, whose name was John Fronton, citizen of Bristow.

When his attorney was landed at Siuill, and had showed all his letters and writynges to the holy house, requyryng them that such goodes might bee redeliuered into his possession, aunswere was made him that he must sue by bill, and retayne an aduocate (but all was doubtlesse to delay him), and they, forsooth, of curtesie assigned hym one to frame his supplication for him, and other such billes of petition as he had to exhibite into their holy court, demandyng for eche bill viij. rials, albeit they stode hym in no more stead than if he had put vp none at all. And for the space of three or iiij. monethes this fellow missed not twice a day, attendyng euery mornynge and afternoone at the Inquisitours Palace, prayng vnto them vpon his knees for his dispatch, but specially to the Byshop of Tarracon, who was at that very time chief in the Inquisition at Siuill, that he of his absolute authoritie would commaunde restitution to be made thereof; but the booty was so good and so great that it was very hard to come by it agayne.

At the length, after he had spent whole iiij. monethes in suites and requestes, and also to no purpose, he receaued this aunswere from them, that he must shew better euidence and bryng more sufficient certificates out of England for prooffe of his matter then those whiche he had already presented to the Court; whereupon the partie forthwith posted to London, and with all speede returned to Siuill agayne with more ample and large letters, testimonials, and certificates, according to their request, and exhibited them to the Court. Notwithstandyng, the Inquisitours still shifted him off, excusing themselves by lacke of leasure, and for that they were occupied in greater and more weighty affaires, and with such aunsweres delayed him other foure monethes after.

At the last, when the partie had wellnygh spent all his money, and therefore sued the more earnestly for his dispatch, they referred the matter wholly to the Byshoppe; of whom, when he repayed unto him, he had this aunswere: that for him selfe hee knew what hee had to do; howbeit hee was but one man, and the determination of the matter appertained vnto the other Commissioners as well as vnto him: and thus, by postyng and passyng it from one to another, the partie could obtayne no ende of his sute. Yet for his importunitie sake, they were resolu'd to dispatche him, but it was on this sorte: one of the Inquisitours called Gasco, a man very well experienced in these practices, willed the partie to resorte vnto him after dinner.

The fellow being glad to heare these newes, and supposing that his goodes should be restored vnto him, and that he was called in for that purpose, to talke with the other that was in

prison, to conferre with him about their accomptes;—the rather thorough a little misunderstanding, hearyng the Inquisitor cast out a word, that it should be needefull for hym to talke with the prisoner;—and beyng therevpon more then halfe persnaded that at the length they ment good faith, did so, and repayed thether about the euening. Immediately vpon his comyng, the jayler was forthwith charged with hym, to shut hym vp close in such a certain prison, where they appointed him.

The partie hoppyng at the first that hee had bene called for about some other matter, and seying him selfe, contrary to his expectation, cast into a darke dungeon, perceaued at the length that the world went with him farre otherwise then he supposed it would haue done.

But within two or three dayes after, he was brought forth into the Court, where he began to demaunde his goodes; and because it was a deuise that well serued their turne, without any more circumstance they had hym say his *Aue Maria*. The partie began & sayd it after this maner: *Aue Maria gratia plena Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui Iesus. Amen.*

The same was written worde by worde as he spake it; and without any more talke of claymyng his goodes because it was booteles, they commaunde hym to prison agayne, and enter an action agaynst hym as an hereticke, forasmuch as he did not say his *Aue Maria* after the Romish fashion, but ended it very suspiciously, for he should haue added, moreover, *Sancta Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus*, by abbreviatyng whereof it was euident enough (sayd they) that he did not allow the mediation of saintes.

Thus they picked a quarell to detaine him in prison a longer season, and afterwards brought hym forth into their stage, disguised after their maner, where sentence was geuen that he should lose all the goodes whiche hee sued for, though they were not his owne, and besides this, suffer a yeares imprisonment.

In August, 1561, Mary Queen of Scots, aged nineteen, widow of Francis II. of France, returned to Scotland, and heard mass on the first Sunday after her arrival. In the same year John Bodley obtained in England a seven years' patent for the version of the Bible which had been prepared and printed at his cost in Geneva, and was known as the Geneva Bible. Few men of any creed were at that time free from faith in the use of force and violence for the advancement of the highest truth they knew. In its preface and short annotations the Geneva Bible was not without trace of desire to hew Agag in pieces before the Lord in Gilgal. Some shadow of this form of zeal was even upon that society established by the influence of Calvin at Geneva, which Knox held to be more truly Christian than anything that had been seen elsewhere since the days of the Apostles.

Jean Cauvin, or John Calvin, was born at Noyen in 1509. At the age of twenty-three, after a liberal education at Paris, Orleans, and Bourges, he had completely adopted such reformed opinions as prevented him from entering the ministry within the Church of Rome, for which he was to have been trained. He found a friend in Margaret of Navarre, and while still young produced in Latin, at Basle, a first outline, developed afterwards more fully, of the principles of his faith, and of the faith

of many whom his genius made afterwards his followers, the Institutes of the Christian Religion. It was in 1536, when twenty-seven years old, that Calvin first settled at Geneva, but all his reforms had not acceptance then, and in 1538 he was compelled to leave. In 1541 he was recalled, and then established at Geneva that "yoke of Christ" by which he sought to enforce Christian life, as well as Christian doctrine. A girl was whipped for singing a song to a psalm-tune; three children were punished for waiting outside the church to eat cakes in sermon-time; a child was beheaded for having struck her parents; and a lad of sixteen was condemned to death for only threatening to strike his mother. The unreformed Church had its ecclesiastical courts, which took cognisance of offences against minor morals, and their summoners made them occasion of much petty oppression and cruelty. Calvin also was following traditional customs when he sought unity of faith by burning the learned Spaniard, Michael Servetus, in October, 1553, for blasphemy and heresy, because he was a Christian who could not accept the doctrine of the Trinity. Calvin died in 1564, leaving his mind strongly impressed on the Reformed Church of England, and yet more strongly, through John Knox, on the Reformed Church of Scotland. In Elizabeth's reign, Calvin's interpretation of the doctrines of the Christian Faith was that commonly accepted by the English clergy. In 1561, while Calvin was still living, his body of Church Doctrine, the "*Institutio Christianæ Religionis*," was published in a translation by Thomas Norton, who was about the same time joint author with Thomas Sackville of "*Gorboduc*," the first English tragedy. "*The Institution of Christian Religion*," written in Latine by M. John Calvine, translated into English according to the author's last edition," by Thomas Norton, appeared as a solid folio in 1561; a new edition of it was required in 1562, and other editions in 1572, 1574, 1580, and 1582. Calvin's "*Institutes*," in its first edition, was a short book, but it grew with his life. Every point of doctrine newly treated by him, in sermons or otherwise, had its treatment presently incorporated with the "*Institutes*," so that the whole body of Calvin's religious opinions had come at last to be therein contained.

In 1562, under the regency in France of Catherine of Medici, the Huguenots rose in civil war after the massacre of Vassy. In March, 1563, there was peace between Catherine and the Huguenots by the edict of Amboise. In that year Queen Elizabeth authorised the issue of a second "*Book of Homilies*," to secure uniformity of teaching in the English Church. She had already adopted, in 1559, the "*Book of Homilies*" first issued in 1547. In the year 1564—year of the birth of Shakespeare—the queen's Archbishop of Canterbury, Matthew Parker, began the preparation of a Bible which was to secure the utmost accuracy of text by direct reference to the Hebrew and Greek. So many bishops were among the scholars engaged in producing it, that it was called the Bishops' Bible. This was published

in 1568, the year in which the seven years' patent for the printing of the Geneva Bible expired, and it became from that date the authorised version for use of the Church of England, until 1611, the date of the first edition of the version authorised by James I.

Matthew Parker, born at Norwich in 1504, was educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, of which he became master in 1544. He was chaplain to Anne Boleyn, to Henry VIII. and to Edward VI., and took such part in the early education of Elizabeth as won her heartiest goodwill, and gave him great influence over her in after life. Mary deprived him of his preferments, but Elizabeth made him, somewhat against his will, her first Archbishop of Canterbury, called him for his lightness of body, "her little archbishop," and gladly took counsel with him for his weight of mind. Matthew Parker was very learned, and partly out of reverence for the past, partly out of desire to take a middle way of peace, he was unwilling to make those great changes in the outward form of worship which were sought by the most uncompromising of those who had put away the Church of Rome. In country places the great majority of the people were still Roman Catholic, and everywhere the less educated would associate familiar forms of worship with their religious life. Archbishop Parker and the Queen desired to change only what they accounted evil in itself, because associated with false doctrines or practices that had crept into the Church; and the Archbishop sought to show that the Reformed Church of England was not, as to essentials, a new Church, but the old restored. He encouraged research into Church Antiquities; himself published in 1572 a Latin book on the Antiquities of the British Church and Privileges of the Church of Canterbury; and desired to promote a study of First English, that in Ælfrie's sermons Englishmen might find record of opinions held by the first Church of England, which were not those of the Church of Rome, but those to which the Church of England in Elizabeth's day had reverted.

Bishop Jewel worked with Parker in the same direction. John Jewel, born in Devonshire in 1522, was educated at Merton and Corpus Christi Colleges, Oxford. While a student he was lamed for life by an illness. When he had taken his B.A. degree he lived by teaching, and was for seven years reader of Latin and Rhetoric in his college. In 1544 he commenced M.A. In 1548 Peter Martyr was called from Germany to teach divinity at Oxford, and Jewel became one of his foremost friends and followers. In 1551 John Jewel became Bachelor of Divinity, and took a poor living at Sunningwell, near Oxford, to which, lame as he was, he walked to preach once a fortnight. At Mary's accession Jewel was expelled from his college as a follower of Peter Martyr, and a Lutheran. The last words of his last lecture, given in Latin, to his college were these:—

In my last Lectures I have (said he) imitated the custom of famished men, who when they see their meat likely to be suddenly and unexpectedly snatched from them, devour it with the greater haste and greediness. For whereas I intended thus to put an end to my Lectures, and perceived

that I was like forthwith to be silenced, I made no scruple to entertain you (contrary to my former usage) with much unpleasant and ill dressed discourse, because I see I have incurred the displeasure and hatred of some; but whether deservedly or no, I shall leave to their consideration, for I am persuaded that those who have driven me hence would not suffer me to live anywhere if it were in their power. But as for me, I willingly yield to the times, and if they can derive to themselves any satisfaction from my calamity, I would not hinder them from it. But as Aristides, when he went into exile and forsook his country, prayed that they might never more think of him; so I beseech God to grant the same to my fellow-collegians, and what can they wish for more? Pardon me, my hearers, if grief has seized me, being to be torn against my will from that place where I have passed the first part of my life, where I have lived pleasantly, and been in some honour and employment. But why do I thus delay to put an end to my misery by one word? Woe is me, that (as with my extreme sorrow and deep feeling I at last speak it) I must say farewell my studies, farewell to these beloved houses, farewell thou pleasant seat of learning, farewell to the most delightful intercourse with you, farewell young men, farewell lads, farewell fellows, farewell brethren, farewell ye beloved as my eyes, farewell all, farewell."

But he did not yet leave Oxford. Another college sheltered Jewel, and the University, making him public orator, required him to write its congratulations to the queen upon her proposed change of the established religion. He was driven also, by threat of death, to sign doctrines in which he did not believe, whereby he lost his friends and did not satisfy his enemies. Then he fled on foot, and was



JOHN JEWEL. (From the Portrait before Strype's "Life of Jewel.")

found lying exhausted on the road by a friend, who took him to London; and thence, in 1554, he crossed to Frankfort. There he from the pulpit, with extreme emotion, publicly repudiated his subscription to the doctrines he denied. "It was my abject and cowardly mind," he said, "and faint heart that made my weak hand to commit this wickedness." His old friend Peter Martyr presently drew Jewel from

Frankfort to Strasburg, where he took him into his house as constant companion and helper. Jewel transcribed for the printer his friend's Commentary on the Book of Judges, and read the Fathers with him, especially St. Augustine. Edmund Grindal was among the English refugees with whom Jewel formed closer friendship at Strasburg. In 1556 Peter Martyr was called to the professorship of Hebrew at Zurich, and went thither, taking Jewel with him as a part of his own household. After the death of Mary, John Jewel returned to England, where Elizabeth soon made him Bishop of Salisbury. In 1562 Bishop Jewel published in Latin, for readers throughout Europe, his "Apology of the Church of England." It was issued by the queen's authority as a Confession of the Faith of the Reformed Church of England, showing where and why it had parted from those Roman doctrines which it accounted to be heresies, and how they had arisen in the early Church. Thus Bishop Jewel wrote in his "Apology" upon

THE CHARGE OF HERESY.

Though St. Jerome will allow no man to be patient under the suspicion of heresy, yet we will not behave ourselves neither sourly nor irreverently, nor angrily, though he ought not to be esteemed either sharp or abusive who speaks nothing but the truth; no, we will leave that sort of oratory to our adversaries, who think whatsoever they speak, although it be never so sharp and reproachful, modest and apposite when it is applied to us, and they are as little concerned whether it be true or false; but we, who defend nothing but the truth, have no need of such base arts.

Now if we make it appear, and that not obscurely and craftily, but *bona fide*, before God, truly, ingeniously, clearly and perspicuously, that we teach the most holy Gospel of God, and that the ancient Fathers and the whole primitive Church are on our side, and that we have not without just cause left them, and returned to the Apostles and the ancient Catholic Fathers; and if they, who so much detest our doctrine, and pride themselves in the name of Catholics, shall apparently see, that all those pretences of antiquity, of which they so immoderately glory, belong not to them, and that there is more strength in our cause than they thought there was; then we hope that none of them will be so careless of his salvation, but he will at some time or other bethink himself which side he ought to join with. Certainly, if a man be not of a hard and obdurate heart, and resolved not to hear, he can never repent the having once considered our defence, and the attending what is said by us, and whether it be agreeable or no to the Christian Religion.

For whereas they call us heretics, that is so dreadful a crime, that except it be apparently seen, except it be palpable, and as it were to be felt with our hands and fingers, it ought not to be easily believed that a Christian is or can be guilty of it; for heresy is a renunciation of our salvation, a rejection of the grace of God, and a departure from the body and spirit of Christ. But this was ever the custom and usage of them and of their forefathers, that if any presumed to complain of their errors, and desired the reformation of religion, they condemned them forthwith for heretics, as innovators and factious men. Christ himself was called a Samaritan, for no other cause, but for that they thought He had made a defection to a new religion or heresy. And St. Paul the Apostle being called in question, was accused of heresy, to which he replied: *After the way which they call heresy, so worship I the*

God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the Law, and in the Prophets.

In short, all that religion which we Christians now profess, in the beginning of Christianity, was by the pagans called a sect or heresy; with these words they filled the ears of princes, that when out of prejudice they had once possessed their minds with an aversion for us, and that they were persuaded that whatever we said was factious and heretical, they might be diverted from reflecting upon the thing itself, or ever hearing or considering the cause. But by how much the greater and more grievous this crime is, so much the rather ought it to be proved by clear and strong arguments, especially at this time, because men begin now-a-days a little to distrust the fidelity of their oracles, and to inquire into their doctrine with much greater industry than has heretofore been employed; for the people of God in this age are quite of another disposition than they were heretofore, when all the responses and dictates of the Popes of Rome were taken for Gospel, and all religion depended upon their authority; the Holy Scriptures and the writings of the Apostles and Prophets are everywhere now to be had, out of which all the true and catholic doctrine may be proved, and all heresies may be refuted.

But seeing they can produce nothing out of the Scriptures against us, it is very injurious and cruel to call us heretics, who have not revolted from Christ, nor from the Apostles, nor from the Prophets. By the sword of Scripture Christ overcame the devil when He was tempted by him; with these weapons everything that exalteth itself against God is to be brought down and dispersed, for all Scripture (saith St. Paul) is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction, that the man of God may be perfect and thoroughly furnished unto all good works; and accordingly, the holy fathers have never fought against heretics with any other arms than what the Scriptures have afforded them. St. Augustine, when he disputed against Petilianus, a Donatist heretic, useth these words, *Let not (saith he) these words be heard, "I say," or "Thou sayest," but rather let us say, "Thus saith the Lord." Let us seek the church there, let us judge of our cause by that.* And St. Jerome saith, *Let whatever is pretended to be delivered by the Apostles, and cannot be proved by the testimony of the written Word, be struck with the sword of God.* And St. Ambrose to the Emperor Gratian, *Let the Scriptures (saith he), let the Apostles, let the Prophets, let Christ be interrogated.* The Catholic Fathers and bishops of those times did not doubt but our religion might be sufficiently proved by Scripture; nor durst they esteem any man an heretic, whose error they could not perspicuously and clearly prove such by Scripture. And as to us, we may truly reply with St. Paul, *After the way which they call Heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the Law and the Prophets, or the writings of the Apostles.*

John Aylmer, who was born in 1521, and educated at Cambridge, was that tutor to Lady Jane Grey who is named in a passage often quoted from Roger Ascham's "Schoolmaster:"—

One example, whether love or feare doth worke more in a child, for vertue and learning, I will gladlie report: which maie be hard with some pleasure, and folowed with more profit. Before I went into Germanie, I came to Brodegate in Lecestershire, to take my leave of that noble Ladie Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding moch beholdinge. Hir parentes, the Duke and the Duches, with all the houshold, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were huntinge in the Parke: I founde her, in her Chamber, readinge Phædon Platonis in

Greeke, and that with as moch delite, as som jentleman wold read a merie tale in Bocace. After salutation, and dewtie done, with som other taulke, I asked hir, whie she wold leese soch pastime in the Parke? smiling she answered me: I wisse, all their sporte in the Parke is but a shadoe to that pleasure, that I find in Plato: Alas, good folke, they never felt, what trewe pleasure ment. And howe came you, Madame, quoth I, to this deepe knowledge of pleasure, and what did chieflie allure you unto it: seinge, not many women, but verie fewe men have attained thereunto? I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a troth, which perchance ye will mervell at. One of the greatest benefites, that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharpe and severe Parentes, and so jentle a scholemaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speake, kepe silence, sit, stand, or go, eate, drinke, be merie, or sad, be sowying, plaiying, dauncing, or doing anie thing els, I must do it, as it were, in soch weight, mesure, and number, even so perfitelie, as God made the world, or else I am so sharplie taunted, so cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and bobbes, and other waies, which I will not name, for the honor I beare them, so without measure misordered, that I thinke my selfe in hell, till tyme cum, that I must go to M. Elmer, who teacheth me so jentlie, so pleasantlie, with soch faire allurements to learning, that I thinke all the tyme nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, what soever I do els, but learning, is ful of grief, trouble, feare, and whole misliking unto me: And thus my booke, hath bene so moch my pleasure, and bringeth dayly to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deede, be but trifles and troubles unto me. I remember this talke gladly, both bicause it is so worthy of memorie, and bicause also, it was the last talke that ever I had, and the last tyme, that ever I saw that noble and worthie Ladie.

In 1553 Aylmer was Archdeacon of Stowe, and he was one of the Protestant exiles at Zurich in the reign of Mary. It was he who after the accession of Elizabeth published at Strasburg a loyal reply to John Knox's "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." His age then was thirty-eight.

The title of Aylmer's book is "An Harborowe for Faithfull and Trewe Subiectes, agaynst the late blowne Blaste, concerninge the Gouverment of Wemen, wherein be confuted all such reasons as a straunger of late made in that behalfe, with a breife Exhortation to obedience. Anno M.D.lx. Proverbes 32. Many daughters there be, that gather riches together: but thou goest above them all. As for favour it is deceitfull, and bewtie is a vaine thing: but a woman that feareth the Lord: she is worthie to be prayseed. Geve her of the fruit of her handes, and let her owne workes prayse her in the gate.—At Strasborowe the 26 of April."

Aylmer begins with reasoning upon the power of God, who by weak instruments has declared his glory; who had enabled one poor friar, Luther, without armies at his back, to cast out of the temple of God Antichrist, armed and guarded with the power of Emperors, Kings, Princes, and Laws.

And as we began with the matter of women, so to return thither again with the example of a woman. Was not Queen Anne, the mother of this blessed woman, the chief, first, and

only cause of banishing this beast of Rome, with all his beggarly baggage? Was there ever in England a greater feat wrought by any man than this was by a woman? I take not from King Henry the due praise of broaching it, nor from that lamb of God, King Edward, the finishing and perfecting of that was begun, though I give her her due commendation. I know that that blessed martyr of God, Thomas Cranmer, Bishop of Canterbury, did much travail in it, and furthered it: but if God had not given Queen Anne favour in the sight of the king, as he gave to Esther in the sight of Nebuchadnezzar, Haman and his company, the Cardinal,¹ Winchester,² More, Rochester³ and others, would soon have triced up Mordecai, with all the rest that leaned to that side. Wherefore, though many deserved much praise for the helping forward of it, yet the crop and root was the queen, which God had endued with wisdom that she could, and given her the mind that she would, do it. Seeing then that in all ages God hath wrought his most wonderful works by most base means, and showed his strength by weakness, his wisdom by foolishness, and his exceeding greatness by man's exceeding feebleness, what doubt we of this power when we lack policy, or mistrust his help which hath wrought such wonders? Who is placed above Him, saith Job, to teach Him what He should do? Or who can say to Him, Thou hast not done justly? He sendeth a woman by birth; we may not refuse her by violence. He stablisheth her by law; we may not remove her by wrong.

Of the arguments of the "First Blast" Aylmer says presently—

The arguments, as I remember, be these, not many in number, but handsomely amplified.

First, that whatsoever is against nature, the same in a Commonwealth is not tolerable. But the government of a woman is against nature. Ergo, it is not tolerable.

The second, Whatsoever is forbidden by Scripture is not lawful. But a woman to rule is forbidden by Scripture. Ergo, it is not lawful.

The third, If a woman may not speak in the Congregation, much less may she rule. But she may not speak in the Congregation. Ergo, she may not rule.

The fourth, What the Civil Law forbiddeth, that is not lawful. But the rule of a woman the Civil Law forbiddeth. Ergo, it is not lawful.

The fifth, Seeing there followeth more inconvenience of the rule of women than of men's government, therefore it is not to be borne in a Commonwealth.

The last, The Doctors and Canonists forbid it. Ergo, it cannot be good.

These (as I remember) be the props that hold up this matter, or rather the pickaxes to undermine the State.

John Aylmer takes each of these syllogisms in turn, and shows logically where it fails. Then having knocked down all the props, and blunted all the pickaxes, he calls upon each loyal Englishman to support and establish their queen, and cheerfully to pay their taxes.

If thou mistrust the misspending of that thou givest and she taketh, thou art too foolish. For could she that in all her life hath lived upon her own so humbly without pride, so moderately without prodigality, so maidenly without pomp, now find in her heart in unnecessary charges to lash out

thine? Wilt thou have a taste, how prodigal or pompous she is? I pray thee, then, mark these two points which I know to be true, although in that sex they be strange. Seven years after her father's death she had so proud a stomach, and so much delighted in glistening gasses of the world, in gay apparel, rich attire, and precious jewels, that in all that time she never looked upon those that her father left her but once, and that against her will. And after so gloried in them, that there came never gold nor stone upon her head till her sister enforced her to lay off her former soberness and bear her company in her glistening gains. Yea, and then she so wore it as every man might see, that her body carried that which her heart misliked. I am sure that her maidenly apparel which she used in King Edward's time made the noblemen's daughters and wives to be ashamed to be dressed and painted like peacocks, being more moved with her most virtuous example than with all that ever Paul and Peter wrote touching that matter. Yea, this I know, that a great man's daughter, receiving from Lady Mary before she was Queen, goodly apparel of tinsel, cloth of gold and velvet, laid on with parchment lace of gold, when she saw it said, "What shall I do with it?" "Marry," said a gentlewoman, "wear it." "Nay," quoth she, "that were a shame, to follow my lady Mary against God's Word, and leave my lady Elizabeth which followeth God's Word." See that good example is oft times much better than a great deal of preaching. And this all men know, that when all the ladies bent up the attire of the Scottish skits at the coming in of the Scottish Queen, to go unbridled, and with their hair frounced, curled, and double curled, she altered nothing, but to the shame of them all kept her old maidenly shamefastness. Another thing to declare how little she setteth by this worldly pomp, is this, that in all her time she never meddled with money but against her will, but seemed to set so little by it, that she thought to touch it was to defile her pure hands consecrated to turn over good books, to lift unto God in prayer, and to deal alms to the poor. Are not these arguments sufficient to make thee think of her that she will neither call to thee before she hath need, nor misspend it vainly after she hath it?

⁴ This passage recalls the account given of Elizabeth as a young princess by her tutor, Roger Ascham, in a private letter, written in April, 1550, to his German friend, John Sturm, which certainly expressed the writer's private mind:—

"There are many honourable ladies now who surpass Thomas More's daughters in all kinds of learning; but among all of them the brightest star is my illustrious Lady Elizabeth, the king's sister; so that I have no difficulty in finding subject for writing in her praise, but only in setting bounds to what I write. I will write nothing however which I have not myself witnessed. She had me for her tutor in Greek and Latin two years; but now I am released from the Court and restored to my old literary leisure here, where by her benediction I hold an honest place in this University. It is difficult to say whether the gifts of nature or of fortune are most to be admired in that illustrious lady. The praise which Aristotle gives wholly centres in her—beauty, stature, prudence, and industry. She has just passed her sixteenth birthday, and shows such dignity and gentleness as are wonderful at her age and in her rank. Her study of true religion and learning is most energetic. Her mind has no womanly weakness, her perseverance is equal to that of a man, and her memory long kept what it quickly picks up. She talks French and Italian as well as English: she has often talked to me readily and well in Latin, and moderately so in Greek. When she writes Greek and Latin, nothing is more beautiful than her hand-writing. She is as much delighted with music as she is skilful in the art. In adornment she is elegant rather than showy, and by her contempt of gold and head-dresses, she reminds one of Hippolyte rather than of Phædra. She read with me almost all Cicero, and great part of Titus Livius; for she drew all her knowledge of Latin from those two authors. She used to give the morning of the day to the Greek Testament, and afterwards read select orations of Isocrates and the tragedies of Sophocles. For I thought that from those sources she might gain purity of style, and her mind derive instruction that would be of value to her to meet

¹ The Cardinal, Wolsey.

² Winchester, Gardiner.

³ Rochester, John Fisher.

In 1562 John Aylmer was made Archdeacon of Lincoln, and in 1576 Bishop of London, on the translation of Sandys to the see of York.



JOHN AYLMER.

From the Portrait prefixed to his Life by Strype.

Here let us recall a few more of those events which occupied the minds of Englishmen, and quickened energies of thought and feeling during the first twenty-one years of Elizabeth's reign. In 1564—year of the birth of Shakespeare—Catherine de' Medici was visited by her daughter Elizabeth, who in 1560 had been married, aged fifteen, to Philip of Spain, aged thirty-four. The Duke of Alba came with the Spanish Queen Elizabeth, and was heard exhorting Catherine to strike down some leaders of the Huguenots, saying to her, "One head of salmon is worth ten thousand heads of frogs." In March of this year 1564, Cardinal Granvella was obliged by a league of nobles of the Netherlands, headed by William of Orange and Counts Egmont and Horn, to retire from the Government. In July, 1565, Mary

Queen of Scots married her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. In October, 1565, Philip of Spain wrote to require enforcement in the Netherlands of edicts against heresy. The nobles required Margaret of Parma, who was then Regent, to publish the letter. A storm of feeling was aroused. Thousands began to emigrate to England, and set up their looms among us. In 1566 Philip conceded to the Netherlands moderation of the law against heretics by substitution of hanging for burning. In March of that year occurred Darnley's murder of Rizzio, and on the 19th of June the birth of Mary Stuart's son James, afterwards James I. of England.

On the 22nd of August, 1567, the Duke of Alba entered Brussels. He then occupied other towns of the Netherlands, established the Council of Tumults—otherwise known as the Council of Blood. Margaret of Parma retired from the Regency, and Alba became Governor-General of the Netherlands. At the same time the second Huguenot civil war broke out in France. In this year, on the night of Sunday, the 9th of February, Lord Darnley, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, was destroyed by a gunpowder plot. In May, the Earl of Bothwell was divorced from a wife to whom he had been married only fourteen months, and married to Queen Mary. Before the end of July, Mary had been compelled by her own subjects to sign her abdication in favour of her son James, and appoint the Earl of Murray—friend of Knox and the foremost Reformers—Regent during his minority. Mary escaped from Lochleven, raised her friends, was defeated at Langside, and turned to England: thus she became in 1568, and remained for eighteen years, a state prisoner to England, regarded by the Roman Catholics abroad as future Queen of England if their cause should triumph. In February, 1568, a sentence of the Inquisition condemned to death all the inhabitants of the Netherlands except some who were named, and Alba estimated at eight hundred the executions after Passion week. In June this year, also, Counts Egmont and Horn were executed. There was pause of civil war in France between Roman Catholics and Huguenots, but in 1569 it was resumed, and in that year young Walter Raleigh went to France, and joined the Huguenots as volunteer. It was in 1569 that Edmund Spenser went to Cambridge, entering Pembroke College as a sizar, and in that year also he first appeared in print, as contributor of verse to a religious miscellany by one of the refugees from persecution in the Netherlands, John Van der Noodt. Contribution to such a book shows clearly what was the bent of young Spenser's mind, and how he looked at the course of events. The book was called—"A Theatre wherein be represented as well the Miseries and Calamities which follow the Voluptuous Worldling, as also the great Joys and Pleasures which the Faithful do enjoy. An Argument both Profitable and Delectable to all that sincerely love the Word of God."

In August, 1570, a treaty was made in France which conceded much to the Huguenots. In the spring of 1571 a Synod of the French Reformed Church was held, by the King's permission, at Rochelle. On the 24th of August, 1572, the French

every contingency of life. To these I added Saint Cyprian and Melancthon's Common Places, &c., as best suited, after the Holy Scriptures, to teach her the foundations of religion, together with elegant language and sound doctrine. Whatever she reads she at once perceives any word that has a doubtful or curious meaning. She cannot endure those foolish imitators of Erasmus, who have tied up the Latin tongue in those wretched fetters of proverbs. She likes a style that grows out of the subject; chaste because it is suitable, and beautiful because it is clear. She very much admires modest metaphors, and comparisons of contraries well put together and contrasting felicitously with one another. Her ears are so well practised in discriminating all these things, and her judgment is so good, that in all Greek, Latin, and English composition, there is nothing so loose on the one hand or so concise on the other, which she does not immediately attend to, and either reject with disgust or receive with pleasure, as the case may be. I am not inventing anything, my dear Sturm; it is all true: but I only seek to give you an outline of her excellence, and whilst doing so, I have been pleased to recall to my mind the dear memory of my most illustrious lady.

St. John's College, Cambridge, April 4, 1550."

Huguenots were struck down by the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In the Netherlands, in 1573, there was the siege of Protestant Haarlem, when three hundred women were among the defenders of the town. It ended with a treacherous slaughter of two or three thousand. Three hundred were drowned in the lake, tied back to back. In December of that year (1573), the Duke of Alva was recalled by his own wish, and boasted on his way home that he had caused 16,000 Netherlanders to be executed. Hearing of such events was part of the education of Edmund Spenser while at Cambridge. He graduated as B.A. in 1573, then being about twenty years old. In 1575 Edmund Grindal—then aged fifty-six—became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Edmund Grindal was born in 1519, at St. Bees, in Cumberland, was educated at Cambridge, and was in 1550 chaplain to Bishop Ridley. In 1553 he was among those Reformers who fled from persecutions in England, and he went to Strasburg. At the accession of Elizabeth he returned, and he assisted in the drawing up of the new liturgy. In 1559 he was made Master of Pembroke Hall, and in the



EDMUND GRINDAL.
From the Portrait before his Life by Strype.

same year Bishop of London. In 1570 he became Archbishop of York, and in 1575 Archbishop of Canterbury. While maintaining generally the discipline established in the Reformed Church of England, Edmund Grindal agreed in some respects with those whom Matthew Parker is said to have first called Puritans and Precisians for what he regarded as their over-precise reference of everything—whether fit subject of revelation or not—to Bible warrant. Edmund Grindal laid great stress on the importance of a faithful study and interpretation of God's Word. As Bishop of London, as Archbishop of York, and now as head of the Church of England,

he used what authority he might to encourage a form of meeting called "prophesying," from the schools of the prophets spoken of in the Old Testament, for the interpretation of the Word of God. The clergy in a district met to discuss difficulties with one another, that they might not be taken by surprise when these were propounded to them by parishioners, and that they might be trained to bring knowledge and thought to their preaching. Queen Elizabeth objected to the prophesyings as examples of division of opinion among the clergy, encouragements to a bold questioning among the laity, and destructive of a Unity of Doctrine, by which she hoped to secure peace in the Church. The Books of Homilies provided sermons enough, she thought, and the use of them caused a uniformity of preaching that would give small scope for heresies of private judgment. She therefore bade the new Archbishop issue letters to the clergy to forbid the "prophesyings," and restrain excess of zeal for original preaching. Grindal replied that his conscience would not suffer him to do this, and he was therefore, in 1577, sequestered from the exercise of his office. This is the letter that caused his disgrace:—

LETTER TO THE QUEEN,

Concerning suppressing the Prophetesies, and abridging the Number of Preachers.

With most humble remembrance of my bounden duty to your Majesty: It may please the same to be advertised, that the speeches which it hath pleased you to deliver unto me, when I last attended on your Highness, concerning abridging the number of preachers, and the utter suppression of all learned exercises and conferences among the ministers of the Church, allowed by their bishops and ordinaries, have exceedingly dismayed and discomforted me. Not so much for that the said speeches sounded very hardly against mine own person, being but one particular man, and not much to be accounted of; but most of all for that the same might both tend to the public harm of God's Church, whereof your Highness ought to be *nutricia*,¹ and also to the heavy burdening of your own conscience before God, if they should be put in strict execution. It was not your Majesty's pleasure then, the time not serving thereto, to hear me at any length concerning the said two matters then propounded: I thought it therefore my duty by writing to declare some part of my mind unto your Highness: beseeching the same with patience to read over this that I now send, written with mine own rude scribbling hand; which seemeth to be of more length than it is indeed: for I say with Ambrose, *Scribo manus mea, quod sola legas*.²

MADAM,

First of all, I must and will, during my life, confess, that there is no earthly creature to whom I am so much bounden as to your Majesty; who, notwithstanding mine insufficiency (which commendeth your grace the more), hath bestowed upon me so many and so great benefits as I could never hope for, much less deserve. I do therefore, according to my most bounden duty, with all thanksgiving, bear towards your Majesty a most humble, faithful, and thankful heart; and that knoweth He which knoweth all things. Neither do I ever intend to offend your Majesty in any thing, unless, in

¹ Nurse.

² "I write with mine own hand, what you alone may read."

the cause of God or of His Church, by necessity of office, and burden of conscience, I shall thereunto be enforced: and in those cases (which I trust in God shall never be urged upon me), if I should use dissembling or flattering silence, I should very evil requite your Majesty's so many and so great benefits; for in so doing, both you might fall into peril towards God, and I myself into endless damnation.

The prophet Ezekiel termeth us, ministers of the Church, *speculatores*,¹ and not *adulatores*.² If we see the sword coming by reason of any offence towards God, we must of necessity give warning, or else the blood of those that perish will be required at our hands. I beseech your Majesty thus to think of me, that I do not conceive any evil opinion of you, although I cannot assent to those two articles then propounded. I do with the rest of all your good subjects acknowledge, that we have received by your government many and most excellent benefits, as, among others, freedom of conscience, suppressing of idolatry, sincere preaching of the Gospel, with public peace and tranquillity. I am also persuaded, that even in these matters, which you seem now to urge, your zeal and meaning is to the best. The like hath happened to many of the best princes that ever were: yet have they not refused afterwards to be better informed out of God's Word. King David, so much commended in the Scriptures, had no evil meaning when he commanded the people to be numbered: he thought it good policy, in so doing, to understand what forces he had in store to employ against God's enemies, if occasion so required. Yet afterwards (saith the Scripture) his own heart stroke him; and God, by the prophet Gad, reprehended him for his offence, and gave him, for the same, choice of three very hard penances, that is to say, famine, war, and pestilence. Good king Ezechias, of courtesy and good affection, showed to the ambassadors of the king of Babylon the treasures of the house of God and of his own house; and yet the prophet Essay told him that God was therewith displeased. The godly king Jehoshaphat, for making league with his neighbour king Achab (of like good meaning, no doubt), was likewise reprehended by Jehu the prophet in this form of words: *Impio præbes auxilium, et his qui oderunt Dominum amicitia jungeris, &c.*³ Ambrose, writing to Theodosius the emperor, useth these words: *Novi pietatem tuam erga Deum, Zenitatem in homines; obligatus sum beneficiis tuis.*⁴ And yet, for all that, the same Ambrose doth not forbear in the same epistle earnestly to persuade the said emperor to revoke an ungodly edict, wherein he had commanded a godly bishop to re-edify a Jewish synagogue, pulled down by the Christian people.

And so, to come to the present case: I may very well use unto your Highness the words of Ambrose above written, *Novi pietatem tuam, &c.* But surely I cannot marvel enough, how this strange opinion should once enter into your mind, that it should be good for the Church to have few preachers.

Alas, Madam! is the Scripture more plain in any one thing, than that the Gospel of Christ should be plentifully preached; and that plenty of labourers should be sent into the Lord's harvest; which, being great and large, standeth in need, not of a few, but many workmen?

There was appointed to the building of Salomon's material temple an hundred and fifty thousand artificers and labourers, besides three thousand three hundred overseers; and shall

we think that a few preachers may suffice to build and edify the spiritual temple of Christ, which is his Church?

Christ, when he sendeth forth his apostles, saith unto them, *Ite, prædicate evangelium omni creaturæ.*⁵ But all God's creatures cannot be instructed in the Gospel, unless all possible means be used to have multitude of preachers and teachers to preach unto them.

*Sermo Christi inhabitet in vobis opulente,*⁶ saith St. Paul to the Colossians; and to Timothy, *Prædica sermonem, instat tempestive, intempestive, argue, increpa, exhortare.*⁷ Which things cannot be done without often and much preaching.

To this agreeth the practice of Christ's apostles, *Qui constituebant per singulas ecclesias presbyteros.*⁸ St. Paul likewise, writing to Titus, writeth thus, *Hujus rei gratia reliquiste in Creta, ut quæ desunt pergas corrigere, et constituas oppidatim presbyteros.*⁹ And afterwards describeth, how the said presbyteri were to be qualified; not such as we are sometimes compelled to admit by mere necessity (unless we should leave a great number of churches utterly desolate), but such indeed as were able to exhort *per sanam doctrinam, et contradicentes convincere.*¹⁰ And in this place I beseech your Majesty to note one thing necessary to be noted; which is this, If the Holy Ghost prescribe expressly that preachers should be placed *oppidatim*,¹¹ how can it well be thought that three or four preachers may suffice for a shire?

Public and continual preaching of God's Word is the ordinary mean and instrument of the salvation of mankind. St. Paul calleth it the *ministry of reconciliation* of man unto God. By preaching of God's Word the glory of God is enlarged, faith is nourished, and charity increased. By it the ignorant is instructed, the negligent exhorted and incited, the stubborn rebuked, the weak conscience comforted, and to all those that sin of malicious wickedness the wrath of God is threatened. By preaching also due obedience to Christian princes and magistrates is planted in the hearts of subjects: for obedience proceedeth of conscience; conscience is grounded upon the Word of God; the Word of God worketh his effect by preaching. So as generally, where preaching wanteth, obedience faileth.

No prince ever had more lively experience hereof than your Majesty hath had in your time, and may have daily. If your Majesty come to the city of London never so often, what gratulation, what joy, what concourse of people is there to be seen! Yea, what acclamations and prayers to God for your long life, and other manifest significations of inward and unfeigned love, joined with most humble and hearty obedience, are there to be heard! Wherefore cometh this, Madam, but of the continual preaching of God's Word in that city, whereby that people hath been plentifully instructed in their duty towards God and your Majesty? On the contrary, what bred the rebellion in the north? Was it not Papistry, and ignorance of God's Word, through want of often preaching. And in the time of that rebellion, were not all men, of all states, that made profession of the Gospel, most ready to offer their lives for your defence? insomuch that one poor parish in Yorkshire, which by continual preaching had been better instructed than the rest (Halifax

⁵ "Go ye, preach the Gospel to every creature." (Mark xvi. 15.)

⁶ "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly." (Colossians iii. 16.)

⁷ "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort." (2 Timothy iv. 2.)

⁸ Who "ordained them elders in every church." (Acts xiv. 23.)

⁹ "For this cause left I thee in Creta, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and ordain elders in every city." (Titus i. 5.)

¹⁰ "By sound doctrine, and to convince gainsayers."

¹¹ In every city.

¹ Watchmen. (See Ezekiel iii. 17-19.)

² Flatterers.

³ "Shouldst thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?" (2 Chronicles xix. 2.)

⁴ "I know thy piety towards God, thy kindness towards men; I am bounden by thy benefits," &c. (S. Ambros. Epist. xxix.)

I mean), was ready to bring three or four thousand able men into the field to serve you against the said rebels. How can your Majesty have a more lively trial and experience of the contrary effects of much preaching and of little or no preaching? The one working most faithful obedience, and the other most unnatural disobedience and rebellion.

But it is thought of some, that many are admitted to preach, and few be able to do it well. That unable preachers be removed is very requisite, if ability and sufficiency may be rightly weighed and judged: and therein I trust as much is, and shall be, done as can be; for both I, for mine own part (let it be spoken without any ostentation), am very careful in allowing such preachers only as be able and sufficient to be preachers, both for their knowledge in the Scriptures, and also for testimony of their good life and conversation. And besides that, I have given very great charge to the rest of my brethren, the bishops of this province, to do the like. We admit no man to the office that either professeth Papistry or Puritanism. Generally, the graduates of the university are only admitted to be preachers, unless it be some few which have excellent gifts of knowledge in the Scriptures, joined with good utterance and godly persuasion. I myself procured above forty learned preachers and graduates, within less than six years, to be placed within the diocese of York, besides those I found there; and there I have left them: the fruits of whose travail in preaching, your Majesty is like to reap daily, by most assured, dutiful obedience of your subjects in those parts.

But, indeed, this age judgeth very hardly, and nothing indifferently¹ of the ability of preachers of our time; judging few or none in their opinion to be able. Which hard judgment groweth upon divers evil dispositions of men. St. Paul doth commend the preaching of Christ crucified, *absque eminentia sermonis*.² But in our time many have so delicate ears, that no preaching can satisfy them, unless it be sauced with much fineness³ and exornation of speech: which the same apostle utterly condemneth, and giveth this reason, *Ne evacuetur crux Christi*.⁴

Some there be also, that are mislikers of the godly reformation in religion now established; wishing indeed that there were no preachers at all; and so by depraving the ministers impugn religion, *non aperto Marte, sed cuneulis*:⁵ much like to the Popish bishops in your father's time, who would have had the English translation of the Bible called in, as evil translated; and the new translating thereof to have been committed to themselves; which they never intended to perform.

A number there is (and that is exceedingly great), whereof some are altogether worldly-minded, and only bent covetously to gather worldly goods and possessions: serving Mammon, and not God. And another great sum have given over themselves to all carnal, vain, dissolute, and lascivious life, *voluptatis amatores, magis quam Dei: et qui semetipsos dederunt ad patrandum omnem immunditiam cum aviditate*.⁶ And

because the preaching of God's Word, which to all Christian consciences is sweet and delectable, is to them, having *conteriatas conscientias*,⁷ bitter and grievous (for, as St. Ambrose saith, *Quomodo possunt verba Dei dulcia esse in faucibus tuis, in quibus est amaritudo nequitie?*⁸), therefore they wish also that there were no preachers at all. But because they dare not directly condemn the office of preaching, so expressly commanded by God's Word (for that were open blasphemy), they turn themselves altogether, and with the same meaning as the other do, to take exceptions against the persons of them that be admitted to preach.

But God forbid, Madam, that you should open your ears to any of these wicked persuasions, or any way go about to diminish the preaching of Christ's Gospel: for that would ruin altogether at the length. *Quum defecerit prophetia, dissipabitur populus*,⁹ saith Salomon.

Now, where it is thought, that the reading of the godly Homilies, set forth by public authority, may suffice, I continue of the same mind I was when I attended last upon your Majesty. The reading of Homilies hath his commodity; but is nothing comparable to the office of preaching. The godly preacher is termed in the Gospel *fidelis servus et prudens, qui novit famulatio Domini cibum demensum dare in tempore*:¹⁰ who can apply his speech according to the diversity of times, places, and hearers, which cannot be done in Homilies: exhortations, reprehensions, and persuasions, are uttered with more affection, to the moving of the hearers, in Sermons than in Homilies.¹¹ Besides, Homilies were devised by the godly bishops in your brother's time, only to supply necessity, for want of preachers; and are by the statute not to be preferred, but to give place to Sermons, whensoever they may be had; and were never thought in themselves alone to contain sufficient instruction for the Church of England. For it was then found, as it is found now, that this Church of England hath been by appropriations, and that not without sacrilege, spoiled of the livings, which at the first were appointed to the office of preaching and teaching. Which appropriations were first annexed to abbeys; and after came to the crown; and now are dispersed to private men's possessions, without hope to reduce the same to the original institution. So as at this day, in mine opinion, where one church is able to yield sufficient living for a learned preacher, there are at the least seven churches unable to do the same: and in many parishes of your realm, where there be seven or eight hundred souls (the more is the pity), there are not eight pounds a year reserved for a minister. In such parishes it is not possible to place able preachers, for want of convenient stipend. If every flock might have a preaching pastor, which is rather to be wished than hoped for, then were reading of Homilies

⁷ Consciences seared.

⁸ "How can the word of God be sweet in thy mouth, in which is the bitterness of sin?" (Serm. 13 in Psal. cxviii.)

⁹ "When prophecy shall fail, the people shall be scattered."

¹⁰ "A faithful and wise servant, who knoweth how to give his Lord's household their meat in due season." (Matthew xxiv. 45.)

¹¹ More in Sermons than in Homilies. A Homily is so called from the Greek *ὁμιλία*, which has for its first sense a being together, thence intercourse and instruction, and meant such setting forth of doctrine as could be understood in an assembly of the people. The word was applied in the Church of England to the two books of Homilies issued in 1547 and 1563, and appointed to be read on "any Sunday or holy day when there is no Sermon." The Sermon, from Latin *sermo*, a speaking or discourse, was direct from the mind of the minister, and could be suited to the audience and occasion. Such a sermon was in the ancient Church called also a Homily, sometimes a tractate, and the preachers "tractatores." The restricted use of the word Homily in the English Reformed Church was only for the convenience of distinction between the sermons of the minister and those provided by the state.

¹ Indifferently. Impartially, without applying different measures to different persons. So in the Homily on Reading of the Scriptures, "God receiveth the learned and unlearned, and casteth away none, but is indifferent unto all." And part of the Prayer for Magistrates in the English Church Liturgy is "that they may truly and indifferently minister justice."

² "Without excellency of speech."

³ Euphuism; artificial ingenuity.

⁴ "Lest the cross of Christ should be made of none effect." (1 Corinthians i. 17.)

⁵ Not by open war, but by burrowings.

⁶ Lovers of pleasure more than of God, "who have given themselves over to work all uncleanness with greediness." (Ephesians iv. 19).

altogether unnecessary. But to supply that want of preaching of God's Word, which is the food of the soul, growing upon the necessities afore-mentioned, both in your brother's time, and in your time, certain godly Homilies have been devised, that the people should not be altogether destitute of instruction: for it is an old and a true proverb, "better half a loaf than no bread."

Now for the second point, which is concerning the learned exercise and conference amongst the ministers of the Church: I have consulted with divers of my brethren, the bishops, by letters; who think it the same as I do, viz., a thing profitable to the Church, and therefore expedient to be continued. And I trust your Majesty will think the like, when your Highness shall have been informed of the manner and order thereof; what authority it hath of the Scriptures; what commodity it bringeth with it; and what inconveniences will follow, if it be clean taken away.

The authors of this exercise are the bishops of the diocese where the same is used; who both by the law of God, and by the canons and constitutions of the Church now in force, have authority to appoint exercises to their inferior ministers, for increase of learning and knowledge in the Scriptures, as to them seemeth most expedient: for that pertaineth *ad disciplinam clericalem*.¹ The times appointed for the assembly is once a month, or once in twelve or fifteen days, at the discretion of the ordinary. The time of the exercise is two hours: the place, the church of the town appointed for the assembly. The matter entreated of is as followeth. Some text of Scripture, before appointed to be spoken of, is interpreted in this order: First, the occasion of the place is shewed. Secondly, the end. Thirdly, the proper sense of the place. Fourthly, the propriety of the words: and those that be learned in the tongues shewing the diversities of interpretations. Fifthly, where the like phrases are used in the Scriptures. Sixthly, places in the Scriptures, seeming to repugn, are reconciled. Seventhly, the arguments of the text are opened. Eighthly, it is also declared what virtues and what vices are there touched; and to which of the commandments they pertain. Ninthly, how the text hath been wrested by the adversaries, if occasion so require. Tenthly, and last of all, what doctrine of faith or manners the text doth contain. The conclusion is, with the prayer for your Majesty and all estates, as is appointed by the Book of Common Prayer, and a psalm.

These orders following are also observed in the said exercise. First, two or three of the gravest and best learned pastors are appointed of the bishop to moderate in every assembly. No man may speak, unless he be first allowed by the bishop, with this proviso, that no layman be suffered to speak at any time. No controversy of this present time and state shall be moved or dealt withal. If any attempt the contrary, he is put to silence by the moderator. None is suffered to glance openly or covertly at persons public or private; neither yet any one to confute another. If any man utter a wrong sense of the Scripture, he is privately admonished thereof, and better instructed by the moderators, and other his fellow-ministers. If any man use immodest speech, or irreverent gesture or behaviour, or otherwise be suspected in life, he is likewise admonished, as before. If any wilfully do break these orders, he is presented to the bishop, to be by him corrected.

The ground of this, or like exercise, is of great and ancient authority. For Samuel did practise such like exercises in his time, both at Naioth in Ramatha, and at Bethel. So did Elizeus the prophet, at Jericho. Which studious persons in

those days were called *filii prophetarum*,² that is to say, the disciples of the prophets, that being exercised in the study and knowledge of the Scriptures, they might be able men to serve in God's Church, as that time required. St. Paul also doth make express mention, that the like in effect was used in the primitive Church; and giveth rules for the order of the same; as namely, that two or three should speak, and the rest should keep silence.

That exercise of the Church in those days St. Paul calleth *prophetiam*, and the speakers *prophetas*: terms very odious in our days to some, because they are not rightly understood. For indeed *prophetia*, in that and like places of St. Paul, doth not, as it doth sometimes, signify prediction of things to come, which gift is not now ordinary in the Church of God; but signifieth there, by the consent of the best ancient writers, the interpretation and exposition of the Scriptures. And therefore doth St. Paul attribute unto those that be called *prophetæ* in that chapter, *doctrinam ad edificationem, exhortationem, et consolationem*.³

This gift of expounding and interpreting the Scriptures was, in St. Paul's time, given to many by special miracle, without study: so was also, by like miracle, the gift to speak with strange tongues, which they had never learned. But now, miracles ceasing, men must attain to the knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, &c., by travail and study, God giving the increase. So must men also attain by like means to the gift of expounding and interpreting the Scriptures. And amongst other helps, nothing is so necessary as these above-named exercises and conferences amongst the ministers of the Church: which in effect are all one with the exercises of students in divinity in the universities; saving that the first is done in a tongue understood, to the more edifying of the unlearned hearers.

Howsoever report hath been made to your Majesty concerning these exercises, yet I and others of your bishops, whose names are noted in the margin hereof, as they have testified unto me by their letters, have found by experience, that these profits and commodities following have ensued of them:—1. The ministers of the Church are more skilful and ready in the Scriptures, and apter to teach their flocks. 2. It withdraweth them from idleness, wandering, gaming, &c. 3. Some, afore suspected in doctrine, are brought hereby to open confession of the truth. 4. Ignorant ministers are driven to study, if not for conscience, yet for shame and fear of discipline. 5. The opinion of laymen, touching the idleness of the clergy, is hereby removed. 6. Nothing by experience beateth down Popery more than that ministers (as some of my brethren do certify) grow to such good knowledge, by means of these exercises, that where afore were not three able preachers, now are thirty, meet to preach at St. Paul's Cross; and forty or fifty besides, able to instruct their own cures. So as it is found by experience the best means to increase knowledge in the simple, and to continue it in the learned. Only backward men in religion, and contemners of learning in the countries abroad, do fret against it; which in truth doth the more commend it. The dissolution of it would breed triumph to the adversaries, and great sorrow and grief unto the favourers of religion; contrary to the counsel of Ezekiel, who saith, *Cor justi non est contristandum*.⁴ And although some few have abused this good and necessary exercise, there is no reason that the malice of a few should prejudice all. Abuses may be

² The sons of the prophets.

³ "Speaking unto edification, and exhortation, and comfort." (1 Corinthians xiv. 3.)

⁴ "The heart of the righteous must not be made sad." (Ezekiel xiii. 22.)

¹ To the discipline of the clergy.

reformed, and that which is good may remain. Neither is there any just cause of offence to be taken, if divers men make divers senses of one sentence of Scripture; so that all the senses be good and agreeable to the analogy and proportion of faith: for otherwise we must needs condemn all the ancient fathers and doctors of the Church, who most commonly expound one and the same text of the Scripture diversely, and yet all to the good of the Church. Therefore doth St. Basil compare the Scriptures to a well; out of the which the more a man draweth, the better and sweeter is the water.

I trust, when your Majesty hath considered and well weighed the premises, you will rest satisfied, and judge that no such inconveniences can grow of these exercises, as you have been informed, but rather the clean contrary. And for my own part, because I am very well assured, both by reasons and arguments taken out of the Holy Scriptures, and by experience (the most certain seal of sure knowledge), that the said exercises, for the interpretation and exposition of the Scriptures and for exhortation and comfort drawn out of the same, are both profitable to increase knowledge among the ministers, and tendeth to the edifying of the hearers,—I am forced, with all humility, and yet plainly, to profess, that I cannot with safe conscience, and without the offence of the Majesty of God, give my assent to the suppressing of the said exercises: much less can I send out any injunction for the utter and universal subversion of the same. I say with St. Paul, "I have no power to destroy, but to only edify;" and with the same apostle, "I can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth."

If it be your Majesty's pleasure, for this or any other cause, to remove me out of this place, I will with all humility yield thereunto, and render again to your Majesty that I received of the same. I consider with myself, *Quod horrendum est incidere in manus Dei viventis*.¹ I consider also, *Quod qui facit contra conscientiam (divinis juribus nixam) edificat ad gehennam*.² "And what should I win, if I gained" (I will not say a bishoprick, but) "the whole world, and lose mine own soul?"

Bear with me, I beseech you, Madam, if I choose rather to offend your earthly Majesty than to offend the heavenly Majesty of God. And now being sorry that I have been so long and tedious to your Majesty, I will draw to an end, most humbly praying the same well to consider these two short petitions following.

The first is, that you would refer all these ecclesiastical matters which touch religion, or the doctrine and discipline of the Church, unto the bishops and divines of your realm; according to the example of all godly Christian emperors and princes of all ages. For indeed they are things to be judged (as an ancient father writeth) *in ecclesia, seu synodo, non in palatio*.³ When your Majesty hath questions of the laws of your realm, you do not decide the same in your court, but send them to your judges to be determined. Likewise for doubts in matters of doctrine or discipline of the Church, the ordinary way is to refer the decision of the same to the bishops, and other head ministers of the Church.

Ambrose to Theodosius useth these words: *Si de causis pecuniariis comites tuos consulis, quanto magis in causa religionis sacerdotes Domini æquum est consulas?*⁴ And like-

wise the same father to the good emperor Valentinianus: *Si conferendum de fide, sacerdotum debet esse ista collatio; sicut factum est sub Constantino augustæ memoriæ principe, qui nullas leges ante præmisit, sed liberum dedit iudicium sacerdotibus*.⁵ And the same father saith, that Constantius the emperor, son to the said Constantine the Great, began well, by reason he followed his father's steps at the first; but ended ill, because he took upon him *de fide intra palatium judicare*⁶ (for so be the words of Ambrose), and thereby fell into Arianism; a terrible example!

The said Ambrose, so much commended in all histories for a godly bishop, goeth yet farther, and writeth to the same emperor in this form: *Si docendus est episcopus a laico, quid sequetur? Laicus ergo disputet, et episcopus audiat; episcopus discat a laico. At certe, si vel scripturarum seriem divinarum vel vetera tempora retractemus, quis est qui abnuat, in causa fidei, in causa, inquam, fidei, episcopos aliter de imperatoribus Christianis, non imperatores de episcopis judicare?*⁷ Would God your Majesty would follow this ordinary course! You should procure to yourself much more quietness of mind, better please God, avoid many offences, and the Church should be more quietly and peaceably governed, much to your comfort and commodity of your realm.

The second petition I have to make to your Majesty is this: that when you deal in matters of faith and religion, or matters that touch the Church of Christ, which is His spouse, bought with so dear a price, you would not use to pronounce so resolutely and peremptorily, *quasi ex auctoritate*,⁸ as ye may do in civil and extern matters; but always remember, that in God's causes the will of God, and not the will of any earthly creature, is to take place. It is the antichristian voice of the Pope, *Sic volo, sic jubeo; stet pro ratione voluntas*.⁹ In God's matters all princes ought to bow their sceptres to the Son of God, and to ask counsel at His mouth what they ought to do. David exhorteth all kings and rulers to serve God with fear and trembling.

Remember, Madam, that you are a mortal creature. "Look not only (as was said to Theodosius) upon the purple and princely array, wherewith ye are apparelled; but consider withal, what is that that is covered therewith. Is it not flesh and blood? Is it not dust and ashes? Is it not a corruptible body, which must return to his earth again, God knoweth how soon?" Must not you also one day appear ante tremendum tribunal Crucifixi, ut recipias ibi, prout genui in corpore, sive bonum sive malum?¹⁰

And although ye are a mighty prince, yet remember that He which dwelleth in heaven is mightier. He is, as the Psalmist sayeth, *terribilis, et is qui aufert spiritum principum, terribilis super omnes reges terra*.¹¹

¹ "If we confer about faith, the conference ought to be left to the priests; as it was done under the prince Constantine, of august memory, who set forth no laws, before he had submitted them to the free judgment of the priests."

² To judge of faith within the palace.

³ "If a bishop be to be taught by a layman, what will follow? Let the layman then dispute, and the bishop hear: let the bishop learn of the layman. But certainly, if we have recourse either to the oracles of the Holy Scriptures or to ancient times, who is there that can deny, that in the cause of faith, I say, in the cause of faith, bishops were wont to judge concerning Christian emperors, not emperors concerning bishops?"

⁴ As if by authority.

⁵ So I will have it; so I command: let my will stand for a reason.

⁶ "Before the fearful judgment-seat of the Crucified, to receive there according as you have done in the body, whether it be good or evil?"

⁷ "Terrible, and he who taketh away the spirit of princes, and is terrible above all the kings of the earth."

¹ "That it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." (Hebrews x. 31.)

² That he who acts against his conscience (resting upon the laws of God) builds for hell.

³ In the church, or a synod, not in a palace.

⁴ "If on affairs of money you consult with your counts, how much more is it fit that you consult with the Lord's priests on affairs of religion?"

Wherefore I do beseech you, Madam, in *visceribus Christi*,¹ when you deal in these religious causes, set the majesty of God before your eyes, laying all earthly majesty aside: determine with yourself to obey His voice, and with all humility say unto Him, *Non mea, sed tua voluntas fiat*.² God hath blessed you with great felicity in your reign, now many years; beware you do not impute the same to your own deserts or policy, but give God the glory. And as to instruments and means, impute your said felicity, first, to the goodness of the cause which ye have set forth (I mean Christ's true religion); and, secondly, to the sighs and groanings of the godly in their fervent prayer to God for you; which have hitherto, as it were, tied and bound the hands of God, that He could not pour His plagues upon you and your people, most justly deserved.

Take heed, that ye never once think of declining from God, lest that be verified of you, which is written of Ozeas [Joash], who continued a prince of good and godly government for many years together; and afterwards *cum roboratus esset* (saith the text), *elevatum est cor ejus in interitum suum, et neglexit Dominum*.³ Ye have done many things well; but except ye persevere to the end, ye cannot be blessed. For if ye turn from God, then God will turn away his merciful countenance from you. And what remaineth then to be looked for, but only a terrible expectation of God's judgments, and an heaping up of wrath against the day of wrath?

But I trust in God, your Majesty will always humble yourself under His mighty hand, and go forward in the zealous setting forth of God's true religion, always yielding due obedience and reverence to the Word of God, the only rule of faith and religion. And if ye so do, although God hath just cause many ways to be angry with you and us for our unfaithfulness, yet I doubt nothing, but that for His own name's sake, and for His own glory's sake, He will still hold His merciful hand over us, shield and protect us under the shadow of His wings, as He hath done hitherto.

I beseech God, our heavenly Father, plentifully to pour His principal Spirit upon you, and always to direct your heart in His holy fear. Amen.

Queen Elizabeth met this letter by causing others to issue her command that "prophesyings" should be discontinued. Grindal was confined to his house, and, by order of the Star Chamber, sequestered for six months, during which he might retain the name of Archbishop, but all duties of the office were discharged by others, of whom Aylmer, Bishop of London, was the chief. As Grindal, at the end of the six months, remained of the same mind, this state of things continued, and such was Archbishop Grindal's position in 1579, when young Edmund Spenser published his "Shepherd's Calendar," and, honouring the disgraced primate by the name of the wise Algrind, openly declared sympathy with him, and want of sympathy with Aylmer, who figured in the calendar as Morrel, "a goat-herd proud."⁴ Bishop

Aylmer, carrying out the Queen's policy and his own, repressed extremes on either side of the Established Church. He dealt severely with Roman Catholics, and on the opposite side was described as "a man of most intemperate heat, who persecuted Puritans with the utmost rage, and treated ministers with such virulent and abusive language as a man of sense and indifferent⁵ temper would scorn to use towards porters and cobblers." During these days of his trouble, Edmund Grindal became blind. He died in 1583.

CHAPTER VII.

REIGN OF ELIZABETH.—FRANCIS BACON, EDMUND SPENSER, RICHARD HOOKER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1577 TO A.D. 1603.



(From the First Edition of Spenser's "Complaints," 1591.)

MARTIN MARPRELATE

is a name hardly suggestive of Religion, for it recalls chiefly the bitterness of a zeal that cast out charity. It was the assumed name under which many earnest Puritans, who endangered their lives by plain speaking, published unlicensed pamphlets against those signs of an imperfect Re-

formation which they thought they found in prelacy. Martin Marprelate "pistled the Bishops" in earnest and violent tracts, printed by a secret press, which the Government fiercely hunted out of one hiding-place into another. One of the Marprelate writers, John Penry, was caught and hanged. He wrote before his execution, "I never did anything in this cause for contention, vainglory, or to draw disciples after me. Great things in this life I never sought for: sufficiency I had with great outward trouble; but most content I was with my lot, and content with my untimely death, though I leave behind me a friendless widow and four infants." John Udall, another of the Marprelate writers, was left to die in prison. When he was tried for the authorship of a book, and offered witnesses in his defence, they were refused a hearing on the plea that witnesses for the prisoner would be against the Queen. But he said, and said in vain, "It is for the Queen to hear all things when the life of any of her subjects is in question." The pamphlets written against the Puritans in this quarrel, not clandestinely, because authority was with them, were chiefly by wits and playwrights, as violent as those which they opposed, and not so earnest. The most temperate of all these writers was one of the impugned bishops, Thomas Cooper, Bishop of Winchester. This controversy was at its height in 1589, and Francis Bacon, then twenty-nine years old, wrote of it wisely thus:—

¹ In the bowels of Christ.

² "Not mine, but thine be done." (Luke xxii. 42.)

³ "When he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction, for he transgressed against the Lord." (2 Chronicles xxvi. 16.)

⁴ The volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 205–209, contains the eclogue of the "Shepherd's Calendar" which especially illustrates Edmund Spenser's sympathy with Edmund Grindal.

⁵ Indifferent, unprejudiced. (See Note 1, p. 180.)

AN ADVERTISEMENT TOUCHING THE CONTROVERSIES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

It is but ignorance if any man find it strange that the state of Religion (especially in the days of peace) should be exercised and troubled with controversies. For as it is the condition of the Church Militant to be ever under trials, so it cometh to pass that when the fiery trial of persecution ceaseth there succeedeth another trial, which as it were by contrary blasts of doctrine doth sift and winnow men's faith, and proveth them whether they know God aright, even as that other of afflictions discovereth whether they love Him better than the World. Accordingly was it foretold by Christ, saying, That in the latter times it should be said, Lo here, lo there is Christ: which is to be understood, not as if the very person of Christ should be assumed and counterfeited, but his authority and pre-eminence (which is to be Truth itself) that should be challenged and pretended. Thus have we read and seen to be fulfilled that which followeth, *Ecce in deserto, ecce in penetralibus*; ¹ while some have sought the truth in the conventicles and conciliabules of heretics and sectaries, and others in the extern face and representation of the Church, and both sorts been seduced. Were it then that the controversies of the Church of England were such as did divide the unity of the spirit, and not such as only do unswathe her of her bonds (the bonds of peace), yet could it be no occasion for any pretended Catholic to judge us, or for any irreligious person to despise us. Or if it be, it shall but happen to us all as it hath used to do; to them to be hardened, and to us to endure the good pleasure of God. But now that our contentions are such, as we need not so much that general canon and sentence of Christ pronounced against heretics, *Erratis, nescientes Scripturas, nec potestatem Dei*,² as we need the admonition of St. James, "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath;" and that the wound is no way dangerous, except we poison it with our remedies; as the former sort of men have less reason to make themselves music in our discord, so I have good hope that nothing shall displease ourselves which shall be sincerely and modestly propounded for the appeasing of these dissensions. For if any shall be offended at this voice, *Vos estis fratres* (ye are brethren, why strive ye?), he shall give a great presumption against himself, that he is the party that doth his brother wrong.

The controversies themselves I will not enter into, as judging that the disease requireth rather rest than any other cure. Thus much we all know and confess, that they be not of the highest nature; for they are not touching the high mysteries of faith, such as detained the churches after their first peace for many years; what time the heretics moved curious questions, and made strange anatomies of the natures and person of Christ; and the Catholic fathers were compelled to follow them with all subtilty of decisions and determinations, to exclude them from their evasions and to take them in their labyrinths; so as it is rightly said, *illis temporibus ingeniosa res fuit esse Christianum* (in those days it was an ingenious and subtle matter to be a Christian). Neither are they concerning the great parts of the worship of God, of which it is true that *non servatur unitas in credendo, nisi eadem adsit in colendo* (there will be kept no unity in believing, except it be entertained in worshipping); such as were the controversies of the east and west churches touching

images; and such as are many of those between the Church of Rome and us; as about the adoration of the Sacrament, and the like. But we contend about ceremonies and things indifferent; about the extern policy and government of the Church. In which kind, if we would but remember that the ancient and true bonds of unity are one faith, one baptism, and not one ceremony, one policy; if we would observe the league amongst Christians that is penned by our Saviour, "He that is not against us is with us:" if we could but comprehend that saying, *differentia rituum commendat unitatem doctrinae* (the diversity of ceremonies doth set forth the unity of doctrine); and that *habet religio quæ sunt æternitatis, habet quæ sunt temporis* (Religion hath parts which belong to eternity, and parts which pertain to time): and if we did but know the virtue of silence and slowness to speak, commended by St. James; our controversies of themselves would close up and grow together. But most especially, if we would leave the over-weening and turbulent humours of these times, and revive the blessed proceeding of the Apostles and Fathers of the primitive Church, which was, in the like and greater cases, not to enter into assertions and positions, but to deliver counsels and advices, we should need no other remedy at all. *Si eadem consulis, frater, quæ affirmas, debetur consensu reverentia, cum non debeatur fides affirmanti* (Brother, if that which you set down as an assertion, you would deliver by way of advice, there were reverence due to your counsel, whereas faith is not due to your affirmation). St. Paul was content to speak thus, *Ego, non Dominus* (I, and not the Lord): *Et, secundum consilium meum* (according to my counsel). But now men do too lightly say, *Non ego, sed Dominus* (not I, but the Lord): yea, and bind it with heavy denunciations of His judgments, to terrify the simple, which have not sufficiently understood out of Salomon, that the causeless curse shall not come.

Therefore seeing the accidents are they which breed the peril, and not the things themselves in their own nature, it is meet the remedies be applied unto them, by opening what it is on either part that keepeth the wound green, and formalizeth both sides to a further opposition, and worketh an indisposition in men's minds to be reunited. Wherein no accusation is pretended; but I find in reason, that peace is best built upon a repetition of wrongs: and in example, that the speeches which have been made by the wisest men of *concordia ordinum*³ have not abstained from reducing to memory the extremities used on both parts. So as it is true which is said, *Qui pacem tractat non repetitis conditionibus dissidii, is magis animos hominum dulcedine pacis fallit, quam æquitate componit*.⁴

And first of all, it is more than time that there were an end and surseance made of this immodest and deformed manner of writing lately entertained, whereby matters of Religion are handled in the style of the stage. Indeed, bitter and earnest writing may not hastily be condemned; for men cannot contend coldly and without affection about things which they hold dear and precious. A politic man may write from his brain, without touch and sense of his heart, as it is a speculation that pertaineth not unto him; but a feeling Christian will express in his words a character either of zeal or love. The latter of which as I could wish rather embraced, being more fit for these times, yet is the former warranted also by great examples. But to leave all reverent and religious compassion towards evils, or indignation

¹ "Behold, he is in the desert . . . behold, he is in the secret chambers." (Matthew xxiv. 26.)

² "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God." (Matthew xxii. 29.)

³ On concord of arrangements.

⁴ Whoever seeks treaty of peace without re-stating the causes of dissension, rather beguiles men's minds with the sweetness of peace than brings them into accord by equity.

towards faults, and to turn religion into a comedy or satire; to search and rip up wounds with a laughing countenance; to intermix Scripture and scurrility sometime in one sentence; is a thing far from the devout reverence of a Christian, and scant becoming the honest regard of a sober man. *Non est major confusio, quam serii et joci* (there is no greater confusion, than the confounding of jest and earnest). The majesty of religion, and the contempt and deformity of things ridiculous, are things as distant as things may be. Two principal causes have I ever known of Atheism; curious controversies, and profane scoffing. Now that these two are joined in one, no doubt that sect will make no small progression.

And here I do much esteem the wisdom and religion of that bishop¹ which replied to the first pamphlet of this kind, who remembered that "a fool was to be answered, but not by becoming like unto him;" and considered the matter that he handled, and not the person with whom he dealt. Job, speaking of the majesty and gravity of a judge in himself, saith, "If I did smile, they believed it not:" as if he should have said, If I diverted, or glanced unto conceit of mirth, yet men's minds were so possessed with a reverence of the action in hand, as they could not receive it. Much more ought this to be amongst bishops and divines disputing about holy things. And therefore as much do I dislike the invention of him who (as it seemeth) pleased himself in it as in no mean policy, that these men are to be dealt withal at their own weapons, and pledged in their own cup. This seemed to him as profound a device, as when the Cardinal Sansovino counselled Julius II. to encounter the Council of Pisa with the Council Lateran; or as lawful a challenge as Mr. Jewel made to confute the pretended Catholics by the Fathers. But these things will not excuse the imitation of evil in another. It should be contrariwise with us, as Cæsar said, *Nil malo, quam eos similes esse sui, et me mei*.² But now, *Dum de bonis contendimus, in malis consentimus* (while we differ about good things, we resemble in evil). Surely, if I were asked of these men who were the more to be blamed, I should percase remember the proverb, "that the second blow maketh the fray," and the saying of an obscure fellow, *Qui replicat, multiplicat* (he that replieth, multiplieth). But I would determine the question with this sentence: *Alter principium malo dedit, alter modum abstulit* (by the one's means we have a beginning, and by the other's we shall have none end). And truly, as I do marvel that some of those preachers which call for reformation (whom I am far from wronging so far as to join them with these scoffers) do not publish some declaration whereby they may satisfy the world that they dislike their cause should be thus solicited; so I hope assuredly that my lords of the clergy have none intelligence with this other libeller, but do altogether disallow that their credit should be thus defended. For though I observe in him many glosses, whereby the man would insinuate himself into their favours, yet I find it to be ordinary, that many pressing and fawning persons do misconjuncture of the humours of men in authority, and many times *Veneri immolant suam* (they seek to gratify them with that which they most dislike). For I have great reason to satisfy myself touching the judgments of my lords

the bishops in this matter, by that which was written by one of them, which I mentioned before with honour. Nevertheless I note, there is not an indifferent³ hand carried towards these pamphlets as they deserve. For the one sort flieth in the dark, and the other is uttered openly; wherein I might advise that side out of a wise writer, who hath set it down that *punitis ingeniis gliscit auctoritas*.⁴ And indeed we see it ever falleth out that the forbidden writing is thought to be certain sparks of a truth that fly up in the faces of those that seek to choke it and tread it out; whereas a book authorised is thought to be, but *temporis voces* (the language of the time). But in plain truth I do find (to my understanding) these pamphlets as meet to be suppressed as the other. First, because as the former sort doth deface the government of the Church in the persons of the bishops and prelates, so the other doth lead into contempt the exercises of religion in the persons of sundry preachers; so as it disgraceth an higher matter, though in the meaner person. Next, I find certain indiscreet and dangerous amplifications, as if the civil government itself of this estate had near lost the force of her sinews, and were ready to enter into some convulsion, all things being full of faction and disorder; which is as unwisely acknowledged as untruly affirmed. I know his meaning is to enforce this unreverent and violent impugning of the government of bishops to be a suspected forerunner of a more general contempt. And I grant there is sympathy between the states, but no such matter in the civil policy as deserveth so dishonourable a taxation. To conclude this point: As it were to be wished that these writings had been abortive, and never seen the sun; so the next is, since they be comen abroad, that they be censured⁵ (by all that have understanding and conscience) as the intemperate extravagancies of some light persons. Yea further, that men beware (except they mean to adventure to deprive themselves of all sense of religion, and to pave their own hearts, and make them as the highway) how they be conversant in them, and much more how they delight in that vein; but rather to turn their laughing into blushing, and to be ashamed, as of a short madness, that they have in matters of religion taken their disport and solace. But this perchance is of those faults which will be soonest acknowledged; though I perceive nevertheless that there want not some who seek to blanch and excuse it.

But to descend to a sincere view and consideration of the accidents and circumstances of these controversies, wherein either part deserveth blame or imputation; I find generally, in causes of church controversies, that men do offend in some or all of these five points.

1. The first is, the giving of occasion unto the controversies: and also the inconsiderate and ungrounded taking of occasion.

³ Indifferent, impartial. (See Note 1, page 180.)

⁴ "When wits are punished, their authority increases." Part of a passage in the "Annals of Tacitus" (iv. 35), which says, "Vain and senseless is the attempt by an arbitrary act to extinguish the light of truth and defraud posterity of due information. Genius thrives under oppression; persecute the author, and you enhance the value of his work."

⁵ Censured, thought of. "Censure" meant originally one's opinion upon a subject, good or bad. The slow advance of culture has caused the majority of such opinions to be in accord with what Chancer describes as the judgment of the ignorant, in his "Squire's Tale," when magic gifts are under scrutiny; they judge

"As lewéd people demen commonly
Of thinges that ben made more subtilly
Than they can in their lewðness comprehend,
They demen gladly to the badder end."

¹ Thomas Cooper, whose pamphlet here referred to was entitled "An Admonition to the People of England," and gave rise to a rejoinder entitled "Hay ye any work for a Cooper?" Thomas Cooper, born at Oxford in 1527, left a fellowship at Magdalene to study physic in the reign of Mary, but after her death he became successively Dean of Christchurch, Dean of Gloucester, Bishop of Lincoln (1570), and Bishop of Winchester (1584). He died in 1594. Besides his "Admonition," he published sermons, and a Latin dictionary.

² "I wish nothing but that they shall be like themselves, I like myself." (Cæsar in Cicero's letters to Atticus.)

2. The next is, the extending and multiplying the controversies to a more general opposition or contradiction than appeareth at the first propounding of them, when men's judgments are less partial.

3. The third is, the passionate and unbrotherly practices and proceedings of both parts towards the persons each of others, for their discredit and suppression.

4. The fourth is, the courses holden and entertained on either side, for the drawing of their partisans to a more strait union within themselves, which ever importeth a further distraction of the entire body.

5. The last is, the undue and inconvenient propounding, publishing, and debating of the controversies. In which point the most palpable error hath been already spoken of; as that which, through the strangeness and freshness of the abuse, first offereth itself to the conceits of all men.

1. Now concerning the occasion of controversies, it cannot be denied but that the imperfections in the conversation¹ and government of those which have chief place in the Church have ever been principal causes and motives of schisms and divisions. For whilst the bishops and governors of the Church continue full of knowledge and good works; whilst they feed the flock indeed; whilst they deal with the secular states in all liberty and resolution, according to the majesty of their calling, and the precious care of souls imposed upon them: so long the Church is situate as it were upon an hill; no man maketh question of it, or seeketh to depart from it. But when these virtues in the fathers and leaders of the Church have lost their light, and that they wax worldly, "lovers of themselves, and pleasers of men," then men begin to grope for the Church as in the dark; they are in doubt whether they be the successors of the Apostles, or of the Pharisees; yea, howsoever they sit in Moses' chair, yet they can never speak *tantum auctoritatem habentes* (as having authority), because they have lost their reputation in the consciences of men, by declining their steps from the way which they trace out to others. So as men had need continually have sounding in their ears this saying, *Nolite exire* (go not out); so ready are they to depart from the Church upon every voice. And therefore it is truly noted by one that writeth as a natural man, "that the hypocrisy of freres did for a great time maintain and bear out the irreligion of bishops and prelates." For this is the double policy of the spiritual enemy, either by counterfeit holiness of life to establish and authorise errors; or by corruption of manners to discredit and draw in question truth and things lawful. This concerneth my lords the bishops, unto whom I am witness to myself that I stand affected as I ought. No contradiction hath supplanted in me the reverence I owe to their calling; neither hath any detractation or calumny embased mine opinion of their persons. I know some of them, whose names are most pierced with these accusations, to be men of great virtues; although the indisposition of the time, and the want of correspondence many ways, is enough to frustrate the best endeavours in the edifying of the Church. And for the rest generally, I can condemn none. I am no judge of them that belong to so high a master; neither have I two witnesses. And I know it is truly said of fame, *Pariter facta, atque infecta canebat*.² Their taxations arise not all from one coast; they have many and different enemies, ready to invent slander, more ready to amplify it, and most ready to believe

it. And *Magnes mendacii credulitas* (credulity is the adamant of lies). But if any be, against whom the supreme bishop hath not a few things but many things; if any have "lost his first love;" if any "be neither hot nor cold;" if any have stumbled too foully at the threshold, in sort that he cannot sit well which entered ill; it is time "they return whence they are fallen, and confirm the things that remain." Great is the weight of this fault; *et eorum causa abhorrebant homines à sacrificio Domini* (and for their cause did men abhor the adoration of God). But howsoever it be, those which have sought to deface them, and cast contempt upon them, are not to be excused.

It is the precept of Salomon, "that the rulers be not reproached; no, not in thought," but that we draw our very conceit into a modest interpretation of their doings. The holy angel would give no sentence of blasphemy against the common slanderer, but said, *Incepit te Dominus* (the Lord rebuke thee). The Apostle St. Paul, though against him that did pollute sacred justice with tyrannous violence he did justly denounce the judgment of God, in saying *Percutiet te Dominus*³ (the Lord will strike thee); yet in saying *peris dealbate*, he thought he had gone too far, and retracted it: whereupon a learned father said, *Ipsum quamvis inane nomen et umbram sacerdotis cogitans expavit*.⁴ The ancient councils and synods (as is noted by the ecclesiastical story), when they deprived any bishop, never recorded the offence, but buried it in perpetual silence. Only Cham purchased his curse with revealing his father's disgrace. And yet a much greater fault is it to ascend from their person to their calling, and draw that in question. Many good fathers spake rigorously and severely of the unworthiness of bishops, as if presently it did forfeit and cease their office. One saith, *Sacerdotes nominamur et non sumus* (we are called priests, but priests we are not). Another saith, *Nisi bonum opus amplectaris, episcopus esse non potes* (except thou undertake the good work, thou canst not be a bishop). Yet they meant nothing less than to make doubt of their calling or ordination.

The second occasion of controversies, is the nature and humour of some men. The Church never wanteth a kind of persons which love "the salutation of Rabbi, master;" not in ceremony or compliment, but in an inward authority which they seek over men's minds, in drawing them to depend upon their opinion, and "to seek knowledge at their lips." These men are the true successors of Diotrephes, the lover of pre-eminence, and not lords bishops. Such spirits do light upon another sort of natures, which do adhere to them; *non quorum gloria in obsequio* (stiff followers, and such as zeal marvelously for those whom they have chosen for their masters). This latter sort, for the most part, are men of young years and superficial understanding, carried away with partial respect of persons, or with the enticing appearance of goodly names and pretences. *Pauci res ipsas sequuntur, plures nomina rerum, plurimi nomina magistrorum* (few follow the things themselves, more the names of the things, and most the names of their masters). About these general affections are wreathed accidental and private emulation and contentments, all which together break forth into contentions; such as either violate truth, sobriety, or peace. These generalities apply themselves. The universities are the seat and continent of this disease, whence it hath been and is derived into the rest of the realm. There some will no longer be *à numero* (of the number). There some others side them-

¹ Conversation, intercourse, way of association with others. "Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation." ("Antony and Cleopatra," ii. 6.) "Our conversation is in heaven." (Philippians iii. 20.)

² She sang equally things done and not done. (Statius, "Thebaid," iii. 439.)

³ "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall . . . And they that stood by said, Revilest thou God's high priest? Then said Paul, I wist not, brethren, that he was the high priest." (Acts xxiii. 2-3.)

⁴ Upon reflection he had dread even for the empty name and shadow of a priest.

selves before "they know their right hand from their left." So it is true which is said, *transeunt ab ignorantia ad præjudicium* (they leap from ignorance to a prejudicate opinion), and never take a sound judgment in their way. But as it is well noted, *inter juvenile judicium et senile præjudicium, omnis veritas corrumpitur* (when men are indifferent, and not partial, then their judgment is weak and unripe through want of years; and when it groweth to strength and ripeness, by that time it is forestalled with such a number of prejudicate opinions, as it is made unprofitable; so as between these two all truth is corrupted). In the meanwhile, the honourable names of sincerity, reformation, and discipline are put in the foreward: so as contentions and evil zeals cannot be touched, except these holy things be thought first to be violated. But howsoever they shall infer the solicitation for the peace of the Church to proceed from carnal sense, yet I will conclude ever with the Apostle Paul, *Cum sit inter vos zelus et contentio, nonne carnales estis?* (Whilst there is amongst you zeal and contention, are ye not carnal?) And howsoever they esteem the compounding of controversies to savour of man's wisdom and human policy, and think themselves led by the wisdom which is from above, yet I say with St. James, *Non est ista sapientia de sursum descendens, sed terrena, animalis, diabolica: ubi enim zelus et contentio, ibi inconstantia et omne opus pravum.*¹ Of this inconstancy, it is said by a learned father, *Procedere volunt non ad perfectionem, sed ad permutationem* (they seek to go forward still, not to perfection, but to change).

The third occasion of controversies I observe to be, an extreme and unlimited detestation of some former heresy or corruption of the Church already acknowledged and convicted. This was the cause that produced the heresy of Arius,² grounded chiefly upon detestation of Gentilism, lest the Christians should seem, by the assertion of the co-equal divinity of our Saviour Christ, to approach unto the acknowledgment of more gods than one. The detestation of the heresy of Arius produced that of Sabellius;³ who, holding for execrable the dissimilitude which Arius pretended in the Trinity, fled so far from him, as he fell upon that other extremity, to deny the distinction of persons; and to say they were but only names of several offices and dispensations. Yea, most of the heresies and schisms of the Church have sprung up of this root; while men have made it as it were their scale, by which to measure the bounds of the most perfect religion; taking it by the furthest distance from the error last condemned. These be *posthumi hæresium filii* (heresies that arise out of the ashes of other heresies that are extinct and amortized). This manner of apprehension doth in some degree possess many in our times. They think it the true touchstone to try what is good and holy, by measuring what is more or less opposite to the institutions of the Church of Rome; be it ceremony, be it policy or government, yea, be it other institution of greater weight, that is ever most perfect which is removed most degrees from that Church; and that is ever polluted and blemished which participateth in any appearance with it. This is a subtle and dangerous conceit

for men to entertain, apt to delude themselves, more apt to seduce the people, and most apt of all to calumniate their adversaries. This surely (but that a notorious condemnation of that position was before our eyes) had long since brought us to the re-baptising of children baptised according to the pretended catholic religion. For I see that which is a matter of much like reason, which is the re-ordaining of priests, is a matter already resolutely maintained. It is very meet that men beware how they be abused by this opinion; and that they know that it is a consideration of much greater wisdom and sobriety to be well advised, whether in the general demolition of the institutions of the Church of Rome there were not (as men's actions are imperfect) some good purged with the bad, rather than to purge the Church, as they pretend, every day anew; which is the way to make a wound in her bowels, as is already begun.

The fourth and last occasion of these controversies (a matter which did also trouble the Church in former times) is the partial affectation and imitation of foreign churches. For many of our men, during the time of persecution and since, having been conversant in churches abroad, and received a great impression of the form of government there ordained, have violently sought to intrude the same upon our Church. But I answer, *Consentiamus in eo quod convenit, non in eo quod receptum est* (let us agree in this, that every church do that which is convenient for the estate of itself, and not in particular customs). Although their churches had received the better form, yet many times it is to be sought, *non quid optimum, sed à bonis quid proximum* (not what is best, but of good things what is next and readiest to be had). Our church is not now to plant; it is settled and established. It may be, in civil states, a republic is a better policy than a kingdom: yet God forbid that lawful kingdoms should be tied to innovate and make alteration. *Qui mala introducit, voluntatem Dei oppugnat revelatam in verbo; qui nova introducit, voluntatem Dei oppugnat revelatam in rebus* (he that bringeth in evil customs, resisteth the will of God revealed in His Word; he that bringeth in new things, resisteth the will of God revealed in the things themselves). *Consule providentiam Dei, cum verbo Dei* (take counsel of the providence of God, as well as of His Word). Neither yet do I admit that their form (though it were possible and convenient) is better than ours, if some abuses were taken away. The parity and equality of ministers is a thing of wonderful great confusion; and so is an ordinary government by synods, which doth necessarily ensue upon the other. It is hard in all causes, but especially in matters of religion, when voices shall be "numbered and not weighed." *Equidem* (saith a wise father) *ut vere quod res est scribam, prorsus decrevi fugere omnem conventum episcoporum; nullius enim concilii bonum exitum unquam vidi; concilia enim non minuunt mala, sed augment potius* (To say the truth, I am utterly determined never to come to any council of bishops: for I never yet saw good end of any council; for councils abate not ill things, but rather increase them): which is to be understood not so much of general councils, as of synods gathered for the ordinary government of the Church; as for deprivation of bishops, and such-like causes; which mischief hath taught the use of archbishops, patriarchs, and primates; as the abuse of them since hath taught men to dislike them. But it will be said, Look to the fruits of the churches abroad and ours. To which I say, that I beseech the Lord to multiply his blessings and graces upon those churches an hundredfold. But yet it is not good, that we fall on numbering of them. It may be our peace hath made us more wanton: it may be also (though I would be loath to derogate from the honour of those churches, were it not to remove scandals) that their fruits are as torches in

¹ "This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." (James iii. 15, 16.)

² Arius, a presbyter of Alexandria in the fourth century, maintained that the Son and the Father were distinct, and that the Son was created by the will of the Father out of nothing. His doctrine was condemned at a synod A.D. 321, and again at the Council of Nice, A.D. 325, when Athanasius took part against him. He died A.D. 336.

³ Sabellius lived before Arius. He was an African Christian of the third century, one of the Monarchians who held the Oneness of the Three Persons by treating them as names for the different relations of the one God to His people.

the dark, which appear greatest afar off. I know they may have some more strict orders for the repressing of sundry excesses. But when I consider of the censures of some persons, as well upon particular men as upon churches, I think of the saying of a Platonist, who saith, *Certe vitia irascibilis partis anima sunt gradu praviora quam concupiscibilis, tametsi occultiora*; ¹ a matter that appeared well by the ancient contentions of bishops. God grant that we may contend with other churches, as the vine with the olive, which of us beareth best fruit; and not as the brier with the thistle, which of us is most unprofitable. And thus much touching the occasion of these controversies.

2. Now, briefly to set down the growth and progression of these controversies; whereby will be verified the wise counsel of Salomon, that the course of contentions is to be stopped at the first; being else "as the waters," which if they gain a breach, it will hardly be ever recovered. It may be remembered, that on their part which call for reformation, was first propounded some dislike of certain ceremonies supposed to be superstitious; some complaint of dumb ministers who possessed rich benefices; and some invectives against the idle and monastical continuance within the universities, by those who had livings to be resident upon; and such-like abuses. Thence they went on to condemn the government of bishops as an hierarchy remaining to us of the corruptions of the Roman Church, and to except to sundry institutions as not sufficiently delivered from the pollutions of the former times. And lastly, they are advanced to define of an only and perpetual form of policy in the Church; which (without consideration of possibility, or foresight of peril and perturbation of the church and state) must be erected and planted by the magistrate. Here they stay. Others (not able to keep footing in so steep a ground) descend further; That the same must be entered into and accepted of the people, at their peril, without the attending of the establishment of authority: and so in the meantime they refuse to communicate with us, reputed us to have no church. This hath been the progression of that side: I mean of the generality. For I know, some persons (being of the nature, not only to love extremities, but also to fall to them without degrees) were at the highest strain at the first. The other part, which maintaineth the present government of the Church, hath not kept one tenor neither. First, those ceremonies which were pretended to be corrupt they maintained to be things indifferent, and opposed the examples of the good times of the Church to that challenge which was made unto them, because they were used in the later superstitious times. Then were they also content mildly to acknowledge many imperfections in the Church: as tares come up amongst the corn; which yet (according to the wisdom taught by our Saviour) were not with strife to be pulled up, lest it might spoil and supplant the good corn, but to grow on together until the harvest. After, they grew to a more absolute defence and maintenance of all the orders of the Church, and stiffly to hold that nothing was to be innovated; partly because it needed not, partly because it would make a breach upon the rest. Thence (exasperate through contentions) they are fallen to a direct condemnation of the contrary part, as of a sect. Yea, and some indiscreet persons have been bold in open preaching to use dishonourable and derogative speech and censure of the churches abroad; and that so far, as some of our men (as I have heard) ordained in foreign parts have been pronounced to be no lawful ministers. Thus we see the

beginnings were modest, but the extremes are violent; so as there is almost as great a distance now of either side from itself, as was at the first of one from the other. And surely, though my meaning and scope be not (as I said before) to enter into the controversies themselves, yet I do admonish the maintainers of the alone discipline to weigh and consider seriously and attentively, how near they are unto those with whom I know they will not join. It is very hard to affirm that the discipline which they say we want is one of the essential parts of the worship of God, and not to affirm withal that the people themselves upon peril of salvation, without staying for the magistrate, are to gather themselves into it. I demand, if a civil state should receive the preaching of the word and baptism, and interdict and exclude the sacrament of the supper, were not men bound upon danger of their souls to draw themselves to congregations, wherein they might celebrate that mystery, and not to content themselves with that part of the worship of God which the magistrate hath authorised? This I speak, not to draw them into the dislike of others, but into a more deep consideration of themselves: *Fortasse non redeunt, quia suum progressum non intelligunt*.² Again, to my lords the bishops I say, that it is hard for them to avoid blame (in the opinion of an indifferent person) in standing so precisely upon altering nothing. *Leges, novis legibus non recreata, acescunt* (laws, not refreshed with new laws, wax sour). *Qui mala non permutat, in bonis non perseverat* (without change of the ill, a man cannot continue the good). To take away abuses supplanteth not good orders, but establisheth them. *Morosa moris retentio res turbulenta est, æque ac novitas* (a contentious retaining of custom is a turbulent thing, as well as innovation). A good husbandman is ever proynng and stirring in his vineyard or field; not unseasonably, indeed, nor unskilfully. But lightly he findeth ever somewhat to do. We have heard of no offers of the bishops of bills in parliament; which (no doubt) proceeding from them to whom it properly pertaineth, would have everywhere received acceptance. Their own constitutions and orders have reformed little. Is nothing amiss? Can any man defend the use of excommunication as a base process to lackey up and down for duties and fees; it being the greatest judgment next the general judgment of the latter day? Is there no means to train up and nurse ministers (for the yield of the universities will not serve, though they were never so well governed)—to train them, I say, not to preach (for that every man confidently advetteth to do), but to preach soundly, and handle the Scriptures with wisdom and judgment? I know prophesying was subject to great abuse, and would be more abused now; because heat of contentions is increased. But I say the only reason of the abuse was, because there was admitted to it a popular auditory, and it was not contained within a private conference of ministers. Other things might be spoken of. I pray God to inspire the bishops with a fervent love and care of the people; and that they may not so much urge things in controversy as things out of controversy which all men confess to be gracious and good. And thus much for the second point.

3. Now, as to the third point, of unbrotherly proceeding on either part, it is directly contrary to my purpose to amplify wrongs: it is enough to note and number them; which I do also to move compassion and remorse on the offending side, and not to animate challenges and complaints on the other. And this point (as reason is) doth chiefly touch that side

¹ Surely the vices of the irascible part of the soul are a degree worse than those of the concupiscible, though more occult.

² Perhaps they do not return because they do not understand how they went forward.

which can do most. *Injuria potentiorum sunt* (injuries come from them that have the upper hand).

The wrongs of them which are possessed of the government of the Church towards the other, may hardly be dissembled or excused. They have charged them as though "they denied tribute to Caesar," and withdrew from the civil magistrate their obedience which they have ever performed and taught. They have ever sorted and coupled them with the family of those whose heresies they have laboured to descry and confute. They have been swift of credit to receive accusations against them from those that have quarrelled with them but for speaking against sin and vice. Their examinations and inquisitions have been strait. Swearing men to blanks and generalities (not included within a compass of matter certain, which the party that is to take the oath may comprehend) is a thing captious and strainable. Their urging of subscription to their own articles is but *laccessere et irritare morbos ecclesie*, which otherwise would spend and exercise themselves. *Non consensum querit sed dissidium, qui quod factis prestat in verbis exigit* (he seeketh not unity, but division, which exacteth in words that which men are content to yield in action). And it is true, there are some which (as I am persuaded) will not easily offend by inconformity, who notwithstanding make some conscience to subscribe. For they know this note of inconstancy and defection from that which they have long held shall disable them to do that good which otherwise they would do: for such is the weakness of many that their ministry should be thereby discredited. As for their easy silencing of them, in such great scarcity of preachers, it is to punish the people, and not them. Ought they not (I mean the bishops) to keep one eye open to look upon the good that these men do, but to fix them both upon the hurt that they suppose cometh by them? Indeed, such as are intemperate and incorrigible, God forbid they should be permitted to teach. But shall every inconsiderate word, sometimes captiously watched, and for the most part hardly enforced, be a forfeiture of their voice and gift of teaching? As for sundry particular molestations, I take no pleasure to recite them. If a minister shall be troubled for saying in baptism, "Do you believe?" for, "Dost thou believe?" If another shall be called in question for praying for her Majesty without the addition of her style; whereas the very form of prayer in the Book of Common Prayer hath "Thy servant Elizabeth," and no more: if a third shall be accused, upon these words uttered touching the controversies, *tollatur lex et fiat certamen* (whereby was meant that the prejudice of the law removed, either's reasons should be equally compared) of calling the people to sedition and mutiny, as if he had said, "Away with the law, and try it out by force:" if these and sundry other like particulars be true, which I have but by rumour, and cannot affirm; it is to be lamented that they should labour amongst us with so little comfort. I know "restrained governments are better than remiss;" and I am of his mind that said, "Better is it to live where nothing is lawful, than where all things are lawful." I dislike that laws be contemned, or disturbers be unpunished. But laws are likened to the grape, that being too much pressed yields an hard and unwholesome wine. Of these things I must say, *Ira viri non operatur justitiam Dei* (the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God).

As for the injuries of the other part, they be *ictus inermium*; as it were headless arrows; they are fiery and eager invectives, and in some fond men uncivil and unreverent behaviour towards their persons. This last invention also, which exposeth them to derision and obloquy by libels, chargeth not (as I am persuaded) the whole side: neither doth that other, which is yet more odious, practised by the

worst sort of them, which is, to call in as it were to their aids certain mercenary bands, which impugn bishops and other ecclesiastical dignities, to have the spoil of their endowments and livings. Of this I cannot speak too hardly. It is an intelligence between incendiaries and robbers—the one to fire the house, the other to rifle it. And thus much touching the third point.

4. The fourth point wholly pertaineth to them which impugn the present ecclesiastical government; who, although they have not cut themselves off from the body and communion of the Church, yet do they affect certain cognizances and differences, wherein they seek to correspond amongst themselves, and to be separated from others. And it is truly said, *tam sunt mores quidam schismatici, quam dogmata schismatica* (there be as well schismatical fashions as opinions). First, they have impropred to themselves the names of zealous, sincere, and reformed; as if all others were cold, minglers of holy things and profane, and friends of abuses. Yea, be a man endued with great virtues and fruitful in good works, yet if he concur not with them, they term him in derogation a civil and moral man, and compare him to Socrates or some heathen philosopher: whereas the wisdom of the Scriptures teacheth us contrariwise to judge and denominate men religious according to their works of the second table; because they of the first are often counterfeited and practised in hypocrisy. So St. John saith, that "a man doth vainly boast of loving God whom he hath not seen, if he love not his brother whom he hath seen." And St. James saith, "This is true religion, to visit the fatherless and the widow," &c. So as that which is with them but philosophical and moral, is, in the phrase of the Apostle, true religion and Christianity. As in affection they challenge the said virtues of zeal and the rest, so in knowledge they attribute unto themselves light and perfection. They say, the Church of England in King Edward's time, and in the beginning of her Majesty's reign, was but in the cradle; and the bishops in those times did somewhat for daybreak, but that maturity and fulness of light proceeded from themselves. So Sabinus, Bishop of Heraclea, a Macedonian, said that the fathers in the Council of Nice were but infants and ignorant men; and that the Church was not so to persist in their decrees as to refuse that further ripeness of knowledge which the time had revealed. And as they censure virtuous men by the names of civil and moral, so do they censure men truly and godly wise who see into the vanity of their assertions by the name of politiques; saying that their wisdom is but carnal and savouring of man's brain. So likewise if a preacher preach with care and meditation (I speak not of the vain scholastical manner of preaching, but soundly indeed, ordering the matter he handleth distinctly for memory, deducing and drawing it down for direction, and authorising it with strong proofs and warrants), they censure it as a form of speaking not becoming the simplicity of the Gospel, and refer it to the reprehension of St. Paul, speaking of the enticing speech of man's wisdom.

Now for their own manner of teaching, what is it? Surely they exhort well, and work compunction of mind, and bring men well to the question, *Viri, fratres, quid agemus?*¹ But that is not enough, except they resolve that question. They handle matters of controversy weakly and *obiter*, and as before a people that will accept of anything. In doctrine of manners there is little but generality and repetition. The Word (the "bread of life") they toss up and down, they break it not. They draw not their directions down *ad casus*

¹ "Men, brethren, what shall we do?"

conscientia; that a man may be warranted in his particular actions whether they be lawful or not. Neither indeed are many of them able to do it, what through want of grounded knowledge, what through want of study and time. It is an easy and compendious thing to call for the observation of the Sabbath-day, or to speak against unlawful gain; but what actions and works may be done upon the Sabbath, and in what cases; and what courses of gain are lawful, and what not; to set this down, and to clear the whole matter with good distinctions and decisions, is a matter of great knowledge and labour, and asketh much meditation and conversation in the Scriptures, and other helps which God hath provided and preserved for instruction. Again, they carry not an equal hand in teaching the people their lawful liberty, as well as their restraints and prohibitions: but they think a man cannot go too far in that that hath a show of a commandment. They forget that there are "sins on the right hand, as well as on the left;" and that "the word is double-edged," and cutteth on both sides, as well the superstitious observances as the profane transgressions. Who doubteth but it is as unlawful to shut where God hath opened, as to open where God hath shut? to bind where God hath loosed, as to loose where God hath bound? Amongst men it is commonly as ill taken to turn back favours as to disobey commandments. In this kind of zeal (for example), they have pronounced generally, and without difference, all untruths unlawful; notwithstanding that the midwives are directly reported to have been blessed for their excuse; and Rahab is said "by faith" to have concealed the spies; and Salomon's selected judgment proceeded upon a simulation; and our Saviour, the more to touch the hearts of the two disciples with a holy dalliance, made as if he would have passed Emmaus. Further, I have heard some sermons of mortification, which I think (with very good meaning) they have preached out of their own experience and exercise, and things in private counsels not unmeet; but surely no sound conceits; much like to Person's "Resolution," or not so good; apt to breed in men rather weak opinions and perplexed despairs, than filial and true repentance which is sought. Another point of great inconvenience and peril, is to entitle the people to hear controversies and all points of doctrine. They say no part of the counsel of God must be suppressed, nor the people defrauded: so as the difference which the Apostle maketh between "milk and strong meat" is confounded: and his precept "that the weak be not admitted unto questions and controversies" taketh no place. But most of all is to be suspected, as a seed of further inconvenience, their manner of handling the Scriptures; for whilst they seek express Scripture for everything; and that they have (in manner) deprived themselves and the Church of a special help and support by embasing the authority of the fathers; they resort to naked examples, conceited inferences, and forced allusions, such as do mine into all certainty of Religion. Another extremity is the excessive magnifying of that which, though it be a principal and most holy institution, yet hath it limits as all things else have. We see wheresoever (in manner) they find in the Scriptures the Word spoken of, they expound it of preaching. They have made it almost of the essence of the sacrament of the supper, to have a sermon precedent. They have (in sort) annihilated the use of liturgies, and forms of divine service, although the house of God be denominated of the principal, *domus orationis* (a house of prayer), and not a house of preaching. As for the life of the good monks and the hermits in the primitive Church, I know they will condemn a man as half a Papist, if he should maintain them as other than profane, because they heard no sermons. In the meantime, what preaching is, and who may be said to

preach, they make no question. But as far as I see, every man that presumeth to speak in chair is accounted a preacher. But I am assured that not a few that call hotly for a preaching ministry deserve to be of the first themselves that should be expelled. These and some other errors and misproceedings they do fortify and entrench by being so greatly addicted to their opinions, and impatient to hear contradiction or argument. Yea, I know some of them that would think it tempting of God to hear or read what might be said against them; as if there could be a *quod bonum est tenete*,¹ without an *omnia probate*² going before.

This may suffice to offer unto themselves a view and consideration, whether in these things they do well or no, and to correct and assuage the partiality of their followers and dependants. For as for any man that shall hereby enter into a contempt of their ministry, it is but his own hardness of heart. I know the work of exhortation doth chiefly rest upon these men, and they have zeal and hate of sin. But again, let them take heed that it be not true which one of their adversaries said, "that they have but two small warts, knowledge and love." And so I conclude this fourth point.

5. The last point, touching the due publishing and debating of these controversies, needeth no long speech. This strange abuse of antics and pasquils hath been touched before. So likewise I repeat that which I said before, that a character of love is more proper for debates of this nature than that of zeal. As for all indirect or direct glances or levels at men's persons, they were ever in these cases disallowed. Lastly, whatsoever be pretended, the people is no meet judge or arbitrator, but rather the quiet, moderate, and private assemblies and conferences of the learned. *Qui apud incertos loquitur, non disceptat, sed calumniatur*.³ The press and pulpit would be freed and discharged of these contentions. Neither promotion on the one side, nor glory and heat on the other, ought to continue those challenges and cartels at the Cross and other places. But rather all preachers, especially all such as be of good temper, and have wisdom with conscience, ought to inculcate and beat upon a peace, silence, and surseance. Neither let them fear Solon's law, which compelled in factions every particular person to range himself on the one side; nor yet the fond calumny of neutrality; but let them know that is true which is said by a wise man, that "neuters in contentions are either better or worse than either side."

These things have I in all sincerity and simplicity set down, touching the controversies which now trouble the Church of England; and that without all art and insinuation, and therefore not like to be grateful to either part. Notwithstanding, I trust what hath been said shall find a correspondence in their minds which are not embarked in partiality, and which love the whole better than a part. Wherby I am not out of hope that it may do good. At the least I shall not repent myself of the meditation.

The highest expression of the Puritan view of English Religion in the latter half of the reign of Elizabeth is to be found in the First Book of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." The highest expression of the opposite view is in the "Ecclesiastical Polity" of Richard Hooker. But in verse and prose the

¹ "Hold fast that which is good."

² "Prove all things."

³ "He who speaks with the incapable resolves nothing, but wastes only."

igious spirit of the time found utterance in many ms. In 1580, when a passing cloud was between Philip Sidney and the Queen, and he was staying Wilton with his sister Mary¹ (lately married the Earl of Pembroke, and then mother to an ant heir of the house), brother and sister worked together at a translation of the Psalms of David into English verse, and the following is one of the versions contributed by the Countess of Pembroke—the same of whom Ben Jonson wrote after her death—

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse.
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another
Learn'd and fair and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

PSALM LXIX.

Troublous seas my soul surround:
Save, O God! my sinking soul,—
Sinking where it feels no ground,
In this gulf, this whirling hole:
Waiting aid with earnest eying,
Calling God with bootless crying;
Dim and dry in me are found
Eye to see and throat to sound.

Wrongly set to work my woe,
Haters have I more than hairs:
Force in my afflicting foe
Bettering still, in me impairs.
Thus to pay and leese² constrained
What I never ought³ or gained,
Yet say I, Thou God dost know
How my faults and follies go.

Mighty Lord! let not my case
Blank the rest that hope in Thee!
Let not Jacob's God deface
All His friends in blush of me!
Thine it is, Thine only quarrel
Dights me thus in shame's apparel:
Mote nor spot, nor least disgrace,
But for Thee could taint my face.

To my kin a stranger quite,
Quite an alien am I grown;
In my very brethren's sight
Most uncared for, most unknown.
With thy temple's zeal out-eaten,
With thy slanderers' scourges beaten,
While the shot of piercing spite,
Bent at Thee, on me doth light.

Unto thee what needs be told
My reproach, my blot, my blame?
Sith⁴ both these Thou didst behold,
And canst all my haters name.

Whiles afflicted, whiles heartbroken,
Waiting yet some friendship's token,
Some I looked would me uphold,—
Looked,—but found all comfort cold.

Comfort? nay, not seen before,
Needing food they sent me gall;
Vinegar they filled me store,
When for drink my thirst did call.
Oh, then snare them in their pleasures!
Make them trapt even in their treasures!
Gladly sad, and richly poor,
Sightless most, yet mightless more!

Down upon them fury rain!
Lighten indignation down!
Turn to waste and desert plain
House and palace, field and town!
Let not one be left abiding
Where such rancour had residing!
Whom Thou painest, more they pain;
Hurt by Thee, by them is slain.

* * * * *

The next note of the love of God is from the devout Roman Catholic poet, Robert Southwell,⁵ who in 1595 was hanged for his religion at the age of thirty-three. We have, whatever our opinions, to look back with equal eye upon a time when zeal touched human life as it now does not. It has been calculated that in Elizabeth's reign two hundred and sixty persons were put to death for saying and hearing mass, of whom seventy-three were laymen and three women. In 1579 Matthew Hamont, a wheelwright at Hetherset in Norfolk, was burnt alive at Norwich as an Arian. He and his followers were described by an opponent as men whose "knees were even hardened in prayer, and their mouths full of praises to God." Also at Norwich were burnt for like heresies, John Lewes, in 1583; Peter Cole, of Ipswich, in 1587; and Francis Ket, M.A., of Wymondham, in 1589. An eye-witness of the execution of Francis Ket (the Rev. William Burton), wrote that he had "the sacred Bible almost never out of his hands, himself always in prayer, his tongue never ceased praising of God. When he went to the fire he was clothed in sackcloth; he went leaping and dancing. Being in the fire, above twenty times together, clapping his hands, he cried nothing but 'Blessed be God! blessed be God!' and so continued until the fire had consumed all his nether parts, and until he was stifled with the smoke and could speak no longer; all which I was witness of myself. But shall we think that the Lord took any delight in the prayers or praises of such a devil incarnate? Far be it from us. A strange and fearful example of a desperate, hardened, and a cursed creature." From such memories of a past phase of civilisation there is but one lesson to be drawn, and that is one of charity. We are of one flesh, with like frailties, and even in the heats of persecution that arise from zeal towards the spiritual life there is blended with human passions a deep sense—like

See the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English poems," pages 212, 213.

Leese, lose. First-English "leosan."

Ought, owned. First-English "āgan," to own, past "āhte,"

Sith, since.

⁵ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 258, 259.

Southwell's in this poem—that man's body is but a covering to the essential soul:—

AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

Fair soul! how long shall veils thy graces shroud?
How long shall this exile withhold thy right?
When will thy sun disperse his mortal cloud,
And give thy glories scope to blaze their light?
Oh that a star, more fit for angels' eyes,
Should pine in earth, not shine above the skies!

Thy ghostly beauty offer'd force to God;
It chain'd Him in links of tender love;
It won His will with man to make abode;
It stay'd His sword, and did His wrath remove:
It made the vigour of His justice yield,
And crown'd Mercy empress of the field.

This lull'd our heavenly Samson fast asleep,
And laid Him in our feeble nature's lap;
This made Him under mortal load to creep,
And in our flesh His Godhead to enwrap;
This made Him sojourn with us in exile,
And not disdain our titles in His style.

This brought Him from the ranks of heavenly quires
Into this vale of tears and curs'd soil;
From flowers of grace into a world of briars,
From life to death, from bliss to baleful toil.
This made Him wander in our pilgrim weed,
And taste our torments to relieve our need.

O soul! do not thy noble thoughts abase,
To lose thy loves in any mortal wight;
Content thy eye at home with native grace,
Sith God Himself is ravish'd with thy sight;
If on thy beauty God enamour'd be,
Base is thy love of any less than He.

Give not assent to muddy-minded skill,
That deems the feature of a pleasing face
To be the sweetest bait to lure the will;
Not valuing right the worth of ghostly grace;
Let God's and angels' censure win belief,
That of all beauties judge our souls the chief.

Queen Hester was of rare and peerless hue,
And Judith once for beauty bare the vaunt;
But he that could our souls' endowments view,
Would soon to souls the crown of beauty grant.
O soul! out of thyself seek God alone:
Grace more than thine, but God's, the world hath none.

Edmund Spenser, in the year 1580, went to Ireland as Secretary to Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, who had just succeeded Philip Sidney's father in the office of Lord Deputy. Spenser had published his "Shepherds' Calendar" in the preceding year, was in London attached by service of the Earl of Leicester, and by friendship to Philip Sidney, and, no doubt, owed to these friends his introduction to the new Lord Deputy, when he was looking for a private secretary. Once introduced, his fitness would be manifest. Lord Grey of Wilton was a friend to

poets,¹ and in his views upon Church questions he was, like Spenser, a Puritan, bitterly hostile to the Church of Rome. The Pope, in 1576, had issued a bull depriving Elizabeth of her title to Ireland, and releasing all her Irish subjects from allegiance to her. Lord Grey reached Dublin on the 12th of August, and received the sword of office on the queen's birthday, the 7th of September. On the 14th of September a force of six or seven hundred Spaniards and Italians landed in Kerry, and took possession of a fort called Del Oro in Smerwick Bay. The fort, then repaired and re-occupied, had been constructed two years before by James Fitzmaurice, with the help of Spanish and Italian adventurers against the English government of Ireland. Upon this military settlement, that was to be an inlet to foreign support of Irish rebellion, the Lord Deputy himself (accompanied, of course, by his secretary Spenser) marched with a land force of not more than eight hundred men, young Walter Raleigh being among his captains; while Sir William Winter and Vice-Admiral Bingham brought provisions and guns by sea. The foreigners defended themselves bravely, and replied, when summoned to surrender, that being there by command of the Pope, who had taken Ireland from Elizabeth, they would keep what they held and win what more they could. When overpowered, they offered to give up the fort and depart as they came; but the Lord Deputy required an unconditional surrender. To the plea of one of their chiefs, that he was sent by the Pope for the defence of the Catholic faith, Lord Grey of Wilton wrote home, "My answer was, that I would not greatly have marvelled if men commanded by natural and absolute princes did sometimes take in hand wrong actions; but that men of account, as some of these made show of being, should be carried into unjust, wicked, and desperate actions by one that neither from God nor man could claim any princely power or empire, but indeed a detestable shaveling of the Antichrist and general ambitious tyrant over all principalities, and patron of the diabolical faith, I could not but greatly wonder." If Edmund Spenser, as private secretary, stood by his chief when he said this, the secretary's mind assented to every word of the Lord Deputy's. For "The Faërie Queene" shows that Spenser could see in the Pope only a "detestable shaveling of the Antichrist," and that the religion of the Roman Catholics was also in his eyes "the diabolical faith." The bitterness of the great conflict of the time is shown by the issue of this enterprise against the fort Del Oro. Lord Grey ended by telling the pleaders for the garrison that, "their fault, therefore, appeared to be aggravated by the vileness of their commander, and that at my hands no conditions of composition they were to expect other than that they should simply render me the fort, and yield themselves to my will for life or death." They yielded for death. Lord Grey wrote, "I sent straightway certain gentlemen to see their weapons and armour laid down, and to guard the munitions and victual that were left from spoil.

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," page 220.

Then put I in certain bands who straightway fell to execution. There were six hundred slain." Another who was present¹ reported "the colonel, captains, secretary, camp-master, and others of the best sort saved, to the number of twenty prisoners, and Dr. Sanders' chief man, an Englishman, Plunkett, a friar, and others kept in store to be executed after examination to be had of them. It is confessed that five hundred more were daily looked for to be sent from the Pope and the King of Spain to land here."

Such was Edmund Spenser's first notable experience of the public service in Ireland. His age was then about twenty-seven, and he had already begun to write the "Faerie Queene;" for his friend Gabriel Harvey's ill opinion of what he had seen of it is in a letter that was published in June, 1580.

In 1581 Spenser was made Clerk of Degrees and Recognisances in the Irish Court of Chancery, and obtained also a grant of the lease of the lands and abbey of Enniscorthy in Wexford, which he transferred, no doubt profitably, at the end of the year to a Richard Synot. In 1582 Lord Grey was recalled, but Spenser remained in Ireland. He was still a Clerk in Chancery till 1588, when he was made Clerk of the Council of Munster. By this time he had received also a grant of land with Kilcolman Castle, in the county of Cork; part of the six hundred thousand acres confiscated from the Earl of Desmond and his followers. Twelve thousand acres in the counties of Cork, Waterford, and Tipperary had been granted to Walter Raleigh, who thus became for a time Spenser's neighbour in Ireland. Raleigh took Spenser to London with him in 1589, when he was ready to present to Queen Elizabeth the first three books of the "Faerie Queene." They were published in London in the year 1590, the next three books not appearing until 1596.

In the year after the publication of the first three books of the "Faerie Queene" Spenser received from Elizabeth a grant of £50 a year. This being equivalent to a pension of £300 under Victoria, was substantial reward for a poem containing much that must have pleased her Majesty, Puritan though it was. She could appreciate in the first three books a profound earnestness in the treatment of their several themes—Religion, Temperance, and Chastity—and she would be ready as any half reader of after times to see only herself in Gloriana. She does also pervade the poem; for the "Faerie Queene" is a great spiritual allegory, moulding what Spenser held to be the simple essence of eternal truth for man, in forms that reproduced the life of his own time. His World of Faerie is the Spiritual world. The Faerie Queene Gloriana is the Glory of God, for which and towards which man strives through all his faculties for good. Every such faculty, presented to the mind's eye in one of the shapes then dear to lovers of romance, achieves that triumph over its opposite for which it ever labours by contending with the trials and temptations to which it is most exposed, these also being typified in romance forms as giants,

dragons, and so forth. But England—the England of his own day—with its actual aspirations and perils, is never absent from the poet's thought, and his fantastic imagery shapes to our minds constantly the substantial struggle of his time, as seen by the light of his own spiritual life. The Glory of God in England was one with the maintenance of the Reformation by Elizabeth. For her, for it, the souls of the best Englishmen were combating with trial and temptation. As Sir Thomas More's "Utopia" has given to our language a word equivalent to unpractical, and yet in its playfulness of fancy deals most earnestly with hard realities in every line; so Spenser's "Faerie Queene," with all exquisite music of its sage and solemn tunes,

"Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,"

shows in that "more" always a combatant Elizabethan Englishman who deals most earnestly with all the vital public questions of his day. Spenser is the Elizabethan Milton. Langland had not the condition of England, and what he felt to be the needs of England, more in mind when he wrote the "Vision of Piers Plowman" than had Spenser when in his allegory of the "Faerie Queene" he uttered his "truths severe by fairy fiction drest." The whole plan of the poem, as far as it was written, will be illustrated in the section of this Library reserved for the illustration of our Longer English Poems. But we shall then need to say no more of the first book than is required to explain its relation to the rest of the poem, for its theme is the religion of England, and we have now to dwell on its contents.



From a Monument in Whaddon Church, Northamptonshire.

WITH the Red Cross Knight, whom he calls also St. George, Spenser associates his allegory of the heavenward struggle of his country, the adventure of the Reformation, undertaken for the glory of God, incomplete in his own day and in ours. The faerie knight is the spiritual quality in any man or any nation by which we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. He first appears clad in the armour described by St. Paul in the sixth chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians, when he says, "Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked: and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God;" and again in the fifth chapter of the first Epistle to the Thessalonians. "Let us, who are of the day, be

¹ From an unnamed writer to Walsingham, dated Smerwick, November 12th, 1580, among the Irish State Papers.



THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

From the first edition of the "Faerie Queene" (Books I., II., III.), 1590.

"Upon a great adventure he was bond
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious queen of fairy lond,
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And even as he rode, his heart did earn¹
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearn."

¹ Earn, yearn.

The steed ridden by the knight represents human passions and desires which carry us w our way when under due restraint; and in sense skill in horsemanship ranks high amo attainments of a faerie knight. The dragon which the Red Cross Knight has undertaken chief enterprise in pursuit of which he meet all the others, is called in the twentieth chap Revelation "the dragon, that old serpent, wi the devil." In this enterprise the faerie kni champion of Truth, lowly and pure, pati desire, dispassionate and slow of pace, wherefo has a snow-white ass for "palfrey slow." She guide and companion of Innocence, typified milk-white lamb, herself as guileless, and desc from the angels who knew man in Paradise. not named until a counterfeit image is made t plant her, and then (in the 45th stanza) she i called, because truth is simple and single, Una

"A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow.
Seem'd in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she lad.

"So pure an innocent as that same lamb
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lynage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul upore
Forwasted² all their land, and them expelled:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from fa
pelled."

The dwarf that follows, lagging far behind spiritual part, represents the flesh and its r when the allegory is read as personal, the represents simply the flesh of man; when it is as national, the dwarf stands for the body o people:—

"Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove³ an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves
fain."

The day being thus troubled, they seek shel a wood;—the wood of the world, as the wood the opening of Dante's "Divine Comedy," s

² Forwasted, utterly wasted.

³ Jove, Jupiter, god of the upper air, here represents the when in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" Menenius Agrippa, thro cap into the air, says, "Take my cap, Jupiter!" (act ii., scene

wood is in Milton's "Comus." There is a catalogue of trees, typical of the uses of life by sea and land, "the sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall," at all stages of life: infancy that needs support, "the vine-prop elm;" youth full of the fresh sap of life, "the poplar never dry;" man in mature strength at home as master in the world, "the builder-oak, sole king of forests all;" age needing a staff until the grave is ready, "the aspen good for staves, the cypress funeral." These lines open the thought, and the trees in the next stanza proceed to suggest glory and tears, arts of war, and arts of peace, healing of wounds, and war again, all uses of life, and that which is for us to mould, and that which we may seek in vain to mould, for it is often rotten at the core. Losing themselves among the pleasant ways of the world, they take the most beaten path, which brings them to the cave of Error. Truth warns the knight of his peril; the dwarf (the flesh) flinches, the knight (the spirit) is eager, and by the light of his spiritual helps (a light the brood of Error cannot bear, nor Error herself, for light she hated as the deadly bale) the knight can see the monster as she is:—

"This is the wandring wood, this Error's den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I rede,¹ beware. 'Fly, fly,' quoth then
The fearful dwarf, 'this is no place for living men.'

"But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful knight could not for aught be stayed,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armour made
A little glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plain,
Half like a serpent horribly displayed,
But th' other half did woman's shape retain,
Most leathsome, filthy, foul, and full of vile disdain.

"And as she lay upon the dirty ground,
Her huge long tail her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughs² upwound,
Pointed with mortal sting. Of her there bred
A thousand young ones, which she daily fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favoured:
Soon as that uncouth³ light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone."

The battle with this monster is the typical adventure that in each book opens its subject. In his combat with the monster, and encircled by her huge train—"God help the man so wrapt in Error's endless train!"—Truth cries to the knight, "Add faith upon your force, and be not faint," and this represents what is a main feature in the larger allegory, need of the help of God through which alone the strength of man can finally prevail. Prince Arthur represents this in the plan of the whole poem. It is he who bears the irresistible shield of the grace of God.

¹ Rede, counsel.

² Boughs, bends, folds, from "bugan," to bend; whence also the geographical term "bight."

³ Uncouth, unknown, unaccustomed.

Every knight in his labour for the glory of God reaches a point at which his human endeavours would fall short, but for the intervention of the grace of God, typified by the intervention of Prince Arthur. To all the aid comes, preluded by words distinctly showing its significance; to all but one, and that is "Britomart or Chastity," of whom Spenser held, as Milton after him, "She that has that is clad in complete steel," and that over it

"—no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart faerie of the mine,
Hath hurtful power."

Of Error, when sorely wounded, we are told that "her vomit full of books and papers was;" and when the foulness of this caused the Red Cross Knight to shrink, she cast forth her spawn of serpents small, "deformed monsters, foul, and black as ink:" which view of distasteful publications was shared by Elizabeth, when she endeavoured to hunt down their writers and printers.

Successful in his first adventure, and praised as worthy of

"—that armoury
Wherein ye have great glory won this day,"

the knight retraces the way with his companions, and presently enters upon the sequence of adventures which typify the course of Christianity in England. They begin with the Church in its primitive days, entered already by Archimago, father of wiles, the devil, of whom, in his dealings with men, Hypocrisy is the first attribute. It is Spenser's allegory of the rise of what he, in those days of fierce conflict, undoubtedly represented as the "diabolical faith:"—

"At length they chanced to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayéd, as he went,
And often knocked his breast, as one that did repent."

The travellers, courteously saluted, accepted a night's lodging in the hermitage. When there, Spenser represents through them a church in the first stage of its decline to superstition:—

"A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In travel to and fro; a little wide
There was an holy chapel edify'd,
Wherein the hermit duly went to say
His holy things each morn and even-tide:
Thereby a crystal stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welléd forth alway.

"Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne look for entertainment where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pass;
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass;
He told of saints and popes, and evermore
He strowed an Ave-Mary after and before."

During the night, Archimago sent a lying spirit to bring from Morpheus—god of the unsubstantial life of dreams—"a fit false dream, that can delude the sleeper's sent."¹ Another lying spirit Archimago fashioned in the shape of Una, to be a deceiving semblance of pure truth. Both appealed coarsely to the senses; and the Devil, Archimago, is thus made the author of a false and sensuous show of religion. The Red Cross Knight was dismayed, misdoubted the corrupt lady that yet feigned to be his, and missed the firm voice of his guide and comforter:

"'Why, dame,' quoth he, 'what bath thee thus dismayed?
What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me afraid?'"

Still showing, from his own point of view, the state to which the Church was brought before the Reformation, Spenser proceeds in the second canto to represent simple Truth as maligned by evil arts, and the Red Cross Knight stirred to forsake her. "The Dwarf him brought his steed, so both away do fly," and at her slow pace deserted Truth (Una) follows man carried away by his swift passions.

"And after him she rode with so much speed,
As her slow beast could make, but all in vain,
For him so far had borne his lightfoot steed,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitless pain."

Yet patiently she sought, and now that we have the Red Cross Knight (the Church of England or the Englishman) parted from Una (Truth), the Devil, typified by Archimago himself, takes the image of the Red Cross Knight:—

"But now seemed best, the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty arms he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward breast
A bloody cross, and on his craven crest
A bunch of hairs discoloured diversly:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and well address'd,
And when he sat upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be."

There we have what Spenser regarded as the diabolical faith personified to Spenser's mind. Besides, the Knight, who represents the heavenward conflict, has taken Falsehood for Truth—Falsehood, the paramour of Unbelief. His first conflict after he had deserted

Truth was with Sansfoy, who "cared not for God man a point;" he was in danger of being overpowered by want of faith: and in that day of trial it was only through the death of Christ that Christianity was able to outlive the peril:—

"'Curse on that cross,' quoth then the Sarazin,
'That keeps thy body from the bitter fit';²
Dead long ago I wote thou haddest been
Had not that charm from thee forwarned³ it."

Infidelity was, indeed, overthrown, but the Christ Knight put Infidelity's companion in the place of Una. Of Sansfoy it was said:—

"He had a fair companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlet red,
Purpled with gold and pearl of rich assay,
And like a Persian, mitre on her head
She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
With tinsel trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave"

In the "wanton palfrey" and other touches this description there is still Puritan reference to what Spenser regarded as the sensuous pomp of the Church of Rome. Yielding herself to the Red Cross Knight, this lady derives herself clearly from Rome, as

"Born the sole daughter of an Emperor,
He that the wide west under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pass"

St. George, parted from Una (Truth), thus passed into her place Duessa (Doublet), calling her Fidessa (the Faith); a Fidessa who appeals to the senses rather than to his mind, as type of a church in which there was more pomp than preaching:—

"He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quick eyes her face to view
Than his dull ears to hear what she did tell."

It was not for her to bear in the Lord's vineyard the burden and heat of the day. As the Red Cross Knight went onward, the sun

"Hurléd his beams so scorching cruel hot
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new lady it endured not."

They dismount for rest in the shade of trees.

"And in his falséd fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that livéd yet."

¹ *Fit*, thrust, from the Italian "fitta," a thrust or stab; probably formed from "figgere," to pierce. A *fit* in disease is from another root, Old French "fiède," intermittent; a *fit* or *fytte*, meaning song, from First-English "fytian," to sing. *Fit* in the sense of fit clothes, fit and proper, is from the Latin "factus."

² *Forwarned*, completely defended ("for," intensive prefix, as "forlorn"); "war'ran," to defend.

³ *Sent*, now spelt "scent;" sense, from "sentio," "sensus."

He plucks a bough to make her a garland. Blood then flows from the broken branch, and the tree speaks. It is transformed Fradubio, who is bidden tell how he became thus misshapen :

"He oft finds medicine who his grief imparts,
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts."

Fradubio (whose name means, between doubt) was happy in love of Fralissa till Duessa came into his keeping. Both seemed fair; but when he would decide which was the fairer, Duessa, herself really foul but seeming fair, by her witchcraft caused Fralissa, really fair, to appear foul. Fradubio then turned wholly to Duessa, and Fralissa was transformed into the tree now by his side. Fradubio was happy, till on a day he chanced to see Duessa in her proper shape. He loathed her then, and was by her joined to the fate of Fralissa :—

"Where now inclosed in wooden walls full fast,
Banished from living wights our weary days we waste.
'But how long time,' said then the elfin knight,
'Are you in this misforméd house to dwell?'
'We may not change,' quoth he, 'this evil plight
Till we be bathéd in a living well.'"

"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse—a well of living waters," says the Song of Solomon; then applied as a song to the true Church of God. "The Lord Jehovah," says Isaiah, "is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation. Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation. And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon His name, declare His doings among the people." Fradubio was not in doubt between the true faith and the false. The true faith could not have been called Fralissa (frail), and could not have been doomed to vegetative life until it had been bathed in itself. But there was a faith of the old world—a Fralissa true as Una, though in her own weaker way: the faith of Socrates and Plato; faith in immortality, devotion to high effort towards spiritual life; in Spenser's eyes more truly beautiful than that with which the Pope supplanted it. Fradubio is Platonist turned Roman Catholic, detecting the imposture of the faith that had supplanted his philosophy, and driven back upon himself to live beside his loved philosophy a vegetative life that cannot become again a moving working energy for man until it be imbued with Christian truth. Platonism, as ally of the Church reformers of the sixteenth century, was Fralissa, and each Christian Platonist was a Fradubio bathed in the living well :—

"The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vain Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad fear and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his lady, dead with fear her found.

"Her seeming dead he found with feigned fear,
As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And pain'd himself with busy care to rear
Her out of careless swoon. Her eyelids blue
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hue,
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheer
Her up he took, too simple and too true,
And oft her kiss'd. At length, all passéd fear,
He set her on her steed, and forward forth did bear."

Meanwhile Una (forsaken Truth) is left to the waste places of the earth. In the next canto, the third, "far from all people's press, as in exile," she seeks her knight. Truth is not swift of travel, but wherever she may be, her face will make a sunshine in the shady place :—

"One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight,
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight:
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

"It fortunéd out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushéd suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amaz'd, forgot his furious force.

"Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue.
As he her wrongéd innocence did weet,
Oh! how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple Truth subdue avenging Wrong!
Whose yielded pride, and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection."

It was a romance doctrine that the lion would not hurt a pure maiden, and in the "Seven Champions of Christendom," a romance of Spenser's time, St. George recognised the virginity of Sabra by two lions fawning on her. But the lion that now comes into the allegory and attaches himself to Una with "yielded pride and proud submission," represents Reason before the Reformation become the ally of religious Truth. The quickening of intellectual energies by those new conditions that produced the revival of learning, not only added to the strength and courage of man's intellect, but brought it in aid of the reaction, by doing what the lion in the allegory does—forcing the closed door of Ignorance and Superstition, and so opening the way to Truth :—

"The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:

Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward :
And when she wak'd he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd :
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceiv'd her intent.

"Long she thus travell'd through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandring knight should pass,
Yet never show of living wight espy'd ;
Till that at length she found the trodden grass,
In which the track of people's footing was,
Under the steep foot of a mountain hoar :
The same she follows, till at last she has
A damsel spy'd, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

"To whom approaching, she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling-place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not hear, nor speak, nor understand ;
Till seeing by her side the lion stand,
With sudden fear her pitcher down she threw,
And fled away : for never in that land
Face of fair lady she before did view,
And that dread lion's look her cast in deadly hue."

The rude wench was Abessa,¹ daughter of the blind Corceca,² Ignorance, daughter of Superstition, who had never before seen the face of Truth, and paled before the force of Reason. The allegory proceeds to represent in Una and the Lion, Truth, aided by Reason, at the outset of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, forcing the way into the den of Ignorance and Superstition :—

"Full fast she fled, ne ever look'd behind,
As if her life upon the wager lay ;
And home she came whereas³ her mother blind
Sate in eternal night : nought could she say ;
But sudden catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signs of fear :
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the door. By this arriv'd there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere.

"Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in ; where of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with fear and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent,
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent ;
Nine hundred Pater-nosters every day,
And thrice nine hundred Aves she was wont to say.

"And to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit :

But now for fear her beads she did forget.
Whose needless dread for to remove away,
Fair Una fram'd words and count'nance fit :
Which hardly done, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cottage small, that night she rest her may.

"The day is spent, and cometh drowsy night,
When every creature shrouded is in sleep ;
Sad Una down her lays in weary plight,
And at her feet the lion watch doth keep :
Instead of rest, she does lament, and weep
For the late loss of her dear lov'd knight,
And sighs and groans, and evermore does steep
Her tender breast in bitter tears all night ;
All night she thinks too long, and often looks for light.

At night comes Kirkrapine, who is in unholy league with "Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow," and shares with her his plunder of the churches :—

"Now when Aldebaran was mounted high
Above the shiny Cassiopeia's chair,⁴
And all in deadly sleep did drown'd lie,
One knock'd at the door, and in would fare ;
He knock'd fast, and often curs'd, and sware,
That ready entrance was not at his call :
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stealths, and pillage several,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminal.

"He was to weet a stout and sturdy thief,
Wont to rob churches of their ornaments,
And poor men's boxes of their due relief,
Which given was to them for good intents :
The holy saints of their rich vestments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept,
And spoil'd the priests of their habiliments ;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept."

This plunderer is not the mere thief from the outer world who steals church plate ; he is what Milton called afterwards the "hireling," the priest whatever his rank, who has entered the Church only for the worldly wealth he can take from it. The land and treasures gathered about abbeys, and used for the sensual enjoyment of the monks ; the parishes paid for the poor and taken by the rector ; with such plunder as this Kirkrapine fed Ignorance fat.

"—with feast of offerings
And plenty which in all the land did grow."

The Lion with his paw on Kirkrapine represents still the revolt and triumph of reason, but perhaps with a glance of thought at Henry VIII. as the Lion of England with his paw on Kirkrapine by the suppression of the monasteries. The re-distribution

¹ Abessa as a name for ignorance was taken, I think, from the Italian "bessa," meaning foolish, doltish, silly, in fact expressing what is meant ; a being prefixed for the sake of a resemblance to the word "abbess."

² Corceca, the name for superstition ; Italian—"cuore ceco," or Latin "cor cecum," blind heart ; the heart in ancient times being taken to represent the mind or understanding.

³ Whereas, to where.

⁴ Aldebaran, a Tauri, is the eye of the Bull, one of the twelve constellations in the region of the ecliptic ; and Cassiopeia, or the Chair or the Throne, is one of the constellations placed by Ptolemy in the Northern Hemisphere. Aldebaran is one of four bright stars that divide the heavens into four almost equal parts, have been called royal stars, and were the four guardians of heaven according to the ancient Persians. Aldebaran was then in the vernal equinox, and guardian of the east.

of the wide lands, and of the large share of wealth gathered to itself by the unreformed Church, with the benefit therefrom to the country, may be an under-thought when it is said of Kirkrapine that "the thirsty land drank up his life." The outcries that followed require no interpretation:—

"Thus, long the door with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearful women none durst rise.
The lion frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to advise,
But open breaks the door in furious wise,
And entering is; when that disdainful beast
Encountering fierce, him sudden doth surprise,
And seizing cruel claws on trembling breast,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

"Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding heart is in the venger's hand,
Who straight him rent in thousand pieces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Drunk up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearful friends wear out the woful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor seem to understand
The heavy hap which on them is alight,
Afraid, lest to themselves the like mishappen might.

"Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lion eke,
And on their former journey forward pass,
In ways unknown, her wandring knight to seek,
With pains far passing that long wandring Greek,
That for his love refused deity;¹
Such were the labours of this lady meek,
Still seeking him, that from her still did fly,
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nigh.

"Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slain,
For anguish great they gan to rend their hair,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear.
And when they both had wept and wail'd their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deer,
Half mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

¹ Ulysses (Odysseus), who left Calypso for Penelope when he began his weary wanderings. The reference is to a passage in the fifth book of the *Odyssey*, thus translated by Mr. Philip Stanhope Worsley:—

"Child of Laertes, would'st thou fain depart
Hence to thine own dear fatherland! Farewell!
Yet could'st thou read the sorrow and the smart,
With me in immortality to dwell
Thou would'st rejoice, and love my mansion well.
Deeply and long thou yearnest for thy wife;
Yet her in beauty I perchance excel,
Beseems not one who hath but mortal life
With forms of deathless mould to challenge a vain strife.

"To whom the wise Odysseus answering spake:
'O nymph Calypso, much revered, cease now
From anger, nor be wroth for my wife's sake.
All this I know and do myself avow.
Well may Penelope in form and brow
And stature seem inferior far to thee,
For she is mortal, and immortal thou.
Yet even thus 'tis very dear to me
My long-desired return and ancient home to see.' "

"Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flower of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her railing, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

"But when she saw her prayers nought prevail,
She back returned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
A knight her met in mighty arms emboss'd;
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boast,
But subtle Archimag, that Una sought
By trains into new troubles to have toss'd:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady she could tellen ought."

Archimago (the Devil), in the arms of the Red Cross Knight, deceives Una for a time by his like-seeming shield. In 1536, the year of the suppression of the lesser monasteries, 376 in number, Tyndale was burnt in October at Vilvorde, praying, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." It was the year also of the execution of Anne Boleyn. Though Henry had put himself in the Pope's place, it was to maintain the Pope's Church upon the six points most oppugned by the Reformers, and presently the Act of the Six Articles compelled Hugh Latimer to resign his bishopric. It is still what Spenser represents as "the diabolical faith," though disguised as the Red Cross Knight, that deludes for a time Una herself. Even Sansloy (lawlessness), next brother to Sansfoy, mistakes him. The suppression of the monasteries was followed by a rising in Lincolnshire, and by a more serious rebellion in the North, of men led by robed priests, and sworn to drive base-born persons from about the king, restore the Church, and suppress heresy. Lawlessness gathered force. But unbelief, and lawlessness, and joylessness—the three Saracen (that is, infidel) brothers, Sansfoi (without fidelity to God), Sansloi (without fidelity to man); Sansjoy (without the joys of the faithful)—are represented as the friends and comrades of Archimago and Duessa. Archimago, armed as the Red Cross Knight, is overthrown by Sansloi, and recognised as a friend. Then Sansloi, who

"— was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As ever wielded spear in warlike hand,"

slays the lion (Reason cannot resist the brute force of Lawlessness), and makes Una his prey. The part of reason in the allegory is at an end; the final triumph is not to be through force of human intellect, but by the grace of God.

In the next canto, the fourth, the Red Cross Knight,

"Who, after that he had fair Una lorn,
Though light misdeeming of her loyalty,
And false Duessa in her stead had borne,
Calléd Fidess', and so supposed to be,
Long with her travelled,"

And in his hand his portess² still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read:
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead.
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else as

"A small round hall of square brick,
Which might be call'd a kitchen, but without mortar laid,
Which might be call'd a hall, but nothing strong, nor thick,
Which might be call'd a hall, but all over them displayed:
The walls were all with brightness they dismayed:
The roof was all with many lofty towers,
And many pillars for overhead,
And of fair windows and delightful bowers;
And on the top a dial told the timely hours.

"It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And quite the picture of the workman's wit;
But all great pity, that so fair a mold
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
For on a sandy hill that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full high,
That every breath of heaven shook it;
And all the kinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly."

Admitted by the porter Malvenu (Ill come), they
see Lucifer enthroned, surrounded by the worship-
pers of Pride. Vanity is their usher to the presence.
Then enter both Lucifer (Pride) with Duessa in her
train and seated next to her, the other six of the
seven deadly sins being Pride's counsellors, and Satan
chariotman.

"Stood up from her stately place
The royal dame, and for her coach doth call:
All hush forth, and she with princely pace,
As late Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze;
The hoaps of people thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all men's eyes amaze.

"So forth she comes, and to her coach does climb,
Adorned all with gold and garlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great Juno's golden chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Jove's high house through heaven's brass-paved way,
Drawn of fair peacocks, that excel in pride
And full of Argus' eyes their tails disspredden wide.

"But this was drawn of six unequal beasts,
On which her six sage counsellors did ride,
Taught to obey their bestial beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds apply'd:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish Idleness, the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothful ass he chose to ride,
Array'd in habit black, and amis¹ thin,
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

¹ Amis or amice (Latin "amictus"), an outer garment. The name was applied, as here, to the priest's tippet of fine linen.

"And in his hand his portess² still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read:
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead.
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else as

"From worldly cares himself he did esloin,³
And greatly shunn'd manly exercise;
For every work he challeng'd essoins,⁴
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady:
For, in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking fever reign'd continually:
Such one was Idleness, first of this company.

"And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deform'd creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne:
And like a crane, his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine:
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spew'd up his gorge, that all did him detest

"In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat
And on his head an ivy garland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bonzing-can,
Of which he sapt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can;
In shape and life, more like a monster than a man

"Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stir or go,
Not meet to be of counsel to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drink was drown'd
That from his friend he seldom knew his foe
Full of diseases was his carcase blue,
And a dry dropsy through his flesh did flow
Which by mis-diet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew

"And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged hair
And whally eyes⁵ (the sign of jealousy)
Was like the person self, whom he did bear:

² Portess, breviary or small book of prayers. It could easily "foras," out of doors, and was therefore called "portiforium;" the corresponding French word was "portif," which was Englished as "portiose" (in Chaucer "portise" and "portasse." "Portnasses" were forbidden statute of the reign of Edward VI.

³ Esloin, remove to a distance. French "éloigner."

⁴ Esoins, exoneration, relief of the burden; a law term French "essoine," which is from the Latin "exonerare."

⁵ Whally eyes. Nares says they are now called wall eyes, by the disease called glaucoma. (In Lye's Saxon and German Dictionary "hwall" is said to mean wanton.)

Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye;
Yet he, of ladies oft was lovéd dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
Oh, who does know the bent of women's fantasy?

"In a green gown he clothéd was full fair,
Which underneath did hide his filthiness,
And in his hand a burning heart he bare,
Full of vain follies and new-fangleness:
For he was false, and fraught with fickleness,
And learnéd had to love with secret looks,
And well could dance, and sing with ruefulness,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving books,
And thousand other ways to bait his fleshly hooks.

"Inconstant man that lovéd all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love;
Ne would his looser life be tied to law,
But joy'd weak women's hearts to tempt and prove,
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdness fill'd him with reproachful pain
Of that foul evil which all men reprove
That rots the marrow and consumes the brain:
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this train.

"And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metal, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coin he told:
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himself for money sold;
Accurséd usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong alike in equal balance weigh'd.

"His life was nigh unto death's door yplac'd,
And threadbare coat and cobbled shoes he ware,
Ne scarce good morsel all his life did taste,
But both from back and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare:¹
Yet child ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly fear to lose his own,
He led a wretched life unto himself unknown.

"Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him poor,
Who had enough, yet wishéd ever more:
A vile disease, and eke in foot and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this fair band.

"And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolf, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous toad,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawéd his own maw
At neighbour's wealth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was when any good he saw,
And wept that cause of weeping none he had:
And when he heard of harm, he waxed wondrous glad.

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd say²
He clothéd was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosom secretly there lay
An hateful snake, the which his tail upties
In many folds, and mortal sting implies.³
Still as he rode, he gnash'd his teeth, to see
Those heaps of gold with griple⁴ covetise,
And grudgéd at the great felicity
Of proud Lucifera, and his own company.

"He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms, for want of faith, he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ:
Such one vile Envy was, that fifth in row did sit.

"And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurl forth sparkles fiery red,
And staréd stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held;
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him
swell'd.

"His ruffin raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadviséd rashness woxen wood;⁵
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet, wilful man, he never would forecast
How many mischiefs should ensue his heedless haste.

"Full many mischiefs follow cruel Wrath:
Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,⁶
Bitter despight, with rancour's rusty knife,
And fretting grief the enemy of life;
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling spleen, and phrenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsy, and St. Francis' fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

"And after all, upon the waggon beam
Rode Satan, with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lash'd the lazy team,
So oft as Sloth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Shouting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had cover'd all the land;
And underneath their feet, all scatter'd lay
Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone astray."

² Say (from Latin "sagum"), a coarse woollen mantle for soldiers or servants. In the second part of Henry VI., act iv., sc. 7, Jack Cade puns on the name of Lord Say, "Thou say, thou serge, nay thou buckram lord." Say is used in Cotgrave's Dictionary as equivalent to serge. "Seyette: serge or saye," and "say (stuffe), seyette."

³ Implies, entwines, attaches closely; from Latin "implicare."

⁴ Griple, grasping.

⁵ Wood, mad.

⁶ Scath, injury. First-English "scæththe," injury, loss, guilt.

¹ Compare (Latin "comparare"), to set together.

When they returned into the House of Pride, Sansjoy was there, burning with wrath against the knight by whom Sansfoy his brother had been overcome. Combat with Sansjoy was assigned to the next day, and that day closed with a feast over which Gluttony was steward, and with sleep where Sloth was chamberlain.

The next canto, the fifth, tells of the combat with Sansjoy. The false Duessa gave her heart to Joylessness, and sheltered him from the last assault by cover of a magic cloud. The knight retained as his trophy the shield of Sansfoy, but Duessa, "daughter of deceit and shame," betook herself with Night, whose nephews the three Saracens are, to Sansjoy hidden in the shades of hell. There she committed him to care of Æsculapius, and returned then to the House of Pride. But she found that the Red Cross Knight, not waiting for his wounds to heal, had already departed. The natural perception of evil, represented by the dwarf, had caused England to break from the House of Pride in which Catholicism was a familiar guest. The stage of the allegory now reached by the poem brings us to Elizabeth's reign, and to what Spenser regarded as imperfect reformation of the English Church in his own time :—

"The false Duessa, leaving noyous night,
Return'd to stately palace of dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the fairy knight
Departed thence, albe his woundes wide,
Not thoroughly heal'd, unready were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarf had spied
Where in a dungeon deep huge numbers lay
Of captive wretched thralls, that wail'd night and day.

"A rueful sight, as could be seen with eye!
Of whom he learn'd had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivity;
How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wasteful pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyranness,
Provok'd with Wrath and Envy's false surmise,
Condemn'd to that dungeon merciless,
Where they should live in woe and die in wretchedness.

"There was that great proud king of Babylon
That would compel all nations to adore,
And him as only god to call upon
Till, through celestial doom thrown out of door,
Into an ox he was transform'd of yore:
There also was king Croesus, that enhanced
His heart too high thro' his great riches store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advanced
His curs'd hand 'gainst God, and on His altars danced.

"And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warraid;¹
And after him old Ninus far did pass
In princely pomp, of all the world obey'd;

There also was that mighty monarch laid
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native sire did foul upbraid,
And would as Ammon's son be magnified
Till, scorn'd of God and man, a shameful death he die

"All these together in one heap were thrown,
Like carcases of beasts in butcher's stall.
And in another corner wide were strown
The antique ruins of the Romans' fall;
Great Romulus the grandsire of them all,
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborn Hannibal,
Ambitious Sylla, and stern Marius,
High Cæsar, great Pompéy, and fierce Antonius.

"Amongst these mighty men were women mix'd,
Proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfix'd
With son's own blade, her foul reproaches spoke;
Fair Sthenobœa, that herself did choke
With wilful cord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspès sting herself did stoutly kill!
And thousands more the like, that did that dungeon fill

"Besides the endless routs of wretched thralls
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their woful falls
Thro' wicked pride and wasted wealth's decay.
But most of all which in the dungeon lay
Fell from high princes' courts or ladies' bowers,
Where they in idle pomp or wanton play
Consum'd had their goods and thriftless hours,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowrs

"Whose case when as the cheerful dwarf had told,
And made ensample of their mournful sight
Unto his master, he no longer would
There dwell in peril of like painful plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wide,
He by a privy postern took his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spied:
For doubtless death ensu'd if any him descried.

"Scarce could he footing find in that foul way
For many corses, like a great lay-stall
Of murder'd men, which therein strow'd lay,
Without remorse or decent funeral:
Which all through that great princess' pride did fall
And came to shameful end. And them beside
Forth riding underneath the castle wall,
A dunghill of dead carcases he spied,
The dreadful spectacle of that sad house of Pride."

Una meanwhile, last heard of in the power
Lawlessness, was rescued by a troop of Fauns and
Satyrs who

"Within the wood were dancing in a round,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arbour sound."

Truth, parted from the Church, is not so much
the prey of Lawlessness as to be lost to earth. In
the waste places among "the salvage nation" she
finds friends and worshippers.

¹ Warraid, laid waste.

"The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddess of the wood;
And old Sylvanus' self bethinks not what
To think of wight so fair——"

It is Truth worshipped for her own beauty by men little taught: pure Truth, adored by the heathen, who in their ignorance make her the "image of idolatries."

"Glad of such luck, the luckless lucky maid
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage¹ people stay'd,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time, her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth which worship'd her in vain,
And made her th' image of idolatries;
But when their bootless zeal she did restrain
From her own worship, they her ass would worship fain.

"It fortunéd a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forest came,
To seek his kindred and the lineage right,
From whence he took his well-deservéd name;
He had in arms abroad won muchel² fame,
And fill'd far lands with glory of his might,
Plain, faithful, true, and enemy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies' right,
But in vain-glorious frays he little did delight.

"A satyr's son yborn in forest wild,
By strange adventure as it did betide,
And there begotten of a lady mild,
Fair Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bands of wedlock tied
To Therion, a loose unruly swain,
Who had more joy to range the forest wide,
And chase the salvage beast with busy pain,
Than serve his lady's love, and waste in pleasures vain."

Satyrane, kin to this wood-born people, becomes a single type of what they stand for. His mother's name, and the name of his mother's mother, Thyamis and Labryde, are taken from Greek words, signifying passion and vehemence; and the name of his father, Therion, points to mere animal life. But Satyrane, type of the natural man, bred in the woods and showing in the outer world all the might and courage of his race, could feel the beauty of Truth, desire to keep her goodly company, and learn her discipline.

"Yet evermore, it was his manner fair,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repair,
To see his sire and offspring ancient.
And now he thither came for like intent:
Where he unware the fairest Una found,
Strange lady in so strange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyrs, which her sat around,
True sacred love, which from her sweet lips did redound.

"He wondred at her wisdom heavenly rare,
Whose like in women's wit he never knew:
And when her courteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rue,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joy'd to make proof of her cruelty
On gentle dame so hurtless and so true:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learn'd her discipline of faith and verity.

"But she, all vow'd unto the Red Cross Knight,
His wandering peril closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her dear heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last, in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewéd her intent;
Who glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise."

Thus the type remains. Truth—while the Church fails—is left to depend for safety on earth upon the natural man's common perception of her worth and beauty. Una was fixed with the wood-born people; they are exchanged, therefore, for Satyrane, who represents that which they represent, but represents it in movement and action. The devil (Archimago), in shape of a simple pilgrim, points the way to Sansloy, who has slain, he says, the Red Cross Knight. The old peril typified by Sansloy is renewed. Satyrane calls to battle the stout Pagan, who says—

"That Red Cross Knight perdie I never slew;
But had he been where erst his arms were lent,
Th' enchanter vain his error should not rue,
But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven true."

Again there is the clash of strife; it is now Satyrane against Sansloy, who, seeing Una, seeks again to seize her, but is called from his attempt by the stout blows of her defender. Una flies from the scene, and that false pilgrim, the Devil—

"——when he saw the damsel pass away,
He left his stand, and her pursued apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay."

Meanwhile, where is the Red Cross Knight? how is it, in Spenser's view, with the Religion of England? Duessa has been left in the House of Pride. England has come out from the Church of Rome, but only to be taken captive by Pride in another form—the giant Orgoglio, who represents, in Spenser's mind, the reformed Church retaining still too many of what he considered Popish vanities of worldliness. And how was it that St. George, escaping Scylla, fell upon Charybdis—escaping from Lucifera and Duessa, became thrall to Orgoglio and to Duessa yet again, though under changed conditions? It was because, like the nymph of the typical fountain at which he was taken with his armour off, he had "sat down to rest in midst of the race." There Duessa joined him again:—

¹ *Salvage*, wild in the woods, untamed. Italian "*salvaggio*" and "*selvaggio*," from "*selva*," Latin "*silva*," a wood.

² *Muchel* (as Scottish "*mickle*"), great. Greek *μεγαλ*.

"What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to desery the crafty cunning train,
By which Deceit doth mask in visor fair,
And cast her colours dyéd deep in grain,
To seem like Truth, whose shape she well can feign,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltless man with guile to entertain?
Great mistress of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, clokéd with Fidessa's name.

"Who when, returning from the dreary night,
She found not in that perilous house of Pride,
Where she had left the noble Red Cross Knight,
Her hopéd prey; she would no longer bide,
But forth she went, to seek him far and wide.
Ere long she found whereas he weary sate,
To rest himself, foreby a fountain side,
Disarméd all of iron-coated plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

"He feeds upon the cooling shade, and bays
His sweaty forehead in the breathing wind
Which through the trembling leaves full gently plays,
Wherein the cheerful birds of sundry kind
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
The witch approaching, gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of carelessness unkind
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With foul words tempting fair, sour gall with honey
sweet.

"Unkindness past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boiling heat
And, with green boughs decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountain like a garland made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent summer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dian's favour, as it then befell.

"The cause was this: One day when Phoebe fair
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tir'd with heat of scorching air,
Sat down to rest in midst of the race.
The goddess wroth, gan foully her disgrace,
And bade the waters which from her did flow
Be such as she herself was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxéd dull and slow,
And all that drunk thereof did faint and feeble grow.

"Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying down upon the sandy grail,¹
Drunk of the stream, as clear as crystal glass:
Eftsoons his manly forces gan to fail,
And mighty strong was turned to feeble frail.
His changéd powers at first themselves not felt,
Till cruddled cold his courage gan assail,
And cheerful blood in faintness chill did melt,
Which like a fever-fit through all his body swelt.²

¹ Grail, gravel.

² Swelt, burned. First-English "swelan," to burn, burn slowly; whence "swelter."

"Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pour'd out in looseness on the grassy ground,
Both careless of his health and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadful sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terror seem'd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' elf, therewith astound,
Upstartd lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

"But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdy steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous giant, horrible and high,
That with his tallness seem'd to threat the sky;
The ground eke groanéd under him for dread;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The height of three the tallest sons of mortal seed."

Against this giant Orgoglio (whose name is simply the Italian for haughtiness, pride, and vanity), the knight,

"—faint in every joint and vein
Through that frail fountain that him feeble made,"

could make no valid stand. Duessa pleaded that he might live Orgoglio's bond-slave, whereupon the Red Cross Knight was thrown without remorse into a dungeon of Orgoglio's castle, while Orgoglio made Duessa his, and set her "to make her dreaded more of men" upon the beast with seven heads.

The Red Cross Knight in the dungeon of Orgoglio was the Puritan poet's image of the Church of his own time. To that condition it had been brought by resting in midst of the race, by stopping short of root and branch reform. Spenser's Puritanism, like that of Milton's after him, looked to essentials, and did not make war upon any of the outward graces of life. As he had shown by his rebuke of Aylmer and his open admiration of Grindal in "The Shepherds' Calendar," he laid stress upon the need of faithful preaching, and he desired to see the lowly spirit of an apostle in the bishop who was set over the Church. He believed that we had dallied too much with Rome, and that we had not escaped the thralldom of pride, but he did not find pride in what he terms "the seemly form and comely order of the Church," to which he says, in his "View of the State of Ireland," "our late too nice³ fools" had objected. He speaks there of the building only, but as to the vestments he certainly could not share the extreme Puritan opinions.

The first important sign of that division in the English Church, which began with the retaining of some pomps of Rome, was in the year 1550. John Hooper, who was a Cistercian before he became a Reformer, and was driven into exile by the Statute of the Six Articles, had returned to England, and in 1550 offer was made to him of the bishopric of Gloucester. He refused it for two reasons. One of his reasons touched a point not within contro-

³ Nice, particular about trifles.

versy among the Reformers. An appeal to the saints was in the oath of supremacy; by chance it had not yet been removed. The young king passed his pen through it, and that difficulty was at an end. The other touched the very point upon which opinion in the Reformed Church of England was divided. Hooper would not consent to be attired in episcopal robes—Aaronical habits, as he called them—because they had no countenance in Scripture, and were not used in the primitive Church, but were associated with Roman corruptions and idolatries, as with the pompous celebration of mass. John Hooper—then a grave man, fifty-five years old—was supported in his objections by Martin Bucer at Cambridge and by Peter Martyr at Oxford. The Reformation abroad had begun among the people, and where it was established popular feeling had dispensed with pomp of Roman ceremonial. The Reformed clergy abroad wore sober habits that marked their office, but they put away the vestments of the Church from which they had seceded. The Reformation in England had begun with the Crown; and in many parts of England was imposed, at first by bishops and privy councillors, on an unwilling people. It seemed wise, therefore, to those in power to change only what they held to be essentially corrupt, and otherwise to leave the outward accidents of public worship unaffected. John Hooper was firm against persuasion, even when he was advised from Geneva to be a bishop with the vestments, that as bishop he might have influence to get them put away. Men called him harsh and rough, but, says Thomas Fuller,¹ “to speak truth, all Hooper’s ill nature consisted in other men’s little acquaintance with him. Such as visited him once, condemned him of over-austerity; who repaired to him twice, only suspected him of the same; who conversed with him constantly, not only acquitted him of all morosity, but commended him for sweetness of manners.” He was committed by his brother Reformers—Ridley being a chief opponent—to the Fleet prison, “persecuted about clothes,” as another Church historian puts it, “by men of the same faith with himself, and losing his liberty because he would not be a bishop.” At last, however, a compromise was made. He was to wear the vestments only upon certain occasions, and to be dispensed from ordinary use of them. Then John Hooper became Bishop of Gloucester, preaching, visiting, and labouring with much zeal in his diocese. The persecutions under Mary brought him, in February, 1555, to the martyr-fire before his own cathedral, upon the spot now marked by his statue. He and his opponent Ridley were friends in the face of death. “We have been two in white,” said Hooper; “let us be one in red.” At the very last, his recantation was urged on him by Sir Anthony Kingston, whom he had saved from a life of profligacy, and who was made one of the commissioners charged with his execution. “Death is bitter,” said Sir Anthony; “Life is sweet.” “True,” Hooper replied; “but the Death to come is more bitter, the Life to come more sweet.” His death was indeed bitter.

¹ Quoting Francis Godwin.

His legs and thighs were roasted, and one of his hands dropped off before he died. Such men as this within the Church, ready to die that they might live—one of the first of them a bishop—marked by their strong protests the beginning of that question about vestments which vexed the Reformed Church of England, and no other Reformed Church, after the accession of Elizabeth. The political reason for retaining them was not accepted by those who magnified their danger. Bishop Jewel spoke of the contest over them as contest on a trivial matter, though he said, “they are the relics of the Amorites: that cannot be denied.” But others saw in them the bondage to Orgoglio, whose leman was Duessa on the seven-headed beast.

In the third year of Elizabeth, it was moved in a convocation of the Church that Saints’ days should be abolished; that in common prayer the minister should turn his face towards the people; that making the sign of the cross in baptism should be omitted; that kneeling at the sacrament should be left to the discretion of the minister; that organs should be removed; and that it should suffice if the minister wore the surplice once, provided that he ministered in a comely garment or habit. Of the members of convocation present when these resolutions were discussed, fifty-three voted for, and thirty-five against them, but proxies caused their defeat by a majority of one. Among those who voted for them was Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul’s, author of the Church Catechism, which was submitted to Convocation and approved by it in the same year, 1562, although not printed until 1570. Ceremonies thus accepted by the clergy only by a casting vote, were then, with the hope of securing unity, by the strong hand firmly enforced. Thus disaffection was increased, and, still within the pale of the reformed Church of England, objection to its system multiplied and strengthened. The rise of the Presbyterians is thus indicated in a letter from Edwin Sandys, Bishop of London, written to Henry Bullinger, in August, 1573:—

New orators are rising up from among us: foolish young men who despise authority and admit of no superior. They are seeking the complete overthrow and uprooting of the whole of our ecclesiastical polity, and striving to shape out for us I know not what new platform of a church. That you may be better acquainted with the whole matter, accept this summary of the question at issue, reduced under certain heads.

i. The civil magistrate has no authority in ecclesiastical matters. He is only a member of the Church, the government of which ought to be committed to the clergy.

ii. The Church of Christ admits of no other government than that by Presbyteries: viz., by the Minister, Elders, and Deacons.

iii. The names and authority of Archbishops, Archdeacons, Deans, Chancellors, Commissaries, and other titles and dignitaries of the like kind, should be altogether removed from the Church of Christ.

iv. Each parish should have its own Presbytery.

v. The choice of Ministers of necessity belongs to the people.

vi. The goods, possessions, lands, revenues, tithes, honours, authorities, and all other things relating either to Bishops or

Catholics, and which now of right belong to them, should be taken away forthwith and for ever.

vii. No one should be allowed to preach who is not a pastor of some Congregation; and he ought to preach to his own flock exclusively, and nowhere else.

viii. The infants of Papists are not to be baptized.

ix. The judicial Laws of Moses are binding upon Christian Princes, and they ought not in the slightest degree to depart from them.

In the year before this was written, the first separate Presbyterian congregation had been formed at Wandsworth, and among its founders was Walter Travers, afterwards indirectly the cause of the production of Hooker's "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." Travers is described by Isaak Walton, who had no sympathy with his opinions, as "a man of competent learning, of a winning behaviour, and of a blameless life," who "had taken orders by the Presbytery in Antwerp—and with them some opinions that could never be eradicated—and if in anything he was transported, it was in an extreme desire to set up that government in this nation; for the promoting of which he had a correspondence with Theodore Beza at Geneva, and others in Scotland; and was one of the chiefest assistants to Mr. Cartwright in that design." The conventicle at Wandsworth was suppressed, but afterwards revived, and presbyteries were formed in other places with private meetings for worship.

Thomas Cartwright, to whom Isaak Walton refers as head of the Puritan movement, was born in Hertfordshire in 1535, and educated at St John's College, Cambridge. As a young scholar, and in all his after life, Thomas Cartwright worked so hard that he reduced the daily hours of sleep to five. In 1569 he became Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and he excited so much enthusiasm, that when he preached at St. Mary's Church the windows were removed, that he might be heard by the crowd outside as well as by the crowd within. His church doctrine was Puritan. John Whitgift, a Lincolnshire man, about five years older than Cartwright, was his chief opponent in the University. Whitgift, whose college was Pembroke Hall, and who obtained a Fellowship of Peterhouse, often answered Cartwright in the pulpit at St. Mary's: so that practically the two men submitted the two sides of a chief controversy of the time to the judgment of the congregation. Whitgift also acquired fame as a preacher, and when he first preached before Elizabeth she said of him, hearing his name, that he had a white-gift indeed. In 1567 he was made Master of Trinity Hall and her Majesty's chaplain. He soon afterwards caused Cartwright to be deprived of his Fellowship at Trinity, and also, having become Vice-Chancellor of the University, deprived his antagonist of the Lady Margaret's lecture. Thomas Cartwright then went abroad for a couple of years, and was minister to the English merchants, first at Antwerp, afterwards at Middelburg. When he returned he was again foremost in the controversy. Ministers of the Church condemned as Puritans had been degraded and imprisoned, and in the year 1572, the year of the opening of the Presbyterian church at Wands-

worth, an appeal was made to Parliament by the Puritan leaders, Field and Wilcocks, one of the Field, being the Wandsworth lecturer. They published, in 1572, "An Admonition to the Parliament for the Reformation of Church Discipline." Wit was printed a letter from Theodore Beza to the of Leicester, who aided the Puritan cause, upon need of another Reformation in England. Its authors were committed to Newgate, but their pamphlet was not suppressed. Thomas Cartwright published once a "Second Admonition." Whitgift produced in the same year, "An Answer to a certain Libellous, An Admonition to the Parliament." This the ablest defence of the ecclesiastical system of the reformed Church of England, before Richard Hooker's work upon the subject. In the following year, 1573, Thomas Cartwright published "A Reply Answer made of Master Doctor Whitgift again Admonitions of Parliament." In the next year, appeared "The Defence of the Answer to the Libellous Admonition against the Reply of T. C., by John Whitgift, D.D." In 1575, appeared Thomas Cartwright's second reply; and other controversial writings followed. The questions then stirring the Church the chief arguments on either side, are best studied in these Admonitions to Parliament, and succeeding debate between Cartwright and Whitgift.

John Whitgift had authority with him; he had already been made Dean of Lincoln, and was made Bishop of Worcester. Thomas Cartwright's authority against him, and he was obliged to quit his country. If Whitgift would have taken office, he might have become Archbishop of Canterbury during the lifetime of Spenser's "wise Almoner," the disgraced Archbishop Grindal. It was Whitgift's sense of duty that the Queen left Grindal in nominal possession of his office, saying that she had made him an Archbishop, so he should remain an Archbishop. But on Grindal's death, in 1583, Whitgift succeeded him, and as Whitgift till 1604, the Queen had in him, during the rest of her reign, an Archbishop who would carry out her policy, maintain the reformed Church of England as she had established it, by strict enforcement of conformity, and repress extremes on the side in Roman Catholic and Puritan. He issued to the bishops of his province instructions that all clergy were to acknowledge the Queen's supremacy to be ecclesiastical as well as civil, to conform to the Book of Common Prayer, the Thirty-nine Articles; that wearing of the surplice was to be enforced; and that all private catechizing, and praying in private families, if strangers were present—that is to say, every conventicle of the nature of a Puritan "conventicle"—was utterly extinguished. Hundreds of Puritans were thus suspended and driven out into conformity. A petition from the magistrates of the City of London urged that "the laborious ministers of the Church, marshalled with the worst malefactors, punished, indicted, arraigned, and condemned for matters we presume, of very slender moment: as leaving the holidays (saints' days) unbidden for singing the psalm 'Nunc Dimittis'—some for leaving out the

baptism, &c." At the same time the Queen issued a new Commission for the suppression of sedition and heresy. The power now given to the High Court of Commission enabled the Commissioners to convict by witnesses if a jury would not convict, and to convict by other means if they had not witnesses; to test by oath whomsoever they suspected, and punish at will whoever refused the oath, by fine or imprisonment. Archbishop Whitgift drew up a set of four-and-twenty articles, contrived to include all points of disagreement on which suspected Puritans might be examined upon oath. Petitions were sent to the Privy Council. The clerk of the Privy Council, in sending them on to the Archbishop, told him "that he would be the overthrow of this Church and the cause of tumult," and the Privy Council remonstrated both with Archbishop Whitgift and with Aylmer, Bishop of London. Whitgift himself, in reply to Lord Burleigh's censure of a procedure that he considered to be "too much savouring the Romish inquisition, and rather a device to seek for offenders than to reform any," answered that he was so far from inclining to Rome in such procedure, that "the Papists are rather pained at my proceedings, because they tend to the taking away of their chief argument, that is, that we cannot agree among ourselves; and that we are not of the Church because we lack Unity."

It is not likely that Elizabeth looked much below the surface of the "Faerie Queene;" and if she had seen under the allegory of its first book how heartily Spenser sympathised with the higher objects of those who felt a larger Reformation to be necessary, she would not have troubled herself about that. Spenser was not a minister of the Church resisting her supreme authority. He was an Irish civil servant, thoroughly in sympathy with her political ideas. When her minister Burleigh considered her Archbishop wanting in charity, and when her favourite Leicester and others of her council were undisguised friends to the Puritans—and she often listened patiently to rough assertion of opinions she would not hold—Spenser's allegory of the Red Cross Knight, and his peril from the giant Orgoglio after escape from Lucifera's House of Pride, might mean what he pleased without displeasing her. Loyal homage to her, full recognition of her earnestness, hearty assent to her public policy in many things, stern maintenance of her authority, the sweetest praise poet had ever given her, she had from Spenser, and it all came from his heart. He gave all that, and was a poet who addressed his verse to cultivated minds. He did not seek with it to stir the people. If he had been a minister of her Church, acting and preaching as she said he should not act or preach, he would nevertheless have been sacrificed to her belief that force could secure the desired Unity within the Church, and make its Religion what it ought to be, the source of peace within her realm.

The Red Cross Knight being thrall to Orgoglio, the English Church being as Spenser saw it when the "Faerie Queene" was being written, here was the time when need was felt of the intervention of heavenly grace for its rescue. Spenser, therefore,

represents the dwarf—the people—taking up the mighty armour, missing most at need; the whole armour of God left masterless, and seeking aid. The dwarf meeting with Una, grieves her with the tale he has to tell, and then it is that Prince Arthur crosses their path, Arthur who intervenes throughout the poem as the bearer of the shield of Divine grace.

"His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen;
Not made of steel, nor of enduring brass,
Such earthly metals soon consuméd been:
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleán
It framéd was, one massy entire mold,
Hewn out of adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of spear it never piercen could,
Ne dint of direful sword divide the substance would.¹

"The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phœbus' golden face it did attain,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay
And silver Cynthia waxéd pale and faint,
As when her face is stain'd with magic art's constraint.

"Ne magick arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold enchaunter's call;
But all that was not such as seem'd in sight,
Before that shield did fade and sudden fall:
And when him list the rascal routs appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transnew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And, when him list the prouder looks subdue,
He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hue.

"Ne let it seem, that credence this exceeds;
For he that made the same, was known right well
To have done much more admirable deeds:
It Merlin was, which whilom did excel
All living wights in might of magic spell.
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to arms he fell;
But when he died, the fairy queen it brought
To fairy-lond, where yet it might be seen, if sought."

To Arthur Una tells her story, and he offers the help which in the next canto—the eighth—he gives. The introduction to the canto that tells this, indicates what the help is which comes through Arthur and Una:—

"Ay me! how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that Heavenly Grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast Truth acquit him out of all.

¹ "Thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of my head." (Ps. iii. 3.) "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory." (Ps. lxxxiv. 11.) "O Israel, trust thou in the Lord: he is their help and their shield. O house of Aaron, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield. Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield." (Ps. cxv.) "The shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." (Ephes. vi. 16.)

Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride,
Or weakness, is to sinful bands made thrall:
Else should this Red Cross Knight in bands have died,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thither guide."

Prince Arthur's gentle squire blew a magic horn—
the horn of the Gospel—before Orgoglio's castle:—

"Was never wight that heard that thrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answer'd itself again:
No false enchantment nor deceitful train
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain:
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that piercing noise flew open quite or brast."¹

Then is described the battle with Orgoglio, who was aided by Duessa on her seven-headed beast that brought the squire into great peril. Uncovering of Arthur's shield secured the victory, and when the breath had passed out of the giant's breast—

"That huge great body which the giant bore
Was vanish'd quite; and of that monstrous mass
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was."

Duessa fled, but the light-foot squire followed and captured her. The castle of Orgoglio was entered. It had Ignaro (Ignorance) to keep the gate as porter. The Red Cross Knight was delivered from his danger. Duessa, stripped of her scarlet robe, was displayed in all her loathsomeness, and fled from the hated face of heaven to the rocks and caves.

It may be observed in passing that in every book except the third, in which Britomart (Chastity) stands by her own strength, the eighth canto is the place at which arises need of the aid of Divine grace for attainment of the spiritual goal. In the second book, that eighth canto opens with these stanzas—

"And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe.

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.
Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?"

The ninth canto of the first book speaks still of Arthur as the good prince who "redeemed the Red Cross Knight from bands." Arthur tells Una of the lineage yet unknown to him; of his delivery to a Faery Knight as soon as life admitted him into this world, he was assured only that he

"—was son and heir unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light should bring."

He told next of his vision of the Faerie Queene, and his love for her—for the glory of God,—

"From that day forth I loved that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in careful mind
To seek her out with labour and long tyne,²
And never vowed to rest till her I find."

Gifts were exchanged before the Red Cross Knight and Una proceeded upon their way. Arthur's gift was the water of life, held for him by the grace of God, the diamond-box. The Red Cross Knight, the Church militant on earth, gave, as its equivalent, his treasure, the New Testament:—

"Prince Arthur gave a box of diamond sure,
Embow'd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth and virtue excellent,
That any wound could heal incontinent:
Which to requite, the Red Cross Knight him gave
A book, wherein his Saviour's testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave:
A work of wondrous grace, and able souls to save."

Still the argument is now of Divine grace, that enables the weak mortal to attain, and it is emphasized with an image of Despair. The Red Cross Knight and Una meet an armed knight, with a rope on his neck, flying in terror from that man of hell who had lured his friend and him to hasty death by taking away from them all hope. "To me," says the knight, "he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife." This knight flying from Despair is Trevisan—his name means gloom or darkness (Portuguese "trévas," privation of light, formed from the Latin "tenebræ"). He will lead the Red Cross Knight and Una to the cave of Despair, but will not abide by them, he says, "for liever had I die than see his deadly face." So the Red Cross Knight, who has failed through weakness and needed rescue, is led into the presence of Despair:—

"Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypitch,³
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owl,
Shrieking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other cheerful fowl;
And all about it wand'ring ghosts did wail and howl.

¹ Brast, burst.

² Tyne, anxiety.

³ Ypitch, fixed, pitched.

"And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hangéd been,
Whose carcases were scattered on the green,
And thrown about the cliffs. Arrivé there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approachen near:
But th' other fore'd him stay, and comforted in fear.

"The darksome cave they enter, where they find
That curséd man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His grisly locks, long growing and unbound,
Disordered hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Look'd deadly dull, and staréd as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

"His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pinn'd and patchéd was,
The which his naked sides he wrapp'd abouts:
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet lukewarm blood,
That from his wound yet welléd fresh, alas;
In which a rusty knife fast fixé stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

"Which piteous spectacle, approving true
The woful tale that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Red Cross Knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold:
And to the villain said: 'Thou damnéd wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right,
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed
in sight.'

"'What frantic fit,' quoth he, 'hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgment taught
But he should die who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive,
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unneath?'

"'Who travels by the weary wandering way,
To come unto his wishéd home in haste,
And meets a flood that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him overpast,
Or free his feet, that in the mire stick fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbour's good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him pass, that long hath stood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thyself not pass the flood?

"'He there does now enjoy eternal rest,
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little pain the passage have,

That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.'

"The knight much wondred at his sudden wit,
And said: 'The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it:
The soldier may not move from watchful sted,²
Nor leave his stand, until his captain bed.'³
'Who life did limit by almighty doom,'
Quoth he, 'knows best the terms established;
And he that points the sentinel his room,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droom.'⁴

"'Is not His deed, whatever thing is done,
In heaven and earth? Did not He all create
To die again? All ends that was begun;
Their times in His eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his⁵ still changing state,
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence
nor why.

"'The longer life, I wot the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battles which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloodshed, and avengément,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he that once hath misséd the right way,
The further he doth go the further he doth stray.

"'Then do no further go, no further stray,
But here lie down, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may:
For what hath life, that may it lovéd make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsome life.

"'Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy state;
For never knight that daréd warlike deed
More luckless disadventures did amate:⁶
Witness the dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call;
And though good luck prolongéd hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou may'st happen fall.

"'Why then dost thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy days forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinful hire
High héapéd up with huge iniquity,

² Watchful sted, place of his watch.

³ Bed, bid.

⁴ Droom, drum.

⁵ His, old neuter genitive, now its. His was neuter as well as masculine, his, hire, his = his, her, its.

⁶ Amate, make dull or faint. Of the same root are the German "matt," weary, and the Italian "matto," deprived of sense, and English "mad;"—deprivation of living power being the first idea.

¹ Unneath, uneasily. First-English "eáth," easy; "eáthe," easily.

Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falséd hast thy faith with perjury,
And sold thyself to serve Duesa vild,¹
With whom in all abuse thou hast thyself defil'd?

"Is not He just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall He thy sins up in His knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thy impiety?
Is not His law, Let every sinner die?
Die shall all flesh. What then must needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly
Than linger till the glass be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes: die soon, O fairy's son."

The knight, much moved and wounded in his conscience, wavered; and Despair dismayed him then with images of pains of hell, but the voice of Una (Truth) recalled him to his faith in heavenly grace—

"And to him said, 'Fie, fie, faint-hearted knight!
What meanest thou by this reproachful strife?
Is this the battle which thou vaunt'st to fight
With that fire-mouthéd dragon, horrible and bright?

"Come, come away, frail, silly, fleshly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne devilish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why should'st thou then despair, that chosen art?
Where justice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurs'd handwriting doth deface:
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place!"

"So up he rose, and thence amounted straight.
Which when the carl beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtle sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himself, unbid,² unblest'd.
But death he could not work himself thereby;
For thousand times he so himself had dress'd,
Yet nathéless it could not do him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally."

The opening of the next canto—the tenth—still emphasizes what is a chief feature in Spenser's allegorical picture of man striving heavenward through all his powers for good:—

"What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vain assurance of mortality,
Which all so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gainéd victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill:
But all the good is God's, both power and eke will."

¹ Vild, vile.

² Unbid, without a prayer. First-English "biddan," to pray; "béd," a prayer: whence beads, from the use of them in counting Aves and Paternosters.

An allegorical preparation of the spirit final triumph follows in this as in other of the "Faerie Queene," the representing of Divine help. The Red Cross Knight in tenth canto, taken by Una to the House of E Dame Coelia. Her three daughters are Faith and Charity—Fidelia, Speranza, and Charism guided them to the hall of this house, whence led them to its lady, who welcomed Una

"And her embracing, said, 'O happy earth
Whereon thy innocent feet do ever tread,
Most virtuous virgin, born of heavenly birth,
That to redeem thy woful parent's head
From tyrant's rage, and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred thro' the world now long a-day
Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought th
Or doest thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

"Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turns his steps. So few there be
That choose the narrow path, to seek the right
All keep the broad high-way, and take deligh
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Than with a few to walk the rightest way:
O foolish men! why haste ye to your own decay?

The knight was instructed by Faith in her Book, was comforted by Hope when prickèd with anguish of his sins, and helped by the leech P who healed him by sharp remedies of Penance, Remorse and true Repentance. So he was taken to Una with his conscience cured. He was taken to be taught by Charity "of love and righteousness and well to do." Mercy was called to showing the Red Cross Knight the way to heaven and he was led to a hospital in which were Seven Beatitudes of Mercy, each typified in a hermitage. There he rested, and thence he was led on to hermitage of heavenly Contemplation. By contemplation he was then led to the highest mountain of Sinai or Olivet.

"From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path, that was both steep and long,
Which to a goodly city led his view;
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong
Of pearl and precious stone, that earthly tongue
Cannot describe, not wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The city of the great King hight it well,
Wherein eternal peace and happiness doth dwell

"As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven, in gladsome company,
And with great joy into that city wend,
As commonly as friend doth with his friend
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towers unto the starry sphere,
And what unknown nation there encompassed were

" 'Fair knight,' quoth he, 'Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built,
For those to dwell in that are chosen His;
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt,
With piteous blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lamb
That for the sins of all the world was kilt:
Now are they saints in all that city sam,¹
More dear unto their God than younglings to their dam.'

" 'Till now,' said then the knight, 'I weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have been,
In which that fairest Fairy Queen doth dwell,
The fairest city was that might be seen;
And that bright tower all built of crystal clean,
Panthea, seem'd the brightest thing that was:
But now by proof all otherwise I ween;
For this great city, that does far surpass,
And this bright angel's tower, quite dims that tower of
glass.'

" 'Most true,' then said the holy aged man;
'Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest piece that eye beholden can:
And well beseems all knights of noble name,
That covet in th' immortal book of fame
To be eterniz'd, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that sovereign dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For, she is heavenly born, and Heaven may justly
vaunt.

" 'And thou fair imp, sprung out from English race,
However now accounted elfin's son,
Well worthy dost thy service for her grace,
To aid a virgin desolate fordene.
But when thou famous victory hast won,
And high amongst all knights hast hung thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shun,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows
yield.

" 'Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a blessed end:
For thou amongst those saints whom thou dost see
Shalt be a saint, and thine own nation's friend
And patron: thou Saint George shalt call'd be,
Saint George of merry England,² the sign of victory.' "

Thus prepared, the Red Cross Knight proceeded
to the fight with the Great Dragon, theme of the
eleventh canto; and, having overcome, was, in the
twelfth canto, wedded finally to Una (Truth) for all
Duessa's plea that he belonged to her.

" Now strike your sails, ye jolly mariners;
For we be come unto a quiet road,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessel of her load.

Here she awhile may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplied. And then, again abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent,
Well may she speed and fairly finish her intent."

We turn back from this vision of the end yet
distant, and follow the Red Cross Knight—English
Religion—through the dangers of a way that has not
brought us yet within sight of the City of Eternal
Peace.

In the year after the publication of the first three
books of the "Faerie Queene," Michael Drayton, then
twenty-eight years old, published a volume called "The
Harmonie of the Church, Containing The Spirituall
Songes and holy Hymnes of godly men, Patriarkes,
and Prophetes: all sweetly sounding to the praise
and glory of the Highest. Now (newlie) reduced into
sundrie kinds of English Meeter: meete to be read
or sung for the solace and comfort of the godly. By
M.D." It was dedicated on the 10th of February
1590(91) to Lady Jane Devereux, of Merivale, and
published in 1591. Its contents are "The Most
Notable Song of Moses, which he made a little before
his death; the Song of the Israelites for their
deliverance out of Egypt; the Most Excellent Song
of Salomon, Containing Eight Chapters; the Song of
Anna; the Prayer of Jonah; the Prayer of Jere-
miah; the Song of Deborah and Barak; a Song of
the Faithful for the Mercies of God; another Song
of the Faithful; a Song of Thanks to God; another
Song of the Faithful." Added to these eleven were
nine more songs and prayers out of the books of
Apocrypha. These are Drayton's versions of three

SONGS OF THE FAITHFUL.

I.

Isaiah, chapter xii.

O living Lord, I still will laud Thy Name,
For though Thou wert offended once with me,
Thy heavy wrath is turned from me again,
And graciously Thou now dost comfort me.

Behold, the Lord is my salvation,
I trust in Him, and fear not any power:
He is my song, the strength I lean upon,
The Lord God is my loving Saviour.

Therefore with joy out of the Well of Life
Draw forth sweet water which it doth afford:
And in the day of trouble and of strife
Call on the name of God, the living Lord.

Extol His works and wonders to the sun;
Unto all people let his praise be shown:
Record in song the marvels He hath done,
And let His Glory through the world be blown.

Cry out aloud, and shout on Zion's hill,
I give thee charge that this proclaimed be:
The great and mighty King of Israel
Now only dwelleth in the midst of thee.

¹ Sam, together.

² The y of "merry" makes one syllable with the E of "England."

II.

Habakkuk, chapter iii.

Lord, at Thy voice my heart for fear hath trembled;
 Unto the world, Lord, let Thy works be shown:
 In these our days now let Thy power be known,
 And yet in wrath let mercy be remembered.

From Teman, lo, our God you may behold,
 The Holy One from Paran Mount so high:
 His glory hath clean covered the sky,
 And in the earth His praises be enrolled.

His shining was more clearer than the light,
 And from His hands a fulness did proceed,
 Which did contain His wrath and power indeed;
 Consuming plagues and fire were in His sight.

He stood aloft, and compassed the land,
 And of the nations doth delusion make:
 The mountains rent, the hills for fear did quake,
 His unknown paths no man may understand.

The Morians' tents o'en for their wickedness,
 I might behold the land of Midian,
 Amaz'd, and trembling like unto a man
 Forsaken quite and left in great distress.

What, did the rivers move the Lord to ire,
 Or did the floods His majesty displease,
 Or was the Lord offended with the seas,
 That Thou cam'st forth in chariot hot as fire?

Thy force and power thou freely didst relate
 Unto the tribes; Thy oath will surely stand,
 And by Thy strength thou didst divide the land,
 And from the earth the rivers separate.

The mountains saw and trembled for fear,
 The sturdy stream with speed forth passed by,
 The mighty depths shout out a hideous cry,
 And then aloft their waves they did uprear.

The sun and moon amid their course stood still,
 Thy spears and arrows forth with shining went:
 Thou spoil'st the land, being to anger bent,
 And in displeasure Thou didst slay and kill.

Thou wentest forth for Thine own chosen's sake,
 For the safeguard of Thine anointed one:
 The house of wicked men is overthrown,
 And their foundations now go all to wrack.

Their towns Thou strikest by Thy mighty power,
 With their own weapons made for their defence;
 Who like a whirlwind came, with the pretence
 The poor and simple man quite to devour.

Thou mad'st Thy house on seas to gallop fast,
 Upon the waves thou ridest here and there:
 My entrails trembled then for very fear,
 And at Thy voice my lips shook at the last.

Grief pierced my bones, and fear did me annoy,
 In time of trouble where I might find rest,
 For to revenge, when once the Lord is prest,
 With plagues He will the people quite destroy.

The fig-tree now no more shall sprout nor flourish,
 The pleasant vine no more with grapes abound,
 No pleasure in the city shall be found,
 The field no more her fruit shall feed nor nourish.

The sheep shall now be taken from the fold,
 In stall of bullocks there shall be no choice:
 Yet in the Lord my Saviour I rejoice,
 My hope in God yet will I surely hold.

God is my strength, the Lord my only stay,
 My feet for swiftness it is He will make
 Like to the hind's who none in course can take,
 Upon high places he will make me way.

III.

Isaiah, chapter xvi.

And in that day this same shall be our song,
 In Judah land this shall be sung and said:—
 We have a city which is wondrous strong,
 And for the walls, the Lord Himself our aid.

Open the gates; yea, set them open wide,
 And let the godly and the righteous pass:
 Yea, let them enter and therein abide,
 Which keep His laws and do His truth embrace.

And in Thy judgment, Thou wilt sure preserve
 In perfect peace those which do trust in Thee;
 Trust in the Lord, which doth all trust deserve;
 He is thy strength, and none but only He.

He will bring down the proud that look so high,
 The stateliest buildings He will soon abase,
 And make them even with the ground to lie,
 And unto dust he will their pride deface.

It shall be trodden to the very ground,
 The poor and needy down the same shall tread:
 The just man's way in righteousness is found,
 Into a path most plain Thou wilt him lead.

But we have waited long for Thee, O Lord,
 And in Thy way of judgment we do rest:
 Our souls doth joy Thy Name still to record,
 And Thy remembrance doth content us best.

My soul hath longed for Thee, O Lord, by night,
 And in the morn my spirit for Thee hath sought:
 Thy judgments to the earth give such a light
 As all the world by them Thy truth is taught.

But show Thy mercy to the wicked man,
 He will not learn Thy righteousness to know:
 His chief delight is still to curse and ban,
 And unto Thee himself he will not bow.

They do not once at all regard Thy power:
 Thy people's zeal shall let them see their shame;
 But with a fire Thou shalt Thy foes devour,
 And clean consume them with a burning flame.

With peace Thou wilt preserve us, Lord, alone,
 For Thou hast wrought great wonders for our sake.
 And other gods beside Thee we have none,
 Only in Thee we all our comforts take.

The dead and such as sleep within the grave,
Shall give no glory, nor yield praise to Thee;
Which here on earth no place nor being have,
And Thou hast rooted out of memorie.

O Lord, Thou dost this nation multiply;
Thou, Lord, hast blest this nation with increase:
Thou art most glorious in Thy majesty,
Thou hast enlarged the earth with perfect peace.

We cried to Thee, and oft our hands did wring,
When we have seen Thee bent to punishment;
Like to a woman in child-birth travailing,
Even so in pain we mourn and do lament;

We have conceiv'd and labour'd with pain,
But only wind at last we forth have brought;
Upon the earth no hope there doth remain,
The wicked world likewise avails us nought.

The dead shall live, and such as sleep in grave
With their own bodies once shall rise again:
Sing ye that in the dust your dwelling have!
The earth no more her bodies shall retain.

Come, come, my people, to My chamber here,
And shut the doors up surely after thee;
Hide thou thyself, and do not once appear,
Nor let thine eyes Mine indignation see:

For from above the Lord is now disposed
To scourge the sins that in the world remain;
His servants' blood in earth shall be disclosed,
And she shall now yield up her people slain.

Drayton's "Harmonie of the Church" was published in 1591, and in the next year, 1592, appeared a translation into English, finished in 1587, of the "Traité de la Vérité de la Religion Chrétienne," by Philippe de Mornay, Seigneur du Plessis-Marly. The author of this book was one of the most famous of the French Protestant scholars and soldiers. He was born of a noble family in 1549. He was destined in childhood for good livings in the Roman Catholic Church, but his mother, when he was nine or ten years old, drew him with her to the Protestant side. He was but two or three years older than Sir Philip Sidney, who had known him when he visited England, and met him in Paris, where they were both present at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572. Philippe de Mornay became a foremost friend in the counsels of the King of Navarre, whom he helped to make Henry IV. of France. He represented the intelligent soul of the French Protestant cause. His nobility of character gave him so much influence that he was called the Pope of the Huguenots, and he was from time to time in London as a political representative of French Protestantism. Sir Philip Sidney began a translation of De Mornay's "Treatise on the Truth of Christianity," and asked his friend, Arthur Golding, to finish it. He did so at once, and the dedication to the complete work is dated in May, 1587, although it was not until 1592 that the book was published, Sidney having died in October, 1586, from a musket-

shot at Zutphen. The volume was entitled "A Worke concerning the Trewnesse of Christian Religion, written in French: Against Atheists, Epicures, Paynims, Iewes, Mahumetists, and other Infidels. By Philip of Mornay, Lord of Plessie Marlie. Begunne to be translated into English by Sir Philip Sidney, Knight, and at his request finished by Arthur Golding." There was a scriptural emblem on the title-page, which associates the Reformation with the return of light, and the strayed sheep recovered by the Saviour.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

From the Title-page of Philip of Mornay's *Trueness of the Christian Religion*, Translated by Sir Philip Sidney and Arthur Golding (1592).

Arthur Golding said that he followed Sidney's wish in dedicating the translation to the Earl of Leicester. The design of the work was to demonstrate that there is a God who is one God, and that he is Creator and Ruler of the world; that man has an immortal soul, but is fallen from his first estate; and that his chief hope is in God, and his welfare consists in drawing near to Him. The way to this sovereign welfare, it is then argued, is by true Religion. The True God was worshipped in Israel, which is set forth as the first mark of True Religion. In Israel God's Word was the rule of His service, which is the second mark of True Religion. The third mark is that the means of salvation have been revealed from time to time to the people of Israel. The rest of the argument is of Christ as the Saviour and Son of God. A short passage from the second chapter of the book, where Philip Sidney is translator, may be taken as example of its style. It draws evidence of the oneness of God from that which has caused some to doubt His existence—the oneness of nature, or as the marginal note to this paragraph calls it,

THE LINKING IN OF THINGS TOGETHER.

But let us see now how all things being so divers in the whole world, are referred to one another. The water moisteneth the earth, the air maketh it fat with his showers, the

sun enlighteneth it and heateth it according to his seasons. The earth nourisheth the plants, the plants feed the beasts, the beasts serve man. Again, nothing is seen here to be made for itself. The sun shineth and heateth; but not for itself: the earth beareth, and yet hath no benefit thereby: the winds blow, and yet they sail not: but all these things redound to the glory of the Maker, to the accomplishment of the whole, and to the benefit of man. To be short, the noblest creatures have need of the basest, and the basest are served by the noblest; and all are so linked together from the highest to the lowest, that the ring thereof cannot be broken without confusion. The sun cannot be eclipsed, the plants withered, or the rain want, but all things feel the hurt thereof. Now then, can we imagine that this world which consisteth of so many and so divers pieces, tending all to one end, so coupled one to another, making one body, and full of so apparent consents of affections, proceedeth from elsewhere than from the power of one alone? When in a field we see many battles, divers standards, sundry liveries, and yet all turning head with one sway; we conceive that there is one general of the field, who commandeth them all. Also when in a city or a realm we see an equality of good behaviour in an inequality of degrees of people, infinite trades which serve one another, the smaller reverencing the greater, the greater serving to the benefit of the smaller, both of them made equal in justice, and all tending in this diversity to the common service of their country: we doubt not but there is one law, and a magistrate which by that law holdeth the said diversity in union. And if any man tell of many magistrates, we will by and by inquire for the sovereign. Yet notwithstanding all this is but an order set among divers men, who ought even naturally to be united, by the community of their kind. But when things as well light as heavy, hot as cold, moist as dry, living as unliving, endued with sense as senseless, and each of infinite sorts, do so close in one composition as one of them cannot forbear another; nay rather, to our seeming, the worthiest do service to the basest, the greatest to the smallest, the strongest to the weakest, and all of them together are disposed to the accomplishment of the world, and to the contentment of man who alone is able to consider it: ought we not forthwith to perceive, that the whole world and all things contained therein do by their tending unto us teach us to tend unto one alone? And seeing that so many things tend unto man, shall man scatter his doings unto divers ends? Or shall he be so wretched as to serve many masters? Nay further, to knit up this present point withal, seeing that all things the nobler they be the more they do close into one unity (as for example, we see that the things which have but mere being are of infinite kinds, the things that have life are of infinite sorts, the things that have sense are of many sorts, howbeit not of so many; and the things that have reason are many only in particulars:) doth it not follow also that the Godhead from whence they have their reason, as nobler than they is also much more One than they, that is to say, only One, as well in particularity and number as in kind?

Henry Constable, whose few poems and extant letters indicate much sweetness of character, was in 1595 driven into exile for his fidelity to Roman Catholic opinions. There was some close association, perhaps tie of blood, between Henry Constable and Anthony and Francis Bacon, and to Anthony he wrote, in 1595, "I have a marvellous opinion of your virtues and judgment, and therefore, though in particulars of religion we may be differing, yet I hope that

in the general belief of Christ (which is a great matter in this incredulous age), and desire of the union of His Church you agree with me, as in the love of my country I protest I consent with you. Loving his country, Henry Constable sought leave to return, and failing in that, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign he returned clandestinely, but was discovered and committed to the Tower. One of his "Spiritual Sonnets" may be taken as an example of the purity of aspiration that could be associated with the worship of the Virgin; something far higher than the idolatries from which he prays that it may save him:—

TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

Sovereign of queens! if vain Ambition move
My heart to seek an earthly prince's grace,
Shew me thy Son in His imperial place
Whose Servants reign our Kings and Queens above
And if alluring passions I do prove
By pleasing sighs, shew me Thy lovely face,
Whose beams the angels' beauty do deface,
And even inflame the seraphim with love.
So by Ambition I shall humble be,
When in the presence of the Highest King
I serve all His that He may honour me;
And Love my heart to chaste desires shall bring,
When Fairest Queen looks on me from her throne,
And, jealous, bids me love but her alone.



RICHARD HOOKER.

From the Portrait by Faithorne, engraved in his Works (1726).

"Four Books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" were first published by Richard Hooker, then rector of Boscombe, Wiltshire, in 1594. The fifth book, longer than all those four, followed in 1597, when he was rector of Bishopsbourne, near Canterbury. Hooker died in 1600, and left notes which were taken, not always rightly, as the rough draught of the remaining three books. These were not published until eighteen years after his death.

Richard Hooker was born at Heavitree, a suburb

of Exeter. Like Spenser, from whom he differed in views of Church polity, he was wholly an Elizabethan writer; each was born about 1553, and they died, before Elizabeth, within a year of each other. In literature Spenser is the greatest representative of Elizabethan Puritanism, and Hooker wrote the wisest and best argument against it. Both were true men who sought to serve God faithfully with all their powers; and they agreed more than they differed. Spenser, indeed, differed so much from the narrower Puritanism of his time, and was so fully in accord with Hooker's religious spirit, that we cannot think of them as in opposite camps. When different tendencies of thought lead men to seek one great end by different ways, and great parties are formed, it is between the lesser combatants—who confound accident with substance and give themselves up to fierce contention about phrases, words, and outward shows—that the distance seems most wide. Between the best and purest upon each side, who are one in aim, and who both look to essentials, the accord is really greater than the discord.

Richard Hooker's parents were poor, but his uncle John was chamberlain of Exeter, and the boy's schoolmaster, who found in him an actively inquiring mind, and, under a slow manner, a quiet eagerness for knowledge, urged upon this richer uncle that there ought to be found for such a nephew, in some way, at least a year's maintenance at one of the Universities. John Jewel, who was also a Devonshire man, had been sent into his own county and the West of England as a visitor of churches, upon his return to England after the death of Queen Mary. Thus he had established friendly acquaintance with John Hooker, and presently afterwards he was made Bishop of Salisbury. John Hooker then visited the Bishop in Salisbury, and talked about his nephew. Jewel said he would judge for himself, and offered to see the boy and his schoolmaster. When he saw them he gave a reward to the schoolmaster, and a small pension to Richard's parents, in aid of the education of their son. In 1567, when Richard Hooker was a boy of fifteen, Bishop Jewel sent him to Oxford, placing him by special recommendation under the oversight of Dr. Cole, then President of Corpus Christi College. Dr. Cole provided Hooker with a tutor, and gave him a clerk's place in the college, which yielded something in aid of his uncle's contribution and the pension from the bishop. In this way Richard Hooker's education was continued for about three years, and then, when he was eighteen, he had a dangerous illness which lasted for two months. His mother prayed continually for the life of her promising son, who used afterwards to pray in his turn "that he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother; of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good even as much for hers as for his own sake." Being recovered at Oxford, Richard Hooker went home to Exeter on foot, with another student from Devonshire, and took Salisbury upon his way, that he might pay his respects to Bishop Jewel. The bishop invited Richard and his companion to dinner, and after dinner sent them

away with good advice and benediction. Remembering after they left that he had omitted the help of a little money, the good bishop sent a servant to bring Hooker back, and when he returned, said, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse which hath carried me many a mile; and, I thank God, with much ease." The horse was a walking-stick that Jewel had brought from Germany. "And, Richard, I do not give but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more to carry you on foot to the college; and so God help you, good Richard." Thus the loan of the walking-stick pledged Richard to call on his way back. He did call, and then saw for the last time his kindly patron. John Jewel died in September of the same year, 1571, and Hooker would have been unable to remain at Oxford if the president of his college, Dr. Cole, had not at once bidden him go on with his studies, and undertaken to see that he did not want. After about nine months also Hooker was aided by a legacy from the bishop, a legacy of love, not of money.

Not long before his death Jewel had been talking to his friend Edwin Sandys, who had newly succeeded Edmund Grindal in the bishopric of London. In his talk he had said much of the pure nature and fine intellect and studious life of young Richard Hooker. The Bishop of London resolved, as he heard this, that when he should send Edwin his son to college, though he was himself a Cambridge man, he would choose Oxford, and send him to Corpus Christi, that he might have Hooker for a tutor. This he did about nine months after Bishop Jewel's death. Hooker was then nineteen, and his pupil—afterwards Sir



OLD ST. PAUL'S, WITH THE SPIRE.
(From Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's," 1658.)

Edwin Sandys, author of the "Speculum Europæ"—not very much younger; but the bishop wisely sought for his boy a tutor and friend who, as he

said, "shall teach him learning by instruction and virtue by example: and my greatest care shall be of the last." George Cranmer (nephew's son to the archbishop) and other pupils soon joined Sandys, and found in Hooker a tutor with a rare power of communicating what he knew, and a life unostentatiously devout that stirred their affections. His health was not vigorous, and weakened by a sedentary life of study. He was short, stooping, very short-sighted, and subject to pimples: so shy and gentle that any pupil could look him out of countenance. He could look no man hard in the face, but had the habitual down look that Chaucer's host in the *Canterbury Tales* is made to ascribe to the poet. When Hooker was a rector, he and his clerk never talked but with both their hats off together. He was never known to be angry, never heard to repine,

while he remained at Oxford. In 1581 he was ordained priest, and soon afterwards appointed to preach one of the sermons at Paul's Cross. This appointment led indirectly to his marriage.

The first stone of St. Paul's, as we have it now, was not laid until nearly a hundred years later, in 1675, and the new building was raised in accordance with the classicism of that later time. The old cathedral, ruined by the Fire of London, was, like other English cathedrals, Gothic, and had, until 1561, a spire. But in that year there broke over London a great storm, that struck with lightning first the Church of St. Martin upon Ludgate Hill, and soon afterwards the spire of St. Paul's, a structure of wood covered with lead, which it set on fire. The fire burned downwards for four hours, melted the church bells, and then ran along the roof, which



OLD ST. PAUL'S, FROM THE EAST, AFTER THE LOSS OF THE STEEPLE. (From Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's," 1658.)

could be witty without use of an ill word, and by his presence restrained what was unfit, without abating what was innocent, in the mirth of others. In December of the year 1573, in which the Bishop of London's son became his pupil, Hooker became one of the twenty foundation scholars of his college, who were, by the founder's statutes, to be natives of Devonshire or Hampshire. Hooker became Master of Arts in 1577, and in the same year Fellow of his College. His first pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, remained the attached friends of Richard Hooker, who worked on at Oxford, devoting himself much to study of the Bible, which was written, he said, "not to beget disputations, and pride, and opposition to government; but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind;" qualities of which "no man did ever yet repent himself on his death-bed."

In 1579, when he and Edmund Spenser were about twenty-six years old, and Spenser published his first book, "The Shepherd's Calendar," Richard Hooker was appointed to read the public Hebrew lecture in the University, and continued to do so

fell in. There were collections in all dioceses for the restoration of the church, and it was roofed again, but the steeple never was rebuilt.

Paul's Cross stood in the churchyard on the north side of the cathedral, towards the east end. A cross in that place is said to have been first erected by Goodrich, abbot of Peterborough, to remind passers-by to pray for the souls of certain monks of Peterborough there buried, who had been massacred by the Danes in the year 870. There was already a custom of preaching at this cross in the latter years of Edward III. The cross preached from in Elizabeth's reign had been built on the old site by Thomas Kempe, who was Bishop of London from A.D. 1450 to A.D. 1490.

Careful choice was made of the preachers who were invited to deliver sermons at St. Paul's Cross. Besides his fee, each minister who was not resident in London had right of board and lodging for two days before and one day after his sermon, in a house kept for the purpose, which was known as the Shunamite's House. A friend had persuaded Richard Hooker not to make the journey from Oxford to

London on foot, but to go on horseback; the weather being wet, and he no rider, he arrived at the Shunamite's House soaking, and sore, with a very bad cold, and doubt whether the two days' rest would so far recover him that he could preach. But the mistress of the house, a Mrs. Churchman, paid such exemplary attention to him, that when Sunday came he was equal to his duty. Then the good woman advised her grateful guest that, as he was of a tender constitution, he should take a wife who could nurse him, prolong his life, and make it comfortable. To this counsel the simple-hearted scholar duly assented, and asked Mrs. Churchman to find for him such a wife. She found him her own daughter Joan, whose chance of a husband seemed otherwise, perhaps, not of the best, since she had no money, and was neither good-looking nor good-tempered.¹ Her father was a pious man, who had failed in business as a draper in Watling Street, and had been made keeper of the Shunamite's House because he was fit for the office, and in need of help to live. Hooker's marriage drew him from his quiet student life at Oxford. A small living was given to him near Aylesbury, at Drayton-Beauchamp, in December, 1584, and he had lived for about a year in his country parsonage when he was visited by his old pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer. They found him reading Horace in a field, and minding a few sheep while the servant was gone to his dinner and to help in household work. They sat with him until the man returned, then went with him into the house, but lost his company when Richard was called to rock the cradle of his first-born. They left next day with no flattering opinion of Mrs. Hooker, but with increased reverence for their old tutor, whom they saw gently bearing a life of poverty in a home where there was no sympathy to cheer it. When Cranmer glanced at this on leaving, Hooker is said to have replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none ought not to repine at what my wise Creator has appointed for me, but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

The consequence of this visit was that Edwin Sandys strongly represented to his father, who was then Archbishop of York, Hooker's desert and need. The next opportunity was therefore taken of using patronage for the substantial improvement of his fortunes, and in March, 1585, Richard Hooker, then only thirty-four years old, was made Master of the Temple. Walter Travers, who had the Earl of Leicester for patron, had been appointed Evening Lecturer at the Temple. We have already spoken of him as a friend of Thomas Cartwright, and one of the leaders of the Puritan cause in the Church of England; the same who had been busy about the first separate Presbyterian congregation when that was

formed at Wandsworth. The Puritan element was strong even in this society of lawyers, and many thought that Walter Travers should have been appointed to the place given to Richard Hooker. Hooker preached in the morning, Travers in the evening: so it was said that "the forenoon sermon spake Canterbury; and the afternoon Geneva." Then Archbishop Whitgift prohibited the preaching of Travers. The prohibition was appealed against in vain. Whitgift's policy was the Queen's; he sought to compel unity. The Queen trusted him as she had trusted Archbishop Parker, practically transferred to him her supremacy over the Church of England, and called him "her little black husband." This treatment of Walter Travers raised a bitter controversy. Richard Hooker sought in his gentle way to maintain himself against it; the hardest thing said by him in the matter, being in reply to the accusations against him, "that he prayed before and not after his sermons; that in his prayers he named bishops; that he kneeled both when he prayed and when he received sacrament: and," he said, "other exceptions so like these, as but to name I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them."

The bitterness of personal contention pained Hooker acutely. He could not take part in it, and it distracted him when he would give pure thought to the principles involved in the dispute. There was a great controversy within the Church, a desire for truth and right was at the heart of it on both sides, but on each side, as usual, blind passion was eloquent, and there were many partisans who never looked below the surface. Hooker desired escape out of the noise, that he might make a right use of his powers in God's service, and at last he wrote this letter to the Archbishop:—

My Lord,—When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage: but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and indeed God and Nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and to satisfy that, I have consulted the Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment might be so far complied with as to alter our frame of church-government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to Him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and other tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend a justification of the Laws of our Ecclesiastical Polity; in which design God and His holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences; and I shall never be able to do this but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing on my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun.

¹ Hooker's wife. These details are from Izaak Walton's life of Hooker, and represent, perhaps too unfavourably, what friends said about Mrs. Hooker. She was very soon married again after Richard's death. Four months after the death of her first husband she was found dead in her bed, and the second husband—to whom she was then already joined—fell under unjust suspicion of having poisoned her.

The result of this pleading was that, in the year 1591, Richard Hooker resigned the more lucrative and, in a worldly sense, important office of Master of the Temple, and was presented to the living of Boscombe in Wiltshire, about six miles from Salisbury, and to a prebend of small value—Nether-Avon—in Salisbury Cathedral. At Boscombe he was remote enough from strife of cities, and would be free to use his pen while doing his duty to his parishioners; for the whole population of his parish was scarcely above a hundred. Richard Hooker lived four years at Boscombe—from 1591 to 1595—and there he completed by March, 1593, the first four of the eight books which he had planned as the natural division of his work. They were first published in 1594. The spirit and plan of the whole work are thus expressed by Hooker himself in his "Preface to them that seek (as they term it) the Reformation of Laws and Orders Ecclesiastical in the Church of England." First, as to its spirit, let this passage testify:—

Amongst ourselves, there was in King Edward's days some question moved, by reason of a few men's scrupulosity, touching certain things. And beyond seas, of them which fled in the days of Queen Mary, some contenting themselves abroad with the use of their own service book at home, authorised before their departure out of the realm; others liking better the Common Prayer Book of the Church of Geneva translated; those smaller contentions before begun were by this mean somewhat increased. Under the happy reign of her Majesty which now is, the greatest matter a while contended for was the wearing of the cap and surplice, till there came Admonitions directed unto the High Court of Parliament, by men who, concealing their names, thought it glory enough to discover their minds and affections, which now were universally bent even against all the orders and laws wherein this church is found unconformable to the platform of Geneva. Concerning the defender of which Admonitions, all that I mean to say is but this:—There will come a time when three words uttered with charity and meekness, shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit. But the manner of men's writing must not alienate our hearts from the truth, if it appear they have the truth: as the followers of the same defender doth think he hath, and in that persuasion they follow him, no otherwise than himself doth Calvin, Beza, and others, with the like persuasion that they in this cause had the truth. We being as fully persuaded otherwise, it resteth that some kind of trial be used to find out which part is in error.

The plan of the work is in the same preface thus sketched by its author:—

Nor is mine own intent any other in these several books of discourse, than to make it appear unto you that for the Ecclesiastical Laws of this land we are led by great reason to observe them, and ye by no necessity bound to impugn them. It is no part of my secret meaning to draw you hereby into hatred, or to set upon the face of this cause any fairer gloss than the naked truth doth afford; but my whole endeavour is to resolve the conscience, and to show as near as I can what in this controversy the heart is to think, if it will follow the light of sound and sincere judgment, without either cloud of *prejudice* or *mist of passionate affection*. Wherefore, seeing

that laws and ordinances in particular, whether such as we observe, or such as yourselves would have established, when the mind doth sift and examine them, it must needs have often recourse to a number of doubts and questions about the nature, kinds, and qualities of laws in general, whereof, unless it be thoroughly informed, there will appear no certainty to stay our persuasion upon: I have for that cause set down in the first place an introduction on both sides needful to be considered: declaring therein what law is, how different kinds of laws there are, and what force they are of according unto each kind. This done—because ye suppose the laws for which ye strive are found in Scripture, but those not for which we strive, and upon this surmise are drawn to hold it as the very main pillar of your whole cause, that Scripture ought to be the only rule of all our actions, and consequently that the Church orders which we observe being not commanded in Scripture are offensive and displeasing unto God—I have spent the second book in sifting of this point, which standeth with you for the first and chiefest principle whereon ye build. Whereunto the next in degree is, that as God will have always a Church upon earth while the world doth continue, and that Church stand in need of government, of which government it becometh Himself to be both the author and teacher; so it cannot stand with duty, that man should ever presume in any wise to change and alter the same; and therefore, that in Scripture there must of necessity be found some particular form of Ecclesiastical Polity, the laws whereof admit not any kind of alteration. The first three books being thus ended, the fourth proceedeth from the general grounds and foundations of your cause, unto your general accusations against us, as having in the orders of our Church (for so you pretend) corrupted the right form of Church Polity with manifold Popish rites and ceremonies, which certain Reformed Churches have banished from amongst them, and have thereby given us such example as (you think) we ought to follow. This your assertion hath herein drawn us to make search, whether these be just exceptions against the customs of our Church, when ye plead that they are the same which the Church of Rome hath, or that they are not the same which some other Reformed Churches have devised. Of those four books which remain and are bestowed about the specialties of that cause which lieth in controversy, the first examineth the causes by you alleged, wherefore the Public Duties of Christian religion, as our prayers, our sacraments, and the rest, should not be ordered in such sort as with us they are; nor that power whereby the persons of men are consecrated unto the ministry, be disposed of in such manner as the Laws of this Church do allow. The second and third are concerning the power of Jurisdiction—the one, whether laymen, such as your governing elders are, ought in all congregations for ever to be invested with that power; the other, whether bishops may have that power over other pastors, and therewithal that honour which with us they have. And because, besides the power of order which all consecrated persons have, and the power of jurisdiction which neither they all, nor they only have, there is a third power—a power of ecclesiastical dominion—communicable, as we think, unto persons not ecclesiastical, and most fit to be restrained unto the Prince our sovereign commander over the whole body politic: the eighth book we have allotted unto this question, and have sifted therein your objections against those Pre-eminences Royal which thereunto appertain.

Thus have I laid before you the brief of these my travails, and presented under your view the limbs of that cause litigious between us; the whole entire body whereof being thus compact, it shall be no troublesome thing for any man to find each particular controversy's resting-place, and the coherence

it hath with those things, either on which it dependeth, or which depend on it.

The preface is followed by this summary :—

WHAT THINGS ARE HANDLED IN THE BOOKS
FOLLOWING.

The first book, concerning Laws in general.

The second, of the use of Divine Law contained in Scripture, whether that be the only law which ought to serve for our direction in all things without exception.

The third, of Laws concerning Ecclesiastical Polity; whether the form thereof be in Scripture so set down that no addition or change is lawful.

The fourth, of general exceptions taken against the Laws of our Polity, as being Popish and banished out of certain Reformed Churches.

The fifth, of our laws that concern the Public Religious Duties of the Church, and the manner of bestowing that power of order, which enableth men in sundry degrees and callings to execute the same.

The sixth, of the power of Jurisdiction, which the reformed platform claimeth unto lay-elders, with others.

The seventh, of the power of Jurisdiction, and the honour which is annexed thereunto in Bishops.

The eighth, of the power of ecclesiastical dominion or Supreme Authority, which with us the highest governor or Prince hath, as well in regard of domestical jurisdictions as of that other foreignly claimed by the Bishop of Rome.



From the Frontispiece of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" (1594).

Richard Hooker opens the first book of his "Ecclesiastical Polity" with observations on the disadvantage in argument at which they are placed who maintain the conservative point of view, and on the fact that he may seem for a time tedious and obscure to many who find difficulty upon unfamiliar ground, since he intends to reason from first causes, holding that way to be best for the ascertainment of truth. Conclusions so arrived at will be surer, and when reached will also help us to understand the first principles more clearly. Do we who maintain Church Law uphold only a vain tradition? Let us seek the truth as to this matter. What are Laws? The just means to an end, subject to their author, God, who is the First Cause of Order and of Law. He uses in all things means towards ends, for the accomplishment of which He limits the use of His infinite power. God's purposes are not always known to us, "howbeit undoubtedly a proper and certain reason there is of every finite work of God, inasmuch as there is a law imposed upon it; which if there were not, it should be infinite, even as the Worker Himself is." God hath made to Himself a law eternal, whereby He worketh all things of which He is the cause and author. "That little thereof which we darkly apprehend, we admire; the rest with religious ignorance we humbly and meekly adore."

God's law is eternal and immutable; a part of it His promises declare, and all else must be in

accord with them. God's eternal purpose, which He keeps, is the first law eternal. The second eternal law is that which man makes for himself in true accord with Reason and Revelation.

Eternal Law is of three kinds, according to the kinds of things that are subject to it: (a) natural law, which orders natural agents; (b) heavenly, observed by the angels; (c) human, "that which, out of the law either of reason or of God, men probably gathering to be expedient, they make it a law."

God's will is fixed in the Law of Nature on which human life depends. But Hooker's philosophy here falters a little, for he sees an occasional swerving which he ascribes to the defect of matter cursed for the sin of man, and he does not point out that some operations may appear only to be irregular till we completely understand the laws that govern them. "But howsoever," Hooker says, "these swervings are now and then incident to the course of nature, nevertheless so constantly the laws of nature are by natural agents observed, that no man denieth but those things which nature worketh are wrought, either always or for the most part, after one and the same manner." What causes this uniform obedience to law? The works of Nature are the will of God. "Those things which Nature is said to do, are by divine art performed, using Nature as an instrument; nor is there any such art or know-

ledge divine in Nature herself working, but in the guide of Nature's work." His guidance accords with that determining of means to ends which "is rightly termed by the name of Providence. The same being referred unto the things themselves here disposed by it, was wont by the ancient to be called Natural Destiny." Each force of nature is subject to its own law, and bound also to serve the common good of all.

To Heavenly Law the angels pay perfect obedience. With intellectual desire to resemble God in goodness and do good to His creatures, especially to Men, in whom they see themselves beneath themselves, the Angels love, adore, and imitate. Individually they praise God; they work together in God's army; as fellow-servants with men they are God's ministers of grace. When Angels fell through pride it was by reflex of their understanding on themselves, and they became dispersed labourers against the law of God. They have been honoured as themselves gods before light came into the world.

The argument next proceeds to its especial topic, Human Law.

Except in God, there is in all things higher possibility that breeds desire towards perfection, which is Goodness, looking to the highest, namely, to that which is nearest God. Everything helps in some way, and is therefore good. Man especially aspires. God is eternal: and man, therefore, seeks continued life, a long personal life and continuance by offspring. God is immutable: and man, therefore, seeks fixity of purpose. God is exact: and man, therefore, seeks precision in details. These desires are so bound to us that we hardly observe them. But external perfections of truth and virtue (desired as they become known) are sought more noticeably, and still after the pattern of God.

Angels have all knowledge of which they are capable: Men grow towards it. Of natural agents, living animals may excel men in the lower things of sense, as stones excel animals in firmness and durability; but the soul of Man as he grows in reason reaches beyond sensible things. With the right helps of art and study, men as they might be would excel men as they are, not less than men as they are excel the simpleton. The very first man who took the right way—Aristotle—excelled all before and after him. To the praise of the method of Aristotle Hooker adds his dispraise of the method of Ramus.¹ Education and instruction make us capable of Law. By reason we attain to knowledge beyond that of the senses. We act sometimes for the goodness we find in the mere stir and change; and sometimes only for the end to be attained. In either case we act freely. We choose that which seems good in our eyes.

Knowledge and Will determine choice. Will seeks the good to which Reason points; Appetite

that which satisfies the Senses. Affections rise involuntarily at the sight of some things; the Will has power to stay their action. "Appetite is the Will's solicitor, and the Will is Appetite's controller." Reason enough to give Will power over Appetite makes action upon Appetite also voluntary; and this even when, half unobserved, the Appetite assents by not dissenting or using power to prevent.

Children and men without reason are guided by the reason of others. Reason seeks only such good as it judges to be possible. Good may be attainable by ways avoided for unpleasantness, and Evil (never desired for itself) may be sought for some appearance of goodness in the ways to it. Goodness moves only when apparent; while hidden it is neglected. Sensible good is always obvious, and is sought till higher reason comes to show the higher object of desire. In all sin a lesser good is preferred to the greater which reason can make known. The root of this, says Hooker, is the Curse, weakening the instrument, the soul within the flesh. Man seeking the utmost good fails in discernment of it.

We discern by knowledge of causes and by observation of signs. The latter way, though less sure, is easier and fitter for the weakness of the age. A sign of evident goodness is general acceptance. The general and perpetual voice of men is as the sentence of God Himself. For that which all men have at all times learned, Nature herself must needs have taught; and God being the author of Nature, her voice is but His instrument. By her from Him we receive whatsoever in such sort we learn. Much truth is thus open to the common light of reason.

As Hooker's argument advances from stage to stage he inserts little summaries of it at successive resting-places, and we come now to the first of the summaries, which is this:—

A Law therefore generally taken, is a directive rule unto goodness of operation. The rule of divine operations outward, is the definitive appointment of God's own wisdom set down within Himself. The rule of natural agents that work by simple necessity, is the determination of the wisdom of God, known to God Himself the principal director of them, but not unto them that are directed to execute the same. The rule of natural agents which work after a sort of their own accord, as the beasts do, is the judgment of common sense or fancy concerning the sensible goodness of the objects wherewith they are moved. The rule of ghostly or immaterial natures, as spirits and angels, is their intuitive intellectual judgment concerning the amiable beauty and high goodness of that object which with unspeakable joy and delight doth set them on work. The rule of voluntary agents on earth is the sentence that Reason giveth concerning the goodness of those things which they are to do. And the sentences which Reason giveth are some more, some less general, before it come to define in particular actions what is good.

We pass then to the next stage of Richard Hooker's argument upon the nature of Law. The main principles of reason are, he says, in themselves apparent. The greater good should be chosen before the lesser: but choice errs where the lesser good is seen, the greater unseen. We seek knowledge for the pre-

¹ *Ramus*. Pierre La Ramée, born in 1515, son of a poor labourer, had from childhood an intense desire for knowledge. By working in the day and studying at night, he enabled himself to graduate at the age of twenty-one, and with an ardent tendency to place reason above mere authority, in graduating maintained as his thesis that "all Aristotle said was false." After a brilliant intellectual career, he perished in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

servation of life, and beyond that also, firstly for its own sake, for the delight in contemplation itself, and secondly for its use in providing rules of action.

We know all things either as they are in themselves, or as they are in mutual relation to one another. The knowledge of what man is in reference to himself, and of other things in relation to man, is at the source of all natural laws which govern human actions. The best things produce the best operations, and considering that all parts of man concur in producing human actions, it cannot be well if the diviner part, the soul, do not direct the baser. "This is therefore the first Law, whereby the highest power of the mind requireth general obedience at the hands of all the rest concurring with it unto action."

So we may seek for the several grand mandates of the understanding part of man which control his Will; whether they import his duty to God or to his fellow-man.

Even the natural man seems to know that there is a God on whom all things depend; who is therefore to be honoured, of whom we ask what we desire, as children of their father, and of whom we learn "what is in effect the same that we read, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;' which Law our Saviour doth term the First and the Great Commandment."

Touching the next, which as our Saviour addeth is like unto this (he meaneth in amplitude and largeness, inasmuch as it is the root out of which all laws of Duty to Menward have grown, as out of the former all offices of Religion towards God), the like natural inducement hath brought men to know that it is their duty no less to love others than themselves. For seeing those things which are equal must needs all have one measure; if I cannot but wish to receive all good, even as much at every man's hand as any man can wish unto his own soul, how should I look to have any part of my desire herein satisfied, unless myself be careful to satisfy the like desire which is undoubtedly in other men, we all being of one and the same nature? To have any thing offered them repugnant to this desire must needs in all respects grieve them as much as me: so that if I do harm I must look to suffer; there being no reason that others should show greater measure of love to me than they have by me shewed unto them. My desire therefore to be loved of my equals in nature as much as possible may be, imposeth upon me a natural duty of bearing to them-ward fully the like affection. From which relation of equality between ourselves and them that are as ourselves, what several rules and canons natural reason hath drawn for direction of life no man is ignorant; as namely, *That because we would take no harm, we must therefore do none; That sith we would not be in any thing extremely dealt with, we must ourselves avoid all extremity in our dealings; That from all violence and wrong we are utterly to abstain; with such like.*

Upon these two principles of Duty to God and Man, found out by the understanding faculty of the mind, all Law depends; and the natural measure whereby to judge our doings is therefore "the sentence of Reason determining and setting down what is good to be done." Which sentence is either mandatory, showing what must be done; or else permis-

sive, declaring only what may be done; or thirdly, admonitory, opening what is most convenient for us to do. For there are degrees of goodness in action, and a Law is properly that of which Reason says that it must be done; and the Law of Reason is that which men have found out for themselves that they are all and always bound to in their actions.

Laws of Reason have these marks: (1) They who keep them act as nature works, in a fit harmony without superfluity and defect. (2) They are investigable by Reason without the aid of Revelation. (3) They are so investigable that the knowledge of them is general; the world has always been acquainted with them. Each particular man may not know them, but he can with natural perfection of wit and ripeness of judgment find them out, and of the general principles of them it is not easy to find men ignorant. "Law Rational, therefore, which men commonly use to call the law of nature, meaning thereby the law which human nature knoweth itself in reason universally bound unto, which also for that cause may most fitly be termed the Law of Reason; this Law," says Hooker, "comprehendeth all those things which men by the light of their natural understanding evidently know, or at leastwise may know, to be beseeeming or unbeseeeming, virtuous or vicious, good or evil for them to do." All misdeed may be said to be against the Law of Reason, but we mean by it here only the law governing duties which all men by force of natural wit might do, or might understand to be such duties as concern all men. "Do as thou wouldst be done unto," says Saint Augustine, "is a sentence which all nations under heaven are agreed upon. Refer this sentence to the love of God, and it extinguisheth all heinous crimes; refer it to the love of thy Neighbour, and all grievous wrongs it banisheth out of the world." Saint Augustine held, therefore, that by the Law of Reason certain principles were universally agreed upon, and that out of them the greatest moral duties we owe towards God or man may without any great difficulty be concluded.

Why, then, can there be such failure in the knowledge of even principal moral duties, that breach of them is not considered sin? In part this may come of evil custom spreading from the ignorance and wickedness of a few, but partly it comes through want of the grace of God. "For whatsoever we have hitherto taught, or shall hereafter, concerning the force of man's natural understanding, this we always desire withal to be understood: that there is no kind of faculty or power in man or any other creature, which can rightly perform the functions allotted to it, without perpetual aid and concurrence of that supreme cause of all things."

Great good comes to man from observance of the Law of Reason: "for we see the whole world and each part thereof so compacted, that as long as each thing performeth only that work which is natural unto it, it thereby preserveth both other things and also itself. Thus righteousness, which is the willing observance of this law, has a Reward attached to it, and sin, which is the wilful transgression of it, a Punishment. Rewards and punishments always presuppose something willingly done, well or ill.

"Take away the will," says the Code of Justinian, "and all things are equal: That which we do not, and would do, is commonly accepted as done." Rewards and punishments are only received at the hands of those who are above us, and have power to examine and judge our deeds. The inward and secret good or evil, which God only knows, God only rewards or punishes, "for which cause, the Roman laws, called the Laws of the Twelve Tables, requiring offices of inward affection which the eye of man cannot reach unto, threaten the neglectors of them with none but divine punishment." In external actions men have authority over one another. How do they acquire it? Here follows that view of the social compact which especially caused John Locke to quote Hooker, and attach to his name again and again the adjective "judicious":—

The laws which have been hitherto mentioned do bind men absolutely even as they are men, although they have never any settled fellowship, never any solemn agreement amongst themselves what to do or not to do. But forasmuch as we are not by ourselves sufficient to furnish ourselves with competent store of things needful for such a life as our nature doth desire, a life fit for the dignity of man; therefore to supply those defects and imperfections which are in us living single and solely by ourselves, we are naturally induced to seek communion and fellowship with others. This was the cause of men's uniting themselves at the first in politic societies; which societies could not be without government, nor government without a distinct kind of law from that which hath been already declared. Two foundations there are which bear up public societies: the one, a natural inclination, whereby all men desire sociable life and fellowship; the other, an order expressly or secretly agreed upon touching the manner of their union in living together. The latter is that which we call the Law of a Commonweal, the very soul of a politic body, the parts whereof are by law animated, held together, and set on work in such actions as the common good requireth. Laws politic, ordained for external order and regiment amongst men, are never framed as they should be, unless presuming the will of man to be inwardly obstinate, rebellious, and averse from all obedience unto the sacred laws of his nature; in a word, unless presuming man to be in regard of his depraved mind little better than a wild beast, they do accordingly provide notwithstanding so to frame his outward actions, that they be no hindrance unto the common good for which societies are instituted: unless they do this, they are not perfect. It resteth, therefore, that we consider how nature findeth out such laws of government as serve to direct even nature depraved to a right end.

All men desire to lead in this world a happy life. That life is led most happily, wherein all virtue is exercised without impediment or let. The Apostle, in exhorting men to contentment although they have in this world no more than very bare food and raiment, giveth us thereby to understand that those are even the lowest of things necessary; that if we should be stripped of all those things without which we might possibly be, yet these must be left; that destitution in these is such an impediment, as till it be removed suffereth not the mind of man to admit any other care. For this cause, first God assigned Adam maintenance of life, and then appointed him a law to observe. For this cause, after men began to grow to a number, the first thing we read they gave themselves unto was the tilling of the earth and the feeding of cattle. Having by this mean whereon to live, the prin-

cipal actions of their life afterward are noted by the exercise of their religion. True it is, that the kingdom of God must be the first thing in our purposes and desires. But inasmuch as righteous life presupposeth life; inasmuch as to live virtuously it is impossible except we live; therefore the first impediment, which naturally we endeavour to remove, is penury and want of things without which we cannot live. Unto life many implements are necessary; more, if we seek (as all men naturally do) such a life as hath in it joy, comfort, delight, and pleasure. To this end we see how quickly sundry arts mechanical were found out, in the very prime of the world. As things of greatest necessity are always first provided for, so things of greatest dignity are most accounted of by all such as judge rightly. Although, therefore, riches be a thing which every man wisheth, yet no man of judgment can esteem it better to be rich, than wise, virtuous, and religious. If we be both or either of these, it is not because we are so born. For into the world we come as empty of the one as of the other, as naked in mind as we are in body. Both which necessities of man had at the first no other helps and supplies than only domestical; such is that which the Prophet implieth, saying, "Can a mother forget her child?" such as that which the Apostle mentioneth, saying, "He that careth not for his own is worse than an Infidel;" such as that concerning Abraham, "Abraham will command his sons and his household after him, that they keep the way of the Lord."

But neither that which we learn of ourselves nor that which others teach us can prevail, where wickedness and malice have taken deep root. If, therefore, when there was but as yet one only family in the world, no means of instruction human or divine could prevent effusion of blood; how could it be chosen but that when families were multiplied and increased upon earth, after separation each providing for itself, envy, strife, contention, and violence must grow amongst them? For hath not nature furnished man with wit and valour, as it were with armour, which may be used as well unto extreme evil as good? Yea, were they not used by the rest of the world unto evil; unto the contrary only by Seth, Enoch, and those few the rest in that line? We all make complaint of the iniquity of our times: not unjustly; for the days are evil. But compare them with those times wherein there were no civil societies, with those times wherein there was as yet no manner of public regiment established, with those times wherein there were not above eight persons righteous living upon the face of the earth; and we have surely good cause to think that God hath blessed us exceedingly, and hath made us behold most happy days.

To take away all such mutual grievances, injuries, and wrongs, there was no way but only by growing unto composition and agreement amongst themselves by ordaining some kind of government public, and by yielding themselves subject thereunto; that unto whom they granted authority to rule and govern, by them the peace, tranquillity, and happy estate of the rest might be procured. Men always knew that when force and injury was offered they might be defenders of themselves. They knew that howsoever men may seek their own commodity, yet if this were done with injury unto others it was not to be suffered, but by all men and by all good means to be withstood. Finally they knew that no man might in reason take upon him to determine his own right, and according to his own determination proceed in maintenance thereof, inasmuch as every man is towards himself and them whom he greatly affecteth partial; and therefore that strifes and troubles would be endless, except they gave their common consent all to be ordered by some whom they should agree upon: without which consent there was no reason that

one man should take upon him to be lord or judge over another. Because, although there be according to the opinion of some very great and judicious men a kind of natural right in the noble, wise, and virtuous, to govern them which are of servile disposition, nevertheless for manifestation of this their right, and men's more peaceable contentment on both sides, the assent of them who are to be governed seemeth necessary.

To fathers within their private families nature hath given a supreme power; for which cause we see throughout the world, even from the foundation thereof, all men have ever been taken as lords and lawful kings in their own houses. Howbeit over a whole grand multitude having no such dependency upon any one, and consisting of so many families as every politic society in the world doth, impossible it is that any should have complete lawful power, but by consent of men, or immediate appointment of God: because not having the natural superiority of fathers, their power must needs be either usurped, and then unlawful; or, if lawful, then either granted or consented unto by them over whom they exercise the same, or else given extraordinarily from God, unto whom all the world is subject. It is no improbable opinion, therefore, which the Arch-philosopher was of, that as the chiefest person in every household was always as it were a king, so when numbers of households joined themselves in civil society together, kings were the first kind of governors amongst them. Which is also (as it seemeth) the reason why the name of *Father* continued still in them, who of fathers were made rulers; as also the ancient custom of governors to do as Melchisedec, and being kings to exercise the office of priests, which fathers did at the first, grew perhaps by the same occasion.

Howbeit not this the only kind of regiment that hath been received in the world. The inconveniences of one kind have caused sundry other to be devised. So that in a word all public regiment of what kind soever seemeth evidently to have risen from deliberate advice, consultation, and composition between men, judging it convenient and behoveful; there being no impossibility in nature considered by itself, but that men might have lived without any public regiment. Howbeit, the corruption of our nature being presupposed, we may not deny but that the law of nature doth now require of necessity some kind of regiment; so that to bring things unto the first course they were in, and utterly to take away all kind of public government in the world, were apparently to overturn the whole world.

The case of man's nature standing therefore as it doth, some kind of regiment the law of nature doth require; yet the kinds thereof being many, nature tieth not to any one, but leaveth the choice as a thing arbitrary. At the first when some certain kind of regiment was once approved, it may be that nothing was then further thought upon for the matter of governing, but all permitted unto their wisdom and discretion which were to rule; till by experience they found this for all parts very inconvenient, so as the thing which they had devised for a remedy did indeed but increase the sore which it should have cured. They saw that to live by one man's will became the cause of all men's misery. This constrained them to come unto laws, wherein all men might see their duties beforehand, and know the penalties of transgressing them. If things be simply good or evil, and withal universally so acknowledged, there needs no new law to be made for such things. The first kind therefore of things appointed by laws human containeth whatsoever, being in itself naturally good or evil, is notwithstanding more secret than that it can be discerned by every man's present conceit, without some deeper discourse and judgment. In which discourse because

there is difficulty and possibility many ways to err, unless such things were set down by laws, many would be ignorant of their duties which now are not, and many that know what they should do would nevertheless dissemble it, and to excuse themselves pretend ignorance and simplicity, which now they cannot.

And because the greatest part of men are such as prefer their own private good before all things, even that good which is sensual before whatsoever is most divine; and for that the labour of doing good, together with the pleasure arising from the contrary, doth make men for the most part slower to the one and proner to the other, than that duty prescribed them by law can prevail sufficiently with them: therefore unto laws that men do make for the benefit of men it hath seemed always needful to add rewards, which may more allure unto good than any hardness deterreth from it, and punishments, which may more deter from evil than any sweetness thereto allureth. Wherein as the generality is natural, *Virtue rewardable and vice punishable*; so the particular determination of the reward or punishment belongeth unto them by whom laws are made. Theft is naturally punishable, but the kind of punishment is positive, and such lawful as men shall think with discretion convenient by law to appoint.

In laws, that which is natural bindeth universally, that which is positive not so. To let go those kind of positive laws which men impose upon themselves, as by vow unto God, contract with men, or such like; somewhat it will make unto our purpose, a little more fully to consider what things are incident into the making of the positive laws for the government of them that live united in public society. Laws do not only teach what is good, but they enjoin it, they have in them a certain constraining force. And to constrain men unto any thing inconvenient doth seem unreasonable. Most requisite, therefore, it is that to devise laws which all men shall be forced to obey none but wise men be admitted. Laws are matters of principal consequence; men of common capacity and but ordinary judgment are not able (for how should they?) to discern what things are fittest for each kind and state of regiment. We cannot be ignorant how much our obedience unto laws dependeth upon this point. Let a man though never so justly oppose himself unto them that are disordered in their ways, and what one amongst them commonly doth not stomach at such contradiction, storm at reproof, and hate such as would reform them? Notwithstanding even they which brook it worst that men should tell them of their duties, when they are told the same by a law, think very well and reasonably of it. For why? They presume that the law doth speak with all indifferency; that the law hath no side-respect to their persons; that the law is as it were an oracle proceeded from wisdom and understanding.

Howbeit laws do not take their constraining force from the quality of such that devise them, but from that power which doth give them the strength of laws. That which we spake before concerning the power of government must here be applied unto the power of making laws whereby to govern; which power God hath over all: and by the natural law, whereunto He hath made all subject, the lawful power of making laws to command whole politic societies of men belongeth so properly unto the same entire societies, that for any prince or potentate of what kind soever upon earth to exercise the same of himself, and not either by express commission immediately and personally received from God, or else by authority derived at the first from their consent upon whose persons they impose laws, it is no better than mere tyranny.

Laws they are not, therefore, which public approbation hath not made so. But approbation not only they give who personally declare their assent by voice, sign, or act, but also when others do it in their names by right originally at the least derived from them. As in parliaments, councils, and the like assemblies, although we be not personally ourselves present, notwithstanding our assent is, by reason of others agents there in our behalf. And what we do by others, no reason but that it should stand as our deed, no less effectually to bind us than if ourselves had done it in person. In many things assent is given, they that give it not imagining they do so, because the manner of their assenting is not apparent. As for example, when an absolute monarch commandeth his subjects that which seemeth good in his own discretion, hath not his edict the force of a law whether they approve or dislike it? Again, that which hath been received long sithence and is by custom now established, we keep as a law which we may not transgress; yet what consent was ever thereunto sought or required at our hands?

Of this point therefore we are to note, that sith men naturally have no full and perfect power to command whole politic multitudes of men, therefore utterly without our consent we could in such sort be at no man's commandment living. And to be commanded we do consent, when that society whereof we are part hath at any time before consented, without revoking the same after by the like universal agreement. Wherefore as any man's deed past is good as long as himself continueth; so the act of a public society of men done five hundred years sithence standeth as theirs who presently are of the same societies, because corporations are immortal; we were then alive in our predecessors, and they in their successors do live still. Laws therefore human, of what kind soever, are available by consent.

We shall have to glance back at this passage when illustrating, in another volume, the political philosophies of Hobbes and Locke. Laws made for the ordering of politic societies either establish duties whereunto all men by the law of reason did before stand bound; or else, for particular reasons, make that a duty which before was none. Where a law of society punishes outward transgression of a law of reason or conscience, that law being in part natural, or of divine establishment, is mixedly human. Where it concerns only what reason may under particular conditions hold to be convenient, as the manner in which property shall pass after its owner's death, such law is merely human. Laws whether mixedly or merely human are made by politic societies: some only as those societies are civilly united; some, as they are spiritually joined and form a church. Of human laws in this latter kind the third book of "Ecclesiastical Polity" would treat.

Besides (1) the natural Law of Reason that concerned men as men, and (2) that which belongs to them as they are men linked with others in some form of politic society, there is (3) the law touching the public commerce of the several bodies politic with one another, that is, the Law of Nations. Civil society contents us more than solitary living, for it enlarges the good of mutual participation; not content with this, we covet a kind of society and fellowship even with all mankind. In all these kinds of

law the corruption of men has added to the Primary Laws that suffice for the government of men as they ought to be, Secondary Laws which are needed for men as they are, "the one grounded upon sincere, the other built upon depraved nature. Primary laws of nations are such as concern embassy, such as belong to the courteous entertainment of foreigners and strangers, such as serve for commodious traffic, and the like. Secondary laws in the same kind are such as this present unquiet world is most familiarly acquainted with; I mean laws of arms, which yet are much better known than kept."

Besides this law for civil communion, Christian nations have judged a like agreement needful in regard even of Christianity; and General Councils of the Church represent this kind of correspondence, so that the Church of God here on earth may have her laws of spiritual commerce between Christian nations. "A thing," says Hooker—

A thing whereof God's own blessed Spirit was the author; a thing practised by the holy Apostles themselves; a thing always afterwards kept and observed throughout the world; a thing never otherwise than most highly esteemed of, till pride, ambition, and tyranny began by factious and vile endeavours to abuse that divine invention unto the furtherance of wicked purposes. But as the just authority of civil courts and parliaments is not therefore to be abolished, because sometime there is cunning used to frame them according to the private intents of men overpotent in the commonwealth; so the grievous abuse which hath been of councils should rather cause men to study how so gracious a thing may again be reduced to that first perfection, than in regard of stains and blemishes sithence growing be held for ever in extreme disgrace.

To speak of this matter as the cause requireth would require very long discourse. All I will presently say is this. Whether it be for the finding out of anything whereunto divine law bindeth us, but yet in such sort that men are not thereof on all sides resolved; or for the setting down of some uniform judgment to stand touching such things, as being neither way matters of necessity, are notwithstanding offensive and scandalous when there is open opposition about them: be it for the ending of strifes touching matters of Christian belief, wherein the one part may seem to have probable cause of dissenting from the other; or be it concerning matters of polity, order, and regiment in the church; I nothing doubt but that Christian men should much better frame themselves to those heavenly precepts, which our Lord and Saviour with so great instance gave as concerning peace and unity, if we did all concur in desire to have the use of ancient councils again renewed, rather than these proceedings continued, which either make all contentions endless, or bring them to one only determination, and that of all other the worst, which is by sword.

Here ends the section of the book which speaks of the origin of natural and human law, and Hooker passes to that other Law which became needful, and which God Himself made known by Scripture for our aid in attainment of the highest good. Our desire is to the sovereign good or blessedness, the highest that we know. The ox and ass desire the food, and propose to themselves no end in feeding; they desire food for itself. Reasonable man eats that he may

live, lives that he may work; seeks wealth, health, virtue, knowledge, still as means to other ends. "We labour to eat, and we eat to live, and we live to do good, and the good which we do is as seed sown with reference to a future harvest."

For each means to an end the desire is proportioned to its convenience; but for the last end the desire is infinite. "So that unless the last good of all, which is desired altogether for itself, be also infinite, we do evil in making it our end; even as they who placed their felicity in wealth, or honour, or pleasure, or anything here attained; because in desiring anything as our final perfection which is not so, we do amiss." "No good is infinite but only God; therefore He is our felicity and bliss. Moreover, desire tendeth unto union with that which it desireth." Our final desire therefore is to be with God, and live, as it were, the life of God.

Happiness is that estate whereby we attain, as far as possible, the full possession of that which is simply for itself to be desired, the highest degree of all our perfection, which is not attainable in this world. The creatures under man are less capable of happiness, because they have their chief perfection in that which is best for them, but not in that which is simply best, and whatever external perfection they may tend to is not better than themselves. Is it probable that God should frame the hearts of all men so desirous of that which no man may obtain? Beyond the complete satisfactions of the flesh; beyond the completeness in knowledge and virtue that brings social estimation; man covets a perfection that is more than all, "yea, somewhat above capacity of reason, somewhat divine and heavenly, which with hidden exultation it rather surmiseth than conceiveth." This highest perfection man conceives in the nature of a reward. Rewards presuppose duties performed. Our natural means to this infinite reward are our works; nor is it possible that nature should ever find any other way to salvation than only this. But our works cannot deserve; there is none who can say, My ways are pure. "There resteth, therefore, either no way unto salvation, or if any, then surely a way which is supernatural, a way which could never have entered into the heart of man as much as once to conceive or imagine, if God Himself had not revealed it extraordinarily." Thus Hooker passes from the Law of Reason to the Revealed Way of Salvation:—to Faith, the principal object whereof is that eternal verity which hath discovered the treasures of hidden wisdom in Christ; Hope, the highest object whereof is that everlasting goodness which in Christ doth quicken the dead; Charity, the final object whereof is that incomprehensible beauty which shineth in the countenance of Christ, the Son of the living God. Laws concerning these things are supernatural, being "such as have not in nature any cause from which they flow, but were by the voluntary appointment of God ordained besides the course of nature, to rectify nature's obliquity withal." The revealed law of God does not supersede natural law, but is added to it, and is indeed fraught with precepts of the other also. These precepts are used to prove things less manifest; they are applied with singular care and profit to particular cases; "besides, be they

plain of themselves or obscure, the evidence of God's own testimony added to the natural assent of Reason concerning the certainty of them, doth not a little comfort and confirm the same." Here we are at the second resting-place in Hooker's argument, at which he pauses again to glance over the ground he has traversed, in a little summary. His second summary is this:—

We see, therefore, that our sovereign good is desired naturally; that God, the author of that natural desire, had appointed natural means whereby to fulfil it; that man having utterly disabled his nature unto those means hath had other revealed from God, and hath received from heaven a law to teach him how that which is desired naturally must now supernaturally be attained: finally, we see that because those later exclude not the former quite and clean as unnecessary, therefore together with such supernatural duties as could not possibly have been otherwise known to the world, the same law that teacheth them, teacheth also with them such natural duties as could not by light of nature easily have been known.

In the first age of the world memories served for books, but the writing of the Law of God has been by God's wisdom a means of preserving it from oblivion and corruption. The writing is not that which adds authority and strength to the Law of God; but it preserves it from the hazards of tradition. "When the question therefore is, whether we be now to seek for any revealed Law of God elsewhere than only in the sacred Scripture; whether we do now stand bound in the sight of God to yield to traditions urged by the Church of Rome the same obedience and reverence we do to His written law, honouring equally and adoring both as divine: our answer is, no." Hooker next dwells on the fact that "the principal intent of Scripture is to deliver the laws of duties supernatural," and discusses the sense in which Scripture is said to contain all things necessary to salvation. It does not contain necessarily everything in the law of reason that man can discover for himself, but this is no defect. "It sufficeth that Nature and Scripture do serve in such full sort, that they both jointly, and not severally either of them, be so complete, that unto everlasting felicity we need not the knowledge of anything more than these two may easily furnish our minds with on all sides; and therefore they which add traditions, as a part of supernatural necessary truth, have not the truth, but are in error.

Laws are imposed (1) by each man on himself; (2) by a public society upon its members; (3) by all nations upon each nation; (4) by the Lord Himself on any or all of these. In each of these four kinds of law there are (a) Natural laws which always bind, and (b) Positive laws which only bind after they have been expressly and wittingly imposed. Only the positive laws are mutable, but of these not all; some are permanent, some changeable, as changes in the matter concerning which they were first made may exact. All laws that concern supernatural duties are positive. They concern men either as men, or as members of a church. To concern them as men supernaturally, is to concern them as duties which belong of necessity to all. It is so also with

laws that concern them as members of a church, so far as they are without respect to such variable accident as the state of the Church in this world is subject to.

On the other side, laws that were made for men or societies or churches, in regard of their being such as they do not always continue, but may perhaps be clean otherwise a while after, and so may require to be otherwise ordered than before; the laws of God Himself which are of this nature, no man endued with common sense will ever deny to be of a different constitution from the former, in respect of the one's constancy and the mutability of the other. And this doth seem to have been the very cause why St. John doth so peculiarly term the doctrine that teacheth salvation by Jesus Christ, *Evangelium æternum*, an eternal Gospel; because there can be no reason wherefore the publishing thereof should be taken away, and any other instead of it proclaimed, as long as the world doth continue: whereas the whole law of rites and ceremonies, although delivered with so great solemnity, is notwithstanding clean abrogated, inasmuch as it had but temporary cause of God's ordaining it.

We may pass now to Hooker's third summary.

Thus far therefore we have endeavoured in part to open, of what nature and force Laws are, according unto their several kinds:—the law which God with himself hath eternally set down to follow in his own works; the law which he hath made for his creatures to keep; the law of natural and necessary agents; the law which angels in heaven obey; the law whereunto by the light of reason men find themselves bound in that they are men; the law which they make by composition for multitudes and politic societies of men to be guided by; the law which belongeth unto each nation; the law that concerneth the fellowship of all; and lastly, the law which God himself hath supernaturally revealed. It might peradventure have been more popular and more plausible to vulgar ears, if this first discourse had been spent in extolling the force of laws, in shewing the great necessity of them when they are good, and in aggravating their offence by whom public laws are injuriously traduced. But forasmuch as with such kind of matter the passions of men are rather stirred one way or other, than their knowledge any way set forward unto the trial of that whereof there is doubt made; I have therefore turned aside from that beaten path, and chosen though a less easy yet a more profitable way in regard of the end we propose. Lest, therefore, any man should marvel whereunto all these things tend, the drift and purpose of all is this, even to shew in what manner, as every good and perfect gift, so this very gift of good and perfect laws is derived from the Father of lights; to teach men a reason why just and reasonable laws are of so great force, of so great use in the world; and to inform their minds with some method of reducing the laws whereof there is present controversy unto their first original causes, that so it may be in every particular ordinance thereby the better discerned, whether the same be reasonable, just, and righteous, or no. Is there any thing which can either be thoroughly understood or soundly judged of, till the very first causes and principles from which originally it springeth be made manifest? If all parts of knowledge have been thought by wise men to be then most orderly delivered and proceeded in, when they are drawn to their first original; seeing that our whole question concerneth the quality of Ecclesiastical Laws, let it not seem a labour superfluous that in the entrance thereunto all these several kinds of laws have been considered, inasmuch as they all concur as

principles, they all have their forcible operations therein, although not all in like apparent and manifest manner. By means whereof it cometh to pass that the force which they have is not observed of many.

Then after enforcing the value of a study of the origin of Law and of a discrimination of its several kinds as an aid to just inquiry in the religious controversies of the day, Hooker adds an example, drawn from food, of the true distinguishing of laws, and of their several forms according to the different kind and quality of our actions; so that one and the self-same thing may be under divers considerations conveyed through many laws; and thus the first book of "Ecclesiastical Polity" closes:—

Wherefore that here we may briefly end: Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

Let us complete the illustration of English Religious Thought under Elizabeth with Sir John Davies's "Nosce Teipsum" (Know Thyself), a poem published in 1599, when he was plain John Davies, on "The Origin, Nature, and Immortality of the Human Soul." Its author, born in 1570, was the third son of a lawyer practising in Tisbury, Wiltshire. In 1580 he lost his father, and his mother took charge of the education of the children. In Michaelmas term, 1585, he went as a commoner to Queen's College, Oxford; in February, 1588 (new style), he entered the Middle Temple; in July, 1590, four months after the death of his mother, he graduated as B.A. at Oxford. John Davies incurred in the Middle Temple more than an average share of the fines and punishments then usual for breach of discipline, and he was called to the grade of utter barrister in July, 1595. In 1593 he had written "Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing," and it was published in 1596, with a dedication "to his very friend, Master Richard Martin." He was still wild, and after he had engaged "his very friend, Master Richard Martin," whom he had called in a sonnet "his own selves better half," at a dinner in the Temple Hall, Davies was disbarred and expelled from his inn in February, 1598. Martin was himself given to pranks, a wit and a poet, who like Davies outlived follies of youth. He became M.P. and Recorder of London, and was one of the friends of Selden and Ben Jonson. John Davies went back to Oxford, and there sojourned with sober thoughts, of which the fruit appeared in 1599 in his fine poem on Self-knowledge and the Higher Life of Man, "Nosce Teipsum." The poem and the resolve on a true life that gave birth to it, soon helped John Davies upward in the world. He became known at the Court of Elizabeth, whom he had pleased not only by the dedication of his poem to her, but by writing and publishing also in 1599 twenty-six acrostics in

her praise, "Hymns to Astrea."¹ In 1601 he was reconciled to Martin, re-admitted to his position at the Bar and his seniority, and became a member of Elizabeth's last Parliament. After Elizabeth's death, when Davies was among those who went forward to meet James, the King, on hearing his name, asked whether he was "Nosce Teipsum," and being told that he was, graciously embraced him. In the same year Davies became Attorney-General for Ireland; but he was not knighted until February, 1607. Worthy of the author of "Nosce Teipsum" was his work for Ireland, of which there is a valuable record in prose tracts of his. He lived during the whole reign of James I., and died in Bacon's death year, 1626. The stanza of Sir John Davies's "Nosce Teipsum" was adopted by Sir William Davenant in his "Gondibert," published in 1651, and recommended by him to the post of English heroic measure. Dryden followed the suggestion in his "Heroic Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell," and in his "Annus Mirabilis," published in 1667, though the French heroic couplet was then making way. But in that year "Paradise Lost" appeared, and it was in blank verse.

The author of "Nosce Teipsum" begins by asking why he was sent to the schools, since the desire of knowledge first corrupted man in Paradise. Our first parents desired knowledge of evil as well as of good, but they could know evil only by doing it. With knowledge of evil came a dimmer sight for good. Reason grew dark, and they were bats who had been eagles. But what do we, when with fond fruitless curiosity we seek in profane books for hidden knowledge? We seek an empty gain, and with cloud of error on the windows of our mind we look in vain to recall the knowledge that before the Fall was ours by grace.

"So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

"The wits that div'd most deep and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's powers, have found his weakness such:
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly;
We learn so little, and forget so much.

"For this the wisest of all mortal men
Said, he knew nought, but that he nought did know;
And the great mocking master mock'd not then,
When he said, truth was buried here below.

"For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the devil mocks our curious brain
When Know Thyself his oracle commands.

"For why should we the busy Soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this;
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

"All things without, which round about we see
We seek to know, and have therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto."

Why does our study turn so little inward? Perhaps because reflection of ourselves shows to man's soul painfully the lower shape it wears. The man lives least at home "that hath a sluttish house, haunted with sprites." The broken merchant looks at his estate with discontent and pain. Yet trouble drives a man to look within himself. Trouble and disgrace had forced Davies to self-contemplation,

"As spiders touch'd, seek their webs' inmost part;
As bees in storms unto their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

"If aught can teach us aught, Affliction's looks
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves, beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

"This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear,
Reform'd my will, and rectified my thought.

"So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air;
So working seas settle and purge the wine;
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

"Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this Dame's angry eyes.

"She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I list not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

"I know my Body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

"I know my Soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall:

"I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd with ev'ry thing:
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing."

So ends the introduction, and the poem then opens with the thought that into their world sun and moon and stars, eyes of the world, look down; while the eyes, lights of the world of man, have no power to look within. But He who gave eyes to man gave also an inward light whereby to see the true form of the Soul within.

¹ Some are quoted in the volume of this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pages 259, 260.

"But as the sharpest eye discerneth nought,
Except the sunbeams in the air do shine;
So the best Soul, with her reflecting thought,
Sees not herself, without some light divine.

"O Light, which mak'st the light which makes the day!
Which sett'st the eye without, and mind within;
Lighten my spirit with one clear heavenly ray,
Which now to view itself doth first begin!"

Men find the Soul in air, in fire, in blood, in the
elements; in harmonies, complexions,

"—swarms of atomies
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

"Some think one general Soul fills ev'ry brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in ev'ry star;
And others think the name of Soul is vain,
And that we only well mix'd bodies are."

Men place its seat, according to their fancies, in
brain, stomach, heart, or liver.

"Some say, she's all in all, in every part;
Some say, she's not contained, but all contains."

There is no fancy about the soul so wild that it has
found no master to teach it in his school. God, only
wise, has thus punished man's pride of wit.

"But Thou which didst man's Soul of nothing make,
And when to nothing it was fall'n again,
To make it new the form of man didst take,
And God with God, becam'st a man with men.

"Thou that hast fashion'd twice this Soul of ours,
So that she is by double title Thine,
Thou only know'st her nature, and her pow'rs;
Her subtle form, thou only canst define.

"To judge herself, she must herself transcend,
As greater circles comprehend the less:
But she wants pow'r her own pow'rs to extend,
As fetter'd men cannot their strength express."

By the light of the grace brought by Him whose
truth shines with equal ray into the palace and the
cottage, by the clear lamp of the divine oracle of
Christ, each subtle line of the Soul's face is seen.

"The Soul a substance and a spirit is,
Which God himself doth in the body make,
Which makes the man, for every man from this
The nature of a man and name doth take.

"And though this spirit be to the body knit,
As an apt means her powers to exercise,
Which are life, motion, sense, and will, and wit,
Yet she survives, although the body dies."

The Soul is a real substance with its own working
might that does not spring from power of the senses
or from tempering of humours of the body. She is a
vine that spreads without a prop; a star with her
own native light.

"For when she sorts things present with things past
And thereby things to come doth oft foresee,
When she doth doubt at first, and choose at last,
These acts her own, without the body be.

"When of the dew, which the eye and ear do take
From flowers abroad, and bring into the brain,
She doth within both wax and honey make:
This work is hers, this is her proper pain."

It is the Soul that traces effects to their cause
from seeing the branch conceives the root;
swifter than lightning flies from east to west,
soars above the sky.

"Yet in the body's prison so she lies,
As through the body's windows she must look,
Her divers powers of sense to exercise,
By gathering notes out of the world's great book.

"Nor can herself discourse or judge of aught
But what the sense collects and home doth bring;
And yet the power of her discoursing thought,
From these collections is a diverse thing.

"For tho' our eyes can nought but colours see,
Yet colours give them not their power of sight;
So, tho' these fruits of sense her objects be,
Yet she discerns them by her proper light.

"The workman on his stuff his skill doth show,
And yet the stuff gives not the man his skill;
Kings their affairs do by their servants know,
But order them by their own royal will.

"So, though this cunning mistress and this queen
Doth, as her instruments, the senses use,
To know all things that are felt, heard, or seen;
Yet she herself doth only judge and choose."

So a wise emperor decides on matters brought
by his subjects' pains; a judge leaves others to
lect the diverse facts;

"But when the cause itself must be decreed,
Himself in person, in his proper court,
To grave and solemn hearing doth proceed,
Of every proof, and every by-report.

"Then, like God's angel, he pronounceth right,
And milk and honey from his tongue do flow:
Happy are they that still are in his sight,
To reap the wisdom which his lips do sow:

"Right so the Soul, which is a lady free,
And doth the justice of her state maintain:
Because the Senses ready servants be,
Attending nigh about her court, the brain:

"By them the forms of outward things she learns,
For they return into the fantasie
Whatever each of them abroad discerns,
And there inrol it for the mind to see.

"But when she sits to judge the good and ill,
And to discern betwixt the false and true,
She is not guided by the Senses' skill,
But doth each thing in her own mirror view.

"Then she the Senses checks, which oft do err,
And ev'n against their false reports decrees;
And oft she doth condemn what they prefer;
For with a power above the sense, she sees.

"Therefore no Sense the precious joys conceives
Which in her private contemplations be;
For then the world'd spirit the Senses leaves,
Hath her own powers, and proper actions free.

"Her harmonies are sweet, and full of skill,
When on the body's instrument she plays;
But the proportions of the wit and will,
Those sweet sounds are even the angels' lays.

"These tunes of reason are Amphion's lyre,
Wherewith he did the Theban City found;
These are the notes wherewith the heavenly quire
The praise of Him which spreads the heaven doth sound.

"Then her self-being nature shines in this,
That she performs her noblest works alone:
The work the touch-stone of the nature is,
And by their operations things are known."

The Soul so working is more than a fine perfection of the Sense. It accuses the Sense of false judgment and fond appetites.

"Sense thinks the planets spheres not much asunder,
What tells us then their distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder;
What tells us then they both together are?"

Other such illustrations follow, and then it is urged that as our senses become dull with age our wisdom grows, "and fully most in quickest sense is found;" that hearts with finer senses want the quick discerning power.

"But why do I the Soul and Sense divide,
When sense is but a power which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversified,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

"This power spreads outward, but the rest doth grow
In the inward Soul, which only doth perceive;
For the eyes and ears to move their objects know
That glasses know what faces they receive.

"For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one power did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

"Then is the Soul a nature, which contains
The power of sense, within a greater power,
Which doth employ and use the Sense's pains,
But she still rules within her private tower."

The next section of the poem argues against those who see in the soul no more than the temperature of one of the body.

"As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best and best tuned instrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had power to make the painter excellent?

"Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

"Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What alchemist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessence of these out of the mind?"

Having argued thus far that the Soul working by herself alone, according to her own peculiar nature, is a substance and a perfect being, the poet proceeds next to argue that she is a spirit and heavenly influence flowing from the fountain of God's Spirit,

"—whose image once she was,
Though now, alas! she scarce His shadow be.

"Were she a body, how could she remain
Within this body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

"All bodies are confined within some place,
But she all place within herself confines:
All bodies have their measure and their space;
But who can draw the Soul's dimension lines?

"No body can at once two forms admit,
Except the one the other do deface;
But in the Soul ten thousand forms do sit,
And none intrudes into her neighbour's place.

"All bodies are with other bodies filled,
But she receives both heaven and earth together,
Nor are their forms by rash encounter spilled,
For there they stand, and neither toucheth either."

How vast then the Soul that contains all things in their due proportion:

"From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she transforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings."

After dwelling on this part of the argument, Sir John Davies passes to the thought that

"—He first spread the skies
And fixed the earth first formed the Soul in man,"

and touches successively on false opinions of the creation of Souls. Then he dwells at some length on the belief of those fathers of the Church who held, as he thinks wrongly, that corruption could spread by the birth of one Soul from another.

"None are so gross, as to contend for this,
That Souls from bodies may traduced be;
Between whose natures no proportion is,
When root and branch in nature still agree.

"But many subtle wits have justified,
That Souls from Souls spiritually may spring;
Which (if the nature of the Soul be tried)
Will even in nature prove as gross a thing."

Reasons against this opinion he draws first from nature. All things are made of nothing or of stuff already formed. There is no stuff or matter in the Soul, she must be created out of nothing, "and to create to God alone pertains." After more reasons drawn from nature, follow others from divinity, which treat of Adam's fall, foreknowledge, freewill, and the grace of God. The next topic is the reason of the union of Soul with Body—

"That both of God and of the world partaking,
Of all that is, man might the image bear."

There was need of a creature to knit into worship the enjoyment of this lower creation, to rule over it, and unite the world to God. How, it is next asked, are Soul and Body joined?

"But how shall we this union well express?
Nought ties the Soul, her subtilty is such;
She moves the Body, which she doth possess,
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

"Then dwells she not therein as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in her web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

"Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
Nor as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread:

"But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and part:

"Still resting whole, when blows the air divide,
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted,
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide,
And when the air is tost, not interrupted:

"So doth the piercing Soul the Body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffused;
Indivisible, uncorruptible still;
Not forced, encountered, troubled, or confused.

"And as the Sun Above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below;
So from th' Eternal Light the Soul doth spring,
Though in the Body she her powers do show."

But the operations of the Soul are diverse as the operations of the sun and its visible effects, in dif-

ference of season, daylight, climate, form of man she also has a quickening power, and a power as that she sends abroad, her sense, which through five organs "views and searcheth all things everywhere. The poem dwells on the eyes, guides to the body her "which else would stumble in eternal night,"

"Yet their best object, and their noblest use,
Hereafter in another world will be,
When God in them shall heavenly light infuse,
That face to face they may their Maker see."

It dwells on the other gates of sense by which outward things enter the Soul,—hearing, taste, smelling, feeling, and the common sense by which their seven perceptions were brought together for transmissal to the brain. Fancy and memory, the passions and affections of the soul are then passed in review; as after them the intellectual powers, wit, reason, understanding, opinion, judgment, and, through knowledge brought by understanding, at last wisdom. The poet then ascribes to the Soul innate ideas,

"For Nature in man's heart her laws doth pen
Prescribing truth to wit and good to will;
Which do accuse or else excuse all men,
For every thought or practice, good or ill."

He sings next of the Soul's power of will, and the relations between wit and will; of the intellectual memory surviving after death of the body; and of the mutual dependence of all powers of the Soul.

"Our wit is given Almighty God to know;
Our will is given to love Him, being known:
But God could not be known to us below
But by His works, which through the senses
shown.

"And as the wit doth reap the fruits of sense,
So doth the quick'ning power the senses feed:
Thus while they do their sundry gifts dispense,
The best the service of the least doth need.

* * * * *

"Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That Thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer!

"O what a lively life, what heav'nly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost Thou within this dying flesh inspire!

"Thou leav'st Thy print in other works of Thine,
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except like Thee it should be infinite.

"But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath raised man, since God a man became:
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonished when they view the same.

"Nor hath He given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The Soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end."

This passage leads up to the climax of the poem in its closing argument that the Soul is immortal and cannot be destroyed.

"Her only end is never-ending bliss,
Which is, the eternal face of God to see;
Who last of ends and first of causes is:
And to do this, she must eternal be."

The poet bases this upon five reasons. One is man's unlimited desire to learn or know, which springs from the essence of the Soul, and with this desire a power "to find out every truth if she had time."

"But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
Or as a ship transported with the tide,
Which in their passage leave no print behind:

"Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense do strain,
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of skill attain:

"Or God (which to vain ends hath nothing done)
In vain this appetite and pow'r hath given,
Or else our knowledge which is here begun
Hereafter must be perfected in heaven."

Another reason is the Soul's aspiration to eternity.

"Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head, from whence it first doth spring;
Then since to Eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing."

Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health, or having wisdom was not vexed in mind?

"So, when the Soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to Him that first her wings did make."

Another reason is that the best Souls often desire the body's death, which would not be if the body's death were theirs,

"For all things else, which Nature makes to be,
Their being to preserve are chiefly taught;
And though some things desire a change to see,
Yet never thing did long to turn to nought."

"If then by death the Soul were quenched quite,
She could not thus against her nature run;
Since every senseless thing, by Nature's light,
Doth preservation seek, destruction shun."

"Nor could the world's best spirits so much err,
If death took all, that they should all agree,
Before this life, their honour to prefer:
For what is praise to things that nothing be?"

Again, if the Soul stood by the Body's prop,

"We should not find her half so brave and bold,
To lead it to the wars, and to the seas,
To make it suffer watchings, hunger, cold,
When it might feed with plenty, rest with ease."

Another reason is that as the good Soul by scorn of the Body's death shows that she cannot die, the wicked Soul proves her eternity by fear of death.

The Soul's craving for continuance is shown also "by tombs, by books, by memorable deeds," and by care for posterity; true notes of immortality written by Nature herself in our heart's tables. Finally, even those who reason against the Soul's immortality use the Soul's power to conceive its immortality, and prove it by the act of reasoning against it.

"So when we God and angels do conceive,
And think of truth, which is eternal too;
Then do our minds immortal forms receive,
Which if they mortal were, they could not do."

"And as if beasts conceiv'd what reason were,
And that conception should distinctly show,
They should the name of reasonable bear;
For without reason none could reason know."

"So when the Soul mounts with so high a wing
As of eternal things she doubts can move,
She proofs of her eternity doth bring
Even when she strives the contrary to prove."

After arguing that the Soul is indestructible, the poet answers objections to faith in her immortality, from the intellectual dotage of old men, idiocy, madness. The defects are in the sense's organs. The Soul does not lose her power to see, "though mists and clouds do choke her window light."

"These imperfections then we must impute
Not to the agent but the instrument:
We must not blame Apollo, but his lute,
If false accords from her false strings be sent."

After following the Soul a little way beyond the gates of death, thus the poem closes:—

"O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear,
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heavenly treasure in so weak a chest?"

"Look in thy Soul, and thou shalt beauties find
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good."

- "Think of her worth, and think that God did mean
This worthy Mind should worthy things embrace;
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.
- "Kill not her quick'ning power with surfeitings;
Mar not her sense with sensuality;
Cast not her serious wit on idle things;
Make not her free-will slave to vanity.
- "And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against our nature is;
Think it a birth: And when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.
- "And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see,
Now I have brought thee torchlight, fear no more;
Now when thou diest, thou canst not hoodwinked be.
- "And thou, my Soul, which turn'st with curious eye
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.
- "Take heed of over-weening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.
- "Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred Name:
Use all thy powers, that blessed Power to praise,
Which gives thee power to be, and use the same."

CHAPTER VIII.

REIGN OF JAMES I.—DONNE, ANDREWES, GILES
FLETCHER, QUARLES, WITHER, AND OTHERS.—A.D.
1603 TO A.D. 1625.



INITIAL

To Genesis in King James's Authorised Version of the Bible (1611).

IMPATIENCE of the Roman Catholics under laws that made it high treason for them to come near to the Lord's Table in the way their consciences required, zeal of the Puritans, some resentment also among quiet English Churchmen of the measures by which Archbishop Whitgift sought through the High Court of Commission to enforce Church unity, made the new sovereign's probable treatment of religious questions a matter of deep interest when James I. came to the throne.

The king was a man of thirty-seven, more gifted by education than by nature, though he had much natural shrewdness in dealing with the surfaces of things to make up for the want of any power to look far below the surface. It was not his fault that the base flattery of courts had taught him from childhood to over-estimate his own con-

siderable attainments, and to mistake his own good-humoured shrewdness for the statesman's grasp of thought. He meant well, and sought to deal wisely with the pressing questions of his day, but he had no aspiration strong enough to lift him up out of himself; he had no motive of action so continuous as a complacent wish to maintain his personal position as a phoenix of intelligence, and the supremacy in Church and State of his own office of king. He did not regard the supremacy of the Crown in England as means to an end, but as in itself the end towards which he should shape his policy. He had no wish to oppress subjects who did not thwart him. Though he was bred a Protestant, the Roman Catholics might reasonably expect from the son of Mary Queen of Scots relief from a tyranny under which they all incurred the punishment of death for bearing mass, and priests of theirs who led pure and exemplary lives, as well as those who plotted the overthrow of the Protestant rule in England, were sent to the gallows. James was treated with, before his accession to the throne, and gave good hope to the Roman Catholics. No quiet subject, he said, should be persecuted for his religion. That also was his private purpose, though it implied only toleration to the laity. The Roman Catholic priests being, as he felt, natural enemies to the supremacy of the crown in Church matters, he meant to send them all abroad if possible. Desire for the subversion of Protestant rule in England had been, of course, intensified by penalties of death for celebrating mass, and fines on recusants.

There were two under-currents of Roman Catholic plotting when James came to England: one was set in movement by the Jesuits, who looked for help from Spain in setting a Roman Catholic upon the throne; the other was a wild scheme of a secular priest, William Watson, who hated the Jesuits, and had a plan of his own for carrying the king off to the Tower, and there converting him. Discovery of Watson's plot implicated other men in suspicious. Lord Cobham was arrested, and from him accusation passed on to Sir Walter Raleigh, whom James had promptly begun to strip of honour and possessions. After a trial, in November, 1603 (at which Raleigh, of all men in England the one least open to such a charge, had been denounced by the Attorney-General, Sir Edward Coke, as "a monster with an English face, but a Spanish heart"—Raleigh, whose ruling passion might almost be said to be animosity to Spain, and whom James eventually caused to be executed at the wish of Spain), Sir Walter Raleigh was condemned to death as guilty of high treason by sharing in a plot to depose James, and make Arabella Stuart queen. Raleigh was respited, but detained during the next twelve years as a prisoner in the Tower of London. It was there that he resolved to write a History of England, prefaced by the story of the four great Empires of the World; his design being to take a large view of the life of man upon earth that should set forth the Divine wisdom. In his Preface, Raleigh says—"The examples of Divine Providence everywhere found (the first divine histories being nothing else but a continuation of such examples) have persuaded me to fetch my beginning from the beginning of all things:

to wit, Creation." He does, in fact, in the five books which form the substantial fragment of his work, published in 1614, carry the History of the World from the Creation to the end of the second Macedonian war. As critical history, Raleigh's work abounds with erudition of his time; but the detail of events, wherever the matter commanded Raleigh's fullest interest, is, from time to time, kindled with vigorous and noble thought, and flashes out the glory and the praise of God from depths of the religious life of an Elizabethan hero.

The first chapter of the History opens with argument that the Invisible God is seen in His Creatures, and ends by saying, "Let us resolve with St. Paul, who hath taught us that there is but one God, the Father; of whom are all things, and we in Him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him; there are diversities of operations, but God is the same, which worketh all in all." The last chapter of Raleigh's History as far as it was written closes with these thoughts on

THE ELOQUENCE OF DEATH.

Kings and Princes of the World have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it; but they follow the counsel of Death, upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world, without speaking a word; which God with all the words of His law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed. God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. I have considered, saith Solomon, all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit; but who believes it, till Death tells it us? It was Death which, opening the conscience of Charles the Fifth, made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre; and King Francis the First of France, to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrieres, which till then he neglected. It is therefore Death alone that can suddenly make man know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but subjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing, but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death, whom none could elude, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man; and covered it all over with these two narrow words: *Hic jacet*.

There remains one added paragraph. "Lastly, whereas this book, by the title it hath, calls itself the First Part of the General History of the World, implying a Second and Third Volume, which I also intended and have hewn out; besides many other discouragements persuading my silence, it hath

pleased God to take that glorious Prince out of the world to whom they were directed; whose unspeakable and never-enough lamented loss hath taught me to say with Job, 'Versa est in luctum cithara mea, et organum meum in vocem flentium' (My harp is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep)." The reference is to the death, in November, 1612, of the king's popular eldest son, Prince Henry, who had not long before obtained his father's promise that Raleigh should be set free at Christmas. Raleigh was set free in January, 1616, to prepare for the voyage to Guiana, by which he expected to enrich the English Crown with a discovery of gold. The voyage was disastrous, and Raleigh, "with English face and Spanish heart," could not resist a chance it gave him of again attacking Spain. The King of Spain asked for his head; and James I. decreed his execution, without trial, upon the fifteen-years-old conviction of treason. Raleigh was executed in October, 1618.

Raleigh's conviction had arisen from events connected with the earliest Roman Catholic plots against Protestant sovereignty in England. They were associated at the opening of his reign with other incidents that confirmed James in one of his views of policy, and on the 22nd of February he issued a proclamation ordering all Jesuits and seminary priests to leave the realm before the 19th of March. But he forgave the Roman Catholic laity their fines as recusants; he had placed a Roman Catholic upon his Privy Council; and he was making peace with Spain. The proclamation for expulsion of the priests immediately produced another plot. The day of issue of the proclamation was the day after Ash Wednesday, 1604; and in the beginning of Lent, Robert Catesby called Thomas Winter to London to join with himself and John Wright in a plot for blowing up the Parliament House. At the end of April, an Englishman of known audacity, Guido Fawkes, was brought from Flanders. Thomas Percy, who was related to the Earl of Northumberland, completed the number of five, who were first bound by an oath of secrecy to united effort for attainment of their purpose. On the 24th of May, 1604, Percy took a house adjoining the Parliament House, and Guido Fawkes, under the name of John Johnson, lived with him as a servant. The house at Lambeth in which Catesby lodged was taken for use in storing materials. At the end of the year, Parliament being expected to meet in February, 1605, underground boring was begun at the wall of the Parliament House, which was nine feet thick. When Parliament was prorogued until October, the work was relaxed; it was then resumed again under difficulties, till the conspirators heard that there ran under the Parliament House a cellar from which a stock of coals was being sold off, and of which they could obtain a lease. Thomas Percy bought the lease of the cellar, which he said he needed for his coals. They soon placed in it twenty barrels of powder from the house at Lambeth, and covered them with billets of wood and fagots. Then they rested till September, when fresh powder was brought in to make good any damage by damp. But Parliament was prorogued to the 5th of November, and they had again leisure

to arrange for the course to be taken after the king, his eldest son, and the Parliament had been struck away, and the conspirators, now become thirteen in number, were masters of the situation. It is enough to recall with a word or two how a note warning Lord Monteagle to absent himself from the meeting of Parliament led to suspicion; how the terms of the note being held to suggest danger of gunpowder, search was quietly made, as if for stuff of the king's that might have been left in the cellar which was known to be under the Parliament House; and how on the 4th of November, 1605, the powder was discovered that was to have blown up king and Parliament on the following morning.

While this plot was in progress, the king had found the number of recusants increased by ten thousand after the remission of the fines. In November, 1604, fines were again levied, and in the following February the king required that all penal laws against the Roman Catholics should be enforced; but that the priests should be expelled, not executed. Discovery of the Gunpowder Plot led to increased severity of the laws against recusants. Roman Catholics were not to escape fine by attendance at a parish church; they were to be tested also by requirement of attendance at the sacrament. The enforcement of this test, repugnant to religious feeling on both sides, happily soon fell into disuse. Recusants did not escape with fine alone. They had to submit to various civil disabilities. It was at this time that a new Oath of Allegiance was devised for distinguishing those Roman Catholics who refused to abjure the Pope's claim to a deposing power. Roman Catholics who refused that oath incurred penalties of a præmunire in addition to the burdens laid upon all recusants.

This Oath of Allegiance was one that many Roman Catholic Englishmen could honestly take, for it repudiated only a recognition of the Pope's claim to depose a sovereign and release his Roman Catholic subjects from all ties of obedience to him. But on the other hand, the Pope, in September, 1606, formally declared that the oath could not be taken by English Roman Catholics without peril to their souls. In August, 1607, he reiterated this.

In 1608 King James replied to the two briefs of the Pope, and to the remonstrance of Cardinal Bellarmine addressed, on the 28th of September, 1607, to the Roman Catholic Archpriest Blackwell. Blackwell (being imprisoned in the Gate House) had himself taken the oath, and advised others to do so; an act for which he was deprived of his office by the Court of Rome. The king, with the strained ingenuity of the time, entitled his Apology for the Oath of Allegiance "Triplici Nodo Triplex Cuneus" (To the Triple Knot a Triple Wedge). The triple knot was represented by the three letters: two from the Pope, and one from Cardinal Bellarmine. The triple wedge was the answer King James gave to each after quoting it in full. Cardinal Bellarmine replied; writing under the name of his secretary, Matthew Tortus. To Matthew Tortus Lancelot Andrewes replied for the king, also in Latin, with a volume called "Tortura Torti." Bellarmine added in 1610 an "Apology" for his Reply to King James, which was

nearly twice as long as the Reply itself. In the year, 1610, John Donne first commended himself to James's hearty goodwill by adding to the contrary, on the king's side, an English book, suggested in its title that the English Catholics who suffered through refusal of the oath were idly making of themselves false martyrs. The book was called "Pseudo-martyr. Wherein certaine Propositions and Gradations, this conclusion is evicted. That those which are of the Roman Religion in this Kingdome, may and ought to take the Oath of Allegiance."

John Donne when he wrote the book was thirty-seven years old, and not prosperous. He and his wife and family were indebted much to the kindness of Sir Robert Drury, by whom they were housed in a part of that town mansion which has its whereabouts marked by the name of Drury Lane. Influential friends who appreciated Donne's genius sought to advance him at court in some permanent employment, for he had not yet entered the Church. The king liked his presence and conversation gave him no substantial help until "Pseudo-martyr" appeared. The book had an ingenious dedication to his Majesty, which is here given as specimen of the written English of its time, without alteration of spelling, punctuation, and use of capitals.



HEADPIECE FROM DONNE'S "PSEUDO-MARTYR."

DEDICATION OF DONNE'S "PSEUDO-MARTYR"

To the High and Mightie Prince James, by the grace of God King of Great Britaine, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith.

Most mightie and sacred Soueraigne,

As Temporall armies consist of Press'd men, and so doe they also in this warfare, in which your Majesty appear'd by your Bookes. And not only your full Garisons, which are your Cleargie, and your Vniversities, but also obscure Villages can minister Souldiours of equall interest, which all your Subiects haue in (all being equally endanger'd in your dangers) give me one of vs a Title to the Dignitie of this warfare makes those, whom the Ciuill Lawes made opposit Paganos, Milites. Besides, since in this Battell Maiestie, by your Bookes, is gone in Person out of this Kingdome, who can be exempt from waiting vpon such an expedition? For this Oath must worke vpon and as it must draw from the Papists a Profession, from vs, a Confirmation of our Obedience; They take an Alleageance by the Oath, we, an Alleageance to the King, since in providing for your Maiesties securitie, defends vs, it is reason, that wee defend it. The Castle that is, cannot defend the Inhabitants, if they neglect the defence of that, which defends them; more can this Oath, though framed with all aduice and Christianly wisdome, secure your Maiestie, and vs, by our negligence wee should open it, either to the Enemies Batteries, or to his vnderminings.

HYMN.

To God the Father.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two;—but wallow'd in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as He shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, Thou hast done,
I fear no more.

In his last illness Donne wrote also this

HYMN TO GOD, MY GOD.

In my Sickness.

Since I am coming to that holy room
Where with the quire of saints for evermore
I shall be made Thy music; as I come,
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
Cosmographers, and I their map who lie
Flat on this bed that by them may be shown
That this is my south-west discovery—
Per fretum febris—by these straits to die:

I joy, that in those straits I see my West,
For though those currents yield return to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As west and east
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So Death doth touch the Resurrection.

Is the Pacific sea my home? or are
The eastern riches? is Jerusalem?
Anyan¹ and Magellan and Gibraltar are
All straits, and none but straits are ways to them,
Whether where Japhet dwelt or Ham or Shem.

We think that Paradise and Calvarie,
Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place:
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met in me!
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace!

¹ Anyan, the Mozambique Channel, named from the island of Anyouan, Anjouan, or Johannes at its northern entrance. The Mozambique Straits lead to the "eastern riches" of Africa, dwelling of Ham. The Straits of Magellan are a way from the Atlantic into the Pacific, which ocean is bordered on its west by the Asiatic home of those who were regarded as the sons of Shem. The Straits of Gibraltar led into the Mediterranean those who sought the sons of Japheth, and made voyage to the Holy Land.

So, in His purple wrapp'd, receive me, Lord!

By these His thorns, give me His other crown!

And as to others' souls I preached Thy Word,

Be this my text, my sermon to mine own:—

Therefore, that He may raise, the Lord throws down.

Donne's last sermon was preached on the first Friday in Lent, according to an appointment which his friends in vain sought to dissuade him from keeping, telling him that the effort to preach would shorten his life. Izaak Walton, in telling of Donne's life, says upon this that

He passionately denied their requests, saying "he would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work." And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body, and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel (chap. xxxvii. 3), "Do these bones live?" or, can that soul organise that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot." And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying; the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own Funeral Sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved, till, like St. Stephen, "he was carried by devout men to his grave."

To this may be added Walton's account of the manner in which the dying man stood for the portrait from which the effigy was made that marks his interment in St. Paul's²:—

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and to bring with it a board, of the just height of his body. "Then being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth.—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into their coffin, or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might shew his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the East, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus." In this posture he was drawn at his just height, and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend

² The marble statue of Donne was one of those recovered after the Fire of London from the ruins of the old cathedral.

and executor Dr. Henry King, then chief Residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that Church.



EFFIGY OF DR. DONNE IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The marble, vividly suggestive of mortality, is in the cathedral of which he was dean, but the ruin caused by the Fire of London made it impossible again to mark the place where the dust lies of the poet who, in one of his latest sermons—preached in March, 1629—thus expressed a thought old as mortality:—

ASHES TO ASHES, DUST TO DUST.

The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was. It tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too; it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou would'st not, as of a prince whom thou could'st not, look upon, will trouble thine eyes if the wind blow it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of the churchyard unto the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce—this is the patrician, this is the noble, flour; and this the yeomanly, this the plebeian, bran.

We have left the controversy of the Oath of Allegiance, which gave rise to the "Pseudo-martyr,"

to follow John Donne to his grave. Another writer who maintained the argument of James I. in that controversy was Lancelot Andrewes, the author of "Tortura Torti." Lancelot Andrewes was but a year or two younger than Spenser, was his school-fellow at Merchant Taylor's School, and followed him to the same college at Cambridge, Pembroke Hall. He became skilled in controversial theology, and was the first English Churchman in Elizabeth's day who qualified himself to engage Roman Catholic controversialists with their own weapons. It was the common fate of Protestant theologians to seem worsted in argument because they dwelt on study of the Bible alone, and were unprepared to meet attacks weighted with erudition drawn from a long study of the Fathers by men trained to casuistry. Andrewes himself became a casuist to whom many applied for counsel; and when he was taken to the North of England by the Earl of Huntingdon, he was skilled enough in argument to convert some Roman Catholics. Lancelot Andrewes rose in Elizabeth's reign, through two or three church livings, to be Master of Pembroke Hall, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and Dean of Westminster. He would have been made a bishop by her, but for some opinions which would have caused him to resist all alienation of episcopal revenues. He was pious and profoundly learned, gifted also with an intellectual ingenuity that, coloured with his learning, greatly pleased a cultivated audience of the time of James I. Such an audience delighted in tricks of thought, quaintness of speech, and scraps of Latin that showed learning in the speaker and assumed it in his hearers. The style of Andrewes, like that of Donne, illustrates Later Euphuism in the pulpit. He divided reputation with Donne as a preacher, but was not also a poet. The excess of ingenuity and pedantry of the time were less forced than they seem to readers of books written in simpler style. The acquired fashion of a time becomes to most men a second nature. Lancelot Andrewes prayed in Latin and Greek, and the private prayers which he fashioned for himself, almost wholly founded upon texts of Scripture, expressed, though in dead languages, a living faith, in words of Christian humility. King James made Andrewes, in 1605, Bishop of Chichester, and that was his rank in the Church of England when his skill in controversy with the Roman Catholics caused him to be chosen as the answerer of Bellarmine's retort upon the king.

Bellarmin was the great controversialist upon the side of Rome. In 1605 he had resigned the Archbishopric of Capua that he might give all his energy to battle for Rome on the vital questions of the day. Lancelot Andrewes was then the one man of mature age in the English Church who, against such an antagonist, could fitly be named as its champion. James Usher, who was fairly on his way to as familiar a knowledge of the use of the arms with which Rome often had prevailed, was twenty-five years younger.

In the year of his answer to Bellarmine (1609), Andrewes was made Bishop of Ely and a Privy Councillor. In 1618 he was made Bishop of Winchester. He held then the richest of the bishoprics.

from which one of its holders was unwilling to be promoted because, said he, "Canterbury has the higher rack, but Winchester the better manger." Lancelot Andrewes died in 1631, after his years had completed the number of three-score and ten.



LANCELOT ANDREWES.

From a Portrait taken in 1618, Engraved for his Works.

The Private Prayers of Lancelot Andrews, compiled by him for his own use from the Scriptures and the writings of the early Fathers, but chiefly from the Scriptures, were said to have been found after his death in a little MS. book, "worn in pieces by his fingers and wet with his tears." A literal translation of them from the Greek and Latin into English was published in 1647, from which I take the following:—

MORNING PRAYER.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, the God of our fathers, which hast turned the shadow of death into the morning, and hast renewed the face of the earth.

Which hast made sleep to depart from mine eyes and slumber from mine eyelids.

Which hast lightened mine eyes that I sleep not in death.

Which hast delivered my soul from the night fears, from the pestilence which walketh in the dark.

Which makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to praise Thee.

For I laid me down and slept, and rose again, for it was Thou, O Lord, which didst sustain me.

For I waked and beheld, and lo, my sleep was sweet.

O Lord, do away as the night, so my sins; scatter my transgressions as the morning cloud.

Make me a child of the light and of the day; cause me to walk soberly, chastely, and decently, as in the day-time.

O Lord, uphold us when we are fallen into sin; and raise us up when we are fallen,

That we harden not our hearts, as in the provocation, or with any deceitfulness of sin.

Deliver us also from the snare of the hunter; evil allurements, gross words, the arrow which flieth by day.

From the evil of the day preserve me, O Lord, and me from doing evil in it.

EVENING PRAYER.

Having passed through this day, I give my thanks to Thee, O Lord.

The evening approacheth, O bless that also to me: an evening there is of the day, so of our life; that evening is old age, and age hath now surprised me; Lord, prosper thou that likewise unto me.

Tarry with me, O Lord, for the evening grows upon me, and my day is much declined. Cast me not off now in mine age; forsake me not now when my strength faileth me.

But rather let Thy strength be made more perfect in this my weakness.

O Lord, the day is vanished and gone; so doth this life.

The night doth now approach; so doth death also; death without death, the end both of our day and of our life, is near at hand.

Remember this, therefore, we beseech Thee, O Lord; make the end of all our lives Christian-like and acceptable to Thee, peaceable, and, if it like Thee, painless, translating us, among Thine elect, unto Thy heavenly kingdom.

O Lord, Thou hearest prayer: to Thee shall all flesh come.

In the morning, at noon, and in the evening, will I call; I will cry out, and Thou shalt hear my voice.

In the night will I lift up my hands to Thy Sanctuary, and will bless Thee, O Lord.

The Lord hath shewed His mercy in the day; therefore at night I will sing of Him, and pray unto the God of my life.

Thus will I praise Thee all my life long; and in Thy Name will I lift up my hands.

O let my prayers be directed as the incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.

Blessed art Thou, O Lord my God, the God of my Fathers.

Which hast created the changes of night and of day.

Which givest rest to the weary and refreshest the weak.

Which givest songs in the night; and makest the outgoing of the morning and evening to praise Thee.

Which hast delivered us from the malice of this day; and cuttest not off our lines, like a weaver, neither from morning to evening makest an end of us.

As we add days to our days, so we add sins to our sins.

The just man falls seven times a day, but we wretched sinners seventy times seven times:

But we return to our hearts; and with our hearts we return to Thee.

To Thee, O Lord, we return; and all that is within us saith, O Lord, we have sinned against Thee.

But we repent; alas, we repent. Spare us, good Lord.

Be merciful and spare us.

Be propitious to us.

Have pity upon us, and spare us, O Lord.

Forgive us the guilt.

Take out the stains.

Cure the faintness in us by reason of our sins; and heal our souls, O God, for we have sinned against Thee.

Deliver me from mine unavoidable sins.

Cleanse me from my secret offences.

And for my communion with the transgression of others, pardon Thy servant, O Lord.

All our good deeds Thou hast wrought in us.

If we have done anything well, mercifully regard it, O Lord.

Our sin and our distraction is from our own selves.

Whatsoever we have done amiss, graciously pardon it.

Thou which givest Thy beloved secure rest, grant that I may pass this night without fear.

Enlighten mine eyes, that I sleep not in death.

Deliver me from the mighty fear; from the business that walketh in the dark.

Thou which neither sleepest at any time nor slumberest, keep me this night, O Lord, from all evil: chiefly, O Lord, keep and preserve my soul.

Visit me, O God, with the visitations of Thy saints: open mine ears in the visions of the night.

At least let my sleep be a cessation from sins, from labour, and let me dream of nought that may offend Thee, or defile myself.

Let not my loins be filled with illusions, but let my reins chasten me in the night.

Let me remember Thee upon my bed; and let me meditate with my heart, and search out my spirit.

And when it shall be time for me to rise, let me wake with the light to Thee, O Lord, to Thy praise and Thy service.

O Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit, my soul, and my body. Thou hast created, Thou hast redeemed them, O Lord, Thou God of Truth.

And with myself I commend to Thy merciful protection all those that belong to me, and all that is mine: Thou, O Lord, of Thy goodness, hast bestowed them upon me.

O keep us all from evil; chiefly, good Lord, keep and preserve our souls. Keep them, O God, keep them all spotless, and without guilt present them in that day.

I will lay me down and sleep in peace. For Thou only makest me dwell in safety.

ON ENTERING CHURCH.

In your entrance into the church, before public service, say:

O Lord, in the multitude of Thy mercies, I will approach Thine House; and I will worship towards this holy temple in the reverence of Thee.

Lord, hear the voice of my prayer when I call unto Thee, when I lift up my hands towards Thy Sanctuary.

Remember these my brethren also, which stand about me and pray together with me; remember their endeavours and their zeal.

Remember them likewise, for just causes which are absent, and, O Lord, have mercy upon them and us, according to the abundance of Thy goodness.

I have loved the beauty of Thine House, and the place where Thy glory dwelleth; that I might hear the voice of Thy praises, and publish all Thy wonders.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will still entreat: that I may dwell still in the House of the Lord, and visit His holy Temple.

To Thee, O Lord, my heart hath said, I will seek the Lord. Thee, O my God, have I sought and Thy face. And Thee will I seek.

We may enter the church with Bishop Lancelot Andrewes, and listen awhile to his preaching. It is Easter Day, the 18th of April, 1613—three years before the death of Shakespeare—and he is preaching before King James, at Whitehall, upon the first words of the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians—"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth." Thus he begins:—

AN EASTER-DAY SERMON.

The wisdom of the Church hath so disposed of her readings in these great feasts, as lightly the Gospel lets us know what was done on the day, done for us, and the Epistle what is to be done by us. To instance in this present: *Surrexit Dominus vere*, "The Lord is risen indeed," saith the Gospel. *In Quo consurrexistis et vos*, "and you are risen with Him," saith the Epistle. That which is in the Gospel is Christ's act, what He did; that which is in the Epistle our *agendum*, what we are to do.

Or rather both ours: 1, what He did, matter of Faith; 2, what we are to do, matter of Duty, our *agendum* upon His act.

The common sort look to Easter-day no farther than Easter-day fare and Easter-day apparel; and other use they have none of it. The true Christian enquireth farther, what is the *agendum* of the feast, what is the proper act of Easter-day? The Church hath hers, and we have ours. Nothing more proper to a Christian than to keep time with Christ, to rise with Him this day, who this day did rise. That so it may be Easter-day with us as it was with Him; the same that was the day of His be also the day of our rising.

Thus then it lieth. Christ is risen and if Christ, then we. If we so be, then we "seek;" and that we cannot, unless we "set our minds." To "set our minds" then. On what? "On things above." Which above? Not "on earth," so is the text, but "where Christ is." And why there? Because where He is, there are the things we seek for, and here cannot find. There "He is sitting;"—so at rest. And "at the right hand;"—so in glory. "God's right hand;"—and so for ever. These we seek, rest in eternal glory. These Christ hath found, and so shall we, if we make this our *agendum*; begin this day to "set our minds" to search after them.

Because it is to the Colossians, the *colossus* or capital point of all is, to rise with Christ; that is the main point. And if you would do a right Easter-day's work, do that. It is the way to entitle us to the true holding of the feast.

[Here Andrewes proceeds to the Greek and Latin of the words "seek out" and "set your minds," or affections, which he says, if read in the imperative, "then be they *in precepto* and *per modum officii*, 'by way of precept,' and 'in nature of a duty;' if read in the indicative, "then they be *in elencho* and *per modum signi*, 'by way of trial,' and 'in nature of a sign.'" Then follows a division of the text into its parts. The parts are—A, two things supposed: (1) Christ's rising, (2) our rising; B, two things inferred: If risen, then (1) to seek, (2) to set our minds above on things there where Christ is; C, two things referred to or given hope of: (1) rest, to sit, (2) glory at the right hand. The rest of the sermon is a dwelling upon each successive section of this scheme. I will take as an example of its manner, that part of it which clothes with thought the section marked B 2, that we set our minds above on things where Christ is]:—

And now to the object. Of seeking we shall soon agree; *Generatio querentium* we are all, saith the Psalm, even "a generation of searchers." Somewhat we are searching after still. Our wants or our wanton desires find us seeking work enough, all our lives long. What then shall we seek, or where?

He, saith the Apostle, that will thus bestow his pains, let it be, where? "Above." On what? "The things there," *quæ sursum*, he repeats in both, tells it twice over: *Quæ sursum querite, quæ sursum sapite*. "Above" it must be.

And of this we shall not vary with him, but be easily enough entreated to it. We yield presently, in our sense, to

seek to be above others in favour, honour, place, and power, and what not. We keep the text fully in this sense—we both seek, and set our whole minds upon this. *Altum sapimus omnes*; all would be above, bramble¹ and all, and nothing is too high for us.

It is true here, for on earth there is a *sursum*, "above;" there be high places; we would not have them taken away; we would offer in them, and offer for them too, for a need. And there is a right hand here too, and some sit at it, and almost none but thinks so well of himself as why not he? Our Saviour Christ, when it was fancied that He should have been a great king upon earth, there was suing straight for His right-hand place. Not so much as good wise Zebedee's two sons that smelt of the fisher-boat, but means was made for them to sit there.

But all this while, we are wide. For where is all this? Here upon earth. All our "above" is above one another here, and is Ambition's above, and farther it mounteth not. But this is not the Apostle's, not the "above" nor "the right hand" he meaneth. No; not Christ's right hand upon earth, but that right hand He sits at Himself in heaven. The Apostle saw clearly we should err this error; therefore, to take away, as he goes, all mistaking, he explains his "above" two ways: Privative; *non quæ supra terram*, hear you, "not upon earth;" his "above" is not here upon earth. This is where not. Then Positive; to clear it from all doubt where, he points us to the place itself, "above," there "above," where Christ is, that is, "not on earth." Earth is the place whence He is risen. The Angels tell us, *non est hic*: seek Him not here now, but in the place whither He is gone, there seek Him, in Heaven. Heaven is a great circle: where in Heaven? In the chiefest place, there where God sits, and Christ at His right hand.

So that upon the matter, the fault He finds, the fault of our "above" is, it is not above enough, it is too low, it is not so high as it should be. It should be higher, above the hills; higher yet, above the clouds; higher yet, higher than our eye can carry, above the heavens. There, now we are right.

And indeed the very frame of our bodies, as the heathen poet well observed, giveth thither, upward; *calumque tueri jussit*,² and bids us look thither. And that way should our soul make; it came from thence, and thither should it draw again, and we do but bow and crook our souls, and make them *curve in terris animæ*,³ against their nature, when we hang yokes on them, and set them to seek nothing but here below.

And if nature would have us no moles, grace would have us eagles, to mount "where the body is." And the Apostle

goeth about to breed in us a holy ambition, telling us we are *ad altiora geniti*, "born for higher matters" than any here; therefore not to be so base-minded as to admire them, but to seek after things above. For, contrary to the philosopher's sentence, *Quæ supra nos nihil ad nos*, "Things above they concern us not," he reverses that; yes, and we so too hold, *ea maxime ad nos*, "they chiefly concern us."

That was a sermon preached before King James. Sir John Harington, best known as a good translator of Ariosto, was a courtier under both Elizabeth and James; he was born in 1561, and died in 1612. He describes, in the course of a small book written in 1608 for the pleasure of James's son, Prince Henry, a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth. The book professed to serve as an addition to a volume of great worth by Dr. Francis Godwin, "A Catalogue of the Bishops of England since the first planting of Christianity in this Island, with an History of their lives and memorable actions." The father of Francis Godwin, after sharing the changes of fortune common to church reformers under Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary, had become Bishop of Bath and Wells under Elizabeth, but displeased the queen by taking a second wife. The son Francis, born, like Harington, in 1561, was raised to a bishopric—that of Llandaff—by Elizabeth, in recognition of the value of his book upon the bishops. James translated him in 1617 to Hereford. Sir John Harington's "Brief View of the State of the Church of England as it stood in Queen Elizabeth's and King James's reign to the year 1608" is further described on its title-page as a "Character and History of the Bishops of those times, which might serve as an addition to Dr. Godwin's Catalogue of Bishops." It professes to have been written for the private use of Prince Henry upon occasion of that proverb,

"Henry the Eighth pulled down Monks and their Cells,
Henry the Ninth should pull down Bishops and their Bells."

But Prince Henry did not live to become Henry the Ninth. Sir John Harington's account of the bishops he had known, or heard about, at Court makes a small book rather of courtiers' small talk upon church matters than of religion. Dr. Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, coming in due turn to be gossiped about, we have this account of

DR. RUDD'S SERMON BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH.

St. David's hath yielded many excellent bishops, as well for good learning as good life, and for abstinence miraculous, if we believe stories that thirty-three bishops successively did eat no flesh. I can add little of the bishops save of him that now lives; whom if I knew not, yet by his look I should guess to be a grave and austere man, even like St. David himself; but knowing him as I do, he was in more possibility to have proved like to St. John Baptist in my opinion. There is almost none that waited in Queen Elizabeth's Court, and observed anything, but can tell, that it pleased her very much to seem, to be thought, and to be told that she looked, young. The majesty and gravity of a sceptre borne forty-four years could not alter that nature of a woman in her. This notwithstanding, this good bishop being appointed to preach

¹ "And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow." (Judges ix. 15.)

² Ovid's "Metamorphoses," book i., pp. 85, 86. The line, with its context, was thus translated by George Sandys:—

"The nobler creature, with a mind possest,
Was wanting yet, that should command the rest.
That Maker, the best world's original,
Either him framed of seed celestial;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heaven divide,
Some sacred seeds retained to Heaven allied,
Which with the living stream Prometheus mixt,
And in that artificial structure fixt
The form of all th' all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others see with downcast eyes,
He with a lofty look did Man indue
And bade him Heaven's transcendent glories view."

³ Persius. Satire ii., line 61—

"O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground."
(Dryden's Translation.)

before her in the Lent of the year 1596, the Court then lying at Richmond, wishing in a godly zeal, as well became him, that she should think something of mortality, being then sixty-three years of age, he took this text fit for that purpose out of the Psalms, Psalm 90, verse 12, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" which text he handled so well, so learnedly, and so respectfully, as I dare undertake that most thought, and so should I if I had not been somewhat better acquainted with the humour, that it would have well pleased her, or at least no way offended her. But when he had spoken awhile of some sacred and mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity, three times three for the heavenly Hierarchy, seven for the Sabbath, and seven times seven for a Jubilee; and lastly (I do not deliver it so handsomely as he brought it in) seven times nine for the grand climacterical year¹; she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The Bishop, discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stands there *vis à vis* to the closet, he fell to treat of some more plausible numbers, as of the number 666 making Latinus, with which, he said, he could prove the Pope to be Antichrist; also of the fatal number of 88, which being so long before spoken of for a dangerous year, yet it hath pleased God that year not only to preserve her, but to give her a famous victory against the united forces of Rome and Spain. And so he said there was no doubt but she should pass this year also and many more, if she would in her meditations and soliloquies with God, as he doubted not she often did and would, say thus and thus: So making indeed an excellent prayer by way of prosopopœia in her Majesty's person, acknowledging God's great graces and benefits, and praying devoutly for the continuance of them, but withal interlarding it with some passages of Scripture that touch the infirmities of age, as that of Ecclesiastes 12, "When the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the window, &c., and the daughters of singing shall be abased:" and more to like purpose, he concluded his Sermon. The Queen, as the manner was, opened the window, but she was so far from giving him thanks or good countenance that she said plainly he should have kept his Arithmetic for himself, "but I see," said she, "the greatest clerks are not the wisest men," and so went away for the time discontented. The Lord Keeper Puckering, though reverencing the man much in his particular, yet for the present, to assuage the Queen's displeasure, commanded him to keep his house for a time, which he did. But of a truth her Majesty showed no ill nature in this, for within three days after she was not only displeased at his restraint, but in my hearing rebuked a lady yet living for speaking scornfully of him and his sermon. Only to show how the good Bishop was deceived in supposing she was so decayed in her limbs

and senses as himself perhaps and others of that age were wont to be, she said she thanked God that neither her stomach nor strength, nor her voice for singing, nor fingering instruments, nor lastly her sight, was any whit decayed. And to prove the last before us all, she produced a little jewel that had an inscription of very small letters, and offered at first to my Lord of Worcester and then to Sir James Crofts to read, and both professed *bond fide* that they could not, yet the Queen herself did find out the poesie, and made herself merry with the standers-by upon it. And thus much for St. David's.

We have glanced at the relation of James I. to the question of his day between the Reformed Church of England and the Roman Catholics. The Puritans also at his accession sought relief from him. A petition, to which seven hundred and fifty ministers of the Church gave their assent, and which, being supposed to represent the desire of a thousand of the clergy, was called the Millenary Petition, was presented to him on his way from Scotland in 1603. It sought the changes then most wished for by the Puritans. The two great Universities condemned the petitioners. The king heard both sides in a three days' conference at Hampton Court, after making up his mind in private conclave with one side how far he would see reason in the pleadings of the other. Richard Bancroft, who had been Bishop of London since 1597, openly regarded the representatives of Puritan opinion, Dr. John Raynolds and Dr. Thomas Sparks, Professors of Divinity in Oxford, and Mr. Chadderton and Mr. Knewstubs, of Cambridge, as schismatics, whose mouths ought to be stopped. When the argument touched freedom of the Church in things indifferent, the king said, "I will not argue with you, but answer as kings in Parliament, *Le Roy s'avisera*." This is like Mr. John Black, a beardless boy, who told me at the last conference in Scotland that he would hold conformity with me in doctrine, but that every man as to ceremonies was to be left to his own liberty, but I will have none of that; I will have one doctrine, one discipline; one religion in substance and ceremony. Never speak more to that point, how far you are bound to obey." Presently Dr. Raynolds asked for a restoration of the "prophesyings," as in Grindal's time; and that questions not to be resolved by them might be referred to the archdeacon's visitation, and from thence to the diocesan synod, where the bishop with his presbyters should determine such points as were too difficult for the other meetings. Here the king broke in with the angry exclamation that they were aiming at a Scotch presbytery, "which agrees," he said, "with monarchy as well as God and the devil. Then Jack and Tom, Will and Dick shall meet, and at their pleasure censure both me and my council. Therefore, pray stay one seven years before you demand that of me, and if then you find me pursy and fat, and my windpipe stuffed, I will perhaps hearken to you; for let that government be up, and I am sure I shall be kept in breath. But till you find I grow lazy, pray let that alone. I remember how they used the poor lady, my mother, in Scotland, and me in my minority." Then turning to the bishops he put his hand to his hat and said, "My

¹ The climacterical year, the age of 63, was spoken of in a letter of Augustus Cæsar (preserved by Aulus Gellius) as peculiarly dangerous. This belief is said to have come down from Pythagoras. The word is from the Greek κλιμακτήριον, step of a staircase. It was held that all the seventh years of life were climacterical, there being a change to a new step at each multiple of seven. At the seventh hour after birth it could be known whether a child would live; at each multiple of seven days, during early infancy, there was said to be a new step in development. At 7 years, the milk-teeth are shed; at 14, puberty begins; at 21, man is developed in length and acquires beard, &c.; at 28 he has developed also in breadth, and is fully shaped; at 35, he has attained highest physical vigour; at 42, he has the highest combination of physical with mental power; at 49, seven times seven, his mind is in its highest vigour, the man is fully ripe, and at his best. The number 9 also marks mystical periods of change, and the multiple of 7 and 9 becomes thus doubly a time marked for change, and is the grand climacteric. Decay then begins, if the year be not fatal, and the next multiple of 7 brings man to three score and ten, the limit of his life.

lords, I may thank you that these Puritans plead for my supremacy, for if once you are out and they in place, I know what would become of my supremacy, for, no bishop, no king. Well, doctor, have you anything else to offer?" Dr. Reynolds: "No more, if it please your Majesty." Then rising from his chair, the king said, "If this be all your party have to say, I will make them conform, or I will harry them out of this land, or else worse."

A few alterations in the Book of Common Prayer were allowed at the Conference, and the king assented to the wish for a new authorised version of the Bible, provided it were without marginal notes. Of all the translations, he said, that of Geneva was worst, because of the marginal notes which allowed disobedience to kings.¹

The king required of the Puritans by proclamation absolute conformity. A book of canons for the binding of the clergy, containing 141 articles, was introduced to the Upper House of Convocation by Dr. Bancroft, and the good Dr. Rudd, that Bishop of St. David's who so far forgot conventions feminine and courtly as to remind Queen Elizabeth in a sermon of the ominous number of her years, spoke generously on the side of Christian charity. After suggesting questions to which Puritans might ask him for his answer, he said:—

I protest that all my speeches now are uttered by way of proposition, not by way of opposition, and that they all tend to work pacification in the Church; for I put great difference between what is lawful and what is expedient, and between them that are schismatical and them that are scrupulous only upon some ceremonies, being otherwise learned, studious, grave, and honest men.

Concerning these last, I suppose, if upon the urging them to absolute subscription they should be stiff, and choose rather to forego their livings and the exercise of their ministry, though I do not justify their doings herein, yet surely their service will be missed at such a time as need shall require us and them to give the right hand of fellowship one to another, and to go arm in arm against the common adversary.

Likewise consider who must be the executioners of their deprivation: even we ourselves, the bishops; against whom there will be a great clamour of them and their dependents, and many others who are well affected towards them, whereby our persons will be in hazard to be brought into extreme dislike or hatred.

Also remember that when the Benjamites were all destroyed, saving six hundred, and the men of Israel swore in their fury that none of them would give his daughter to the Benjamites to wife, though they suffered for their just deserts, yet their brethren afterwards lamented, and said, "There is one tribe cut off from Israel this day;" and they used all their wits, to the uttermost of their policy, to restore that tribe again.

In like sort, if these our brethren aforesaid shall be deprived of their places for the matter premised, I think we should find cause to bend our wits to the utmost extent of our skill to provide some cure of souls for them, that they may exercise their talents.

* A note often quoted against the Geneva version was that to verse 16 of the 15th chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, where upon Asa's deposing of his mother Maachah for idolatry, the marginal note says that he should not only have deposed her, but killed her.

Furthermore, if these men, being divers hundreds, should forsake their charges, who, I pray you, should succeed them? Verily, I know not where to find so many able preachers in this realm unprovided for; but suppose there were, yet they might more conveniently be settled in the seats of unpreaching ministers. But if they are put in the places of these men that are dispossessed, thereupon it will follow—1. That the number of preaching ministers will not be multiplied. 2. The Church cannot be so well furnished on a sudden; for though the new supply may be of learned men from the Universities, yet will they not be such ready preachers for a time, nor so experienced in pastoral government, nor so well acquainted with the manners of the people, nor so discreet in their carriage, as those who have already spent many years in their ministerial charge.

Dr. Rudd was answered by Bancroft and others, and was not allowed to reply to them. Bancroft at the Hampton Court Conference had knelt and petitioned the king for a praying ministry, saying that the service of the Church had been neglected since preaching had come into fashion. Besides, he had said, pulpit harangues are dangerous; and humbly moved that the number of homilies might be increased, and that the clergy might be obliged to read them instead of sermons, in which many vented their spleen against their superiors. It was not likely, therefore, that Bancroft paid much heed to the plea that there would be fewer efficient preachers if the Puritans were forced out of the Church. In December, 1604, Richard Bancroft succeeded John Whitgift as Archbishop of Canterbury, and continued to support the policy of the Crown until his death in 1610. His severe repression of the Puritans obliged many to separate from the Church; but his successor in 1610, Dr. George Abbot, greatly relaxed the enforcement of laws levelled against Puritan opinion, and spent all his zeal in battle against those who gave allegiance to the Pope.

It was in the first year of Dr. Abbot's primacy that the translation of the Bible authorised by James I., and since used in the English churches, was completed and published. It had been suggested by the Puritans in the Hampton Court Conference, and assented to on condition that it kept as near as possible to the Bishops' Bible, left the Biblical names and the division into chapters untouched, used the old ecclesiastical words—as "church," not "congregation"—and had no side-notes, except for the explaining of a Hebrew or Greek word. The work was begun in 1606, and carried out by forty-seven translators, parted into six companies, who divided the work among them. All being finished and revised, the authorised version of the Bible was published in 1611 in a massive volume, having been seen through the press by Dr. Miles Smith and Dr. Thomas Bilson, Bishop of Winchester. Bilson had been Winchester born, Winchester bred, and Master of Winchester School, before ending his life in 1616 as Bishop of Winchester. Dr. Miles Smith, Bilson's fellow-editor, was canon residentiary of his native town of Hereford. It was he who wrote the "Preface" to the new version, and in the following year, 1612, he was made Bishop of Gloucester. He died in the year 1624.

Close following of the Bishops' version, which itself kept in view the preceding translations, produced in King James's Bible a fine blending of the work of all who had first laboured with intense devotion to bring home to every Englishman the Word of God. Its forty-seven translators were at work when Shakespeare was in the full noon of his genius, and wrote *King Lear*. There was intense life behind them, and about them; and in the midst of strife as to the best form of church, they produced a Bible from which God has spoken to the hearts of Englishmen of every creed, in a book unclouded by ephemeral dispute, through words that give their dignity to every speech with which they blend, while they sustain, firmly as human language may, the hearts which they have lifted to the love of God and man.

In 1610, the year before the publication of the authorised version of the Bible, Giles Fletcher published a religious poem called "Christ's Victory and Triumph," in Four Books celebrating Christ's Victory (I.) In Heaven, (II.) On Earth; and His Triumph (III.) Over Death, and (IV.) After Death. The brothers Phineas and Giles Fletcher, first cousins to John Fletcher the dramatist, were sons of Giles Fletcher, LL.D., author of a book on Russia, who married in 1580, at Cranbrook, in Kent. Phineas was the elder brother, but Giles was the first to publish; so that Giles Fletcher's "Christ's Victory" appeared in the reign of James I., and Phineas Fletcher's "Purple Island" was not published until the reign of Charles I. Giles Fletcher was at Trinity College, Cambridge, when he wrote his poem. He passed to the degree of B.D. there, and was still at Cambridge in the year 1617. He became Rector of Alderton, a village on the coast of Suffolk, seven miles from Woodbridge, and there he died in 1623.

The measure of Giles Fletcher's poem is suggested by Spenser, and is not Spenserian. For five lines the stanza follows Spenser's model, and then it is finished with a new rhyme in triplet, ending with an Alexandrine. Giles Fletcher's measure is very inferior to Spenser's. His brother Phineas afterwards, in the "Purple Island," improved it by striking out the fifth line, but neither of the brothers can be said to have been happy in the invention of a stanza that should remind readers of Spenser and yet not be his.

The first part of Giles Fletcher's poem—"Christ's Victory in Heaven"—sings of the pleadings in heaven of Mercy and Justice for and against the cause of man. The pleading is like in conception to that in Robert Grosseteste's "Chateau d'Amour," but poetically elaborated, with pleasant influences of Spenser showing themselves even through the taint of the Later Euphuism on a young writer's style. Giles Fletcher thus represents Justice closing her plea against man:—

"His strength? 'Tis dust:—His pleasure? Cause of pain;
His hope? False courtier:—Youth or beauty?
Brittle:
Intreaty? Fond:—Repentance? Late and vain:
Just recompence? The world were all too little:
Thy love? He hath no title to a tittle:
Hell's force? In vain her furies Hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?
His child (if good) shall judge; (if bad) shall curse his
father.

"His life? That brings him to his end, and leaves him:
His end? That leaves him to begin his woe:
His goods? What good in that which so deceives him:
His gods of wood? Their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, which must be help'd to go:
Honours, great worth? Ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners:—Wit? That makes him see,
He wanted wit, who thought he had it, wanting Thee.

"What need I urge, what they must needs confess?
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust;
I crave no more, and Thou canst give no less,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust;
But if Thy Mercy needs will spare her friends,
Let Mercy there begin, where Justice ends.
'Tis cruel Mercy, that the wrong from right defends.

"She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning with zeal, now quickly marshall'd were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
When ev'ry one doth shake his dreadful spear;
And the Almighty's self, as He would tear
The earth and her firm basis quite asunder,
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder;
Heav'n stole itself from earth, by clouds that gather'd
under."

Upon the indictment of Justice followed in heaven the plea of Mercy, who looked down upon Repentance and Faith, both also personified. For man, pleaded Mercy,

"He was but dust, why fear'd he not to fall?
And being fall'n, how can he hope to live?
Cannot the hand destroy him, that made all?
Could He not take away, as well as give?
Should man deprave, and shall not God deprive?
Was it not all the world's deceiving spirit,
(That, puff'd up with pride of his own merit,
Fell in his rise) that him of heav'n did disinherit.

"He was but dust: how could he stand before Him?
And being fall'n, why should he fear to die?
Cannot the hand that made him first, restore him?
Depraved by sin, should he be deprived the
Of grace?—Can He not hide infirmity,
Who gave him strength? Unworthy the forming
He is, who ever weighs, without mistaking,
Or maker of the man, or manner of his making.

"Who shall bring incense to Thy temple more?
Or on Thy altar crown the sacrifice;
Or strew with idle flow'rs the hallow'd floor;
Or why should prayer deck with herbs and spices
Her vials, breathing orisons of grace?

If all must pay, that which all cannot pay?
Oh! first begin with me, and Mercy flay,
And Thy thrice-honour'd Son, who now beneath doth stray.

"But if or He or I may live and speak,
And heav'n rejoice to see a sinner weep,
Oh! let not Justice' iron sceptre break
A heart already broke, that low doth creep,
And with humility her feet's dust doth sweep.
Must all go by desert? is nothing free?
Ah! if but those, who only worthy be;
None should Thee ever see, none should Thee ever see!

"What hath man done, that man shall not undo,
Since God to him is grown so near akin?
Did his foe slay him?—He shall slay his foe:
Hath he lost all?—He all again shall win:
Is sin his master?—He shall master sin:
Too hardy soul, with sin the field to try;
The only way to conquer, was to fly:
But thus long death hath liv'd, and now death's self
shall die.

"Christ is a path,—if any be misled;
He is a robe,—if any naked be;
If any chance to hunger,—He is bread;
If any be a bondman,—He is free;
If any be but weak,—how strong is He?
To dead men, life He is; to sick men, health;
To blind men, sight; and to the needy, wealth;
A pleasure without loss;—a treasure without stealth."

Mercy dwelt then upon the early life of Christ on earth.

"With that the mighty thunder dropt away
From God's outstretch'd arm; now milder grown
And melted into tears,—as if to pray
For pardon, and for pity, it had known,—
Which should have been for sacred vengeance thrown:
Thereto th' angelic armies all had vow'd
Their former rage:—but all to Mercy bow'd,
And broken weapons at her feet, they gladly strow'd.

"Bring, bring, ye Graces, all your silver flasks,
Painted with every choicest flower that grows,
That I may soon unload your fragrant baskets,
To strew the fields with odours, where He goes;
Let whatso'er He treads on be a rose!
So down she let her eyelids fall, to shine
Upon the rivers of bright Palestine;
Whose woods drop honey, and her rivers flow with wine."

So ends Giles Fletcher's first book with Mercy's Victory through Christ in Heaven. The song descends in the second book to Earth, and follows Christ through the Temptation in the Wilderness. Christ is described, and the beasts of the wilderness at peace about Him, then the approach of Satan, thus:—

"At length an aged sire far off He saw
Come slowly footing; ev'ry step he guess'd,
One of his feet he from the grave did draw;
Three legs he had, that made of wood, was best;
And all the way he went, he ever blest
With benedictions, and with prayers store;
But the bad ground was bless'd ne'er the more:
And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

"A good old hermit he now seem'd to be,
Who for devotion had the world forsaken,
And now was travelling some saint to see,
Since to his beads he had himself betaken,
Where all his former sins he might awaken,
And them might wash away with tears of brine,
And alms, and fasts, and churches' discipline;
And dead, might rest his bones under the holy shrine.

"But when he nearer came, he bow'd low
With prone obeisance, and with court'sy kind,
That at his feet his head he seem'd to throw:
What need he now another saint to find?
Affections are the sails, and faith the wind
That to this saint a thousand souls convey
Each hour: O happy pilgrims thither stray!
What care they for the beasts, or for the weary way?

"Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,
Like pleasing anthems, mod'lated in time;
For well that aged sire could tip his tongue
With golden foil of eloquence, and rhyme,
And smooth his rugged speech with phrases prime.
'Ay me!' quoth he, 'how many years have been,
Since these old eyes the sun of heav'n have seen!
Certes the Son of heav'n, they now behold I ween.

"Ah, might my humble cell so blessed be!
As Heaven to welcome in its lowly roof;
And be the temple for Thy Deity!
Lo! how my cottage worships Thee aloof;
That under ground hath hid its head in proof
It doth adore Thee, with the ceiling low.
Here's milk and honey; and here chestnuts grow:
The boughs a bed of leaves upon Thee shall bestow.

"But oh!' he said, and therewith sigh'd full deep,
'The heav'ns, alas! too envious are grown,
Because our fields Thy presence from them keep;
For stones now grow, where corn was lately sown:
(So stooping down, he gather'd up a stone)
But Thou with corn canst make this stone to ear:
What need we then the angry heav'ns to fear?
Let them envy us still, so we enjoy Thee here.'

"Thus on they wander'd; but those holy weeds
A monstrous serpent, and not man do cover;
So under greenest herbs the adder feeds;
And round about that loathsome corpse did hover
The dismal prince of gloomy night; and over
His ever-damn'd head the shadows err'd
Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard;
And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear'd.

"He was the son of blackest Acheron,
Where many damn'd souls loud wailing lie;
And rul'd the burning waves of Phlegethon,
Where many more in flaming sulphur fry;
At once compell'd to live, and forc'd to die:
Where nothing can be heard, but the sad cry
Of oh! alas! and oh! alas! that I
Or once again might live, or once at length might die!

" Ere long they came near to a baleful bow'r,
 Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,
 Which gaping stood all comers to devour;
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,
 That still for carrion carcases doth crave.¹
 The ground no herbs but venomous did bear;
 The trees all leafless stood; and ev'ry where
 Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hangéd were."

This is the cave of Despair in which Satan would persuade Christ to make His home in the wilderness; and Giles Fletcher does not shrink from a description of it in the manner of Spenser, though it provokes comparison with one of the finest passages in the "Faerie Queene."

" Within the gloomy den of this pale wight,
 The serpent woo'd him with his charms, to inn;
 That he might bait by day, and rest by night;
 But under that same bait, a fearful gin²
 Was ready to entangle Him in sin:
 But He upon ambrosia daily fed,
 That grew in Eden, thus he answeréd;
 So both away were caught, and to the Temple fled.

" Well knew our Saviour this the serpent was;
 And the old serpent knew our Saviour well;
 Never did any this in falsehood pass;
 Never did any Him in truth excel:
 With Him we fly to heav'n; from heav'n we fell
 With this:—but now they both together met
 Upon the sacred pinnacle, that threat
 With its aspiring top Astrea's starry seat."

Over the temple among the stars Presumption spread her pavilion. She is described allegorically, and then, we are told,

" Gently our Saviour she began to task,
 Whether he were the Son of God, or no;
 For any other she disdain'd to ask;
 And if He were, she bid Him fearless throw
 Himself to ground, and therewithal did show
 A flight of little angels that await,
 Upon their glittering wings to catch Him straight,
 And longéd on their backs to feel His glorious weight.

" But when she saw her speech prevailéd nought,
 Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:
 But Him the angels on their feathers caught,
 And to a lofty mountain swiftly bore;
 Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
 Restless Olympus seem'd to rest upon,
 With all his swimming globes:—so both are gone,
 The dragon with the Lamb.—Ah, unmeet paragon!

" All suddenly the hill his snow devours;
 Instead of which a goodly garden grew,
 As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
 Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw,
 That all around perfuméd spirits flew:

¹ Dark, doleful, &c. These two lines are quoted from Spenser's description of the cave of Despair. ("Faerie Queene," Bk. I., canto ix., st. 33.) Spenser's description beginning with that stanza has been quoted on pages 208, 209, 210.

² Gin, contrivance, snare. From "ingenium;" French "engin."

For whatsoever might aggrate³ the sense
 In all the world, or please the appetite,
 Here it was pouréd out in lavish affluence."

This garden is painted, and its mistress, Vain Delights, in stanzas inspired by the second book of the "Faerie Queene," and recalling Spenser's description of Acrasia in the Bower of Bliss. Here Pangloretta is a Circe; here sit they who drink with laughing Bacchus; here are Avarice and Ambition. Pangloretta seeks to win the Saviour with a song, of which these are the last lines:—

" Every thing doth pass away,
 There is danger in delay.
 Come, come, gather then the rose,
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sand of Tagus shore,
 Into my bosom casts his ore.
 All the valley's ripen'd corn,
 To my house is yearly borne.
 Every grape of every vine,
 Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
 Whilst ten thousand kings, as proud
 To carry up my train, have bow'd:
 And the stars in heav'n that shine,
 With ten thousand more are mine."

The Enchantress finding her spells vain, betakes herself to hell, and angels feed their Lord, who has achieved the Victory over the temptations of Earth.

The third part of Giles Fletcher's poem sings of the death of Christ, whereby Death itself was swallowed up in victory. Thus Joseph of Arimathea closes his lament at the burial of Christ:—

" Thus spend we tears, that never can be spent,
 On Him, that sorrow never more shall see:
 Thus send we sighs, that never can be sent,
 To Him that died to live, and would not be,
 To be there where he would.—Here bury we
 This heav'nly earth, here let it softly sleep,
 The fairest Shepherd of the fairest sheep.
 So all the body kiss'd, and homewards went to weep.

" So home their bodies went, to seek repose,
 But at the grave they left their souls behind;
 Oh, who the force of love celestial knows!
 That can the chains of nature's self unbind,
 Sending the body home, without the mind.
 Ah, blessed Virgin! what high angel's art
 Can ever count thy tears, or sing thy smart,
 When every nail that piercéd Him, did pierce thy heart?

" So Philomel, perch'd on an aspen sprig,
 Weeps all the night her lost virginity;
 And sings her sad tale to the listening twig,
 That dances at such joyful misery:
 Nor ever lets sweet rest invade her eye,
 But leaning on a thorn her dainty chest,
 For fear soft sleep should steal into her breast,
 Expresses in her song, grief not to be express'd.

³ Aggrate, bring pleasure to.

"So when the lark, poor bird! afar espies
Her yet unfeather'd children (whom to save
She strives in vain) slain by the fatal scythes
Which from the meadow the green grass doth shave;
That their warm nest is now become their grave:
The woful mother up to heaven springs,
And all about her plaintive notes she flings,
And their untimely fate most pitifully sings."

These are the last lines of the third book; the fourth sings of the Triumph After Death, the Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven.

"Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And let the Prince of glory enter in!
At whose high pean 'mongst sidereal states,
The sun did blush, the stars all dim were seen,
When springing first from earth, He did begin
To soar on angels' wings.—Then open hang
Your crystal doors.—So all the chorus sang
Of heav'nly birds, as to the skies they nimbly sprang.

"Hark! how the floods clap their applauding hands;
The pleasant valleys singing for delight;
And lofty mountains dance about the lands;
The while the fields, struck with the heav'nly light,
Set all their flow'rs a smiling at the sight;
The trees laugh with their blossoms; and the sound
Of the triumphant shouts of praise, that crown'd
The Lamb of God, rising to heaven, hath passage found.

"Forth sprang the ancient patriarchs, all in haste,
To see the pow'rs of hell in triumph led,
And with small stars a garland interlac'd
Of olive leaves they bore, to crown His head,
That was before with thorns so injur'd:
After them flew the prophets, brightly stol'd
In shining lawn, with foldings manifold:
Striking their ivory harps, all strung with chords of gold.

"To which the saints victorious carols sung:
Ten thousand strike at once, that with the sound,
The hollow vaults of heaven for triumph rung:
The cherubines their music did confound
With all the rest, and clapp'd their wings around:
Down from their thrones the dominations flow,
And at His feet their crowns and sceptres throw:
And all the princely souls fell on their faces low.

"Nor can the martyrs' wounds stay them behind,
But out they rush amongst the heavenly crowd,
Seeking their heaven, out of their heaven to find:
Sounding their silver trumpets out so loud,
That the shrill noise broke through the starry cloud;
And all the virgin souls in white array,
Came dancing forth, and making joyous play:
So Him they thus conduct unto the courts of day.

"Now Him they brought unto the realms of bliss,
Where never war, nor wounds, await Him more:
For in that place abides eternal peace:
Where many souls arriv'd long before,
Whose lives were full of troubles great and sore,
But now, estrang'd from all misery,
As far as heav'n and hell asunder lie;
And ev'ry joy is crown'd with immortality.

"Gaze but upon the house, where man doth live,
With flow'rs and verdure to adorn his way:
Where all the creatures due obedience give;
The winds to sweep his chambers every day,
And clouds that wash his rooms; the ceiling gay
With glitt'ring stars, that night's dark empire
If such an house God to another gave,
How shine those splendid courts He for Himself will!

From struggling to sing of the glory and thence in heaven, Giles Fletcher descends tenderly to his poem with a thought of human love. His brother Phineas has written already some past and Giles looks up to him and yields to his praise, as one who could find fitter music for such a theme.

"But let the Kentish lad, that lately taught
His oaten reed the trumpet's silver sound,
Young Thyrsilis; and for his music brought
The willing spheres from heav'n to lead around
The dancing nymphs and swains, that sun
crown'd
Eclecta's hymen with ten thousand flow'rs
Of choicest praise; and hung her heav'nly bow
With saffron garlands, dress'd for nuptial paramour

"Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast,
Of fair Eclecta and her spousal bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast:
But my green Muse, hiding her younger head,
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread
Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
With their own wat'ry shadows wanton play,
Dares not those high amours and love-sick songs assuage

"Impotent words, weak lines, that strive in vain;
In vain, alas, to tell so heav'nly sight!
So heav'nly sight, as none can greater feign,
Feign what he can, that seems of greatest might
Could any yet compare with Infinite?
Infinite sure those joys; my words but light
Light is the palace where she dwells.—O then
bright!"

So ends in Heaven the true-hearted work of a young poet. Giles Fletcher's age when he wrote could hardly have been more than twenty-five.

Joshua Sylvester, who in the latter days of Elizabeth obtained the first place among translators of the French Protestant poems of Du Bartas, the Creation of the World, and other sacred tales, continued to translate and write in the reign of James I. These are some of his versified thoughts gathered under the head of "Spectacles"—"Concern the World's Vanity, Levity, and Brevity:

Avia et Navis.

As in the air th' high soaring Eagle scuds;
As on the water slides the wing'd Ship:
So flies, so flits, the wealth of worldly goods;
So swift away doth wanton pleasure slip.

And as we cannot, in the air or water,
See the Ship's furrow nor the Eagle's footing:
When Wealth is past, and Pleasure posted after,
To track their trace, nor is nor can be booting.

Dulce Venenum, vel sibi lædens.

Why wail'st thou, fondling? and why weep you, fair?
Sighing your souls into the senseless air?
Blame but yourselves: Desire is your disease:
Your pain proceeds from what yourselves doth please.
Your chief content is in our torment's top:
Your most delight is in your most diseasing;
You drink you drunk in the sweet-bitter cup
Which sours your joys, and makes annoys so pleasing.

Aquæ, Sagittæ, Venti.

Swiftly Water sweepeth by:
Swifter wingéd Arrows fly:
Swiftest yet, the Wind that passes
When the nether clouds it chases.
But the joys of earthly minds,
Worldly Pleasures, vain Delights,
Far outswift for sudden flights
Waters, Arrows, and the Winds.

Hortus.

The World's a garden; Pleasures are the flowers;
Of fairest hues, in form and number many;
The lily first, pure whitest flower of any,
Rose sweetest rare, with pinkéd gilliflowers,
The violet and double marigold,
And pansy too: but, after all mischances,
Death's winter comes, and kills with sudden cold
Rose, lily, violet, marigold, pink, pansies.

Glacies.

He that makes the World his nest,
Settling here his only rest;
Never craving other scope,
Never having higher hope:
What thinks, think you, such a one?
This: to sit secure upon
A ball of ice, a slippery bowl,
Which on the seas doth ever roll.

Bellum cum Vitiis.

One day I saw the World in furious fight
With lovely Virtue, his most loathed foe:
It daréd her; she bravely did defy't;
It entered lists; she first had entered though.
It traverses, it toils, it hews, it hacks;
But all in vain, his blows come never nigh her:
For the World's weapons are but lythie¹ wax,
And Virtue's shield is of celestial fire.

Quasi non Utens.

Oh, happy he, can be so highly wise
As not to know the vain and vicious pleasures
The vicious take when they will take their leisures,
Which so besot their souls and blind their eyes!
Oh, happy he, that can disdain, and deem
Those pleasures poisons, and that honey gall!
But who can so? He that, condemning all,
Lives in the World, and not the World in him.

Sordescit et Surdescit.

Stay, Worldling, stay: whither away so fast?
Hark, hark a while to Virtue's counsels current:
No, no, alas! After the World in haste
He hies, flies, follows; as a rapid torrent
Too proudly swelling with some fresh supply
Of liquid silver from the welkin gushing,
My warning, as a rock, he rolleth by,
With roaring murmur, sudden over-rushing.

'Tis but vanity and folly
On the world to settle wholly.
All the joys of all this life
Are but toys, annoys, and strife.
O God, only wise and stable,
To establish me in Thee,
Give me, Thou that art all-able,
Wisdom with true constancy.

Nicholas Breton,² who began to sing in the reign of Elizabeth, wrote verse and prose throughout the reign of James. A poem of his produced in 1614, called "I Would and Would not," of which the only known copy is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is in a strain of which these stanzas show the character:

I WOULD AND I WOULD NOT.

I would I were a man of greatest power
That sways a sceptre on this world's great mass,
That I might sit on top of Pleasure's tower,
And make my will my way, where'er I pass,
That Law might have her being from my breath,
My smile might be a life, my frown a death.

And yet I would not: for then, do I fear,
Envy or malice would betray my trust:
And some vile spirit, though against the hair,³
Would seek to lay mine honour in the dust.
Treason or murder would beset me so,
I should not know who were my friend or foe.

No, I do rather wish the low estate,
And be an honest man of mean degree;
Be loved for good, and give no cause of hate,
And climb no higher than a hawthorn tree;
Pay every man his own, give reason right,
And work all day, and take my rest at night.

For sure in courts are worlds of costly cares
That cumber reason in his course of rest;
Let me but learn how thrift both spends and spares,
And make enough as good as any feast;
And fast, and pray my days may have good end,
And welcome all that pleaseth God to send.

² Nicholas Breton. See "Shorter English Poems," page 244. Mr. Grosart in his "Chertsey Library" is first to collect and edit Breton's works.

³ Against the hair, against the natural disposition of things, as in a fur stroked the wrong way. So in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Act II., sc. 3) Shallow says to Dr. Caius of his proposed duel with Sir Hugh Evans, "If you should fight you go against the hair of your professions." The phrase was common, and in Elisha Coles's Latin Dictionary (1677) was rendered "*inversâ Mânerâ; contra naturâ*."

¹ Lythie, soft. First-English "lithe," tender, mild, soft.

The Would and Would Not are in this way carried on through all changes of life. I would and would not be the fairest of creatures, be mad, be fiddler, thief, juggler, miller, tailor, park-keeper, collier, gardener, perfect painter, merchant, physician, herbalist, astronomer, civil lawyer, scrivener, trader, broker, and so forth.

No, I would not be any one of these,
Nor any of this wretched world's delight:
I would not so my spirit's comfort leese
To have mine eyes bewitched from heavenly light.
No, I would have another world than this,
Where I would seek for my Eternal Bliss,

And till I come unto that glorious place
Where all contents do overcome the heart,
And love doth live in everlasting grace,
While greatest joy doth feel no smallest smart,
But God is all in all to his beloved
The sweet of souls, that sweetest souls have proved.

This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant of my God,
And know there is none other God but He,
And willingly to suffer Mercy's rod,
Joy in His grace, and live but in His love,
And seek my bliss but in the Heavens above.

The poem then closes with a picture of religious life in the form of a prayer, in which Breton "would read the rules of sacred life" to all estates of men.

Among the little prose books of Nicholas Breton was one published in 1615, and dedicated to Francis Bacon, entitled "Characters upon Essays, Moral and Divine." The writing of characters in an ingenious and pithy form was a fashion of the day. Ben Jonson's play of "Every Man out of His Humour" abounded with such plays of wit, and Sir Thomas Overbury was in high repute as a character writer. Breton's characters in this collection were not of men, but of these qualities or states,—Wisdom, Learning, Knowledge, Practise, Patience, Love, Peace, War, Valour, Resolution, Honour, Truth, Time, Death, Faith and Fear. This was his character of

PEACE.

Peace is a calm in conceit, where the senses take pleasure in the rest of the spirit. It is Nature's holiday after the Reason's labour, and Wisdom's music in the concords of the mind. It is a blessing of Grace, a bounty of Mercy, a proof of Love, and a preserver of Life. It holds no arguments, knows no quarrels, is an enemy to sedition and a continuer of amity. It is the root of plenty, the tree of pleasure, the fruit of love, and the sweetness of life. It is like the still night, where all things are at rest; and the quiet sleep where dreams are not troublesome; or the resolved point, in the perfection of knowledge, where no cares nor doubts make controversies in opinion. It needs no watch, where is no fear of enemy; nor solicitor of causes, where agreements are concluded. It is the intent of law, and the fruit of justice; the end of war, and the beginning of wealth. It is a grace in a court, and a glory in a kingdom; a blessing in a family, and a happiness in a commonwealth. It fills the rich man's coffers, and feeds the poor man's labour. It is the wise man's

study and the good man's joy. Who love it, are gracious; who make it, are blessed; who keep it are happy; and who break it, miserable. It hath no dwelling with idolatry, nor friendship with falsehood; for her life is in Truth, and in her all is Amen. But lest, in the justice of Peace, I may rather be reproved for my ignorance of her work than thought worthy to speak in her praise, with this only conclusion I will draw to an end and hold my peace: It was a message of joy at the birth of Christ; a song of joy at the embracement of Christ; an assurance of joy at the death of Christ; and shall be the fulness of joy at the coming of Christ.

John Hayward, who incurred suspicion in Elizabeth's reign by dedicating (in 1599) his history of the deposition of Richard and first year of the reign of Henry IV. to the Earl of Essex, was knighted by King James in 1619, the year after the publication of his devotional book called the "Sanctuarie of a Troubled Soule." The author says in his dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury that "as we shall be much accountable for all our time, but for our best time most of all," he has endeavoured for many years "to employ some hours of those days that are specially appointed for the service of God to the best exercises of Religion that I could. Out of these exercises this work hath been raised by degrees." In an Advertisement to the Reader concerning the use of his devotions, the author says we are more feelingly affected with that which is unpleasant than with that which is delightful. Fear, he says, is a most powerful passion, wherefore God hath more used threats than promises. St. Paul exhorteth us to make an end of our salvation with fear and trembling. David terms fear the beginning of wisdom, and Job calleth it wisdom itself. When we think of the last times we have no will to offend; wherefore he who feareth the Lord shall not fear any evil, and He will fulfil the desires of them that fear Him. We care much to heal diseases of the body, and neglect those of the soul, whose medicine is in meditation upon the last things. The physician who brings to the sick such medicine should not so deliver it as to provoke loathing, but, like the physician, gild his bitter pills.

"When Diogenes did trample with his filthy feet upon the furniture of Plato's chamber, affirming that he did tread down Plato's pride: Yea, answered Plato, but with a greater pride. So these, in the affectation of their barren baseness, will beat down with unsavoury scorn that which they esteem affectation, either for aptness of words or order of matter, is other men's pains. But with three things men do especially persuade—with truth of matter, with example of life, and with fit sobriety of speech: for Truth findeth more easy entrance when it cometh both armed with her own force, and adorned with the furniture both of life and speech. And so one who walketh in the sun for pleasure may be tainted with the heat thereof before he retire, so they who are drawn by delight into these cogitations, may thereby take the touch of a more deep impression."

The physician who brings such medicine should appeal also to the reason with regard to the profit that comes of its use. For such profit, Sir John Hayward says, men's reason has induced them to

take the dung of men, horses, wolves, dogs, asses, boars, sows, hares, mice, swallows, hens, doves, geese, against various diseases, and Galen entitled one chapter of his book of *Similes κόπρος*, which signifies Dung. When such things—and more as repulsive that are here recited—men will swallow if told that it will profit their bodies, “insomuch as the using of these helps to lengthen our life is many times a means to hasten our death; shall we be so nice, or rather negligent, that our courage cannot climb over a few difficulties in meditating upon those things which will be an occasion, so surely, so safely, both to purge and preserve our souls from sin.”

And if no reasons can stir up our reason to leave all and follow Christ, and dwell on the last things, “then the last remedy only remains: by often exercise to acquaint our nature with them; and, as one who maketh a fire of green wood, not to be tired with blowing until our devotion be set on flame.” At first these exercises of devotion are neither pleasant nor easy; “yet by our persistence and the assistance of God, who is more strong and liberal than we can either ask or understand, they will in short time seem unto us very easy and pleasant, and in the mean season not only maintain, but increase our strength for continuance in that happy course.” This is the author’s argument as to the use of his book of devotions. A second part of the Advertisement to the Reader is “concerning the pleasure of a virtuous life.”

The essence of the whole work is meditation and prayer. It is in Two Parts, of which the first by a series of Meditations, each closed with a Prayer, contemplates the Hour of Death, the Day of Judgment, Pains of Hell and Joys of Heaven; the second, in like manner, after representing God’s wrath against sin, dwells, in the form of prayerful meditation, upon Christ as the sacrifice for sin, his agony in the Garden; how He was sold, betrayed, and apprehended; how He was carried before Annas, before Caiaphas, before Pilate, before Herod, and lastly before Pilate again; how He was scourged; how He was crowned with thorns, clothed in purple, openly scorned, and presented to the Jews; how He was condemned, and forthwith led to the place of execution; how He was crucified; how He was mocked and reviled, and how He prayed for His enemies; how He pardoned the Thief, how He tasted the vinegar, and how He cried to His Father; how He died, and how they opened His side with a spear; and then again of the grievousness of sin, and what means God useth to withdraw us from sin. The completed book, a growth of years, then closes with two prayers, of which the last thus opens:—

“O my God! most mighty, and yet most mild, whose Justice shineth to us through Thy love, whose Majesty is seated in the Throne of Mercy: O invisible and indivisible God, Who canst not be expressed, Who canst not be understood.

“Whatsoever Thou art, I invoke and adore Thee; for I know Thou art a most High and Holy Thing: if it be lawful to call Thee a Thing, Who art the Cause of all things; if it be lawful also to call Thee a Cause, upon Whom all causes depend. I know not by what name I should express Thee;

and therefore I come stammering to Thee like a little child. For Thou art above all things; Thou art all things that are in Thee. Thou art Thy Holiness, Thy Happiness, Thy Wisdom, Thy Power, and whatsoever else is said to be in Thee. Seeing therefore that Thou art merciful, it followeth also that Thou art Mercy; and I am so exceedingly miserable, I am nothing but mere misery. Behold therefore, O Thou who art Mercy! Behold, misery is before Thee. What now shouldst Thou do? Verily Thy proper work; even to take away my misery, and to relieve my distressed state.

“Have mercy upon me, O my Mercy! O God, which art Mercy, have mercy upon me! declare Thy nature, shew Thy power; take away my misery, take away my sins, for this is my extreme misery. One depth calleth another: the depth of misery calleth unto the depth of mercy; the depth of sin crieth unto the depth of pardon and grace. Thy mercies are incomparably deeper than are my miseries. Let one depth therefore swallow up another. Let the infinite depth of Thy mercy and grace swallow up the great depth of my sin and misery.

“And that I may not, by returning to my former courses of life, plunge myself again in Thy displeasure; touch my soul, I beseech Thee, with continual remembrance and remorse of my sins: that I may spend all the time of my life which is to come in lamenting the time thereof that is gone. For our sins do never condemn us, if we be not either contented in remembering, or content to forget them.”

Sir John Hayward wrote also a tract “Of Supremacie in Affaires of Religion,” which was published in 1624, and dedicated to Prince Charles within a year of his succession to the throne. It maintains the right of the sovereign to supreme power in ecclesiastical affairs to be of the nature of all sovereign power, perpetual and absolute; argues that it is dangerous to place ecclesiastical supremacy elsewhere, by reference to Jews, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and ancient Rome, before and under the heathen and Christian Emperors. Emperors called and confirmed the eight general councils of the Church. From strife between the Bishops of Rome and Constantinople, Sir John Hayward traces development of the absolute power of the Bishops of Rome over ecclesiastical affairs, which brought the Western Empire into a state of vassalage to the See of Rome. The Bishops of Rome then claimed sovereignty over divers principal kingdoms in Europe, and generally over all states in the world; whence came divers distresses.

This brings us back to the theme dearest to King James I.—royal supremacy. John Selden was born in 1584 in the hamlet of Salvington, about two miles from Worthing. A house called Lacies at the entrance to the village is pointed out as his birth-place. He was the only surviving son of a musician, and was first educated at the Chichester Free School, where he made rapid advance in his studies.¹ He went on to Oxford, and, after three or four years at

¹ Selden is said to have cut these lines of welcome to the honest visitor and warning to the thief on a beam of the house-door at Lacies when he was ten years old:—

“Gratus, honeste, mihi, non claudar, inito, sedekia.
Fur abeas, non sum facta soluta tibi.”

Hart Hall, went to London and made law his profession. He had a keen appetite for the study of history and antiquities, not as dead things of the past, but as foundations of right knowledge of the present, and in that sense was the very type of a true antiquary. In 1607, at the age of twenty-three, he finished, in two books, a summary of public occurrences and events affecting the development of civil government in this country before the Conquest. It was dedicated to Sir Robert Cotton, and printed nine years afterwards. In 1610 Selden published a sketch of the development of English law from the earliest times to the reign of Henry II., and also a study of the history of the custom of Duelling, then one of the familiar institutions of society. In 1613 Selden applied his learning to the provision of notes for his friend Michael Drayton's poem on his native land, the "Polyolbion." In 1614 his knowledge of the past interpreted the present in a book upon *Titles of Honour*. In 1616, year of Shakespeare's death, John Selden edited Sir John Fortescue's Latin tract in praise of the laws of England, which showed how the constitutional life of the country was felt even in a disastrous time of civil war. In 1617, an interesting Latin book on the Gods of the Syrians illustrated the idolatries described in the Old Testament. In 1618 he applied his learning to a question of the Church in his own day, the divine right of tithes. King James looked on denial of this as akin to the denial of his own supremacy. Selden's "*Historie of Tithes*" proposed to give an impartial statement of the evidence as to the divine or human institution of the tithes paid for support of the Church. His book was



JOHN SELDEN. (From the Portrait prefixed to his "*Tracts*," 1683.)

dedicated to his friend Sir Robert Cotton, from whose precious collection of rare books and MSS. he had drawn part of his knowledge. The practical purpose for which true students acquire the knowledge to be drawn from such old sources is expressed in this dedication with the pithy wisdom that abounds in Selden's writings:—

PAST AND PRESENT.

To have borrowed your help, or used that your inestimable library (which lives in you), assures a curious diligence in search after the inmost, least known, and most useful parts of historical truth, both of past and present ages. For such is that truth which your humanity liberally dispenses; and such is that which by conference is learned from you: such indeed, as if it were, by your example, more sought after, so much headlong error, so many ridiculous impostures, would not be thrust on the too credulous, by those which stumble on the road, but never with any care look on each side or behind them; that is, those which keep their understandings always in a weak minority that ever wants the authority and admonition of a tutor. For, as on the one side, it cannot be doubted but that the too studious affectation of bare and sterile antiquity, which is nothing else but to be exceeding busy about nothing, may soon descend to a dotage; so, on the other, the neglect or only vulgar regard of the fruitful and precious part of it, which gives necessary light to the present in matter of state, law, history, and the understanding of good authors, is but preferring that kind of ignorant infancy, which our short life alone allows us, before the many ages of former experience and observation, which may so accumulate years to us as if we had lived even from the beginning of time.

The sort of fable that vanishes before strict search into the sources of our knowledge may be illustrated by a legend told in the tenth chapter of Selden's "*Historie of Tithes*:"—

HOW SAINT AUGUSTINE SHOWED THAT A LORD OF THE MANOR MUST PAY TITHES.

For the practice of payment among Christians, both Britons and Saxons; might wee beleue the common tale of that Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterburie Prouince, his coming to Cometon in Oxfordshire, and doing a most strange miracle there, touching the establishing of the Doctrine of due payment of Tithes, wee should haue as certain and expresse authorities for the ancient practice of such payment, as any other Church in Christendome can produce. But as the tale is, you shall haue it, and then censure it.¹ About the year (they say) DC., Augustine coming to preach at Cometon, the Priest of the place makes complaint to him, that the Lord of the Mannor hauing been often admonished by him, would yet pay him no Tithes. Augustine questioning the Lord about that default in deuotion: hee stoutly answered, That the tenth Sheaf doubtlesse was his that had interest in the nine, and therefore would pay none. Presently Augustine denounces him excommunicate, and turning to the Altar to say Masse, publicly forbad, that any excommunicat person should be present at it, when suddenly, a dead Corps,² that had been buried at the Church doore, arose (pardon me for relating it) and departed out of the limits of the Church-yard, standing still without, while the Masse continued. Which ended, Augustine comes to this liuing-dead, and charges him in the name of the Lord God to declare who hee was. Hee tells him, that in the time of the British State he

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was *huius villæ Patronus*,¹ and although he had been often urged by the Doctrine of the Priest to pay his Tithes, yet he neuer could be brought to it; for which he died, he says, excommunicat, and was carried to Hell. *Augustine* desired to know where the Priest that excommunicated him, was buried. This dead shewed him the place; where hee makes an inuocation of the dead Priest, and bids him arise also, because they wanted his help. The Priest rises. *Augustine* asks him, if he knew that other that was risen. He tells him, yes; but wishes he had neuer known him, for (saith hee) he was in all things euer aduerse to the Church, a detainer of his Tithes, and a great sinner to his death, and therefore I excommunicated him. But *Augustine* publicly declares, that it was fit mercie should be vsed towards him, and that he had suffered long in Hell for his offence (you must suppose, I thinke, the Autor meant Purgatorie): wherefore hee giues him absolution, and sends him to his graue, where hee fell againe into dust and ashes. Hee gone, the Priest new risen, tells, that his Corps had lien there about CLXX. yeers; and *Augustine* would gladly haue had him continue vpon earth againe, for instruction of Soules, but could not thereto entreat him. So he also returns to his former lodging. The Lord of the Town standing by all this while, and trembling, was now demanded if hee would pay his Tithes; but he presently fell down at *Augustines* feet, weeping and confessing his offence; and receiuing pardon, became all his life time a follower of *Augustines*. Had this Legend truth in it, who could doubt, but that payment of Tithes was in practice in the Infancie of the British Church? The Priest that rose here from the dead, liud (if he euer liud) about CCCXXX. after Christ, and would not surely haue so taxed the Lord of this Mannor only, if the payment had not been vsually among other good Christians here, not taught only, but performed also. Neither need I admonish much of the autoritie of it; the whole course of it directs you how to smell out the originall. Beside the common Legend of our Saints, it is in some Volumes put alone, for a most obseruable Monument, and I found it bound vp at the end of the MS. life of *Thomas Becket*, Archbishop of *Canterburie*, written by *John de Grandisono*, and it remains in the publique Librarie of *Oxford*. There also you haue it related in *Ioannes Anglicus* his *Historia Aurea*, and, in the Margine, are noted to it these words: *Hoc miraculum videbitur illis incredibile qui credunt aliquid Deo esse impossibile, sed nulli dubium est quod nunquam Anglorum duræ ceruicis Christi iugo se submisissent nisi per magna miracula sibi diuinitus ostensa.*² But let the truth be as it will, I doe not beleene, that the fable can be found, nor any steps³ of it, about CCCC. yeer old at most.

The plan of Selden's "History of Tithes" is thus sketched in its introduction:—

"As touching the argument of it—the whole being fourteen chapters—the first seven are thus filled. The first hath what is, in best authority of the ancients, belonging to those tithes paid before the Levitical law. The second, the several kinds paid by the Jews under the law, and this from Hebrew lawyers. The third shows the practice of the Romans, Grecians, and some other Gentiles in paying or vowing them. Then the whole time of Christianity being quadripartitely

divided (with allowance of about twenty years more or less to every part), takes up the next four chapters, in which the practice of payment of tithes, arbitrary consecrations, appropriations, infeudations, and exemptions of them, establishment of parochial right in them, as also the laws, both secular and ecclesiastic, with the opinions of divines and canonists touching them, are, in their several times, manifested; but so only, that whatsoever is proper to this kingdom of England, either in laws or practice, either of payment or of arbitrary consecrations, appropriations, or infeudations, or establishment of parochial right, together with a corollary of the ancient jurisdiction whereto they have been here subject, is reserved all by itself to the next seven chapters. But every of the fourteen have their arguments prefixed, which may discharge me of further declaration in this place. By this time, I trust, you conceive what the name of History in the title pretends; and the Tithes spoken of purposely in it (for perhaps it is needful to admonish that also) are only such as either have been paid, vowed, or dedicated to holy uses, or else give light to the consideration of the performance or omission of such payment."

King James was displeased with a book that, while it professed to put all due evidence into each scale, had not weight enough on the scale he wished to see heaviest. He caused Selden to be brought to him that he might reason with him; and his reasoning was heard with the outward deference due from a subject to a king. But also the king caused Selden to be interrogated by the High Court of Commission, which had despotic power of inflicting severe penalties on those who fell under Church censure. Selden escaped by signing a declaration in which he did not retract anything in his book, but humbly acknowledged his error in publishing it, "especially in that I have at all, by showing any interpretation of Holy Scripture, by meddling with Councils, Fathers, or Canons, or by what else soever occurs in it, offered any occasion of argument against any right of maintenance, *jure divino*, of the ministers of the Gospel: beseeching your lordships to receive this ingenuous and humble acknowledgment, together with the unfeigned protestation of my grief, for that through it I have so incurred both his Majesty's and your lordships' displeasure, conceived against me in behalf of the Church of England." Of this he said afterwards, "I did most willingly acknowledge that I was most sorry for the publishing of that History, because it had offended, and I profess still to all the world that I am sorry for it; and so should I have been if I had published a most orthodox catechism that offended; but what is that to the doctrinal consequences of it?" The king ordered Richard Montague, then Dean of Hereford, to answer Selden, and forbade John Selden to reply again, saying, "If you or any of your friends shall write against this confutation, I will throw you into prison." Montague's "Diatribes upon the First Part of the History of Tithes" appeared in 1621, and pleased the king so well that his Majesty suggested other literary work to him. Richard Montague became a bishop, but not until 1628. Other men answered Selden's history, and in a letter to Sir Edward Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was then serving as ambassador in France, Selden complained that, while

¹ Lord of this town.

² "This miracle will seem incredible to those who believe there is anything impossible to God, but nobody doubts that the stiff necks of the English would never have submitted to the yoke of Christ unless by divine Providence great miracles had been shown them."

³ Steps, traces.

he was forbidden to defend himself, all who pleased were free to attack him as viciously as they pleased. In 1621, also, the king came into conflict with the Parliament called in that year to provide for his necessities. It offered him advice which he resented as presumptuous meddling with affairs of state, and the House of Commons was bidden to avoid touching the king's prerogatives; what privileges it claimed it held from the crown as "rather a toleration than inheritance," and if members forgot their duty, privileges would be disallowed.

On the 18th of December the house entered a protest on its journals declaring "that the liberties, franchises, privileges, and jurisdiction of Parliament are the ancient and undoubted birthright and inheritances of the subjects of England." The king held a privy council, sent for the Commons' journal, and with his own hand erased that entry. John Selden, for his knowledge of past history, had been sent for by the house and asked what were its privileges. He had replied as a sound English constitutional lawyer, in whom the love of a just liberty was strong, and the terms of the protest of the house were framed in accordance with his counsel. The king dissolved the Parliament and imprisoned some of its members. Selden also was, for his part in the contest, placed in custody of the sheriff. After five weeks of durance, he was questioned before the Privy Council and discharged. He owed some relief from difficulties at court to the good offices of Bishop Launcelot Andrewes, who was, Selden tells us, the only bishop who approved of the "History of Tithes." Towards the close of his reign, James needing, in February, 1624, again to summon a Parliament, Selden entered it as member for Lancaster.



JAMES USHER. (From the Portrait before his "Bodie of Divinity," 1653.)

Another man who passed with a high reputation for learning into the reign of Charles I., and who also contributed his thought to the controversies which then gathered intensity, was James Usher, whom

James I. made Bishop of Meath, and nominated at the close of his reign Archbishop of Armagh. Usher, born in January, 1581, was about four years older than Selden. He was the son of Arnold Usher, one of the six clerks of the Irish Court of Chancery, and had, like Selden, an inborn aptitude for antiquarian research, to be applied to living uses. He is said to have had his tendency of work stimulated early by dwelling on a sentence of Cicero, which says that "To be ignorant of what happened before you were born is to be always a child."¹ As a boy he made chronological tables. He was one of the first students who entered Trinity College, Dublin, which owed its foundation partly to the energies of members of his family. He was still studying when his father died, and then he divested himself of the estate that fell to him as eldest son, providing at once for the other children, and keeping only as much as would maintain him in a quiet college life, and enable him to buy books necessary for his studies. He proceeded to the degree of M.A. in 1600, and was ordained at the age of twenty-one. Some English troops having subscribed £1,800 for the library of the new College, Usher was sent to London in 1603 on a book-buying expedition. He obtained a piece of Church preferment in Ireland, the Chancellorship of St. Patrick's, Dublin, before he came to England again, in 1606, in search of books for his University. In London he became known to Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Bodley. In 1607 he took the degree of B.D., and soon afterwards, at the age of twenty-seven, was made Professor of Divinity at Trinity College. In 1609 he was again in England, and added Selden to the enlarging number of his friends. At the age of thirty-two he was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In 1613, Dr. Usher was in London, and published his first book. It was virtually a continuation of Jewel's "Apology for the Church of England," written in Latin, and dedicated to the king. In the same year he married as heiress, the daughter of his friend Dr. Chaloner, who had charged her on his death-bed to marry no one but Dr. Usher, if he offered himself. They lived happily together for forty years. In 1615, Dr. Usher was the member of the Irish Church most active in drawing up a set of 104 Articles of Religion for that Church, which proposed to itself an independent constitution. Usher's theological opinions agreed with those of Calvin, and the tone of his articles caused it to be suggested to the king that Dr. Usher was a Puritan. When he went next to England, in 1619, he took with him testimony to his orthodoxy upon all points touching the royal supremacy over the Church, and made that, furthermore, so clear, in an interview with his Majesty, that James named him for the next vacant bishopric, that of Meath, and distinguished him as *his* bishop. Usher was zealous against the Roman Catholics, and, as a bishop of the Reformed Church in Ireland, had inevitable dealings with them. A sermon of his, in October, 1622, on the

¹ "Nescire autem quid antea quam natus sis accidit, id est semper esse puerum." (Cicero's ad M. Brutum Orator.)

Lord Deputy's receiving the sword of office, had for its text, "He beareth not the sword in vain," and was thought to be too offensive in its tone. In the following month, he was admonishing of their duty Roman Catholics of rank, who were summoned to the Castle Chamber in Dublin for refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy. This was

DR. USHER'S SPEECH, DELIVERED IN THE CASTLE CHAMBER, CONCERNING THE OATH OF SUPREMACY.

What the danger of the law is for refusing this oath, has been sufficiently opened by my lords the judges; and the quality and quantity of that offence has been aggravated to the full by those that have spoken after them. The part which is most proper for me to deal in is the information of the conscience, touching the truth and equity of the matters contained in the oath; which I also have made choice the rather to insist upon, because both the form of the oath itself requireth herein a full resolution of the conscience (as appeareth by those words in the very beginning thereof, "I do utterly testify and declare in my conscience," &c.), and the persons that stand here to be censured for refusing the same have alleged nothing in their own defence, but only the simple plea of ignorance.

That this point, therefore, may be cleared, and all needless scruples removed out of men's minds, two main branches there be of this oath which require special consideration. The one positive, acknowledging the supremacy of the government of these realms, in all causes whatsoever, to rest in the King's Highness only. The other negative, renouncing all jurisdictions and authorities of any foreign prince or prelate within his Majesty's dominions.

For the better understanding of the former, we are, in the first place, to call unto our remembrance that exhortation of St. Peter: "Submit yourselves unto every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be unto the king, as having the pre-eminence; or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him, for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well." By this we are taught to respect the king, not as the only governor of his dominions simply (for we see there be other governors placed under him), but *ὡς ἀρεσκοντα*, as him that excelleth and hath the pre-eminence over the rest; that is to say (according to the tenure of the oath), as him that is the only supreme governor of his realms. Upon which ground we may safely build this conclusion, that whatsoever power is incident unto the king by virtue of his place, must be acknowledged to be in him supreme; there being nothing so contrary to the nature of sovereignty as to have another superior power to overrule it.

*Qui Rex est, Regem (Maxime) non habet.*¹

In the second place, we are to consider that God, for the better settling of piety and honesty among men, and the repression of profaneness and other vices, hath established two distinct powers upon earth: the one of the keys, committed to the Church; the other of the sword, committed to the civil magistrate. That of the keys is ordained to work upon the inner man, having immediate relation to the remitting or retaining of sins. That of the sword is appointed to work upon the outward man, yielding protection

to the obedient, and inflicting external punishment upon the rebellious and disobedient. By the former, the spiritual officers of the Church of Christ are enabled to govern well, to speak, and exhort, and rebuke, with all authority, to loose such as are penitent, to commit others unto the Lord's prison until their amendment, or to bind them over unto the judgment of the great day, if they shall persist in their wilfulness and obstinacy. By the other, princes have an imperious power assigned by God unto them, for the defence of such as do well, and executing revenge and wrath upon such as do evil; whether by death, or banishment, or confiscation of goods, or imprisonment, according to the quality of the offence.

When St. Peter, that had the keys committed unto him, made bold to draw the sword, he was commanded to put it up, as a weapon that he had no authority to meddle withal. And on the other side, when Uziah the king would venture upon the execution of the priest's office, it was said unto him, "It pertaineth not unto thee, Uziah, to burn incense unto the Lord, but unto the priests, the sons of Aaron, that are consecrated to burn incense." Let this, therefore, be our second conclusion—that the power of the sword and of the keys are two distinct ordinances of God; and that the prince hath no more authority to enter upon the execution of any part of the priest's function, than the priest hath to intrude upon any part of the office of the prince.

In the third place, we are to observe that the power of the civil sword (the supreme managing whereof belongeth to the king alone) is not to be restrained unto temporal causes only, but is by God's ordinance to be extended likewise unto all spiritual or ecclesiastical things and causes; that as the spiritual rulers of the Church do exercise their kind of government, in bringing men unto obedience, not of the duties of the first table alone (which concerneth piety and the religious service which man is bound to perform unto his Creator), but also of the second (which respecteth moral honesty, and the offices that man doth owe unto man): so the civil magistrate is to use his authority also in redressing the abuses committed against the first table, as well as against the second; that is to say, as well in punishing of an heretic, or an idolater, or a blasphemous, as of a thief, or a murderer, or a traitor; and in providing, by all good means, that such as live under his government may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all piety and honesty.

And howsoever by this means we make both prince and priest to be in their several places *Custodes utriusque tabule*, keepers of both God's tables, yet do we not hereby any way confound both of their offices together. For though the matter wherein their government is exercised may be the same, yet is the form and manner of governing therein always different: the one reaching to the outward man only, the other to the inward; the one binding or loosing the soul, the other laying hold on the body and the things belonging thereto; the one having special reference to the judgment or the world to come, the other respecting the present retaining or losing of some of the comforts of this life.

That there is such a civil government as this in causes spiritual or ecclesiastical, no man of judgment can deny. For must not heresy, for example, be acknowledged to be a cause merely spiritual or ecclesiastical? And yet by what power is an heretic put to death? The officers of the Church have no authority to take away the life of any man: it must be done, therefore, *per brachium seculare*;² and conse-

¹ "Maximus, let him who is a king, not have a king." The last line of an epigram of Martial's (bk. ii., ep. 18) "In Maximum," which bids men avoid servility. Its sense is, "I flatter you and earn a supper; you flatter elsewhere for your profit; nay, then, we are equals, and I will not bow to you: let him who is a king not have a king."

² By the secular arm.

quently it must be yielded without contradiction, that the temporal magistrate doth exercise therein a part of his civil government, in punishing a crime that is of its own nature spiritual or ecclesiastical.

But here it will be said: The words of the Oath being general—that the King is the only supreme governor of this realm, and of all other his Highness' dominions and countries—how may it appear that the power of the civil sword only is meant by that government, and that the power of the keys is not comprehended therein? I answer, first, that where a civil magistrate is affirmed to be the governor of his own dominions and countries, by common intendment this must needs be understood of a civil government, and may in no reason be extended to that which is merely of another kind. Secondly, I say that where an ambiguity is conceived to be in any part of an oath, it ought to be taken according to the understanding of him for whose satisfaction the oath was ministered. Now in this case it hath been sufficiently declared by public authority, that no other thing is meant by the government here mentioned, but that of the civil sword only.

For in the book of Articles agreed upon by the archbishops, and bishops, and the whole clergy, in the Convocation holden at London, *anno* 1562, thus we read: "Where we attribute to the Queen's Majesty the chief government (by which titles we understand the minds of some slanderous folks to be offended), we give not to our princes the ministering either of God's word or of the sacraments (the which thing the injunctions also, lately set forth by Elizabeth our Queen, doth most plainly testify), but that only prerogative which we see to have been given always to all godly princes, in Holy Scriptures, by God himself; that is, that they should rule all estates and degrees committed to their charge by God, whether they be ecclesiastical or temporal, and restrain with the civil sword the stubborn and evil-doers."

If it be here objected that the authority of the Convocation is not a sufficient ground for the exposition of that which was enacted in Parliament, I answer, that these Articles stand confirmed, not only by the royal assent of the prince (for the establishing of whose supremacy the oath was framed), but also by a special Act of Parliament, which is to be found among the statutes in the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, chap. 12. Seeing, therefore, the makers of the law have full authority to expound the law, and they have sufficiently manifested that, by the supreme government given to the prince, they understand that kind of government only which is exercised with the civil sword, I conclude that nothing can be more plain than this: that without all scruple of conscience, the King's Majesty may be acknowledged in this sense to be the only supreme governor of all his Highness' dominions and countries, as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal. And so have I cleared the first main branch of the oath.

I come now unto the second, which is propounded negatively, "That no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm." The foreigner that challenges this ecclesiastical or spiritual jurisdiction over us is the Bishop of Rome; and the title whereby he claimeth this power over us is the same whereby he claimeth it over the whole world—because he is St. Peter's successor, forsooth. And indeed, if St. Peter himself had been now alive, I should freely confess that he ought to have spiritual authority and superiority within this kingdom. But so would I say, also, if St. Andrew, St. Bartholomew, St. Thomas, or any of the other apostles had been alive. For I know that their com-

mission was very large—to "go into all the world, and to preach the gospel unto every creature." So that in what part of the world soever they lived, they could not be said to be out of their charge, their apostleship being a kind of an universal bishopric. If, therefore, the Bishop of Rome can prove himself to be one of this rank, the oath must be amended, and we must acknowledge that he hath ecclesiastical authority within this realm.

True it is, that our lawyers, in their year books, by the name of the "Apostle" do usually design the Pope; but if they had examined his title to that apostleship as they would try an ordinary man's title to a piece of land, they might easily have found a number of flaws and main defects therein.

For, first, it would be inquired whether the apostleship was not ordained by our Saviour Christ as a special commission, which, being personal only, was to determine with the death of the first Apostles. For howsoever, at their first entry into the execution of this commission, we find that Matthias was admitted to the apostleship in the room of Judas, yet afterwards, when James the brother of John was slain by Herod, we do not read that any other was substituted in his place. Nay, we know that the apostles generally left no successors in this kind; neither did any of the bishops (he of Rome only excepted), that sat in those famous churches wherein the apostles exercised their ministry, challenge an apostleship or an universal bishopric by virtue of that succession.

It would, secondly, therefore, be inquired, what sound evidence they can produce to show that one of the company was to hold the apostleship, as it were, in fee, for him and his successors for ever, and that the other eleven should hold the same for term of life only.

Thirdly, if this state of perpetuity was to be cast upon one, how came it to fall upon St. Peter, rather than upon St. John, who outlived all the rest of his fellows, and so as a surviving feoffee had the fairest right to retain the same in himself and his successors for ever?

Fourthly, if that state were wholly settled upon St. Peter, seeing the Romanists themselves acknowledge that he was Bishop of Antioch before he was Bishop of Rome, we require them to show why so great an inheritance as this should descend unto the younger brother (as it were by borough English) rather than to the elder, according to the ordinary manner of descents; especially seeing Rome hath little else to allege for this preferment, but only that St. Peter was crucified in it, which was a very slender reason to move the apostle so to respect it.

Seeing, therefore, the grounds of this great claim of the Bishop of Rome appear to be so vain and frivolous, I may safely conclude that he ought to have no ecclesiastical or spiritual authority within this realm, which is the principal point contained in the second part of the oath.

King James wrote with his own hand the following acknowledgment of this loyal address:—

JAMES REX.

Right Reverend Father in God, and right trusty and well-beloved Counsellor, we greet you well. You have not deceived our expectation, nor the gracious opinion we ever conceived, both of your abilities in learning, and of your faithfulness to us and our service. Whereof, as we have received sundry testimonies, both from our present deputies, as likewise from our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor the Viscount Falkland, we

present deputy of that realm; so have we now of late, in one particular, had a further evidence of your duty and affection well expressed by your late carriage in our Castle Chamber there, at the censure of those disobedient magistrates who refused to take the Oath of Supremacy. Wherein your zeal to the maintenance of our just and lawful power, defended with so much learning and reason, deserves our princely and gracious thanks, which we do by this our letter unto you, and so bid you farewell. Given under our signet, at our Court at Whitehall, the eleventh of January, 1622, in the 20th year of our reign of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, and our right trusty and well-beloved Counsellor, the Bishop of Meath.

The King lost no time in making Usher a Privy Councillor for Ireland. Dr. Usher directed also against the unreformed Church a treatise on the Religion of the ancient Irish and Britons, and in 1624 was combating on the ground of Church antiquities an Irish Jesuit, William Malone, who had adverted to the doctrine and practice of the primitive Christians. Usher had fitted himself for this kind of controversy. In his youth, a Roman Catholic book called "The Fortress of Faith" had been put into his hands. It appealed continually to the writings of the early Fathers of the Church. Usher had then at once set himself a complete course of reading in the Fathers, took a fixed portion every day, and read them through in eighteen years. He thus qualified himself, like Lancelot Andrewes, to meet the arguments of his opponents in the only way that they could recognise as sufficient. In Usher's answer to Malone, he dealt in successive sections with the chief points in dispute between the churches—namely, traditions, the real presence, confession, the priest's power to forgive sins, purgatory, prayer for the dead, limbus patrum, prayer to saints, images, free-will and merits; the treatise extending to nearly six hundred pages. When Dr. Usher had finished his argument against Malone, he visited England again. He was there studying ecclesiastical antiquities, when the death of the Archbishop of Armagh enabled King James to nominate his bishop to the primacy of Ireland. Illness delayed Usher's return; he was not installed as Archbishop until 1626.

George Wither's satires against the passions, published in 1613, at the age of twenty-five, as "Abuses Stript and Whipt," and his "Shepherd's Hunting," written when imprisoned in the Marshalsea for his bold speech, have been referred to in another volume of this Library.¹ In 1618 appeared "Wither's Motto," "Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo" (I have not, want not, care not), in which those thoughts are amplified into expression of a spirit of honest independence so far as man is concerned, and dependence only upon God: "He that supplies my want hath took my care." In 1622 George Wither, who after education at Oxford had been attending to his father's farm at

Bentworth, near Alton, in Hampshire, collected his earlier poems as "Juvenilia," and published a new poem called "Faire-Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete."² Philarete is Greek for a lover of Virtue, and the poem is a love poem, with Virtue personified as the fair object of desire. A characteristic tone of liberty and independence runs through all the verse of George Wither. To the critics he says:—

"If the verse here used be
Their dislike, it liketh me.
If my method they deride,
Let them know, Love is not tied
In his free discourse to chuse
Such strict rules as arts-men use.
These may prate of Love, but they
Know him not; for he will play
From the matter now and then,
Off and on and off again.

"If this prologue tedious seem,
Or the rest too long they deem,
Let them know my love they win
Though they go ere I begin,
Just as if they should attend me
Till the last, and there commend me:
For I will for no man's pleasure
Change a syllable or measure,
Neither for their praises add
Aught to mend what they think bad;
Since it never was my fashion
To make work of recreation.

"Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poet's veins,
As if we in latter days
Knew to love, but not to praise:
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please,
Who as well new paths may run
As the best before have done.
I disdain to make my song
For their pleasure short or long;
If I please, I'll end it here;
If I list, I'll sing this year:
And though none regard of it,
By myself I pleas'd can sit,
And with that contentment cheer me
As if half the world did hear me."

After singing in this measure of the birth and beauty of Fair-Virtue, George Wither interpolates a little group of the love-songs he made for her, and then resumes her praises, dwelling upon every charm:—

"In the motion of each part
Nature seems to strive with art,
Which her gestures most shall bless
With the gifts of pleasingness.

"When she sits, methinks I see
How all virtues fixed be
In a frame, whose constant mould
Will the same unchang'd hold.

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 288–291.

² Wither pronounces the name both Philaret and Philareté.

If you note her when she moves,
Cytherea drawn with doves
May come learn such winning motions
As will gain to Love's devotions
More than all her painted wiles,
Such as tears, or sighs, or smiles.

"Some, whose bodies want true graces,
Have sweet features in their faces;
Others that do miss them there,
Lovely are some other where,
And to our desires do fit
In behaviour or in wit
Or some inward worth appearing
To the soul, the soul endearing:
But in her your eye may find
All that's good in womankind.
What in others we prefer
Are but sundry parts of her,
Who most perfect doth present
What might one and all content.
Yea, he that in love still ranges
And each day or hourly changes,
Had he judgment but to know
What perfections in her grow,
There would find the spring of store,
Swear a faith, and change no more."

After every outward feature has been celebrated,
there is again rest with an interlude of pastoral
songs,¹ after which the strain is resumed with—

"Boy, have done,—for now my brain
Is inspired afresh again,
And new raptures pressing are
To be sung in praise of her,
Whose fair picture lieth nigh
Quite unveiled to every eye.
No small favour hath it been
That such beauty might be seen:
Therefore ever they may rue it
Who with evil eyes shall view it."

Of the face and voice of Fair-Virtue Wither sings:—

"If you truly note her face,
You shall find it hath a grace
Neither wanton, nor o'er serious,
Nor too yielding, nor imperious;
But with such a feature blest
It is that which pleaseth best,
And delights each several eye
That affects with modesty.
Lowliness hath in her look
Equal place with greatness took,
And if beauty anywhere
Claims prerogatives, 'tis there:
For at once thus much 'twill do,
Threat, command, persuade, and woo.

"In her speech there is not found
Any harsh, unpleasing sound,
But a well-beseeming power,
Neither higher, neither lower

Than will suit with her perfection;
'Tis the loadstone of affection.
And that man whose judging eyes
Could well sound such mysteries,
Would in love make her his choice,
Though he did but hear her voice;
For such accents breathe not whence
Beauty keeps non-residence.
Never word of hers I hear
But 'tis music to mine ear,
And much more contentment brings
Than the sweetly-touched strings
Of the pleasing lute, whose strains
Ravish hearers when it plains.

"Raised by her discourse I fly
In contented thoughts so high,
That I pass the common measures
Of the dulléd sense's pleasures,
And leave far below my flight
Vulgar pitches of delight.

"If she smile and merry be,
All about her are as she;
For each looker-on takes part
Of the joy that's in her heart.
If she grieve, or you but spy
Sadness peeping through her eye,
Such a grace it seems to borrow,
That you'll fall in love with sorrow,
And abhor the name of mirth
As the hatefull'st thing on earth.

"Should I see her shed a tear,
My poor eyes would melt, I fear;
For much more in hers appears
Than in other women's tears,
And her look did never feign
Sorrow where there was no pain.

"Seldom hath she been espied
So impatient as to chide;
For if any see her so,
They'll in love with anger grow.
Sigh or speak, or smile or talk,
Sing or weep, or sit or walk,
Everything that she doth do
Decent is and lovely too."

After like praise of her behaviour, her dress, and
other aids to Virtue's prevailing charm, Wither con-
tinues:—

"Though sometime my song I raise
To unusual heights of praise,
And break forth as I shall please
Into strange hyperboles,
'Tis to shew, conceit hath found
Worth beyond expressions bound.
Though her breath I do compare
To the sweet'st perfumes that are;
Or her eyes, that are so bright,
To the morning's cheerful light;
Yet I do it not so much
To infer that she is such,
As to shew that being blest
With what merits name of best,

¹ "The Manly Heart," on page 291 of the volume of "Shorter Poems," was given as an example of these lyrics in "Fair-Virtue."

She appears more fair to me
Than all creatures else that be.

"Her true beauty leaves behind
Apprehensions in my mind
Of more sweetness than all art
Or inventions can impart;
Thoughts too deep to be express'd,
And too strong to be suppress'd;
Which oft raiseth my conceits
To such unbeliev'd heights,
That I fear some shallow brain
Thinks my Muses do but feign.
Sure he wrongs them if he do:
For could I have reach'd to
So like strains as these you see
Had there been no such as she,
Is it possible that I,
Who scarce heard of poesy,
Should a mere idea raise
To as true a pitch of praise
As the learned poets could
Now, or in the times of old,
All those real beauties bring,
Honour'd by their sonneting;
Having arts and favours too,
More t' encourage what they do?
No, if I had never seen
Such a beauty, I had been
Piping in the country shades
To the homely dairy-maids,
For a country fiddler's fees,
Clouted cream, and bread and cheese.

"I no skill in numbers had
More than every shepherd's lad,
Till she taught me strains that were
Pleasing to her gentle ear.
Her fair splendour and her worth
From obscurity drew me forth;
And because I had no Muse,
She herself deign'd to infuse
All the skill by which I climb
To these praises in my rhyme."

And still the praise runs on in a strain of pleasant music, until it represents all outward charm that has been dwelt upon as but

"An incomparable shrine
Of a beauty more divine;"

and sings the praises of the mind of Fair-Virtue:—

"Let no critic cavil then
If I dare affirm again
That her mind's perfections are
Fairer than her body's far;
And I need not prove it by
Axioms of Philosophy,
Since no proof can better be
Than their rare effects in me;
For, whilst other men complaining
Tell their mistresses' disdainings,
Free from care I write a story
Only of her worth and glory.

"Whilst most lovers pining sit,
Robbed of liberty and wit,
Vassalling themselves with shame
To some proud imperious dame;
Or in songs their fate bewailing,
Shew the world their faithless failing,
I, enwreath'd with boughs of myrtle,
Fare like the belov'd turtle.

"Yea, while most are most untoward,
Peevish, vain, inconstant, froward;
While their best contentments bring
Nought but after-sorrowing;
She, those childish humours slighting,
Hath conditions so delighting,
And doth so my bliss endeavour,
As my joy increaseth ever.

"By her actions, I can see
That her passions so agree
Unto reason, that they err
Seldom to distemper her.

"Love she can, and doth, but so
As she will not overthrow
Love's content by any folly,
Or by deeds that are unholy.
Doatingly she ne'er affects,
Neither willingly neglects
Her honest love, but means doth find
With discretion to be kind.
'Tis not thund'ring phrase nor oaths,
Honours, wealth, nor painted clothes,
That can her good-liking gain,
If no other worth remain."

Then follow characters of a virtuous mind, until the poem is again interrupted by a group of songs. Philarete pauses to hear the music of a swain who comes day by day to sing and play in the groves, where he is praising his mistress Fair-Virtue to the shepherds. For the swain, who has entered an arbour,

"He so bashful is, that mute
Will his tongue be and his lute
Should he happen to spy
This unlooked-for company."

They are all silent, therefore, and draw quietly near to listen to the singing.

After the songs, the praise of Fair-Virtue runs on; for the swain espied the listeners, who were ill-hidden by the trees, and fled the place. Philarete says then to the shepherds:—

"To entreat him back again
Would be labour spent in vain.
You may therefore now betake ye
To the music I can make ye."

Happy the woman who shall be thought one with Fair-Virtue:—

"Yet, that I her servant am,
It shall more be to my fame

Than to own these woods and downs,
Or be lord of fifty towns;
And my mistress to be deem'd
Shall more honour be esteem'd,
Than those titles to acquire
Which most women most desire.
Yea, when you a woman shall
Countess or a duchess call,
That respect it shall not move,
Neither gain her half such love,
As to say, lo! this is she,
That supposed is to be
Mistress to Phil'areté.
And that lovely nymph, which he,
In a pastoral poem famed,
And Fair Virtue, there hath named.
Yea, some ladies (ten to one)
If not many, now unknown,
Will be very well apaid,
When by chance, she hears it said,—
She that fair one is whom I
Here have praised concealedly.

"And though now this age's pride
May so brave a hope deride;
Yet, when all their glories pass
As the thing that never was,
And on monuments appear,
That they e'er had breathing here
Who envy it; she shall thrive
In her fame, and honour'd live,
Whilst Great Britain's shepherds sing
English in their sonneting.
And whoe'er in future days,
Shall bestow the utmost praise
On his love, that any man
Attribute to creature can;
'Twill be this, that he hath dared
His and mine to have compared."



GEORGE WITHER. (From the Portrait prefixed to his "Emblems," 1635.)

When the strain was at last ended, still there
was dance and song among the shepherds and the

nymphs, so that Wither's little volume was rich
the grace of lyric verse with wisdom in its unde-
thought. The last of the songs before the rust-
company broke up, after Philarete had separate
was:—

A NYMPH'S SONG

In praise of the Lover of Virtue.

Gentle swain, good speed befall thee;
And in love still prosper thou!
Future times shall happy call thee,
Tho' thou lie neglected now:
Virtue's lovers shall commend thee,
And perpetual fame attend thee.

Happy are these woody mountains,
In whose shadow thou dost hide;
And as happy are those fountains,
By whose murmurs thou dost bide:
For contents are here excelling,
More than in a prince's dwelling.

These thy flocks do clothing bring thee,
And thy food out of the fields;
Pretty songs the birds do sing thee;
Sweet perfumes the meadow yields:
And what more is worth the seeing,
Heaven and earth thy prospect being?

None comes hither who denies thee
Thy contentments for despite;
Neither any that envies thee
That wherein thou dost delight:
But all happy things are meant thee,
And whatever may content thee.

Thy affection reason measures,
And distempers none it feeds;
Still so harmless are thy pleasures,
That no other's grief it breeds:
And if night beget thee sorrow,
Seldom stays it till the morrow.

Why do foolish men so vainly
Seek contentment in their store,
Since they may perceive so plainly
Thou art rich in being poor:
And that they are vex'd about it,
Whilst thou merry art without it?

Why are idle brains devising,
How high titles may be gain'd,
Since by those poor toys despising,
Thou hast higher things obtained?
For the man who scorns to crave them,
Greater is than they that have them.

If all men could taste that sweetness,
Thou dost in thy meanness know,
Kings would be to seek where greatness
And their honours to bestow,
For if such content would breed them,
As they would not think they need them.

And if those who so aspiring
To the court preferments be,
Knew how worthy the desiring
Those things are, enjoyed by thee,
Wealth and titles would hereafter
Subjects be for scorn and laughter.

He that courtly styles affected
Should a May-Lord's honour have:
He, that heaps of wealth collected,
Should be counted as a slave:
And the man with few'st things cumbered,
With the noblest should be numbered.

Thou their folly hast discernéd,
That neglect thy mind and thee:
And to slight them thou hast learnéd,
Of what title e'er they be:
That no more with thee obtaineth,
Than with them by meanness gaineth.

All their riches, honours, pleasures,
Poor unworthy trifles seem,
If comparéd with thy treasures,
And do merit no esteem:
For they true contents provide thee,
But from them can none divide thee.

Whether thralléd or exiléd,
Whether poor or rich thou be,
Whether praised or reviléd,
Not a rush it is to thee:
This nor that thy rest doth win thee,
But the mind which is within thee.

Then, oh why, so madly dote we
On those things that us o'erload?
Why no more their vainness note we,
But still make of them a god?
For alas! they still deceive us,
And in greatest need they leave us.

Therefore have the fates provided
Well, thou happy swain, for thee,
That may'st here so far divided
From the world's distractions be:
Thee distemper let them never,
But in peace continue ever.

In these lonely groves enjoy thou
That contentment here begun;
And thy hours so pleas'd employ thou,
Till the latest glass be run:
From a fortune so assuréd,
By no temptings be alluréd.

Much good do't them with their glories,
Who in courts of princes dwell;
We have read in antique stories,
How some rose and how they fell:
And 'tis worthy well the heeding,
There's like end, where's like proceeding.

Be thou still in thy affection
To thy noble mistress true;
Let her never-match'd perfection
Be the same unto thy view:

And let never other beauty
Make thee fail in Love or Duty.

For if thou shalt not estrangéd
From thy course professéd be,
But remain for aye unchangéd,
Nothing shall have power on thee:
Those that slight thee now shall love thee,
And in spite of spite approve thee.

So these virtues now neglected
To be more esteem'd will come;
Yea, those toys so much affected,
Many shall be woo'd from:
And the Golden Age deploréd
Shall by some be thought restoréd.

William Drummond of Hawthornden was about three years older than George Wither, and Drummond's "Flowers of Zion" appeared in the same year as Wither's "Faithful Virtue," 1623. In this collection (of which the poems have no headings given to them by their author) there is also

A NYMPH'S SONG
Of the true Happiness.

Amidst the azure clear
Of Jordan's sacred streams,
Jordan, of Lebanon the offspring dear,
When zephyrs flow'rs uncloze,
And sun shines with new beams,
With grave and stately grace a Nymph arose.
Upon her head she ware
Of amaranths a crown;
Her left hand palms, her right a torch did bear;
Unveiled skin's whiteness lay;
Gold hairs in curls hung down;
Eyes sparkled joy, more bright than star of day.
The flood a throne her reared
Of waves, most like that heaven
Where beaming stars in glory turn ensphered.
The air stood calm and clear,
No sigh by winds was given,
Birds left to sing, herds feed,—her voice to hear:

"World-wand'ring sorry wights,
Whom nothing can content
Within these varying lists of days and nights;
Whose life, ere known amiss,
In glitt'ring griefs is spent;
Come learn," said she, "what is your choicest bliss:
From toil and pressing cares
How ye may respite find,
A sanctuary from soul-thralling snares;
A port to harbour sure,
In spite of waves and wind,
Which shall, when time's swift glass is run, endure.

"Not happy is that life
Which you as happy hold;
No, but a sea of fears, a field of strife;
Charg'd on a throne to sit
With diadems of gold,
Preserv'd by force, and still observ'd by wit;

Huge treasures to enjoy,
Of all her gems spoil Ind,
All Seres' silk in garments to employ,
Deliciously to feed,
The phoenix' plumes to find
To rest upon, or deck your purple bed ;
Frail beauty to abuse,
And, wanton Sybarites,
On past or present touch of sense to muse ;
Never to hear of noise
But what the ear delights,
Sweet music's charms, or charming flatterer's voice.
Nor can it bliss you bring,
Hid Nature's depths to know,
Why matter changeth, whence each form doth spring ;
Nor that your fame should range,
And after-worlds it blow
From Tanais to Nile, from Nile to Gango.
All these have not the power
To free the mind from fears,
Nor hideous horror can allay one hour,
When death in stealth doth glance,
In sickness lurks or years,
And wakes the soul from out her mortal trance.

" No, but blest life is this :
With chaste and pure desire
To turn unto the load-star of all bliss,
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing Him to be by Him possess ;
When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart
Him cheerfully to praise, and to Him pray ;
To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe ;
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright ;
Never to do what may repentance bring ;
Not to be blown with pride,
Nor mov'd at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide ;
So malice to disarm
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work your harm ;
To hatch no base desires
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleas'd with that which virtue fair acquires ;
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill ;
Never on neighbour's goods
With cockatrice's eye
To look, nor make another's heaven your hell ;
Nor to be beauty's thrall,
All fruitless love to fly,
Yet loving still a Love transcendent all,
A Love which, while it burns
The soul with fairest beams,
To that increate sun the soul it turns,
And makes such beauty prove,
That, if sense saw her gleams
All lookers on would pine and die for Love.

" Who such a life doth live
You happy even may call
Ere ruthless Death a wish'd end him give :
And after then when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humanes' earth, enjoying angels' hall

" Swift is your mortal race,
And glassy is the field ;
Vast are desires not limited by grace :
Life a weak taper is ;
Then while it light doth yield,
Leave flying joys, embrace this lasting bliss

This when the nymph had said,
She dived within the flood,
Whose face with smiling curls long after
Then sighs did zephyrs press,
Birds sang from every wood,
And echoes rang, " This was true Happiness

After a recovery from severe illness Dr
sent these lines

TO SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER

With the Author's Epitaph.

Though I have twice been at the doors of death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever
This but a light'ning is, truce ta'en to breathe,
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.

Amidst thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou shalt hear wandering fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal soul
And that on earth I am but a sad name :

If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys heaven here as gave
I conjure thee, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave :

Here Damon lies, whose songs did sometime grace
The murmuring Eas :—may roses shade the place

Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, b. 1580, was about five years older than Drum. He also was a poet, and had been in favour of James VI. before he became James I. of England. In 1621 he received a grant of Nova Scotia, he was to colonise at his own expense. He until 1640, was made Secretary of State for Scotland and otherwise honoured. As poet, he is best known for his four *Monarchic Tragedies*, published at Edinburgh, in 1614, a long poem in octave rhyme, entitled "Doomsday, or the Day of the Lord's Judgment," of which there is a London edition in 1637. It is divided into 12 Hours, and was perhaps inspired by the poem of Bartas on the Seven Days of creation ; one part of the beginning of the world, the other of the end. The first hour of Doomsday declares God present. His works, tells of the sin of man and of the plagues and judgments that have been as signs

the last. The second hour tells of signs and wonders before the sounding of the last trumpet call. The theme of the third hour is the descent of Christ to judgment and the end of the world. In the fourth hour the trumpet sounds and the dead rise. In the fifth hour trial of souls begins, and in this hour and the sixth and seventh the heathen, the creature worshippers, those whom ambition led through blood, those who lived sensually, the false judges and the learned, above all the Churchmen, who abused their gifts, are accused. With the eighth hour begins the record of the souls who stand in triumph. First come the patriarchs, priests, and prophets, faithful to God, though knowing Christ only in types and figures. Then in the ninth hour come the evangelists, apostles, and those who knew Christ in the flesh; then the first martyrs and early Fathers of the Church. In the tenth hour there is the parting of the evil from the good :—

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

That happy squadron is not question'd now,
What ill they did, what good they did neglect,
No circumstance is urg'd, when, where, nor how,
They oft had fail'd, in what God did direct;
He trusts, not tries, not counts, but doth allow;
The Lord in Israel will no fault detect,
But absolutely doth absolve them all,
And from their bondage to a kingdom call.

"You whom my Father blessed, no more dismayed,
Come, and enjoy that boundless kingdom now,
Which, ere the world's foundations first were laid,
By heaven's decree hath been prepar'd for you;
With rays more bright than are the sun's array'd,
Before the throne you shall with reverence bow:
The height of pleasure which you should possess,
No tongue of man is able to express.

"When pressed by famine you me friendly fed,
And did with drink my scorching thirst allay;
You with your garments me, when naked, clad,
Whose kindly visits sickness could not stay;
No, even in prison, they me comfort bred,
Thus charity extended every way:
Your treasures, kept in heaven, for int'rest gain
That you enrich'd eternally remain."

With spiritual joy each one transported sings,
And, lifted up, to heaven in haste would fly,
But yet this speech so great amazement brings,
That modestly they, as with doubt, reply:
"Unbounded Lord, when didst thou lack such things,
That there was cause our willingness to try?"

Who nothing had but what Thou gav'st to us;
How couldst Thou need, or we afford it thus?"

"That which was given, as now I do reveal,
Unto the least of those whom I held dear,"
Saith Christ, "deep grav'd with an eternal seal
As due by me, I do acknowledge here;
Those were the objects prompted for your zeal,
By which your goodness only could appear:
Best magazines for wealth the poor did prove,
Where, when laid up, no thief could it remove."

Thus helpful alms, the offering most esteemed,
Doth men on th' earth, the Lord in heaven content,
How many are, if time might be redeemed,
Who wish they thus their revenues had spent?
If this on th' earth so profitable seemed,
What usurer would for others' gains be bent?
But would the poor with plenty oft supply,
Though they themselves for want were like to die.

Those who, affecting vain ambition's end,
To gain opinion muster all in show;
And, prodigal, superfluously spend
All what they have, or able are to owe,
For pleasures frail, whilst straying fancies tend,
As Paradise could yet be found below:
Still pamp'ring flesh with all that th' earth can give,
No happiness more seek but here to live;

Those if not gorgeous who do garments scorn,
And not in warmth but for cost exceed,
Though as of worms they have the entrails worn,
Worms shall at last upon their entrails feed;
Those dainty tastes who, as for eating born,
That they may feast strive appetite to breed,
And, curious gluttons, even of vileness vaunt,
Whilst surfeiting when thousands starve for want.

The world's chief idol, nurse of fretting cares,
Dumb trafficker, yet understood o'er all,
State's chain, life's maintenance, load-star of affairs,
Which makes all nations voluntarily thrall,
A subtle sorcerer, always laying snares;
How many, Money, hast thou made to fall!
The general jewel, of all things the price,
To virtue sparing, lavish unto vice.

The fool that is unfortunately rich,
His goods perchance doth from the poor extort,
Yet leaves his brother dying in a ditch,
Whom one excess, if spar'd, would well support;
And, whilst the love of gold doth him bewitch,
This miser's misery gives others sport:
The prodigal God's creatures doth abuse,
And them, the wretch, not necessar'ly use.

Those roving thoughts which did at random soar,
And, though they had conveniently to live,
Would never look behind, but far before,
And, scorning goodness, to be great did strive;
For, still projecting how to purchase more,
Thus, bent to get, they could not dream to give:
Such minds whom envy hath fill'd up with grudge,
Have left no room, where charity may lodge.

Ah! who of those can well express the grief,
Whom once this earth did for most happy hold?
Of all their neighbours still esteem'd the chief,
Whilst stray'd opinion balanc'd worth by gold:
That which to thousands might have given relief,
Wrong spent or spar'd, is for their ruin told:
Thus pleasures past, what anguish now doth even?
We see how hardly rich men go to heaven.

The eleventh hour of "Doomsday" displays the suffering of those who are condemned; and the

twelfth points at the transcendent bliss of the souls glorified.

Francis Quarles, who was four years younger than Wither, and in the time of James I. was cupbearer to his daughter Elizabeth before becoming secretary to Dr. Usher in Ireland, wrote in James's reign some poems upon the Scripture stories of Jonah, Esther, and Job, with metrical versions from Jeremiah and King Solomon, as "Sion's Elegies" and "Sion's Sonnets." But Quarles is best known for his "Emblems," which were published in the reign of Charles I.

We may pass out of the reign of James I. with the two brothers Edward and George Herbert, sons of Richard Herbert, Esq., Deputy-Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire. Richard Herbert's grandfather, Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, had been steward of the Welsh Marches in Henry VIII.'s time, and brother to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Richard Herbert, the father of Edward and George, was black-haired, black-bearded, and bold. He and his wife Magdalen, daughter of Sir Richard Newport, had ten children: seven sons and three daughters. Edward, born in 1581, was the eldest son. He became afterwards a Knight of the Bath as Sir Edward Herbert, and then Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The second son, Richard, after he had been well educated, fought in the Low Countries in battles and duels, and carried scars of four-and-twenty wounds with him to his grave in Bergen-op-Zoom. William, the third son, also well educated, spent his life in the wars. Charles, the fourth son, distinguished himself at New College, Oxford, and died early. The fifth son was George Herbert, born in 1593, the poet whose name remains familiar to his countrymen. The other two brothers were Henry, who prospered greatly as a courtier, and Thomas, who distinguished himself by his skill and courage in the navy, but missed the promotion he deserved, and closed his days in discontent.

Edward, the eldest of these sons, was born in 1581, at Eyton, Shropshire, in a house that came into the family as part of his mother's heritage. He must have been more discreet as an infant than as a man, for he says in his autobiography, "The very farthest thing I remember is, that when I understood what was said by others, I did yet forbear to speak, lest I should utter something that were imperfect or impertinent." After private teaching, he was sent, at the age of twelve, to University College, Oxford, and soon afterwards arrangement was made for his marriage to an heiress in direct descent from William, the Earl of Pembroke, who was brother to Edward's great-grandfather, Sir Richard. The young lady inherited her large estates subject to the condition that she should marry a Herbert. Young Edward was the only Herbert matching her in fortune. He was six years younger, but the match was made, and Edward Herbert married before he had finished his studies at the University.

He himself thus tells in his autobiography how he came to London at the age of nineteen, and was made a Knight of the Bath early in the reign of James I.:

About the year of our Lord 1600, I came to London; shortly after which the attempt of the Earl of Essex, related in our history, followed, which I had rather were seen in the writers of that argument than here. Not long after this, curiosity, rather than ambition, brought me to court; and as it was the manner of those times for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence-chamber, when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath, demanded, "Who is this?" Everybody there present looked upon me, but no man knew me, until Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The queen thereupon looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, "It is a pity he was married so young," and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek. I remember little more of myself, but that from that time until King James's coming to the crown, I had a son, which died shortly afterwards, and that I attended my studies seriously, the more I learnt out of my books adding still a desire to know more.

King James being now acknowledged king, and coming towards London, I thought fit to meet his Majesty at Burley, near Stamford. Shortly after I was made Knight of the Bath, with the usual ceremonies belonging to that ancient order. I could tell how much my person was commended by the lords and ladies that came to see the solemnity then used, but I shall flatter myself too much if I believed it.

I must not forget yet the ancient custom, being that some principal person was to put on the right spur of those the king had appointed to receive that dignity: the Earl of Shrewsbury seeing my esquire there with my spur in his hand, voluntarily came to me and said, "Cousin, I believe you will be a good knight, and therefore I will put on your spur;" whereupon, after my most humble thanks for a great favour, I held up my leg against the wall, and he put on my spur.

There is another custom likewise, that the knights the first day wear the gown of some religious order, and the night following to be bathed; after which they take an oath never to sit in place where injustice should be done, but they shall right it to the uttermost of their power; and particularly ladies and gentlewomen that shall be wronged in their honour, if they demand assistance, and many other points, not unlike the romances of knight errantry.

The second day to wear robes of crimson taffety (in which habit I am painted in my study), and so to ride from St. James's to Whitehall, with our esquires before us; and the third day to wear a gown of purple satin, upon the left sleeve whereof is fastened certain strings weaved of white silk and gold tied in a knot, and tassels to it of the same, which all the knights are obliged to wear until they have done something famous in arms, or until some lady of honour take it off, and fasten it on her sleeve, saying, "I will answer he shall prove a good knight."

Sir Edward Herbert, who had all the faith of his time in the chivalry of duelling, interpreted his vow as a Knight of the Bath in a way that would have satisfied his contemporary, Don Quixote, that good knight who was first introduced to the world by Cervantes in 1605, about the time when Sir Edward Herbert began his career as Knight of the Bath. About the year 1608, when he had a fourth child born, he went abroad. At Paris, soon after his

George Herbert, the fifth of Richard Herbert's seven sons, was born at Montgomery Castle on the 3rd of April, 1593, and was in his fourth year when his father died. He was educated at home by his mother for the next eight years, and then sent to Westminster School. In his fifteenth year, being a king's scholar, he was sent on to Trinity College, Cambridge, and, young as he was, he had already entered into controversy on church questions of the day. When, after the accession of James to the English throne, the Millenary Petition represented the desire of many of the clergy for further reformation in the Church, the Universities signified their displeasure. Cambridge passed a grace that whosoever opposed by word or writing or any other way the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England, or any part of it, should be suspended, *ipso facto*, from any degree already taken, and be disabled from taking any degree for the future. Oxford published a formal answer to the petition and condemnation of the petitioners. Andrew Melville, Rector of St. Andrews, a leading minister of the Scottish Church, then satirised the Universities (in 1604) in a Latin poem entitled "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria," that is, accusation against Thames and Cam—Oxford and Cambridge. George Herbert, as a schoolboy, retorted with "Epigrams Apologetical," which were not printed until 1662. They could only have been published by one who shared the unwisdom of a boyish partisan. George Herbert went to Cambridge in May, 1609, graduated as B.A. early in 1613, and as M.A. at the age of twenty-three, in 1616, year of the death of Shakespeare. In January, 1620, George Herbert was elected Public Orator, and thus obtained what he said was "the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest, yet that will be about £30 per annum.

free, though foreseen, and predestined only through foreknowledge. 2. Of Redemption; that Christ atoned for the sins of all men and of each man, though none but those who believe in Him can be partakers of the benefit. 3. Of Original Sin; that true faith cannot come to the natural man without help of the Grace of God—that is, regeneration by the Holy Ghost, which is the gift of God through Christ. 4. Of Effectual Grace; that this Divine Grace begins, advances, and perfects whatever is good in man; wherefore every good work proceeds from God alone, but His Grace, offered to all, does not force men to act against their inclinations, and may be resisted by the impenitent sinner. 5. Of Perseverance; that God helps the truly faithful to remain so, though—and upon this at first opinion among Arminians differed—the regenerate may lose true justifying faith, fall from a state of Grace, and die in their sins. These opinions were, it will be seen, mainly protests against Calvin's views of Predestination. The Remonstrants were left free to hold their opinions until 1618, when the States General convoked at Dort a Synod of thirty-eight Dutch and Walloon divines, five professors from different universities, and twenty-one lay elders, with ecclesiastical deputies from most of the States of the United Provinces, and from the churches of the Palatinate, Hesse, Switzerland, Bremen, England, and Scotland. The Synod of Dort condemned the Arminians, banished their ministers, and submitted to trial their ablest defenders, Barnevelt, Grotius, and Hoogwerf. Barnevelt was executed; Grotius and Hoogwerf were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. Arminian opinion spread through the Reformed Churches of Europe, and was favoured by James I. and Charles I. because they looked upon the Calvinistic Puritans as enemies, and had more trust in a body of Reformers who had parted from them and were persecuted by them. The strict Calvinist disliked an Arminian almost as much as a Roman Catholic. Under the Stuarts royal preference of a divine tinged with Arminian opinions was so marked, that when Bishop George Morley was asked "what the Arminians held," his answer was, "All the best bishoprics and deaneries in England."

But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue, for the Orator writes all the University letters, be it to the king, prince, or whoever comes to the University." The commodiousness of the office was, that it enabled a man who sought advancement at court to show his ability to the king, and make himself agreeable. Public orators before him had used the post as a stepping-stone to court preferment, and during the rest of the reign of James I. George Herbert waited upon his Majesty, a courtly and a witty fortune-hunter. He got in 1623—as a layman—the sinecure rectory of Whitford in Flintshire, which was worth £120 a year, and had once been given to Philip Sidney when he was a boy of ten. But the death of James I. on the 27th of March, 1625, put an end to all George Herbert's further hopes in that direction.

CHAPTER IX.

UNDER CHARLES I. AND THE COMMONWEALTH.—
GEORGE HERBERT, RICHARD SIBBES, THOMAS FULLER, JOHN HOWE, GEORGE FOX, RICHARD BAXTER, JEREMY TAYLOR, JOHN MILTON, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1625 TO A.D. 1660.

GEORGE HERBERT, still a layman, was in July, 1626, year of the death of Francis Bacon, made a prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia or Leighton Bromswald, in Huntingdonshire, with a stall in Lincoln. He repaired the church of the place. In 1627 his mother died, and George Herbert retired from his office of Public Orator. He left Cambridge, weak in health, for he was consumptive, and stayed for a time with his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, at Woodford, in Essex. In 1629 he was at Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, the seat of the Earl of Danby, with whom he was connected by his mother's second marriage. She had married Sir John Danvers. At Dauntsey his health improved. In March, 1629, he married Jane Danvers, a kinswoman of his stepfather and of Lord Danby. George Herbert had resolved now to take holy orders. His kinsman Philip, Earl of Pembroke, obtained for him the living of Bemerton, with a little church within a mile or two of the great house at Wilton, half way between Wilton and Salisbury. George Herbert found Charles I. and his Court with the Earl, at Wilton, when he went there, and on the 26th of April, 1630, the Bishop of Salisbury inducted him into his living. George Herbert's church at Bemerton supplied the needs of a thinly-scattered population, though it would perhaps have been overcrowded by a congregation of fifty. There he laboured for not quite three years, marked for death by consumption, lodged in a slight hollow of pleasant but over-watered meadow-land, most favourable to the growth of his disease. The supreme beauty of George Herbert's life was in its close at Bemerton from the beginning of his ministration there in April, 1630, when he was thirty-seven years old, to his death at the age of forty. He was buried under the altar of his church on the 3rd of March, 1633. According to his wish, no word of inscription marks his resting-place. The little church remains,

and is still used for week-day prayers, but near it there has been built a handsome memorial church.

For his own use he set down in a little book his view of the duties of "the Country Parson," treating of his knowledge; the parson on Sundays; his praying; his preaching; his charity; his comforting the sick; his arguing; his condescending; the parson in his journey; the parson in his mirth; the parson with his churchwardens; the parson blessing the people. "His chiefest recreation," says Izaak Walton, "was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and composed many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury, and at his

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need;
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin;
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the virtue of that Name
Which is the best stake when griefs make thee tame.

Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both:
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;
The stormy-working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true: nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

The way to make thy son rich is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests which fly over ditches;



GEORGE HERBERT'S CHURCH AT BEMERTON.

return would say, 'that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth.' But before his return thence to Bemerton he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and to justify this practice he would often say, 'Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.' George Herbert's sacred poems, expressing a pure spirit of worship that shone in these last years of his life through all his actions, were published under the title of "The Temple" in 1633, soon after his death. The opening verses, entitled "The Church Porch," are counsels as to the mind with which the temple should be entered, of which these are a few examples that may serve as an abridgment of the whole:—

FROM GEORGE HERBERT'S CHURCH PORCH.

Thou whose sweet youth and early hopes inance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure:
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be called his treasure.

By all means use sometimes to be alone;
Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear:
Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there:
Who cannot rest till he good-fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour?
Then keep such company; make them thy ally:
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour:
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows
Whom all his passions follow as he goes.

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least;
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abuses; for the fly
That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
 Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness;
 These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound:
 The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
 All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
 But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
 Error a fault, and truth discourtesy. 50
 Why should I feel another man's mistakes
 More than his sickness or his poverty?
 In love I should; but anger is not love,
 Nor wisdom neither; therefore gently move.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
 Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
 Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
 To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
 And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
 To the one joy of doing kindnesses. 60

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
 That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
 Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
 Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
 Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
 Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In alms regard thy means and others' merit:
 Think heaven a better bargain than to give
 Only thy single market-money for it;
 Join hands with God to make a man to live. 70
 Give to all something; to a good poor man
 Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
 Yet public hath more promises, more love;
 And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
 We all are but cold suitors; let us move
 Where it is warmest: leave thy six and seven;
 Pray with the most, for where most pray is heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare;
 God is more there than thou; for thou art there 80
 Only by His permission: then beware,
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking; quit thy state;
 All equal are within the Church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most:
 Praying's the end of preaching. Oh, be drest;
 Stay not for th' other pin! Why, thou hast lost
 A joy for it worth worlds. Thus Hell doth jest
 Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee; 89
 Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart, that, spying sin,
 They may weep out the stains by them did rise:
 Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
 Who marks in church-time others' symmetry
 Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain and busy thoughts have there no part;
 Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
 Christ purg'd His temple; so must thou thy heart:
 All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together 100

To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well;
 For churches are either our Heaven or Hell.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge;
 If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not:
 God calleth preaching folly: do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot:
 The worst speak something good; if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
 And in the morning what thou hast to do; 110
 Dress and undress thy soul; mark the decay
 And growth of it; if with thy watch that too
 Be down, then wind up both: since we shall be
 Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely, play the man:
 Look not on pleasures as they come, but go;
 Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
 Make not an ell by trifling in thy woe.
 If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains;
 If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains. 120

Then follows the Crossing of the Threshold.

SUPERLIMINARE.

Thou whom the former precepts have
 Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
 Thyself in Church, approach and taste
 The Church's mystical repast.

AVOID PROFANENESS! COME NOT HERE:
 NOTHING BUT HOLY, PURE, AND CLEAR,
 OR THAT WHICH GROANETH TO BE SO,
 MAY AT HIS PERIL FURTHER GO.



GEORGE HERBERT.

From the Portrait before his "Temple" (1674).

When the Temple is entered, the eye dwells first
 on the altar, and the altar of the heart is reared in
 a poem altar-shaped. Next follows The Sacrifice—

Christ dying for man; Thanksgiving; the Agony; Poems on Good Friday and Easter; and so onward through Prayer, Repentance, the Communion, to many thoughts of God. I quote three of these poems:—

VIRTUE.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie, 10
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears more fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
Reason and speech we only bring; 10
Parrots may thank us if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides;
Each part may call the farthest brother,
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey; 20
His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth resteth, heaven moveth, fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food 30
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head;
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being, to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:
Waters united are our navigation;
Distinguish'd, our habitation;
Below, our drink; above, our meat; 40
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on Man
Than he'll take notice of: in ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it, 50
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit,
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

MAN'S MEDLEY.

Hark how the birds do sing,
And the woods ring:
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

To this life things of sense
Make their pretence;
In th' other angels have a right by birth: 10
Man ties them both alone,
And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.

In soul he mounts and flies,
In flesh he dies;
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
But trimm'd with curious lace,
And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer; 20
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

But as his joys are double,
So is his trouble:
He hath two winters, other things but one;
Both frosts and thoughts do nip
And bite his lip; 30
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right and in their ways.
Happy is he whose heart
Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise.

Christopher Harvey, born in 1597, was the son of a preacher at Bunbury, in Cheshire.¹ His mother, in 1609, took in second marriage another preacher, Thomas Pierson, of Brampton-Brian, on the borders of Radnor and Hereford. Christopher in 1613 entered Brasenose College as a poor scholar, graduated as B.A. in 1617, M.A. in 1620. He was living by the Wye, at Whitney, in Hereford—perhaps as curate—before he became rector there after the death of his predecessor, in December, 1630. For half a year, from September, 1632, to March, 1633, Christopher Harvey left Whitney to be head-master of the Grammar School at Kington; but he returned to Whitney, and four more children were born there, making a family of five, before November, 1635, when Sir Robert Whitney of Whitney presented him to the vicarage of Clifton-on-Dunsmore, in Warwickshire. Here he had four more children, of whom one, named Whitney, died in infancy, and then he himself died at the age of sixty-six, in 1663. In 1647, the Vicar of Clifton published anonymously "The Synagogue, or Shadow of the Temple. Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations in imitation of Mr. George Herbert," of which there was a fourth edition in his lifetime (1661). In the same year he published "Schola Cordis,² or the Heart of itself gone away from God, brought back again to Him, and instructed by Him. In forty-seven Emblems." This (left with the old spelling unaltered) is the thirty-fifth—

THE ENLARGING OF THE HEART.

How pleasant is that now which heretofore
Mine heart held bitter—sacred learning's lore!
Enlarged hearts enter with greatest ease
The straitest paths, and runne the narrowest wayes.

What a blessed change I find
Since I intertain'd this Guest!
Now methinks another mind
Moves and rules within my brest.
Surely I am not the same
That I was before He came;
But I then was much to blame.

10

When before my God commanded
Anything He would have done,
I was close and gripple-handed,
Made an end ere I begunne;
If He thought it fit to lay
Judgements on me, I could say,
"They are good,"—but shrinks away.

¹ The Rev. A. B. Grosart, in his edition for the "Fuller Worthies Library" of the whole works of Christopher Harvey—then first collected—made valuable additions to our knowledge of facts of his life.

² "The School of the Heart."

All the wayes of righteousness
I did think were full of trouble;
I complain'd of tediousnesse,
And each duty seeméd double:
Whilst I serv'd Him but of feare,
Ev'ry minute did appeare
Longer farre then a whole year.

20

Strictnesse in religion seem'd
Like a pinéd pinion'd thing;
Bolts and fetters I esteem'd
More besceeming for a king,
Then for me to bow my neck,
And be at another's beck
When I felt my conscience check.

30

But the case is alter'd now;
He no sooner turnes His eye,
But I quickly bend and bow,
Ready at His feet to lie;
Love hath taught me to obey
All His precepts, and to say,
"Not to-morrow, but to-day."

What He wills, I say, "I must;"
What I must, I say, "I will;"
He commanding, it is just,
What He would, I should fulfil;
Whilst He biddeth, I beleeve;
What He calls for, He will give;
To obey Him is—to live.

40

His commandments grievous are not
Longer then men think them so;
Though He send me forth, I care not,
Whilst He gives me strength to goe.
When or whither, all is one;
On His bus'nesse, not mine owne,
I shall never goe alone.

50

If I be compleat in Him,—
And in Him all fulnesse dwelleth,—
I am sure aloft to swim
Whilst that ocean overswelleth;
Having Him that's All in All,
I am confident I shall
Nothing want for which I call.

60

Christopher Harvey and his "Synagogue" received
this praise from Izaak Walton—

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND.

I loved you for your Synagogue before
I knew your person; but now love you more;
Because I find
It is so true a picture of your mind;
Which tunes your sacred lyre
To that eternal quire,
Where holy Herbert sits
(O shame to profane wits!)
And sings his and your anthems, to the praise
Of Him that is the First and Last of days.

70

The Hymn.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
Al meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize.
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden-white to throw,
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly aliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.¹

No war or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up-hung;
The hookéd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wa

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,

¹ There was said to have been peace throughout the world time of the birth of Christ. This happened in the reign of Augustus when the idea of universal Peace—the Roman Peace—charmed the poets and politicians. Virgil expressed it through the forecast of the old Anchises in the sixth book of the "Æneid":—

"But ye, my Romans, still control
The nations far and wide.
Be this your genius, to impose
The Rule of Peace on vanquished foes,
Show pity to the humbled soul
And crush the sons of pride."

(Conington's Transl.)

² Ovid tells, in the eleventh book of his "Metamorphoses" Ceyx, king of Trachis, sailed to consult an oracle, promising wife Alcyone, daughter of Æolus, god of the winds, that he return in two months. He was wrecked in a storm. Juno Isis to bring to Alcyone a dream, from the god of sleep, which the ghost of her dead husband told his fate. She was

your heart,

became a student of
just at the time
and the accession of
on the 9th of Decem-
three weeks older than
the dawn of Christmas
mounted heavenward

OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

and this the happy morn,
Of Heaven's eternal King,
And Virgin-Mother born,
From above did bring;
And from above did sing,
And from above should release,
And from above should be,
And from above should be.

that light unsufferable,
The burning blaze of majesty,
He went at Heaven's high council-table
In the midst of Trinal Unity,
And here with us to be,
Stemmed the courts of everlasting day,
And here with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

My heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
And a present to the infant God?
Must thou no voice, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now, while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath not the print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far upon the eastern road
The startled wizards haste with odours sweet!
Oh! run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning-light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespoke, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given Day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than¹
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below.
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly² thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took;
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,

wild grief, rushed to the shore, and saw his body floating on the waves—

"Thither forthwith, O wonderful! she springs
Beating the passive air with new-grown wings,
Who, now a bird, the water's summit rakes;
About she flies, and full of sorrow makes
A mournful noise, lamenting her divorce:
Anon she touched his dumb and bloodless corse,
With stretchéd wings embraced her perished bliss
And gave his colder lips a heatless kiss.
Whether he felt it or the floods his look
Advanced, the vulgar doubt; yet sure he took
Sense from the touch. The gods commiserate,
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As erst they love; their nuptial faiths they shew
In little birds, engender, parents grow.
Seven winter days in peaceful calms possess
Alcyon sits upon her floating nest;
They safely sail, then Æolus incaves
For his, the Winds, and smooths the stooping waves."

(Sandys's Translation.)

This is the fable of the Halcyon in whose breeding time at sea there is a calm.

¹ *Than*, then. Our two words were originally one word, "*thane*."

² *Silly*, simple, innocent; from "*sælig*," happy, blessed.

That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed.
The helméd Cherubim,
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen, in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping, in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive³ notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music—as 'tis said—
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
—If ye have power to touch our senses so—
And let your silver-chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony⁴
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow, and like glories wearing;
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissue clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

³ *Unexpressive*, ineffable, inexpressible. So Milton's Lycidas in heaven "hears the unexpressive nuptial song;" and Rosalind, in "*As You Like It*," is "*The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she*."

⁴ *Ninefold harmony of the spheres*. According to the Ptolemaic astronomy, there were nine moving spheres of the world; outermost, the "*primum mobile*," which gave motion to the others and carried them round with it in diurnal revolution, then the sphere of the fixed stars, then successively inwards the spheres or orbits of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, the Moon, the Earth being in the centre. The nine spheres were said to correspond to the nine Muses, the spaces between them formed musical intervals, and the sounds produced by their movements were said to blend in a perfect harmony of the universe. The interval from the earth to the moon was a tone, from the moon to Mercury a semitone, from Mercury to Venus another semitone, but thence to the sun three tones and a half or a diapente (the old term for an interval of a fifth), and from the moon to the sun two and a half or a diatessaron (interval of a fourth); then a tone from the sun to Mars; from Mars to Jove and from Jove to Saturn each a semitone, again a semitone to the starry sphere. From the earth, therefore, to the starry heavens a complete diapason (or octave) of six tones. Besides this, there was said to be musical proportion in the rate of movement of the planets, and the sounds produced thereby; the swifter motion of the moon causing a sound of higher pitch than that of the starry sphere, which being slowest of all produces the gravest sound, "*the base of heaven's deep organ*;" but there is a proportionate return caused by the motion of the *primum mobile* with which the starry sphere has swiftest accord and makes the shrillest treble and the most the bass.

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so, 150
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That, on the bitter cross,
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake.
The aged earth aghast, 160
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,—
But now begins; for from this happy day
The Old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound, 170
Not half so far casts his usurp'd sway,
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arch'd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.¹ 180

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth, 190
The Lars and Lemures² moan with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

¹ So in "Paradise Regained," book i., Christ says to Satan—

"No more shalt thou by oraceling abuse
The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceased,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be inquired at Delphos, or elsewhere;
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute."

² *Lars and Lemures.* The *Lares* were inferior deities of the Romans, who were public, presiding over city, country, roads, &c.; and domestic, whose images were placed within the house upon an altar near the hearth, thence called by Milton "the holy hearth." *Lemures* were "souls of the silent ones," spirits of the dead, who lie "in consecrated earth."

Peor and Baalim³
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with taper's holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon⁴ shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz⁵ mourn

And sullen Moloch,⁶ fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile⁷ as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

³ *Peor and Baalim.* Baal was the supreme male god of the Canaanites. Baal Peor was the name under which he was worshipped by Israelites while yet in the wilderness. Representing powers of nature he was worshipped with affix of various other names, which are comprised in the plural form Baalim. He was associated with the sun Ashtoreth (plural Ashtaroth) or Astarte, the companion deity, queen of heaven, was associated with the moon.

⁴ *Lybic Hammon.* The Lybian deity first worshipped at Methen in Egyptian Thebes, and known in Europe as Jupiter Ammon was especially worshipped in Siwah, an oasis of the Libyan desert, and represented with the head and horns of a ram.

⁵ *Wounded Thammuz.* Thammuz was the Eastern original of worship that passed into Greece as that of Adonis. He was said to die every year and revive again. He died by the tusk of a boar in Lebanon, and when the river Adonis, flowing there, ran with a tinge in its waters at certain seasons of the year, feasts of Adonis were held by the women who made loud lament for him. See "Paradise Lost," book i.—

"Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

⁶ *Moloch,* national god of the Ammonites, to whom Solomon satisfied some of his wives, built a temple on the Mount of Olives. In his worship children were caused to pass through fire in the valley of Hinnom called Tophet ("toph," a drum), from sounding of drums and cymbals to drown the cries of the victims. The place was afterwards defiled by Josiah, and used for burying refuse from the city and bodies of criminals, whence its name Hinnom, the valley of Hinnom, came (from the smoke, fire, pollution of the place) to serve as a name for hell, Gehenna. "Paradise Lost" Milton uses Moloch to personify, among the companions of Satan, Hate.

⁷ *The brutish gods of Nile.* Osiris (Oseh-iri, much make), the god worshipped in Egypt, represented fertility, the creative power. His bride and sister Isis had even higher worship. Their image was Tryphon; their son Orus or Horus. Osiris was father also to the dog Anubis by the wife of Tryphon. Osiris was worshipped as a bull marked with particular spots, and if that bull died, the people mourned until another was discovered. Isis was represented as a cow. Anubis was represented with a dog's head and a human body. He was particularly worshipped at a city in Middle Egypt called Cynopolis (Dog-city).

He feels, from Juda's land,
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyne;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Nor Typhon¹ huge ending in snaky twine.
Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling-bands control the damnéd crew.

So when the sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red, 230
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the Night steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see! the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending;
Heaven's youngest-teemed² star 240
Hath fixed her polished ear,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid-lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

When Milton was at Cambridge, Dr. Richard Sibbes (or Sibbs) was Master of Catharine Hall, and a leading preacher, whose religious opinions were of the form commonly associated with the Puritanism in the Church. Cambridge was the university that produced the greater number of the distinguished churchmen whose names were associated with this form of thought, and Sibbes must have been a preacher to whom Milton often listened with pleasure. Richard Baxter said that he owed his conversion to the reading of sermons by Sibbes, collected under the title of "The Bruised Reed and Smoking Flax." Sibbes died in 1635, aged fifty-eight. The following passage is from a funeral sermon of his, entitled "Christ is Best; or a Sweet Passage to Glory."³ Its text is from the first chapter of St. Paul to the Philippians: "For I am in a strait between two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is best of all; nevertheless, to abide in the flesh is most needful for you." Its doctrines are that the servants of God are often in great straits; that God reserves the best to the last for all His; that the lives of worthy men, especially magistrates and ministers, are very needful for the Church of God; that holy and gracious men who are led by the Spirit of God can deny themselves and their own best good for the Church's benefit.

¹ Typhon. All the gods, except Jupiter and Minerva, in the wars of the giants, fled into Egypt and changed themselves into animals for fear of Typhon. But Typhon also flies when Christ is born.

² Youngest-teemed, youngest born; the star of Bethlehem which guided the magi. "We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him" (Matthew ii. 2).

³ Preached at the funeral of Mr. Sharland, late Recorder of Northampton.

THE TRUE MEN OF THE WORLD.

Gracious men are public treasures, and storehouses wherein every man hath a share, a portion; they are public springs in the wilderness of this world to refresh the souls of people; they are trees of righteousness that stretch out their boughs for others to shelter under and to gather fruit from. You have an excellent picture of this in Daniel, in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar; the magistrates there are compared to a great tree, wherein the birds build their nests and the beasts shelter themselves: so a good magistrate, especially if he be in great place, is as a great tree, for comfort and shelter. O beloved, the lives of good men are very useful. A good man (saith the philosopher) is a common good, because as soon as ever a man becomes gracious he hath a public mind, as he hath a public place; nay, whether he hath a public place or no, he hath a public mind. It is needful, therefore, that there be such men alive.

If this be so, then we may lament the death of worthy men, because we lose part of our strength in the loss of such, God's custom being to convey much good by them; and when there is scarcity of good men, we should say with Micah, "Woe is me, the good is perished from the earth."⁴ They keep judgments from a place, and derive a blessing upon it. Howsoever the world judgeth them, and accounts them not worthy to live, yet God accounts the world unworthy of them; they are God's jewels, they are His treasure, and His portion, therefore we ought to lament their death and to desire their lives; and we ought to desire our own lives as long as we may be useful to the Church, and be content to want⁵ heaven for a time. Beloved, it is not for the good of God's children that they live; as soon as ever they are in the state of grace they have a title to heaven; but it is for others. When once we are in Christ we live for others, not for ourselves: that a father is kept alive, it is for his children's sake; that good magistrates are kept alive, it is for their subjects' sake; that a good minister is kept alive out of the present enjoying of heaven, it is for the people's sake, that God hath committed to him to instruct; for as Paul saith here, "In regard of my own particular, it is better for me to be with Christ."

If God convey so much good by worthy men to us, then what wretches are they that malign them, persecute them, and speak ill of those that speak to God for them! Doth the world continue for a company of wretches, a company of profane, blasphemous, loose, disorderly livers? Oh no, for if God had not a Church in the world, a company of good people, heaven and earth would fall in pieces, there would be an end presently. It is for good people only that the world continues; they are the pillars of the tottering world, they are the stakes in the fence, they are the foundation of the building, and if they were once taken out, all would come down, there would be a confusion of all; therefore those that oppose and disquiet gracious and good men are enemies to their own good, they cut the bough which they stand on, they labour to pull down the house that covers themselves, being blinded with malice and a diabolical spirit. Take heed of such a disposition; it comes near to the sin against the Holy Ghost, to hate any man for goodness, because perhaps his good life reproacheth us; such a one would hate Christ himself if He were here. How can a man desire to be with Christ if he hates His image in another? Therefore

⁴ Micah vii.-1, 2. "Woe is me! . . . The good man is perished out of the earth."

⁵ Want, do without.

the beginning and the end of all the good we do, it is an argument of a barren person. None ever came to heaven but those that denied themselves.

In 1635, year of the death of Richard Sibbes, George Wither and Francis Quarles each followed a fashion of the time, and published a book of Emblems. Wither's book was a handsome folio, with a good selection of emblem pictures, well engraved, and a fine portrait of the author. Quarles's volume was in 12mo, with somewhat rudely-executed woodcuts of emblems, usually ill-drawn. Quarles's book has been often reproduced with improved pictures, but there has been neglect of Wither's work, which is not inferior in merit. It is divided into four books, each containing fifty-six Emblems followed by a "Lottery," that ingeniously sums up their teaching in fifty-six stanzas. This is George Wither's Emblem of

THE PREACHER.

The Gospel thankfully embrace,
For God vouchsafed us this grace.



This modern Emblem is a mute expressing
Of God's great mercies in a modern blessing;
And gives me now just cause to sing His praise
For granting me my just cause in these days.
The much-desired messages of heaven
For which our fathers would their lives have given,
And in groves, caves, and mountains once a year
Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to hear,
Or in less bloody times at their own homes
To hear in private and obscur'd rooms,
Now those, those joyful tidings we do live
Divulged in every village to perceive;
And that the sounds of gladness echo may
Through all our goodly temples every day,
This was, O God, Thy doing; unto Thee
Ascribed for ever let all praises be!
Prolong this mercy, and vouchsafe the fruit
May to Thy labour in this vineyard suit:

10

Lest for our fruitlessness Thy light of grace
Thou from our golden candlestick displace. 20
We do methinks already, Lord, begin
To wantonize, and let that loathing in
Which makes Thy manna tasteless; and I fear
That of those Christians who more often hear
Than practise what they know, we have too many,
And I suspect myself as much as any.¹
O mend me so that by amending me
Amends in others may increased be;
And let all graces which Thou hast bestowed
Return Thee honour, from whom first they flowed. 30

The next is one of the Emblems of Francis Quarles upon the text we have just seen otherwise treated by Richard Sibbes, who recognised, with Saint Paul, a worthier tie to earth than is here represented.



I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ.—PHILIPPIANS i. 23.

What meant our careful parents so to wear
And lavish out their ill-extended hours
To purchase for us large possessions here
Which, though unpurchased, are too truly ours?
What meant they—ah, what meant they to endure
Such loads of needless labour to procure,
And make that thing our own which was our own too sure?

What mean these liv'ries and possessive keys?
What mean these bargains and these needless sales?
What mean these jealous, these suspicious ways 10
Of law-devised and law-dissolved entails?
No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Estates of high-prized land; no need to tie
Earth to their heirs, were they but clogged with earth as I.

¹ This honest line recalls the wholesome answer of Orlando to the sickly Jaques, whom Shakespeare represents as seeing in the seven ages of man only occasion for a sneer at each—

"Jaques. Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

"Orlando. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults."

O were their souls but clogged with earth as I,
 They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
 They would not take of alms¹ what now they buy,
 Nor call him happy whom the world counts rich;
 They would not take such pains, project, and prog;²
 To charge their shoulders with so great a log: 20
 Who hath the greater lands hath but the greater clog.

I cannot do an act which Earth disdains not;
 I cannot think a thought which Earth corrupts not;
 I cannot speak a word which Earth profanes not;
 I cannot make a vow Earth interrupts not:
 If I but offer up an early groan,
 Or spread my wings to Heaven's long longed-for throne,
 She darkens my complaints, and drags my off'ring down.

E'en like the hawk, whose keeper's wary hands
 Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring stock,³ 30
 Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
 Makes a rank bate⁴ from her forsaken block;
 But her too faithful leash doth soon retain
 Her broken flight, attempted oft in vain;
 It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

So, when my soul directs her better eye
 To Heaven's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
 I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
 Earth holds me down—I cannot, cannot rise:
 When I but strive to mount the least degree, 40
 Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee;
 Lord, how my soul is racked betwixt the World and Thee!

Great God, I spread my feeble wings in vain;
 In vain I offer my extended hands;
 I cannot mount till Thou unlock my chain;
 I cannot come till Thou release my bands;
 Which if Thou please to break, and then supply
 My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not fly
 A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

S. BONAVENT.

Soliloq., cap. i.

Ah! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of Thy love, that it may truly burn, and melt, and languish, with the only desire of Thee: that it may desire to be dissolved, and to be with Thee: let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirst after Thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure: let it always desire Thee, seek Thee, and find Thee, and sweetly rest in Thee.

EPIGRAM.

What! will thy shackles neither loose nor break?
 Are they too strong, or is thine arm too weak?
 Art will prevail where knotty strength denies;
 My soul, there's aquafortis in thine eyes.

The measure of the verses attached by Quarles to this Emblem in 1635 was taken from "The Purple

¹ *Of alms, as alms.*

² *Prog, probably, toy or pry about; but to progue was to steal.*

³ *Weathering stock, the perch on which hawks were taken for an airing. This also is figured in the picture.*

⁴ *Bate, a term in falconry for the beating of the wings in preparing for a flight, probably from French "battre."*

Island," published by Phineas Fletcher, two years before, in 1633, but written much earlier. Quarles greatly admired Phineas Fletcher, and called him the Spenser of his age. Phineas Fletcher was, like his brother Giles, a clergyman. He had the living of Hilgay in Norfolk. "The Purple Island, or the Isle of Man," is a poem in twelve cantos, opening with pastoral stanzas that dwell much upon the praise of Spenser, and then proceed—

"Great Prince of Shepherds, than Thy heavens more high,
 Low as our earth, here serving, ruling there;
 Who taught'st our death to live, Thy life to die;
 Who, when we broke Thy bonds, our bonds wouldst bear
 Who reignedst in Thy heaven, yet felt'st our hell;
 Who (God) bought'st man, whom man (tho' God) did sell
 Who in our flesh, our graves and, worse, our hearts would dwell.

"Great Prince of Shepherds, Thou who late didst deign
 To lodge Thyself within this wretched breast,
 (Most wretched breast, such guest to entertain,
 Yet oh most happy lodge in such a guest!)
 Thou first and last, inspire Thy sacred skill;
 Guide Thou my hand, grace Thou my artless quill;
 So shall I first begin, so last shall end Thy will.

"Hark then, ah, hark! ye gentle shepherd-crew;
 An Isle I fain would sing, an Island fair;
 A place too seldom viewed, yet still in view;
 Near as ourselves, yet farthest from our care;
 Which we by leaving find, by seeking lost;
 A foreign home, a strange, though native coast;
 Most obvious to all, yet most unknown to most.

"Coeval with the world in her nativity,
 Which though it now hath passed through many ages,
 And still retained a natural proclivity
 To ruin, compassed with a thousand rages
 Of spiteful foes, which still this island tosses;
 Yet ever grows more prosperous by her crosses,
 By withering, springing fresh, and rich by often losses."

God made man at the close of the first week of Creation.

"Now when the first week's life was almost spent;
 And this world built, and richly furnished;
 To store heaven's courts, He of each element,
 Did cast to frame an Isle, the heart and head
 Of all his works, composed with curious art;
 Which like an index briefly should impart
 The sum of all; the whole, yet of the whole a part.

"The tri-une God Himself in council sits,
 And purple dust takes from the new-made earth;
 Part circular, and part triangular fits;⁵
 Endows it largely at the unborn birth;
 Deputes his favourite viceroy; doth invest
 With aptness thereunto, as seemed him best;
 And loved it more than all, and more than all it blessed."

⁵ *Part circular and part triangular. In Spenser's description of the body as a castle ("Faerie Queene," bk. ii.)—*

"The frame thereof was partly circular
 And part triangular."

But the Island, not content with its own happiness, "would try whate'er is in the continent, and seek out ill and search for wretchedness," allured by the serpent from the peaceful shore. The first canto Phineas ends with loving reference to his brother Giles, and allusion to his own youth, from which it must be inferred that the Purple Island, although not published until 1633, was written in the reign of James I. In the second, third, fourth, and fifth cantos Man's Body is described as geography and economy of an island with over-elaborate allegory. Spenser, in the second book of the "Faerie Queene," had described the Body as a castle, the castle of the Soul, and Du Bartas had been ingeniously descriptive. Then in the sixth canto Justice and Mercy plead in heaven against and for the rebellious Island, and this gives Phineas occasion again to refer lovingly to his brother Giles's poem. Within the Purple Island there is fierce dissension. The Prince of the Island is all-seeing Intellect.

"He knows nor death, nor years, nor feeble age;
But as his time, his strength and vigour grows:
And when his kingdom by intestine rage
Lies broke and wasted, open to his foes;
And battered scone now flat and even lies;
Sooner than thought to that Great Judge he flies,
Who weighs him just reward of good, or injuries.

"For he the Judge's viceroy here is placed;
Where if he lives as knowing he may die,
He never dies, but with fresh pleasures graced,
Bathes his crowned head in blessed eternity;
Where thousand joys and pleasures ever now,
And blessings thicker than the morning dew,
With endless sweets rain down on that immortal crew.

"There golden stars set in the crystal snow;
There dainty joys, laugh at uneasy care;
There day no night, delight no end shall know;
Sweets without surfeit, fulness without spare,
And by its spending, grows in happiness:
There God Himself in glory's lavishness
Diffused in all, to all, is all full blessedness.

"But if he here neglects his master's law,
And with those traitors 'gainst his Lord rebels,
Down to the deep ten thousand fiends him draw;
A deep, where night, and death, and horror dwells,
And in worst ills, still worse expecting, fears:
Where fell despite for spite his bowels tears;
And still increasing grief, and torments endless bears.

"Prayers there are idle, death is woo'd in vain.
In midst of death, poor wretches long to die:
Night without day, or rest, still doubling pain,
Woes spending still, yet still their end less nigh:
The soul there restless, helpless, hopeless lies;
The body frying roars, and roaring fries:
There's life that never lives, there's death that never dies.

"Hence while unsettled here he fighting reigns,
Shut in a tower where thousand enemies
Assault the fort; with wary care and pains
He guards all entrance, and by divers spies

Searcheth into his friend's designs, and foes:
But subjects most he fears, for well he knows
This tower's most like to fall if treason 'mongst them rose.

"Therefore while yet he lurks in earthly tent,
Disguised in worthless robes and poor attire,
Try we to view his glory's wonderment,
And get a sight of what we so admire:
For when away from this sad place he flies,
And in the skies abides, more bright than skies;
Too glorious is his sight for our dim mortal eyes."

Then we have pictured allegorically the inmates of the Castle of Intellect, in a way suggested by Spenser's description of the Castle of Alma (the Soul).

The seventh and eighth cantos set forth the enemies by whom the Prince is besieged, "the enraged Dragon and his serpents bold," with him Caro (the Flesh), "accursed dam of sin," and the chief ills personified that are at war with the true life of man. The ninth and tenth cantos set forth, as warriors ranged to "beat back these hellish sprites," the several parts of the true spiritual life; and the two remaining cantos then set forth, as war for and against the Dragon, the long contest between good and evil in the Purple Island. It is ended by the help of the Saviour at the prayer of Electa (the chosen), and is heralded by King James I. in the form of an angel.

"And straight an Angel full of heavenly might
(Three several crowns adorn'd his royal head)
From northern coast raising his blazing light,
Through all the earth his glorious beams dispread,
And open lays the beast's and Dragon's shame:
For to this end, th' Almighty did him frame,
And therefore from supplanting gave his ominous name.¹

"A silver trumpet oft he loudly blew,
Frighting the guilty earth with thund'ring knell;
And oft proclaimed, as through the world he flew,
Babel, great Babel lies as low as hell:
Let every angel loud his trumpet sound,
Her heaven-exalted towers in dust are drown'd;
Babel, proud Babel's fall'n, and lies upon the ground.

"The broken heavens dispart with fearful noise,
And from the breach outshoots a sudden light:
When straight shrill trumpets with loud sounding voice
Give echoing summons to new bloody fight:
Well knew the Dragon that all-quelling blast,
And soon perceived that day must be his last;
Which strook his frighten'd heart, and all his troops aghast.

"Yet full of malice, and of stubborn pride,
Though oft he strove, and had been foiled as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defied:
And mounted on his flaggy sails aloft,
With boundless spite he long'd to try again
A second loss, and new death;—glad and fain
To show his pois'nous hate, though ever showed in vain.

¹ James = Jacob, supplanter or beguiler. King James interpreted the Book of Revelations.

O were their souls but clogged with earth as I,
 They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
 They would not take of alms what now they buy,
 Nor call him happy whom the world counts rich;
 They would not take such pains, project, and pain,
 To charge their shoulders with so great a load;
 Who hath the greater lands hath but the greater care.

I cannot do an act which Earth disdains not;
 I cannot think a thought which Earth commends not;
 I cannot speak a word which Earth profits not;
 I cannot make a vow Earth interrupts not;
 If I but offer up an early groan,
 Or spread my wings to Heaven's long love,
 She darkens my complaints, and drowns my voice.

E'en like the hawk, whose keeper's hand
 Have made a pris'ner to her woe,
 Forgetting quite the pow'r of life,
 Makes a rank bate from her
 But her too faithful leash doth
 Her broken flight, attempt
 It gives her loins a twitch.

So, when my soul direct
 To Heaven's bright
 I spread my willing
 Earth holds me
 When I but strive
 Earth gives a
 Lord, how my

Great God, I
 In vain I
 I cannot
 I cannot
 Which
 My
 A pit

Ah
 heart
 melt
 de
 ab
 at
 b

... had drawn
 ... all his pride;
 ... fawn,
 ... hollow side:
 ... brink of light,
 ... dullard sight,
 ... unhappy fight.

... a quick and powerful, sharper than
 ... even to the dividing asunder of the
 ... and marrow, and is a discernor of
 ... the heart" (Heb. iv. 12.)

Is he
 ... the Knights revive again,
 ... the flowers from winter's tomb,
 ... sun brings back his nearer wain
 ... again from their fresh mother's womb:
 ... rose, lighted new, her flame displays.
 ... rights the neighbour hedge with fiery rays:
 ... the world renew their mirth and sportive play
 ... who saw his long imprisonment
 ... and in never ending liberty,
 ... the victor from his castle went,
 ... falling down, clasping his royal knee.
 ... Pours out deserved thanks in grateful praise:
 ... But him the heavenly Saviour soon doth raise,
 ... and bids him spend in joy his never-ending days."

Then the poem ends with the marriage joy of E
 ... whom the Saviour is bridegroom, she a gladi
 bride.

George Sandys, younger brother of Ri
 Hooker's pupil, Edwin Sandys, and son to the
 bishop of York, was born in 1577, and died in
 He travelled in the East, translated Ovid's "
 morphoses," and in 1636 published a "Paraph
 the Psalms," with music by Henry Lawes, the
 composer of the day. In the same volume w
 paraphrases of Job, of the Lamentations of Jer
 and of other songs out of the Old and New Testa
 This is George Sandys's version of

PSALM XV.

Who shall in Thy tent abide?
 On Thy holy hill reside?
 He that's just and innocent:
 Tells the truth of his intent:
 Slanders none with venom'd tongue;
 Fears to do his neighbour wrong;
 Fosters not base infamies;
 Vice beholds with scornful eyes;
 Honours those who fear the Lord;
 Keeps, though to his loss, his word;
 Takes no bribes for wicked ends,
 Nor to use his money lends:
 Who by these directions guide
 Their pure steps, shall never slide.

Richard Crashaw, who was expelled fro
 University of Cambridge in 1644 for refusing
 the Covenant, then became a Roman Catholi
 died in 1650 a canon of Loretto. He first pu
 his "Steps to the Temple" in 1646. There
 second edition in 1649. It was another collec
 religious poems in a form suggested by the "T
 of George Herbert. Among his poems are the
 on sending Herbert's "Temple" to a lady:—

ON MR. G. HERBERT'S BOOK.

Know you, fair, on what you look?
 Divinest love lies in this book,
 Expecting fire from your eyes,
 To kindle this His sacrifice.
 When your hands untie these strings,
 Think you've an angel by the wings;

One that gladly will be nigh
To wait upon each morning sigh,
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well-perfuméd prayer.
These white plumes of His He'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will send you;
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth-faced kindred there.
And though Herbert's name doth owe
These devotions, fairest, know
That while I lay them on the shrine
Of your white hand, they are mine.

On the Miracle of Loaves.

Now, Lord, or never, they'll believe on Thee;
Thou to their teeth hast proved Thy deity.

Two went up into the Temple to pray.

Two went to pray? O rather say,
One went to brag, th' other to pray.
One stands up close, and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not lend his eye.
One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.



ENGLAND'S TEMPLE: WESTMINSTER ABBEY¹ (WITH THE HALL). From a Print by Hollar (1641).

And these are some of a group of Divine Epigrams
in Crashaw's "Steps to the Temple:"—

Upon the Sepulchre of our Lord.

Here, where our Lord once laid his head,
Now the grave lies buried.

The Widow's Mites.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave:
The other cast away, she only gave.

On the Prodigal.

Tell me, bright boy, tell me, my golden lad,
Whither away so frolic? why so glad?
What all thy wealth in council? all thy state?
Are husks so dear? troth 'tis a mighty rate.

Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

Show me Himself, Himself, bright sir, O show
Which way my poor tears to Himself may go.
Were it enough to show the place, and say,
"Look, Mary, here see where thy Lord once lay;"
Then could I show these arms of mine and say,
"Look, Mary, here see where thy Lord once lay."

And a certain Priest coming that way, looked on him, and passed by.

Why dost thou wound my wounds, O thou that passest by,
Handling and turning them with an unwounded eye?
The calm that cools thine eye does shipwreck mine, for O,
Unmoved to see one wretched is to make him so!

Dives asking a Drop.

A drop, one drop, how sweetly one fair drop
Would tremble on my pearl-tipp'd finger's top!
My wealth is gone, O, go it where it will,
Spare this one jewel, I'll be Dives still.

I am ready not only to be bound, but to die.

Come death, come bands, nor do you shrink, my ears,
At those hard words man's cowardice calls fears.
Save those of fear, no other bands fear I;
No other death than this,—the fear to die.

On St. Peter casting away his Nets at our Saviour's call.

Thou hast the art on't, Peter, and canst tell
To cast thy nets on all occasions well.
When Christ calls, and thy nets would have thee stay,
To cast them well's to cast them quite away.

Robert Herrick, ejected from his parsonage at Dean Prior, came to London, and published, in 1648, not only his "Hesperides," but his more sacred thoughts in a separate book, as "Noble Numbers," of which these are some:—

¹ The towers of Westminster Abbey in the time of Charles I. were not raised above the level of the roof. We see them in modern London as completed—not in best accordance with the architecture of the building—by Sir Christopher Wren.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 10

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His or none or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 20

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said, 30
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me! 40

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd;
When to Thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

TO DEATH.

Thou bidst me come away,
And I'll no longer stay,
Than for to shed some tears
For faults of former years;

And to repent some crimes
Done in the present times;
And next, to take a bit
Of bread, and wine with it;
To don my robes of love,
Fit for the place above;
To gird my loins about
With charity throughout,
And so to travel hence
With feet of innocence:
These done, I'll only cry,
"God, mercy!" and so die.

HUMILITY.

Humble we must be, if to heaven we go;
High is the roof there, but the gate is low.
Whene'er thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye
Grace is increased by humility.

GRACE FOR A CHILD.

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

TO HIS DEAR GOD.

I'll hope no more
For things that will not come;
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome.
Wealth brings much woe;
And, since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poor
Than so t'abound
As to be drowned
Or overwhelm'd with store.
Pale care, avant,
I'll learn to be content
With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthful use,
Almighty God, me grant!
But that or this
That hurtful is
Deny thy suppliant.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No: 'tis a fast, to dole
 Thy sheaf of wheat,
 And meat,
 Unto the hungry soul;
 It is to fast from strife,
 From old debate
 And hate
 To circumcise thy life; 20
 To shew a heart grief-rent;
 To starve thy sin,
 Not bin:
 And that's to Keep thy Lent.

William Chillingworth, who was two years younger than Charles I., was converted to Catholicism when a student at Oxford, but re-converted by Laud, who was his godfather. In 1637 Chillingworth dedicated to Charles I. a volume entitled "The Religion of Protestants A Safe Way to Salvation." It was written in answer to a book entitled "Mercy and Truth, or Charity maintained by Catholiques," the author of which had sought to prove Protestantism unsafe. Chillingworth maintained that those Protestants are right who take Scripture as the only rule of faith, and do not seek rest in the traditions of an infallible Church.¹

THE APPEAL TO SCRIPTURE.

Yet when we say, The Scripture is the only Rule to judge all Controversies by; me-thinks you should easily conceive, that we would be understood, of all those that are possible to be judged by Scripture, and of those that arise among such as believe the Scripture. For, if I had a Controversie with an Atheist whether there were a God or no, I would not say, that the Scripture were a Rule to judge this by; feeling that, doubting whether there be a God or no, he must needs doubt whether the Scripture be the Word of God: or, if he does not, he grants the Question, and is not the man we speak of. So likewise, if I had a Controversie about the Truth of Christ with a Jew, it would be vainly done of me, should I press him with the Authority of the New Testament which he believes not, until out of some principles common to us both, I had perswaded him that it is the Word of God. The New Testament therefore, while he remains a Jew, would not be a fit Rule to decide this Controversie; in as much as that which is doubted of it self, is not fit to determine other doubts. So likewise, if there were any that believed Christian Religion, and yet believed not the Bible to be the Word of God, though they believed the matter of it to be true, (which is no impossible supposition; for I may believe a Book of *S. Austin's* to contain nothing but the Truth of God, and yet not to have been inspired by God himself,) against such men therefore there were no disputing out of the Bible; because nothing in question can be a proof to it self. When therefore we say, Scripture is a sufficient means to determine all Controversies, we say not this, either to Atheists, Jews, Turks, or such Christians (if there be any such) as believe not Scripture to be the Word of God. But among such men only, as are already agreed upon this, that *the Scripture is the Word of God*, we say, All Controversies that arise about Faith, are

either not at all decidable, and consequently not necessary to be believed one way or other; or they may be determined by Scripture. In a word, That all things necessary to be believed are evidently contained in Scripture, and what is not there evidently contained, cannot be necessary to be believed. And our reason hereof is convincing, because nothing can challenge our belief, but what hath descended to us from Christ by Original and Universal Tradition: Now nothing but Scripture hath thus descended to us, Therefore nothing but Scripture can challenge our belief. Now then to come up closer to you, and to answer to your Question, not as you put it, but as you should have put it: I say, That this Position, *Scripture alone is the Rule whereby they which believe it to be God's Word, are to judge all Controversies in Faith*, is no fundamental point, Though not for your Reasons: For, your first and strongest reason, you see, is plainly voided and cut off by my stating of the Question as I have done, and supposing in it, that the parties at variance, are agreed about this, That the Scripture is the Word of God; and consequently that this is none of their Controversies. To your second, That *Controversies cannot be ended without some living Authority*, We have said already, that Necessary Controversies may be and are decided. And, if they be not ended, this is not through defect of the Rule, but through the default of Men. And, for these that cannot thus be ended, it is not necessary they should be ended. For, if God did require the ending of them, he would have provided some certain means for the ending of them. And, to your Third, I say, that Your pretence of *using these means*, is but hypocritical; for you use them with prejudice, and with a settled resolution not to believe any thing which these means happily may suggest into you, if it any way cross your pre-conceived persuasion of your Church's Infallibility. You give not your selves liberty of judgment in the use of them, nor suffer your selves to be led by them to the Truth, to which they would lead you, would you but be as willing to believe this Consequence, Our Church doth oppose Scripture, therefore it doth err, therefore it is not infallible; as you are resolute to believe this, The Church is infallible, therefore it doth not err, and therefore it doth not oppose Scripture, though it seem to do so never so plainly.

Joseph Hall, born in 1574 at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire, was the son of an officer who had the government of that town under the Earl of Huntingdon, then President of the North. He had a devout mother, and was from infancy intended for the Church. He graduated at Cambridge, became fellow of Emanuel College, and published in 1597 and 1598 a series of clever satires in English verse. He also wrote, as a young man, a very clever Latin prose satire on the greed, drunkenness, and folly of man, and on the virago type of woman, in the form of a description of an imaginary austral region, under the name of "The World other and the same" (*Mundus Alter et Idem*). He was about to become head-master of a school at Tiverton, when the rectory of Halsted in Suffolk was offered to him. How he then got rid of a hindrance and found a help he has thus told in an autobiographical sketch, entitled "Some Specialities in the Life of Joseph Hall:"—

"Having then fixed my foot in Halsted, I found there a dangerous opposite to the success of my ministry, a witty and bold atheist, one Mr. Lilley, who, by reason of his travels

¹ This passage is given just as it was printed in 1637. It will be observed that it differs very little from the custom now established in spelling, but more in punctuation and in the use of capitals and italics. Nobody punctuated well before the Restoration.

and abilities of discourse and behaviour, had so deeply insinuated himself into my patron, Sir Robert Drury, that there was small hopes (during his entireness) for me to work any good upon that noble patron of mine, who, by the suggestion of this wicked detractor, was set off from me before he knew me. Hereupon, I confess, finding the obduracy and hopeless condition of that man, I bent my prayers against him, beseeching God daily, that he would be pleased to remove, by some means or other, that apparent hinderance of my faithful labours, who gave me an answer accordingly: for this malicious man going hastily to London to exasperate my patron against me, was then and there swept away by the pestilence, and never returned to do any farther mischief. Now the coast was clear before me, and I gained every day of the good opinion and favourable respects of that honourable gentleman and my worthy neighbours. Being now, therefore, settled in that sweet and civil country of Suffolk, near to St. Edmund's Bury, my first work was to build up my house, which was extremely ruinous; which done, the uncouth solitariness of my life, and the extreme incommodity of that single housekeeping, drew my thoughts, after two years, to condescend to the necessity of a married estate, which God no less strangely provided for me; for, walking from the church on Monday in the Whitsun week, with a grave and reverend minister, Mr. Grandidge, I saw a comely and modest gentlewoman standing at the door of that house where we were invited to a wedding dinner, and inquiring of that worthy friend whether he knew her. Yes (quoth he), I know her well, and have bespoken her for your wife. When I farther demanded an account of that answer, he told me, she was the daughter of a gentleman whom he much respected, Mr. George Winniff, of Bretenham; that out of an opinion had of the fitness of that match for me, he had already treated with her father about it, whom he found very apt to entertain it, advising me not to neglect the opportunity; and not concealing the just praises of modesty, piety, good disposition, and other virtues that were lodged in that seemly presence. I listened to the motion as sent from God, and at last, upon due prosecution, happily prevailed, enjoying the comfortable society of that meet help for the space of forty-nine years."

From Halsted Joseph Hall passed to Waltham Holy Cross in Essex, which living he held for two-and-twenty years, having added to it a prebend in Wolverhampton Church, and in 1616 the Deanery of Worcester. He was one of the divines sent to the Synod of Dort. In 1624 he refused the Bishopric of Gloucester, but accepted that of Exeter in 1627, and in November, 1641, was translated to Norwich. In that year the chief argument before the nation was upon the subject of Episcopacy. Bishop Hall wrote a pamphlet upon it, which brought Milton into controversy with him. In December, 1641, the Parliament sent to the Tower Joseph Hall and other bishops who protested against their exclusion from the House of Lords. Six months afterwards he was released on bail, but stripped of his dignities, and he spent the last nine years of his life on a little farm at Heigham, near Norwich. Joseph Hall died in 1656, aged eighty-two.

Thomas Fuller wrote of Joseph Hall in his "Worthies,"—"He was commonly called our English Seneca, for the pureness, plainness, and fulness of his style; not unhappy at Controversies, better in his *Sermons*, best of all in his 'Meditations.'"

HALL'S MEDITATIONS.

Upon the Sight of Gold melted.

This gold is both the fairest and most solid of all metals yet is the soonest melted with the fire: others, as the coarser, so more churlish, and hard to be wrought upon dissolution.

Thus a sound and good heart is most easily melted with sorrow and fear by the sense of God's judgments; while the carnal mind is stubborn and remorseless. All metals but earth, yet some are of finer temper than others; all are of flesh, yet some are, through the power of grace, capable of spiritual apprehensions.

O God, we are such as thou wilt be pleased to melt. Give me a heart that may be sound for the truth of God, and melting at the terrors of thy law; I can be for thee more than thy sanctuary on earth, or thy treasury of heaven.

Upon the sight of a Tree full blossomed.

Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms: it is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must need the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to be an infancy over-hopeful: in these pregnant beginnings the faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind barren. As therefore we are wont to pull off some too frequent blossoms, that the rest may thrive; so it is wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts, or prevent over-forward childhood.

Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last lay the lap with fruit. Let me not promise too much, nor too high expectations of my undertakings. I had rather should complain of my small hopes, than of my short performances.

Upon occasion of a Red-breast coming into a Chamber.

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make next meal, and at night must shroud thyself in a bad lodging: what a shame it is for me, that see before me liberal provisions of my God, and find myself set warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful unthankful dulness! Had I so little certainty of my harvest and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how care! How little list should I have to make music to thee myself!

Surely thou camest not hither without a providence: sent thee, not so much to delight, as to shame me; but a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who under more apparent means am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature. Want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not happy, here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God, thy providence is not impaired by these pretences: thou hast given me above these brute things: let me not greater helps hinder me from an holy security and comfortable reliance upon thee.

Upon the Sight of a Dark Lantern.

There is light indeed, but so shut up as if it were not: when the side is most open, there is light enough to direct to him that bears it, none to others: he can discern another man by that light which is cast before him, another man cannot discern him.

Right such is reserved knowledge; no man is the better

it but the owner. There is no outward difference betwixt concealed skill and ignorance: and when such hidden knowledge will look forth, it casts so sparing a light, as may only argue it to have an unprofitable being; to have ability, without will to good; power to censure, none to benefit. The suppression or ingrossing of those helps which God would have us to impart, is but a thieves' lanthorn in a true man's hand.

O God, as all our light is from Thee, the Father of Lights, so make me no niggard of that poor rush-candle thou hast lighted in my soul: make me more happy in giving light to others, than in receiving it into myself.

Upon the Singing of the Birds in a Spring Morning.

How cheerfully do these little birds chirp and sing out of the natural joy they conceive at the approach of the sun and entrance of the spring; as if their life had departed, and returned with those glorious and comfortable beams!

No otherwise is the penitent and faithful soul affected to the true sun of righteousness, the Father of Lights. When He hides His face, it is troubled, and silently mourns away that sad winter of affliction: when He returns, in His presence is the fulness of joy; no song is cheerful enough to welcome Him.

O Thou who art the God of all consolation, make my heart sensible of the sweet comforts of Thy gracious presence; and let my mouth ever show forth Thy praise.

Upon the Sight of a Natural.

O God, why am not I thus? What hath this man done, that thou hast denied wit to him? or what have I done, that thou shouldst give a competency of it to me? What difference is there betwixt us but thy bounty, which hath bestowed upon me what I could not merit, and hath withheld from him what he could not challenge? All is, O God, in thy good pleasure, whether to give or deny.

Neither is it otherwise in matters of grace. The unregenerate man is a spiritual fool: no man is truly wise but the renewed. How is it that whilst I see another man besotted with the vanity and corruption of his nature, I have attained to know God and the great mystery of salvation, to abhor those sins which are pleasing to a wicked appetite? Who hath discerned me? Nothing but thy free mercy, O my God. Why else was I a man, not a brute beast? Why right shaped, not a monster? Why perfectly limbed, not a cripple? Why well-sensed, not a fool? Why well-affected, not graceless? Why a vessel of honour, not of wrath?

If aught be not ill in me, O Lord, it is Thine. O let Thine be the praise, and mine the thankfulness.

Upon the Loadstone and the Jet.

As there is a civil commerce amongst men for the preservation of human society, so there is a natural commerce which God hath set amongst the other creatures for the maintenance of their common being. There is scarce anything therefore in nature which hath not a power of attracting some other. The fire draws vapours to it, the sun draws the fire; plants draw moisture, the moon draws the sea; all purgative things draw their proper humours. A natural instinct draws all sensitive creatures to affect their own kind; and even in those things which are of imperfect mixtion we see this experimented. So as the senseless stones and metals are not void of this active virtue: the loadstone draws iron, and the jet, rather than nothing, draws up straws and dust. With what a force do both these stones work upon their several subjects! Is there any thing more heavy and unapt for motion than

iron or steel? Yet these do so run to their beloved loadstone, as if they had the sense of a desire and delight; and do so cling to the point of it, as if they had forgotten their weight for this adherence. Is there any thing more apt for dispersion than small straws and dust? Yet these gather to the jet, and so sensibly leap up to it, as if they had a kind of ambition to be so preferred.

Methinks I see in these two a mere¹ emblem of the hearts of men and their spiritual attractives. The grace of God's spirit, like the true loadstone or adamant, draws up the iron heart of man to it, and holds it in a constant fixedness of holy purposes and good actions: the world, like the jet, draws up the sensual hearts of light and vain men, and holds them fast in the pleasures of sin.

I am Thine iron, O Lord; be Thou my loadstone. Draw Thou me, and I shall run after Thee. Knit my heart unto Thee, that I may fear Thy name.

Upon hearing of Music by Night.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the day-time it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness.

Thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation. The gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of persecution or of our own private affliction. It is ever the same; the difference is in our disposition to receive it.

O God, whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

Upon a Glow-worm.

What a cold candle is lighted up in the body of this sorry worm! There needs no other disproof of those that say there is no light at all without some heat. Yet sure an outward heat helps on this cool light. Never did I see any of these bright worms but in the hot months of summer. In cold seasons either they are not, or appear not, when the nights are both darkest and longest, and most uncomfortable.

Thus do false-hearted Christians in the warm and lightsome times of free and encouraged profession; none shine more than they. In hard and gloomy seasons of restraint and persecution all their formal light is either lost or hid, whereas true professors either like the sunshine ever alike, or, like the stars, shine fairest in the frostiest nights. The light of this worm is for some show, but of no use. Any light that is attended with heat can impart itself to others, though with the expense of that subject wherein it is; this doth not waste itself, nor help others. I had rather never to have light than not to have it always: I had rather not to have light than not to communicate it.

Upon a Spring-water.

How this spring smoketh, whilst other greater channels are frozen up! This water is living whilst they are dead. All experience teacheth us that well-waters arising from deep springs are hotter in winter than in summer. The outward cold doth keep in, and double their inward heat.

Such is a true Christian in the evil day. His life of grace gets more vigour by opposition; he had not been so gracious if the times had been better. I will not say he may thank his enemies, but I must say he may thank God for his enemies.

O God, what can put out that heat which is increased with cold? How happy shall I be if I may grow so much more in grace as the world in malice!

¹ Mere, unmixed, pure.

Upon the Sound of a Cracked Bell.

What a harsh sound doth this bell make in every ear! The metal is good enough; it is the rift that makes it so unpleasingly jarring.

How like is this bell to a scandalous and ill-lived teacher! His calling is honourable, his noise is heard far enough; but the flaw which is noted in his life mars his doctrine, and offends those ears which else would take pleasure in his teaching. It is possible that such a one, even by that discordous noise, may ring in others into the triumphant church of heaven; but there is no remedy for himself but the fire, whether for his reforming, or judgment.

Upon the Sight of a Blind Man.

How much am I bound to God that hath given me eyes to see this man's want of eyes! With what suspicion and fear he walks! How doth his hand and staff examine his way! With what jealousy doth he receive every morsel, every draught, and yet meets with many a post, and stumbles at many a stone, and swallows many a fly! To him the world is as if it were not, or as if it were all rubs and snares, and downfalls; and if any man will lend him a hand, he must trust to his (however faithless) guide without all comfort save this, that he cannot see himself miscarry.

Many a one is thus spiritually blind, and because he is so, discerns it not, and not discerning, complains not of so woeful a condition. The god of this world hath blinded the eyes of the children of disobedience; they walk on in the ways of death, and yield themselves over to the guidance of him who seeks for nothing but their precipitation into hell. It is an addition to the misery of this inward blindness, that it is ever joined with a secure confidence in them whose trade and ambition it is to betray their souls.

Whatever become of these outward senses, which are common to me with the meanest and most despicable creatures, O Lord give me not over to that spiritual darkness, which is incident to none but those that live without thee, and must perish eternally, because they want thee.

Upon the Sight of a Marriage.

What a comfortable and feeling resemblance is here of Christ and his church! I regard not the persons, I regard the institution. Neither the husband nor the wife are now any more their own. They have either of them given over themselves to other: not only the wife, which is the weaker vessel, hath yielded over herself to the stronger protection and participation of an abler head; but the husband hath resigned his right in himself over to his feebler consort; so as now her weakness is his, his strength is hers. Yea, their very flesh hath altered property; hers is his, his is hers. Yea, their very soul and spirit may no more be severed in respect of mutual affection, than from their own several bodies.

It is thus, O Saviour, with Thee and Thy Church. We are not our own, but thine, who hast married us to thyself in truth and righteousness. What powers, what endowments have we but from and in thee! And as our holy boldness dares interest ourselves in thy graces, so thy wonderfully compassionate mercy vouchsafes to interest thyself in our infirmities. Thy poor church suffers on earth, thou feelest in heaven, and, as complaining of our stripes canst say, Why persecutest thou me? Thou again art not so thine own, as that thou art not also ours; thy sufferings, thy merits, thy obedience, thy life, death, resurrection, ascension, intercession, glory, yea, thy blessed humanity, yea, thy glorious

deity, by virtue of our right, of our union, are so ours, as that we would not give our part in thee for ten thousand worlds.

O gracious Saviour, as thou canst not but love and cherish this poor and unworthy soul of mine which Thou hast mercifully espoused to Thyself; so give me grace to honour and obey Thee, and forsaking all the base and sinful rivalry of the world, to hold me only unto Thee whilst I live here, that I may perfectly enjoy Thee hereafter.

Upon a Ring of Bells.

Whilst every bell keeps due time and order, what a sweet and harmonious sound they make! All the neighbour villages are cheered with that common music; but when once they jar and check each other, either jangling together, or striking preposterously, how harsh and unpleasing is that noise! So that as we testify our public rejoicing by an orderly and well-tuned peal; so when we would signify that the town is on fire we ring confusedly.

It is thus in Church and Common-wealth. When every one knows and keeps their due ranks, there is a melodious consort of peace and contentment; but when distances and proportions of respects are not mutually observed, when either states or persons will be clashing with each other, the discord is grievous, and extremely prejudicial. Such confusion either notifieth a fire already kindled, or portendeth it. Popular states may ring the changes with safety, but the monarchical government requires a constant and regular course of the set degrees of rule and inferiority, which cannot be violated without a sensible discontentment and danger.

For me, I do so love the peace of the Church and State, that I cannot but with the charitable apostle say, Would to God they were cut off that trouble them; and shall ever wish either no jars, or no clappers.

Upon a Penitent Malefactor.

I know not whether I should more admire the wisdom or the mercy of God in His proceedings with men. Had not this man sinned thus notoriously he had never been thus happy; whilst his courses were fair and civil, yet he was graceless. Now his miscarriage hath drawn him into a just affliction, his affliction hath humbled him. God hath taken this advantage of his humiliation for his conversion. Had not one foot slipped into the mouth of hell he had never been in this forwardness to heaven.

There is no man so weak or foolish as that he hath not strength or wit enough to sin, or to make ill use of his sin. It is only the goodness of an infinite God that can make our sin good to us, though evil in itself.

O God, it is no thanks to ourselves or to our sins that we are bettered with evil. The work is Thine; let Thine be the glory.

Upon the View of the World.

It is a good thing to see this material world; but it is a better thing to think of the intelligible world. This thought is the sight of the soul, whereby it discerneth things like itself, spiritual and immortal, which are so much beyond the worth of these sensible objects, as a spirit is beyond a body, a pure substance beyond a corruptible, an infinite God above a finite creature.

O God, how great a word is that which the Psalmist says of Thee, that Thou abasest Thyself to behold the things both in heaven and earth! It is our glory to look up even to the meanest piece of heaven; it is an abasement to Thine incomprehensible majesty to look down upon the best of heaven. Oh, what a transcendent glory must that needs be that is

abased to behold the things of heaven! What a happiness shall it be to me, that mine eyes shall be exalted to see Thee, who art humbled to see the place and state of my blessedness! Yea, those very angels that see Thy face are so resplendently glorious, that we could not overlive the sight of one of their faces, who are fain to hide their faces from the sight of Thine. How many millions attend Thy throne above, and Thy footstool below, in the ministration to Thy saints! It is that Thine invisible world, the communion wherewith can make me truly blessed. O God, if my body have fellowship here amongst beasts, of whose earthly substance it participates, let my soul be united to Thee the God of Spirits, and be raised up to enjoy the insensible society of Thy blessed angels. Acquaint me beforehand with those citizens and affairs of Thine Heaven, and make me no stranger to my future glory.

Upon the Sting of a Wasp.

How small things may annoy the greatest! Even a mouse troubles an elephant, a gnat a lion; a very flea may disquiet a giant. What weapon can be nearer to nothing than the sting of this wasp? Yet what a painful wound hath it given me! That scarce visible point, how it envenoms, and rankles, and swells up the flesh! The tenderness of the part adds much to the grief.

And if I be thus vexed with the touch of an angry fly, Lord, how shall I be able to endure the sting of a tormenting conscience? As that part is both most active and most sensible, so that wound which it receives from itself is most intolerably grievous; there were more ease in a nest of hornets than under this one torture. O God, howsoever I speed abroad, give me peace at home, and whatever my flesh suffer, keep my soul free.

Thus pained, wherein do I find ease but in laying honey to the part infected? That medicine only abates the anguish. How near hath nature placed the remedy to the offence!

Whenever my heart is stung with the remorse for sin, only Thy sweet and precious merits, O blessed Saviour, can mitigate and heal the wound. They have virtue to cure me; give me grace to apply them. That sovereign receipt shall make my pain happy. I shall thus applaud my grief: It is good for me that I was thus afflicted.

Upon a Cancelled Bond.

Whilst this obligation was in force I was in servitude to my parchment; my bond was double, to a payment, to a penalty. Now that it is discharged, what is it better than a waste scroll; regarded for nothing but the witness of its own voidance and nullity?

No otherwise is it with the severe law of my Creator. Out of Christ it stands in full force, and binds me over either to perfect obedience, which I cannot possibly perform, or to exquisite torment and eternal death, which I am never able to endure; but now that my Saviour hath fastened it cancelled to His Cross (in respect of the rigour and malediction of it), I look upon it as the monument of my past danger and bondage; I know by it how much was owed by me, how much was paid for me. The direction of it is everlasting—the obligation by it unto death is frustrate. I am free from curse, who never can be free from obedience.

O Saviour, take Thou glory, and give me peace.

Jeremy Taylor was born in August, 1613, at Cambridge. He was the son of a barber, was sent at three years old to the free school then just founded by Dr. Stephen Perse, and in 1626, at thirteen, went

to Caius College as a sizar. John Milton, who went to Cambridge at seventeen, had entered at Christ's College in the preceding year. Jeremy Taylor was M.A. at the age of twenty-one, and then won the patronage of Laud by the charm of his personal beauty, ability, and pure devotion. He chanced to preach at St. Paul's, filling the pulpit in place of a college friend who was lecturer there, and made so great an impression that Laud heard of it and sent for him to preach another sermon at Lambeth. The Archbishop then became Jeremy Taylor's friend, told him that he was yet young for active life, and transferred him for further study to Oxford, where he used pressure to get him a fellowship at All Souls' without previous residence in the University. Taylor also was made chaplain to Laud, and in 1637 rector of Uppingham in Rutlandshire. There he married, in 1639, and three years afterwards was left a widower with two infant boys; a third son had died not long before his mother. At this time troubles were rising between King and Commons. Jeremy Taylor joined the king's camp as one of his chaplains, and in October, 1642, added one to the number of the loyal clergy who were deprived of their livings. He wrote on behalf of Episcopacy, "*Episcopacy Asserted*," and was made D.D. for doing so, his age then being twenty-nine. He saw service as a chaplain with the army in Wales, was imprisoned for a time, married a Welsh lady, and set up a school near Grongar Hill, at Llanvihangel Aberbythrych, in Carmarthenshire. The great house of the place was Golden Grove, where Lord and Lady Carbery were his warm friends; and here, in 1647, he urged tolerance on the contending factions, in a book upon the "*Liberty of Prophesying*," that is to say, of interpreting the Bible. Jeremy Taylor had as pure an aspiration as John Milton, but being born with a tendency of mind that caused him to dwell more upon authority, there is a characteristic difference between Taylor and Milton in their manner of suggesting the essentials of union among Christians.

Milton would require only that they who accepted the Bible as the word of God and ground-work of their faith should be fellow-Christians in spirit as in name; leaving each one free to draw from it whatever truths he found, or thought he found; that every Christian should join himself to that body of worshippers with which he most agreed in his interpretation of the Scriptures, unite with them in election of whatever pastor he believed most able to support and strengthen his religious life, and neither interfere with nor be interfered with by fellow-worshippers who, through differences of interpretation or for other reasons, had formed themselves into other equally independent congregations. This was the principle maintained by the Independents, with whose theory of Christian union, through a freely-admitted difference in the interpretation of the Book accepted by all congregations as the rule of faith, Milton was in perfect agreement.

Jeremy Taylor differed from Milton in suggesting, not the Bible itself, but the simplest and oldest doctrinal summary of it, the Apostles' Creed, as the ground of Church union. He desired that in each country the Church and State should have like bound-

that the English Church
the Apostles' with it, and that
be interfered with,
for the well-being of
such a reservation by
by Milton depend
point of view natural
essential difference in
the close of the Intro-
"of Prophesying" Taylor

ALL MUST CHURCH.

we hold holy, if we consult not
in the choice of our religion,
save only of acquiring
to preserve charity as we
I am much persuaded we should
or however (which is
though we miss them,
that one heaven shall hold men of
of faith be not destroyed by
religions, and if an unity of
us all even towards persons that are
we believe, then I would
all those stirrs and great
those names of faction, the several
not distinguished by the division of
obeying the government, which was
and canon, but distinguished by names of
These are all become instruments of hatred;
and parting of communions, and then
and then wars and rebellion, and then the
of all friendships and societies. All these
from this, that all men are not of one
is neither necessary nor possible, but that
made an article of faith, every article is a
quarrel, every quarrel makes a faction, every
and all zeal pretends for God, and whatso-
God cannot be too much. We by this time are
that we, we think we love not God except we hate
and we have not the virtue of religion, unless
all religions but our own: for lukewarmness is
to God and man, that we, proceeding furiously upon
by supposing we preserve the body, we
the soul of religion; or by being zealous for faith, or
for that which we mistake for faith, we are
in charity, and so lose the reward of both.

And near the close of the book itself he wrote:—

TOLERATION.

It concerns all persons to see that they do their best to
find out truth, and if they do, it is certain that let the error
be never so damnable, they shall escape the error or the
punishment of being damned for it. And if God will not be
angry at men for being invincibly deceived, why should men
be angry one at another? For he that is most displeased at
another man's error, may also be tempted in his own will,
and so much deceived in his understanding; for if he may fail
in what he can choose, he may also fail in what he cannot
choose; his understanding is no more secured than his will,
nor his faith more than his obedience. It is his own fault if
he offends God in either: but whatsoever is not to be avoided,

as errors which are incident oftentimes even to the best and
most inquisitive of men, are not offences against God, and
therefore not to be punished or restrained by men. But all
such opinions in which the public interests of the common-
wealth, and the foundation of faith, and a good life are not
concerned, are to be permitted freely: "Let every one be
fully persuaded in his own mind," was the doctrine of St.
Paul, and that is argument and conclusion too; and they
were excellent words which St. Ambrose said in attestation
of this great truth: "The civil authority has no right to
interdict the liberty of speaking, nor the sacerdotal to prevent
speaking what you think."



JEREMY TAYLOR.

From the Portrait before his "Sermons for all Sundays of the Year" (1652).

The time of his retirement in Wales, which lasted
until 1658, was the best fruit season of Jeremy
Taylor's life. There he produced, in 1649, his life
of Christ as the "Great Exemplar;" in 1650, his "Holy
Living;" and in 1651, his "Holy Dying." In 1651
also appeared one half, and in 1653 the other half, of
"A Course of Sermons for all Sundays of the Year."
In these books, in his "Golden Grove, a Manual of
Daily Prayers," published in 1655; and his "Discourse
on the Measures and Offices of Friendship," in 1657,
dedicated to the excellent Mrs. Catherine Philips.
Jeremy Taylor is the prose poet of the Church of
England. He wrote also some verse, but is most
poet in his prose, where a fancy alike delicate and
strong is always subordinate to the religious feeling it
expresses, in words that satisfy the ear of the musician
as well as the heart of the Christian. Observe, for
example, in this passage from the "Holy Dying,"
the change of musical time together with the form of
thought in the course of the sentences beginning "So
I have seen a rose:"—

THE CHANGE BY DEATH.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every
person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but
from the sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and the full
eyes of childhood, from the vigorous and strong flexure of

the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three-days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so I have seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece: but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knows us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discouragements, that they who six hours ago tended upon us, either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot without some regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friend's desire by giving way, that after a few days' burial they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life; they did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

Among the sermons preached in Wales and published as part of the series for every Sunday in the year, are two on "The Marriage Ring," which include such counsel to the bridegroom and the bride as might save many a marriage-knot from hurting those it binds:—

IN THE BEGINNING OF MARRIAGE.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy; but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken. So are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. For infirmities do not manifest themselves in the first scenes, but in the succession of a long society; and it is not chance or weakness when it appears at first, but it is want of love or prudence, or it will be so expounded; and that which appears ill at first usually affrights the inexperienced man or woman, who makes unequal conjectures, and fancies mighty sorrows by the proportions of the new and early unkindness. It is a very great passion, or a huge folly, or a certain want of love, that cannot preserve the colours and beauties of kindness, so long as public honesty requires men to wear their sorrows for the death of a friend.

Plutarch compares a new marriage to a vessel before the hoops are on, *κατ' ἀρχὰς μὲν ὑπὸ τῆς τυχοῦσης ραδίως διασπᾶται προφάσει*, everything dissolves their tender imaginations, but *χρόνῳ τῶν ἁρμον σύμψηξιν λαβόντων μόγις ὑπὸ πυρὸς καὶ σιδήρου διαλύεται*, when the joints are stiffened and are tied by a firm compliance and proportioned bending, scarcely can it be dissolved without fire or the violence of irons. After the hearts of the man and wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence, and an experience longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. The little boy in the Greek epigram, that was creeping down a precipice, was invited to his safety by the sight of his mother's pap, when nothing else could entice him to return; and the bond of common children, and the sight of her that nurses what is most dear to him, and the endearments of each other in the course of a long society, and the same relation, is an excellent security to reintegrate and to call that love back, which folly and trifling accidents would disturb.

" ——— Tormentum ingens nubentibus hæret
Quæ nequeunt parere, et partu retinere maritos."

When it is come thus far, it is hard untwisting the knot; but be careful in its first condition, that there be no rudeness done; for if there be, it will for ever after be apt to start, and to be diseased.

Let man and wife be careful to stifle little things, that as fast as they spring, they be cut down and trod upon; for if they be suffered to grow by numbers, they make the spirit peevish, and the society troublesome, and the affections loose and easy by an habitual aversion. Some men are more vexed with a fly than with a wound; and when the gnats disturb our sleep, and the reason is disquieted but not perfectly awakened, it is often seen that he is fuller of trouble than if in the daylight of his reason he were to contest with a potent enemy. In the frequent little accidents of a family a man's reason cannot always be awake; and when his discourses are imperfect, and a trifling trouble makes him yet more restless, he is soon betrayed to the violence of passion. It is certain that the man or woman are in a state of weakness and folly then, when they can be troubled with a trifling accident; and therefore it is not good to tempt their affections when they are in that state of danger. In this case the caution is, to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Add no new provocations to the accident, and do not inflame this, and peace will soon return, and the discontent will pass away soon, as the sparks from the collision of a flint: ever remembering, that discontents proceeding from daily little things, do breed a secret undiscernible disease, which is more dangerous than a fever proceeding from a discerned notorious surfeit.

Let them be sure to abstain from all those things, which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in white; and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil usages and discipline when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies. The ancients in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict Mercury standing by Venus, to signify, that by fair language and sweet entreaties, the minds of each other should be united; and hard by them *Suadam et Gratias descriperunt*, they would have all deliciousness of manners, compliance, and mutual observance to abide.

daries; and he proposed that the English Church should regard every man who accepted the Apostles' Creed as in substantial agreement with it, and that no man's religious opinions should be interdicted unless interference were required for the good of the State. The acceptance of such a principle by Jeremy Taylor and its rejection by the dissenters simply upon difference in the point of view appealed to each, and not at all upon essential grounds of their religious feeling. At the close of his introduction to the "Liberty of Conscience" he wrote:—

ZEAL WITHOUT

A holy life will make of
humanity and its imperfections
but search for truth will
heaven, and then he
were to get a point of
find out more truth
the main of all
and then we are

For if it 1..

several opinions
that which
charity be
not per-
tain k
noises
name
kind
th.
s.
l.

...that
...themselves
...anger and
...these to die
...a Christian
...will die
...for their
...of those that
...and yet some
...Neapolitan that
...might follow his
...of Lesbos, kept
...and these are

Henry and Newton in Brecknockshire, in the house of Lower Seathrog, in the parish of St. John, Brecknock, whose home was in a lovely scenery near the Brecknock and Brecon, became the friends who received an impulse from the poet. Herbert, Vaughan's place, was rather than below him. The two brothers, eleven the twin brothers, were of the neighbouring parish of St. John, Brecknock, in 1638, were entered at St. John's. Henry Vaughan left Oxford in 1646, and perhaps studied medicine in London, and contributed to the experience of Ben Jonson, and contributed to the death of William Shakespeare. His first volume of poems—love verses—was published in 1646. He had then taken the M.D., and began practice of medicine in London, but not staying there long, he went for life as a country doctor in his native village of Seathrog. He married twice, and

children. His brother Thomas Vaughan became the parson of the parish of St. Andrew and Newton belong. But when the loyal clergy were ejected from their benefices, Thomas Vaughan returned to Oxford, and became a chemist, on which he wrote eleven books under the name of "Eugenius Philalethes," and lived the rest of his life until his death in 1665; where some say that he was poisoned by some clergyman. Henry Vaughan published under the name of "Silex Scintillans," the first part of his poems gathered under the title of "Silex Scintillans"—The Flint (of the Heart) yielding sparks. There followed, in 1651, the chief body of his secular poems, as "Olor Iscanus" (the Swan of Isca), in 1652, devotional prose pieces as "The Olive," in 1654, "Flores Solitudinis" (Flowers of Solitude), translations of religious pieces in Latin, the time of sickness that had turned his poetry into sacred poetry; and in 1655 the second part of "Scintillans." Then followed "Hermetical Exercises," and for the rest of his life until his death in 1695, at the age of seventy-three, he held quietly by his profession as a country doctor, and published no more except, in 1678, a little duodecimo called "The Reviv'd," the Pastimes and Diversions of a Country Man," including some remains of his brother Thomas.

An obvious relation of thought between Vaughan's "Retreat" and Wordsworth's "the Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood" makes it interesting to know that Wordsworth possessed a copy of Vaughan's "Silex Scintilla" which it is contained.

THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face:
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
Oh, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train:
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!

Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move; 30
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

This also is very characteristic:—

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here.
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days; 10
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope! and high Humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death; the jewel of the just!
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark! 20

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there; 30
But when the hand that lock'd her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass. 40

Suggested no doubt, by George Herbert's "Porch to the Temple," the "Rules and Lessons" by Henry Vaughan have their own force and beauty. I give them all.

RULES AND LESSONS.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty. True hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flow'rs do to the sun.
Give Him thy first thoughts then; so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up. Prayer should
Dawn with the day. There are set, awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us. The manna was not good
After sun-rising; fair day sullies flowers. 10
Rise to prevent¹ the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whispers amongst them. There's not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! go this way;
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign 20
The whole unto Him; and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
Pour oil upon the stones; weep for thy sin;
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries; the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection and the future's bud
Shroud in their births; the Crown of life, light, truth
Is styled their star, the stone, and hidden food.²
Three blessings wait upon them, two of which
Should move. They make us holy, happy, rich. 30

When the world's up, and ev'ry swarm abroad,
Keep thou thy temper; mix not with each clay;
Dispatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may.
Yet keep those cares without thee, let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Through all thy actions, counsels, and discourse,
Let mildness and religion guide thee out;
If truth be thine, what needs a brutish force?
But what's not good and just ne'er go about. 40
Wrong not thy conscience for a rotten stick;
That gain is dreadful which makes spirits sick.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true;
If priest and people change, keep thou thy ground.
Who sells religion, is a Judas Jew;
And, oaths once broke, the soul cannot be found.
The perjurer's a devil let loose: what can
Tie up his hands, that dares mock God and man?

¹ Prevent, go before.

² "I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star" (Rev. xxi. 16). "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, and no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it" (Rev. ii. 17).

Seek not the same steps with the crowd, stand thou
 In thy own way, a constant humble mind. 51
 Be both the owl's eye and the Mower's ear.
 Let thy heart be in all thy hand.
 A sweet self-judging in a quiet soul
 Outranks the earth and loses the utmost pain.

To all that seek thee bear an open heart.
 Make not thy breast a labyrinth of thought.
 It were some time will make good thy part.
 For honesty is made some what an art.
 It is the good man's heart, the prince of flowers, 52
 Which thrives in storms and smells best after showers.

Seek not thy eyes up from the poor, but give
 Forgiveness to their needs, and thy grace:
 Thou mayst in this a happy Prince receive.
 Will, when thy soul is full, to be found a time.
 Thou shalt not see the end, though waters stay,
 The bread we eat returns in changing the day.

spend not in hours as in a very another.
 For years are not time, but if thou giv'st words
 Count not "with them," thy friend, nor heart: O smother
 A vigorous thought, some syllables are words. 53
 Unlived words are in their penance loath:
 They shame their owners, and their hearers trouble.

Injure not modest blood, while spirits rise
 In judgment against lawless: that's best wit.
 That while the folk and search, that thou to prize
 But sickness or infection: smile in
 What makes the just of sin, must be at least
 If not a very devil, worse than beast.

Yet fly no friend, if he be such indeed:
 But seek to spend his language, and thy thing: 54
 Allow your joys religion, that thou speed.
 And bring the same man back thou wert at first.
 Who so returns not, cannot pray aright.
 But shuts his door, and leaves God out all night.

To lighten thy deviations, and keep low
 All business thoughts, what business e'er thou hast.
 Observe God in His works: here fountains flow,
 Words sing, beasts feed, fish leap, and the earth stands fast:
 Above are restless motions, running light,
 Vast, circling, more, giddy clouds, days, nights. 55

When seasons change, then lay before thine eyes
 His wondrous method: mark the various scenes
 In heart's hail, thunder, rainbows, snow, and ice,
 Calm, tempest, light, and darkness, by His means:
 Thou canst not miss His praise: each tree, herb, flower,
 Are shadows of His wisdom, and His power.

To meals when thou dost come, give Him the praise
 Whose arm supplied thee: take what may suffice,
 And then be thankful: O admire His ways
 Who fills the world's untempted granaries! 100
 A thankless feeder is a thief, his feast
 A very robbery, and himself no guest.

High noon time past, thy time is gone, pursue
 The other thoughts, away with friends and
 The sun now sleeps, and leaves his beams to
 Under the dark and melancholy earth.
 All but promises thy end. There set the seal
 Whose time, length, and descent is but a seal.

Yet set as he hath said, as well. Have all
 Thy beams home with thee, when thy lamp is
 And then as death, when as thou dost, the
 Further his glory, and gives death the toil.
 May be a summer's day, whose youth and fire
 Cool in a glorious evening, and expire.

When night comes, let thy heart be made plain:
 Twixt heaven and thee, knock it out with sleep:
 But perfect all before thou sleep'st: that say
 There's one sun more shining on my head of days
 What's good score up for joy: she had, well,
 Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's law.

Thy accounts time made, spend in the grave and
 Before thy time: be not a stranger there,
 Where thou mayst at sleep while again life's part
 Lasts not a night sometimes. But speak for
 This conversation: but the good man has
 Lived many days before he dies.

Being laid, and dressed for sleep, close not thy
 Up with thy curtains: give thy soul the wing
 In some good thoughts: so, when the day shall
 And thou wake at thy fire, those words will be
 New-fresh: besides whose words, which
 And the: that best, where God is, shall not be

When thy day's over, stir thy soul, awake
 In that dead eye: one beam of the dark eyes
 Two in the day: then from the clouds and eyes
 Of night stir up thy leaves: be cheer: Get you
 Through thickest night: though that be so
 Do thou the works of day, and rise a star.

Briefly, do as thou wouldst at be done men,
 Love God, and love thy neighbour: work as yet
 These are the words and works of life: the
 And live: who doth not thus, hath lost heaven
 O lose it not: look up, with change that light
 For chains of darkness and eternal night!

This piece also we may take for its subject.

PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
 Afar beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged army
 All skilful in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,
 Sweet Peace sits, crown'd with gold
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the bravest fold.

He is thy gracious Friend,
 And O my soul awake;
 Did in pure love descend,
 To die here for thy sake.

¹ There are words here accidentally dropped in the original copy. Mr. Lyte inserts "with them," Mr. Grosart prefers "thysell."

If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

20



THOMAS FULLER. (From a Portrait taken in 1661.)

Thomas Fuller, born at Aldwinckle, Northamptonshire, in 1608, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, was first known in the Church as a popular preacher in his University town, and then became rector of Broad Winsor, in Dorsetshire. He began his career in literature with a poem in three parts upon "David's Heinous Sin, Hearty Repentance, and Heavy Punishment," and in 1640 he wrote an account of the Crusades as "A History of the Holy War," from which this is a passage, illustrating the change of opinion time had wrought touching

CRUSADES AND PILGRIMAGES TO JERUSALEM.

Three things are necessary to make an invasive war lawful: the lawfulness of the jurisdiction, the merit of the cause, and the orderly and lawful prosecution of the cause. Let us apply to our present purpose in this Holy War: for the first two, whether the jurisdiction the Christians pretended over the Turks' dominions was lawful or not; and, whether this war was not only *opera*, but *vita pretium*, worth the losing so many lives, we refer the reader to what hath been said in the first book. Only it will not be amiss to add a story or two out of an author of good account. When Charles the Sixth was King of France, the Duke of Brabant sailed over into Africa with a great army, there to fight against the Saracens. The Saracen Prince sent an herald to know of him the cause of his coming: the Duke answered, it was to revenge the death of Christ the Son of God, and true Prophet, whom they had unjustly crucified. The Saracens sent back

their messengers again to demonstrate their innocency, how they were not Saracens, but Jews, which put Christ to death, and therefore that the Christians (if posterity should be punished for their predecessors' fault) should rather revenge themselves on the Jews which lived amongst them.

Another relateth, that in the year of our Lord 1453, the great Turk sent a letter to the Pope, advertising him how he and his Turkish nation were not descended from the Jews, but from the Trojans, from whom also the Italians derive their pedigree, and so would prove himself akin to his Holiness. Moreover, he added, that it was both his and their duty to repair the ruins of Troy, and to revenge the death of their great-grandfather Hector, upon the Grecians; to which end, the Turk said he had already conquered a great part of Greece. As for Christ, he acknowledged him to have been a noble Prophet, and to have been crucified of the Jews, against whom the Christians might seek their remedy. These two stories I thought good to insert, because though of later date, and since the holy war in Palestine was ended, yet they have some reference thereunto, because some make that our quarrel to the Turks.

But grant the Christians' right to the Turks' lands to be lawful, and the cause in itself enough deserving to ground a war upon, yet in the prosecution and managing thereof, many not only venial errors but inexcusable faults were committed; no doubt, the cause of the ill success.

To omit the book called the Office of our Lady, made at the beginning of this war to procure her favourable assistance in it (a little manual, but full of blasphemies, in folio, thrusting her with importunate superstitions into God's throne, and forcing on her the glory of her Maker); superstition not only tainted the rind, but rotted the core of this whole action. Indeed, most of the pottage of that age tasted of that wild gourd. Yet far be it from us to condemn all their works to be dross, because debased and alloyed with superstitious intents. No doubt there was a mixture of much good metal in them, which God the good refiner knoweth how to sever, and then will crown and reward. But here we must distinguish betwixt those deeds which have some superstition in them, and those which in their nature are wholly superstitious, such as this voyage of people to Palestine was. For what opinion had they of themselves herein, who thought that by dying in this war, they did make Christ amends for his death, as one saith, which if but a rhetorical flourish, yet doth hyperbolise into blasphemy. Yea, it was their very judgment, that hereby they did both merit and supererogate; and by dying for the Cross, cross the score of their own sins, and score up God for their debtor. But this flieth high, and therefore we leave it for others to follow. Let us look upon pilgrimages in general, and we shall find pilgrims wandering not so far from their own country as from the judgment of the ancient fathers.

We will leave our army at home, and only bring forth our champion. Hear what Gregory Nyssene saith, who lived in the fourth century, in which time voluntary pilgrimages first began; though before there were necessary pilgrims, forced to wander from their country by persecution. "Where," saith he, "our Lord pronounceth men blessed, he reckoneth not going to Jerusalem to be amongst those good deeds which direct to happiness." And afterwards, speaking of the going of single women in those long travels: "A woman," saith he, "cannot go such long journeys without a man to conduct her; and then whatsoever we may suppose, whether she hireth a stranger or hath a friend to wait on her, on neither side can she escape reproof, and keep the law of continency." Moreover, "If there were more divine grace in the places of Jerusalem, sin would not be so frequent

and customary amongst those that lived there. Now there is no kind of uncleanness which there they dare not commit: malice, adultery, thefts, idolatry, poisonings, envies, and slaughters. But you will say unto me, If it be not worth the pains, why then did you go to Jerusalem? Let them hear, therefore, how I defend myself. I was appointed to go into Arabia to an holy council, held for the reforming of that Church; and Arabia being near to Jerusalem, I promised those that went with me, that I would go to Jerusalem to discourse with them which were presidents of the churches there; where matters were in a very troubled state, and they wanted one to be a mediator in their discords. We knew that Christ was a man born of a virgin, before we saw Bethlehem; we believed his resurrection from death, before we saw his sepulchre; we confessed his ascension into heaven, before we saw Mount Olivet. But we got so much profit by our journey, that by comparing them, we found our own more holy than those outward things. Wherefore you that fear God, praise him in what place you are. Change of place maketh not God nearer unto us; wheresoever thou art, God will come to thee, if the inn of thy soul be found such as the Lord may dwell and walk in thee," &c.

A patron of pilgrimages not able to void the blow, yet willing to break the stroke of so pregnant and plain a testimony, thus seeketh to ward it: that indeed, pilgrimages are unfitting for women, yet fitting for men. But sure God never appointed such means to heighten devotion necessary thereunto, whereof the half of mankind, all women, are by their very creation made incapable.

Secondly, he pleadeth, that it is lawful for secular and laymen to go on pilgrimages, but not for friars, who lived recluse in their cells, out of which they were not to come; and against such, saith he, is Nyssen's speech directed. But then, I pray, what was Peter, the leader of this long dance, but an hermit? and, if I mistake not, his profession was the very dungeon of the monastical prison, the strictest and severest of all other orders. And though there were not so many cowls as helmets in this war, yet always was the holy army well stocked with such cattle; so that on all sides it is confessed that the pilgrimages of such persons were utterly unlawful.

Soon after the publication of this book, Fuller became lecturer to the Savoy Church in the Strand, where he was so popular a preacher that he is said to have had two audiences—one outside the church, and one in.

Thomas Fuller was active on the king's side in the Civil War; he was presented to the living of Waltham, in 1648; in 1654, married a second wife—twelve or thirteen years after his first wife's death; and if he had not died of fever soon after the Restoration, he would have been made a bishop. Of his books, which are all ingenious and lively in their style, the most important are "The Church History of Britain, from the Birth of Jesus Christ until the year 1648," first published in 1655, and "The History of the Worthies of England," first published in the year after his death.

John Howe, born in 1630, was the son of a clergyman. His father was persecuted in the reign of Charles I. for Puritan tendencies. John Howe went to Cambridge in 1647, and entered Milton's College—Christ's—as a sizar. In 1652, aged twenty-two, he was the Rev. John Howe, M.A., minister

at Great Torrington, in Devonshire. His parish is set on a hill-top, in beautiful Devonshire scenery, the hills surrounding it in such a way as to have suggested a comparison with the site of Jerusalem. There he preached and prayed on special fast-days, with his people, from nine in the morning until four in the evening, taking only a quarter of an hour's rest. In 1654 he married a minister's daughter, and two years later, at the age of twenty-six, being in London, he went to Whitehall Chapel to see Cromwell. The



JOHN HOWE.

(From the Contemporary Painting in Dr. Williams's Library.)

Protector observed him, sought speech with him, invited him to preach, and liked him so well that he persuaded him to come to London and act as his chaplain. Howe lived to see the Revolution, and died early in Queen Anne's reign. He sympathised strongly with Richard Baxter in his desire for union among Christians; and thus it was that the chaplain of Oliver Cromwell preached of

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

The blessed apostle St. John only endeavours the strengthening of these two vital principles, faith in Christ and love to fellow-Christians, as may be seen at large in his epistles. These he presses, as the great commandments; upon the observation whereof he seems to account the safety and peace of the sincere did entirely depend. "This is his commandment, That we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he gave us commandment," 1 Epistle iii. 23. He puts upon Christians no other distinguishing test, but "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ, is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat, loveth him also that is begotten of him" (chap. i. 1): is only solicitous that they did practise the commandment they had from the beginning—i.e. that they loved one another (2 Epist. verse 5), and that they did abide in the doctrine of Christ (verse 9).

The prudence and piety of those unerring guides of the Church (themselves under the certain guidance of the Spirit of truth), directed them to bring the things wherein they would have Christians unite, within as narrow a compass

was possible, neither multiplying articles of faith nor rites of worship. These two principles, as they were thought to answer the apostles, would fully answer our design and present enquiry. And we may adventure to say of them that they are both sufficient and necessary; the apt and the only means to heal and save us; such as would effect our cure, and without which nothing will.

Nor shall I give other answer to the proposed question—than what may be deduced from these two, considered according to what they are in themselves and what they naturally lead and tend unto. I shall consider them in the order wherein the Apostle here mentions them, who, you see, reserves the more important of them to the latter place.

The sincere love of Christians to one another would be a happy means of preserving the truly Christian interest among us. That this may be understood, we must rightly apprehend what kind of love it is that is here meant. It is specified by what we find in conjunction with it, the understanding and acknowledgment of the mystery of Christianity. Therefore it must be the love of Christians to one another as such. Whence we collect, lest we too much extend the object of it on the one hand or contract it on the other.

1. That it is not the love only which we owe to one another as men, or human creatures merely, that is intended here. That were too much to enlarge it, as to our present consideration of it. For under that common notion, we should be as much obliged to love the enemies we are to unite against as the friends of religion we are to unite with, since all partake equally in human nature. It must be a more special love that shall have the desired influence in the present case. We cannot be peculiarly endeared and united to some more than to others upon a reason that is common to them with others. We are to love them that are born of God, and are his children, otherwise than the children of men, or such of whom it may be said they are of their father the devil; them that appear to have been partakers of a divine nature at another rate, than them who have received a mere human, or also the diabolical nature, 1 John v. 1. Yet this peculiar love is not to be exclusive of the other which is common, but must suppose it and be superadded to it, as the reason of it is superadded. For Christianity supposes humanity; and divine grace, human nature.

2. Nor is it a love to Christians of this or that party or denomination only. That were as much unduly to straiten and confine it. The love that is owing to Christians as such, as it belongs to them only, so it belongs to them who in profession and practice do own sincere and incorrupt Christianity. To limit our Christian love to a party of Christians, truly so called, is so far from serving the purpose now to be aimed at that it resists and defeats it; and instead of a preservative union infers most destructive divisions. It scatters what it should collect and gather. 'Tis to love factiously; and with an unjust love that refuses to give indifferently to every one his due: for is there no love due to a disciple of Christ in the name of a disciple? It is founded in falsehood, and a lie denies them to be of the Christian community who really are so. It presumes to remove the ancient land-marks, not civil but sacred, and draws on, not the people's curse only, but that of God himself. 'Tis true (and who doubts it?) that I may and ought upon special reasons to love some more than others; as relation, acquaintance, obligation by favours received from them, more eminent degrees of true worth, and real goodness: but that signifies nothing to the withholding of that love which is due to a Christian as such, as that also ought not to prejudice the love I owe to a man, as he is a man.

Nor am I so promiscuously to distribute this holy love as to place it at random upon every one that thinks it convenient for him to call himself a Christian, though I ought to love the very profession, while I know not who sincerely make it, and do plainly see that Jews and Pagans were never worse enemies to Christ and his religion than a great part of the Christian world. But let my apprehensions be once set right concerning the true essentials of Christianity, whether consisting in doctrinal or vital principles; then will my love be duly carried to all in whom they are found under one common notion, which I come actually to apply to this or that person as particular occasions do occur, and so I shall always be in a preparation of mind, actually to unite in Christian love with every such person, whensoever such occasions do invite me to it. And do we now need to be told what such an impartial truly Christian love would do to our common preservation, and to prevent the ruin of the Christian interest?

1. How greatly would it contribute to the vigour of the Christian life! For so we should all equally "hold the head, from which all the body by joints and bands having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God;" as afterwards in this chapter (Coloss. ii. 19). Thus (as it is in that other parallel text of Scripture) "speaking the truth in love, we shall grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ; from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love," Eph. iv. 15, 16. Obstructions that hinder the free circulation of blood and spirits, do not more certainly infer languishings in the natural body, than the want of such a diffusive love shuts up and shrivels the destitute parts and hinders the diffusion of a nutritive vital influence in the body of Christ.

2. It would inspire Christians generally with a sacred courage and fortitude, when they should know and even feel themselves knit together in love. How doth the revolt of any considerable part of an army discourage the rest! or if they be not entire and of a piece! Mutual love animates them, as nothing more, when they are prepared to live and die together, and love hath before joined whom now their common danger also joins. They otherwise signify but as so many single persons, each one but caring and contriving how to shift for himself. Love makes them significant to one another, so as that every one understands himself to be the common care of all the rest. It makes Christians the more resolute in their adherence to truth and goodness when, from their not doubted love, they are sure of the help, the counsels, and prayers of the Christian community, and apprehend by their declining they shall grieve those whom they love, and who they know love them. If any imagine themselves intended to be given up as sacrifices to the rage of the common enemy, their hearts are the apter to sink, they are most exposed to temptations to prevaricate; and the rest will be apt to expect the like usage from them, if themselves be reduced to the like exigency and be liable to the same temptations.

3. It would certainly, in our present case, extinguish or abate the so contrary unhallowed fire of our anger and wrath towards one another, as the celestial beams do the baser culinary fire, which burns more fervently when the sun hath less power. Then would debates, if there must be any, be managed without intemperate heat. We should be remote from being angry that we cannot convey our own sentiments into another's mind; which when we are, our business is the more remote; we make ourselves less capable of reasoning

aptly to convince, and (because anger begets anger, as love doth love) render the other less susceptible of conviction. Why are we yet to learn that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God? What is gained by it? So little doth angry contention about small matters avail, that even they that happen to have the better cause lose by it, and their advantage cannot recompense the damage and hurt that ensues to the Church and to themselves. Our famous Davenant,¹ speaking of the noted controversy between Stephen, Bishop of Rome, who, he says, as much as in him lay, did with a schismatical spirit tear the Church, and Cyprian, who with great lenity and Christian charity professes that he would not break the Lord's peace for diversity of opinion, nor remove any from the right of communion, concludes that erring Cyprian deserved better of the Church of Christ than orthodox Stephen. He thought him the schismatic whom he thought in the right, and that his orthodoxy, as it was accompanied, was more mischievous to the Church than the other's error. Nor can a man do that hurt to others, without suffering it more principally. The distemper of his own spirit, what can recompense! and how apt is it to grow in him; and, while it grows in himself, to propagate itself among others! Whereupon, if the want of love hinders the nourishment of the body, much more do the things which, when it is wanting, are wont to fill up its place. For as naturally as love begets love, so do wrath, envy, malice, calumny, beget one another, and spread a poison and virulency through the body, which necessarily wastes and tends to destroy it. How soon did the Christian Church cease to be itself, and the early vigour of primitive Christianity degenerate into insipid, spiritless formality, when once it became contentious! It broke into parties, sects multiplied, animosities grew high, and the grieved Spirit of love retired from it, which is grieved by nothing more than by bitterness, wrath, anger, &c., as the connection of these two verses intimates, Eph. iv. 30, 31—"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.—Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice." And to the same purpose is that, 1 Pet. ii. 1, 2, "Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." By this means religion, once dispirited, loses its majesty and awfulness, and even tempts and invites the assaults and insultations of enemies.

4. It would oblige us to all acts of mutual kindness and friendship. If such a love did govern in us, we should be always ready to serve one another in love, to bear each other's burdens, to afford our mutual counsel and help to one another, even in our private affairs if called thereto; especially in that which is our common concern, the preserving and promoting the interest of religion, and to our uttermost strengthen each other's hands herein. It would engage us to a free, amicable conversation with one another upon this account; would not let us do so absurd a thing as to confine our friendship to those of our own party, which we might as

reasonably to men of our own stature, or to those whose voice and hair and look and mien were likeliest our own. It would make us not be ashamed to be seen in each other's company, or be shy of owning one another. We should not be to one another as Jews and Samaritans that had no dealing with one another, or as the poet notes they were to other nations; "*Non monstrare vias eadem nisi sacra colenti*" (Not so much as to show the way to one not of their religion). There would be no partition-wall through which love would not easily open a way of friendly commerce, by which we should insensibly slide, more and more, into one another's hearts. Whence also,

5. Prejudices would cease, and jealousies concerning each other. A mutual confidence would be begotten. We should no more suspect one another of ill designs upon each other, than lest our right hand should wait an opportunity of cutting off the left. We should believe one another in our mutual professions, of whatsoever sort, both of kindness to one another, and that we really doubt and scruple the things which we say we do.

6. This would hence make us earnestly covet an entire union in all the things wherein we differ, and contribute greatly to it. We are too prone many times to dislike things for the disliked persons' sake who practise them. And a prevailing disaffection makes us unfit to understand one another, precludes our entrance into one another's mind and sense, which if love did once open, and inclined us more to consider the matters of difference themselves than to imagine some reserved meaning and design of the persons that differ from us, 'tis likely we might find ourselves much nearer to one another than we did apprehend we were, and that it were a much easier step for the one side to go quite over to the other. But if that cannot be,

7. It would make us much more apt to yield to one another and abate all that ever we can in order to as full an accommodation as is any way possible, that if we cannot agree upon either extreme, we might at least meet in the middle. It would cause an emulation who should be larger in their grants to this purpose; as it was professed by Luther when so much was done at Marburg towards an agreement between him and the Helvetians, that he would not allow that praise to the other party that they should be more desirous of peace and concord than he. Of which amicable conference, and of that afterwards at Wittenberg, and several other negotiations to that purpose, account is given by divers; and insisted on by some of our own great divines, as precedential to the concord they endeavoured between the Saxon and the Helvetian Churches of later time, as Bishop Morton,² Bishop Hall, Bishop Davenant, in their several sentences or judgments written to Mr. Dury³ upon that subject.

And indeed when I have read the pacific writings of those eminent worthies, for the composing of those difference abroad, I could not but wonder that the same peaceable spirit did not endeavour with more effect the composing

¹ John Davenant was born in Watling Street in 1576, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, of which he became Master in 1614. He was a Divinity Professor at Cambridge, was sent by James I. to the synod of Dort, and in 1621 was made Bishop of Salisbury. He was a liberal Calvinist, and offended James I. by a discourse on Predestination. He died of consumption. John Howe is here quoting from a Latin exhortation to Christian unity published by Davenant at Cambridge in 1640, the year before his death, "*Ad fraternam Communionem inter Evangelicas Ecclesias restaurandam Adhortatio*." There was an English edition in the year of his death, 1641.

² Thomas Morton, born at York in 1564, and educated at St. John College, Cambridge, was made chaplain to James I. in 1606, Bishop of Chester in 1615, of Lichfield and Coventry in 1618, and of Durham in 1632. He died in retirement in 1659 aged ninety-five.

³ John Dury (or Dureus) was a Scotch divine who spent for years in the vain endeavour to reconcile Lutherans and Calvinists. He travelled to confer with divines in England, Geneva, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, &c., and wrote much to advance the cause of Christian union, which he made it the work of his life to strive for in a true spirit of brotherhood. His works were published between 1634 and 1674. One of them was "*A Model of Church Government*" (1647). He is not to be confounded with John Dury (or Dureus), a Jesuit, who published in 1582 a reply to William Whitaker's answer to Edmund Campian.

our own much lesser differences at home. But the things of our peace were (as they still are) hid from our eyes, with the more visibly just severity by how much they have been nearer us and more obvious to the easy view of any but an averse eye. It is not for us to prescribe (as was said) to persons that are now in so eminent stations as these were at that time; but may we not hope to find with such (and where should we rather expect to find it?) that compassion and mercifulness in imitation of the blessed Jesus, their Lord and ours, as to consider and study the necessities of souls in these respects, and at least willingly to connive at and very heartily approve some indulgences and abatements in the administrations of the inferior clergy, as they may not think fit themselves positively to order and enjoin? Otherwise I believe it could not but give some trouble to a conscientious conforming minister, if a sober pious person, sound in the faith and of a regular life, should tell him he is willing to use his ministry in some of the ordinances of Christ, if only he would abate or dispense with some annexed ceremony which in conscience he dare not use or admit of. I believe it would trouble such a minister to deal with a person of this character as a pagan because of his scruple, and put him upon considering whether he ought not rather to dispense with man's rule than with God's. I know what the same Bishop Davenant hath expressly said, that "He that believes the things contained in the Apostles' Creed,¹ and endeavours to live a life agreeable to the precepts of Christ, ought not to be expunged from the roll of Christians, nor be driven from communion with the other members of any Church whatsoever." However, truly Christian love would do herein all that it can, supplying the rest by grief that it can do no more.

8. It would certainly make us abstain from mutual censures of one another as insincere for our remaining differences. Charity that thinks no evil would make us not need the reproof, Rom. xiv. 4, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" The common aptness hereunto among us shows how little that divine principle rules in our hearts, that in defiance of our rule and the authority of the great God and our blessed Redeemer, to whom all judgment is committed, and who hath so expressly forbidden us to judge lest we be judged (Matt. vii. 1), we give ourselves so vast a liberty, and set no other bounds to our usurped licence of judging, than nature hath set to our power of thinking—i.e. think all the mischievous thoughts of them that differ from us that we know how to devise or invent, as if we would say, "Our thoughts (and then, by an easy advance, our tongues) are our own, who is Lord over us?" I animadvert not on this as the fault of one party; but wheresoever it lies, as God knows how diffused a poison this is among them that are satisfied with the public constitutions towards them that dissent from them, and with these back again towards them, and with the several parties of both these towards one another. This uniting, knitting love would make us refrain, not merely from the restraint of God's laws in this case, but from a benign disposition, as that which the temper of our spirits would abhor from. So that such as are well content with the public forms and rites of worship, would have no inclination to judge them that apprehend not things with their understandings, nor relish with their taste, as persons that therefore have cut themselves off from Christ, and the body of Christ. They might learn better from the Cassandrian moderation and from the avowed sentiments of that man

whose temper is better to be liked than his terms of union, who speaking of such as, being formerly rejected (meaning the Protestants) for finding fault with abuses in the Church, had by the urgency of their conscience altered somewhat in the way of their teaching and the form of their service, and are therefore said to have fallen off from the Church and are numbered among heretics and schismatics. It is, saith he, to be enquired how rightly and justly this is determined of them. For there is to be considered, as to the Church, the head and the body. From the head there is no departure but by doctrine disagreeable to Christ the head; from the body there is no departure by diversity of rites and opinions, but only by the defect of charity. So that this learned Romanist neither thinks them heretics that hold the head, nor schismatics, for such differences as ours are, from the rest of the body, if love and charity towards them remain. And again, where this love remains, and bears rule, it can as little be, that they who are unsatisfied with the way of worship that more generally obtains should censure them that are satisfied, as insincere merely because of this difference. It cannot permit that we should think all the black thoughts we can invent of them, as if because they have not our consciences they had none, or because they see not with our eyes they were therefore both utterly and wilfully blind.

Thomas Browne, born in Cheapside in 1605, was educated at Winchester School and Pembroke College, Oxford. He travelled in France and Italy, graduated in physic at the University of Leyden, and published, in 1634, after his return to London, a quaint, thoughtful book, entitled "*Religio Medici*" (The Religion of a Physician). Two years afterwards Dr. Browne settled at Norwich, where he became the leading physician. He was not knighted until thirty-seven years after his "*Religio Medici*" was published, and he died in 1682. His books on "*Urn Burial*," and on "*Vulgar Errors*," are not less interesting than his "*Religio Medici*," from which this passage is taken:—

TRUE AFFECTION.

There are wonders in true affection; it is a body of enigmas, mysteries, and riddles; wherein two so become one, as they both become two. I love my friend before myself, and yet methinks I do not love him enough. Some few months hence, my multiplied affection will make me believe I have not loved him at all: when I am from him, I am dead till I be with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him. United souls are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other; which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our own, we forget their looks, nor can our memory retain the idea of their faces; and it is no wonder: for they are ourselves, and our affection makes their looks our own. This noble affection falls not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are marked for virtue. He that can love his friend with this noble ardour, will, in a competent degree, affect all. Now, if we can bring our affections to look beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soul, we have found the true object, not only of friendship, but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, salvation; which, though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity and pious invocations to desire, if not

¹ Jeremy Taylor also, in his "*Liberty of Prophesying*," recommended this basis of Christian union. (See pages 285, 286.)

procure and further. I cannot contentedly frame a prayer for myself in particular, without a catalogue for my friends; nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never heard the toll of a passing-bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit. I cannot go to cure the body of my patient, but I forget my profession and call unto God for his soul. I cannot see one say his prayers, but instead of imitating him, I fall into a supplication for him, who, perhaps, is no more to me than a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an ear to my supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of my unknown devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian: our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further than this life; it is the devil, and the uncharitable votes of hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

To do no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my former years, and impatient affections, seemed to contain enough of morality; but my more settled years, and Christian constitution, have fallen upon severer resolutions. I can hold there is no such thing as injury; that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to malign himself; that the truest way to love another, is to despise ourselves. I were unjust unto mine own conscience, if I should say I am at variance with anything like myself.

George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends, was born in 1624 at Fenny Drayton in Leicestershire. Christopher Fox, his father, was a weaver, known for his integrity as "righteous Christie." George Fox, as a child, found his chief pleasure in reading the Bible. As a youth he was placed with a shoemaker, who also kept sheep, and in September, 1643, he wandered away for quiet meditation, exercised in mind upon religious questions. To save himself thought about clothes he made himself a durable suit of leather garments, which he wore for some years. In 1647 he began to preach in Dukinfield and Manchester, and at other places in Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire; followers gathered about him who called themselves "Friends," in sign of brotherly love, and resolved on strict obedience to the Bible in all things, and the separation of plain spiritual truth from external forms that sometimes usurped its place. One characteristic of his teaching was a strong sense of the need of the Spirit of God to enlighten those who interpret the voice of the same Spirit in others.

GEORGE FOX'S ACCOUNT OF HIS MISSION.

Of all the sects of Christendom with whom I discoursed, I found none that could bear to be told that they should come to Adam's perfection, into that image of God, that righteousness and holiness that Adam was in before he fell. Therefore, how should they be able to bear being told that any should grow up to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, when they cannot bear to hear that any shall come, whilst upon earth, into the same power and spirit that the prophets and apostles were in? Though it be a certain truth that none can understand these writings

aright without the aid of the same Spirit by which they were written.

The Lord God opened to me by his invisible power how "every man was enlightened by the divine light of Christ." I saw it shine through all, and that they who believed in it came out of condemnation to the light of life, and became the children of it; but they that hated it and did not believe in it were condemned by it, though they made profession of Christ. This I saw in the pure openings of the light, without the help of any man; neither did I then know where to find it in the Scriptures, though afterwards, searching the Scriptures, I found it. For I saw in the Light and Spirit, which was before the Scriptures were given forth, and which led the holy men of God to give them forth, that all must come to that Spirit if they would know God or Christ or the Scriptures aright, which Spirit they that gave them forth were led and taught by.

I was sent to turn people from darkness to the light, that they might receive Christ Jesus; for to as many as should receive Him in His light, I saw He would give power to become the sons of God, which I had obtained by receiving Christ. I was to direct people to the Spirit that gave forth the Scriptures, by which they might be led unto all truth, and up to Christ and God, as those had been who gave them forth. I was to turn them to the grace of God, and to the truth in the heart, which came by Jesus; that by this grace they might be taught what would bring them salvation, that their hearts might be established by it, their words might be seasoned, and all might come to know their salvation nigh. I saw Christ died for all men, was a propitiation for all, and enlightened all men and women by His divine and saving light, and that none could be true believers but those that believed therein. I saw that the grace of God which brings salvation had appeared to all men, and that the manifestation of the Spirit of God was given to every man to profit withal. These things I did not see by the help of man, nor by the letter, though they are written in the letter; but I saw them in the light of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by His immediate Spirit and power, as did the holy men of God by whom the Scriptures were written. Yet I had no slight esteem of the Holy Scriptures; they were very precious to me, for I was in that Spirit by which they had been given forth, and what the Lord opened in me I afterwards found was agreeable to them. I could speak much of those things, and many volumes might be written, but all would prove too short to set forth the infinite love, wisdom, and power of God, in preparing, fitting, and furnishing me for the service He had appointed me to; letting me see the depths of Satan on one hand, and opening to me on the other hand the divine mysteries of His own everlasting kingdom.

When the Lord God and His Son Jesus Christ sent me forth into the world to preach His everlasting gospel and kingdom, I was glad that I was commanded to turn people to that inward light, spirit, and grace, by which all might know their salvation and their way to God; even that divine Spirit, which would lead them into all truth, and which I infallibly knew would never deceive any.

With and by this divine power and Spirit of God, and the light of Jesus, I was to bring people off from all their own ways, to Christ the new and living way; from their churches which men had made, and gathered to the Church of God, the general assembly written in heaven, which Christ is the head of; and off from the world's teachers made by men, to learn of Christ, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, of whom the Father said, 'This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him;' and off from all the world's worship,

to know the Spirit of truth in the inward parts; and to be led thereby, that in it they might worship the Father of Spirits, who seeks such to worship Him, which Spirit they that worshipped not in knew not what they worshipped. I was to bring people off from all the world's religions which are in vain, that they might know the pure religion, might visit the fatherless, the widows, and the strangers, and keep themselves spotless from the world; then there would not be so many beggars—the sight of whom often grieved my heart, as it denoted so much hard-heartedness.

I was to bring them off from all the world's fellowships, prayings, and singings, which stood in forms without power, that their fellowship might be in the Holy Ghost, the eternal Spirit of God; that they might pray in the Holy Ghost, sing in the Spirit, and with the grace that comes by Jesus; making melody in their hearts to the Lord, who hath sent His beloved Son to be their Saviour, caused His heavenly sun to shine upon all the world, and through them all, and His heavenly rain to fall upon the just and the unjust (as His outward rain doth fall, and His outward sun doth shine upon all), which is God's unspeakable love to the world.

I was to bring people off from Jewish ceremonies, from heathenish fables, from man's inventions and windy doctrines, by which they blow the people about this way and the other way from sect to sect, and from all their beggarly rudiments, with their schools and colleges for making ministers of Christ—who are indeed only ministers of their own making, but not of Christ's; and from all their images, crosses, and sprinkling of infants, with their holy days (so called), and all their vain traditions, which they had got up since the apostles' days, which the Lord's power was against. In the dread and authority thereof I was moved to declare against them all, and against all that preached and not freely, as such who had not received freely from Christ.

Moreover, when the Lord sent me into the world, he forbade me to put off my hat to any, high or low; and I was required to *thee* and *thou* all men and women without any respect to rich or poor, great or small. And as I travelled up and down I was not to bid good-morrow or good-evening, neither might I bow or scrape with my leg to any one; this made the sects and professions rage. . . .

In fairs also, and in markets, I was made to declare against their deceitful merchandise, cheating and cozening, warning all to deal justly, to speak the truth, to let their yea be yea, and their nay be nay, and to do unto others as they would have others do unto them; forewarning them of the great and terrible day of the Lord, which would come upon them all. I was moved also to cry against all sorts of music, and against the mountebanks playing tricks upon their stages, for they burdened the pure life, and stirred up people's minds to vanity. I was much exercised, too, with schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, warning them to teach children sobriety in the fear of the Lord, that they might not be nursed and trained up in lightness, vanity, and wantonness. I was made to warn masters and mistresses, fathers and mothers, in private families, to take care that their children and servants might be trained up in the fear of the Lord, and that themselves should be therein examples and patterns of sobriety and virtue to them. . . .

But the black earthly spirit of the priest wounded my life; and when I heard the bell toll to call people together in the steeple-house, it struck at my life, for it was like a market-bell to gather people together, that the priest might set forth his wares for sale. Oh! the vast sums of money that are got by the trade they make of selling the Scriptures, and by their preaching, from the highest bishop to the lowest priest. What one trade in the world is comparable

to it? Notwithstanding the Scriptures were given forth freely, Christ commanded his ministers to preach freely, and the prophets and apostles denounced judgment against all covetous hirelings and diviners for money. But in this free spirit of the Lord Jesus was I sent forth to declare the word of life and reconciliation freely, that all might come to Christ, who gives freely, and renews us into the image of God, which man and woman were in before they fell.

The persecution brought on themselves, and borne with heroic simplicity, by Fox and his followers, through the zeal with which they carried out their protest against all that they accounted insincere or unscriptural, forms an interesting passage in English religious history. Fox died in 1690.

John Hales, born in 1584, was made Greek Professor at Oxford in 1612, had afterwards an Eton Fellowship, and died at Eton in the time of the Commonwealth, 1656. His best writings were published in 1659 as "Golden Remains of the Ever Memorable Mr. John Hales, of Eton College." This is a prayer from John Hales for peace in the English Church, closing a sermon on the text "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you" (John xiv. 27):—

PRAYER FOR PEACE IN THE CHURCH.

When our friends and enemies do both jointly consent to lay open our shame, to whose judgment shall we appeal, or whither shall we fly? Whither? Even to thee, O Lord Christ; but not as to a judge: too well we know thy sentence. Thou hast sent us messengers of peace, but we, like Jerusalem, thy ancient love, have not understood the things belonging to our peace. O Lord, let us know them in this our day, and let them no longer be hidden from our eyes. Look down, O Lord, upon thy poor dismembered Church, rent and torn with discords, and even ready to sink. Why should the neutral or atheist any longer confirm himself in his irreligion by reasons drawn from our dissensions? Or why should any greedy-minded worldling prophesy unto himself the ruins of thy sanctuary, or hope one day to dip his foot in the blood of thy Church? We will hope, O Lord (for what hinders?), that notwithstanding all supposed impossibilities, thou wilt one day in mercy look down upon thy Sion, and grant a gracious interview of friends so long divided. Thou that wroughtest that great reconciliation between God and man, is thine arm waxen shorter? Was it possible to reconcile God to man? To reconcile man to man is it impossible? Be with those, we beseech thee, to whom the persecution of Church controversies is committed, and, like a good Lazarus, drop one cooling drop into their tongues and pens, too, too much exasperated each against other. And if it be thy determinate will and counsel that this abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not, continue unto the end, accomplish thou with speed the number of thine elect, and hasten the coming of thy Son our Saviour, that He may himself in person sit and judge, and give an end to our controversies, since it stands not with any human possibility. Direct thy Church, O Lord, in all her petitions for peace, teach her wherein her peace consists, and warn her from the world, and bring her home to Thee; that all those that love thy peace may at last have the reward of the sons of peace.

and reign with Thee in thy kingdom of peace for ever. Grant this, O God, for thy Son's sake, Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be ascribed all praise, might, majesty, and dominion, now and for ever.



RICHARD BAXTER. (From a Portrait taken in 1677.)

Richard Baxter was born in November, 1615, at High Ercal, in Shropshire. He was the son of a small freeholder. Part of his boyhood was spent at Eaton Constantine, about five miles from Shrewsbury. The best part of his education he received at the free school of Wroxeter, and thence he went to be taught for a time by Mr. Richard Wickstead, chaplain to the Council at Ludlow. But Mr. Wickstead taught him little, and Baxter considered the year and a half at Ludlow to have been unprofitably spent. Then he taught for a time at Wroxeter, to help his old schoolmaster there, who was dying of consumption. Hindered himself by much ill-health, young Baxter studied privately for the ministry. For two years after he had attained the age of twenty-one Richard Baxter had his religious thoughts intensified by expectation of death from violent cough with spitting of blood. He presented himself to the Bishop of Worcester for examination for orders, was ordained, and licensed to teach in a newly-founded free school at Dudley, where he often preached in the town and the neighbouring villages. From Dudley he removed in less than a year to assist the minister at Bridgenorth. There he was somewhat troubled by "the Et-cetera Oath" framed by the Convocation then sitting, which obliged the clergy, on pain of expulsion, to swear "that they would never consent to the alteration of the present government of the Church by Archbishops, Deans, Archdeacons, &c." This set Baxter on the study of Episcopacy, and in the same year, 1640, he was invited to be preacher at Kidderminster, where the vicar had been declared insufficient by the townspeople and reduced to the reading of the prayers and the payment of £60

a year, out of his £200, for a preacher who would satisfy his people. During the sixteen years of Baxter's work at Kidderminster he never occupied the vicarage house, though authorised to do so by the Parliament, but left the old vicar there to end his days in peace. The vicar was deprived by Parliament, and although Baxter would not take his place or receive more than a maintenance of a hundred a year and a house, the inhabitants, to keep to themselves the benefit of the sequestration, secretly got an order to settle Baxter in the title. To the deprived vicar they gave forty pounds a year with the vicarage that Baxter would not take.

Questions in Church and State were being argued by main force while Richard Baxter was at Kidderminster.

William Laud, son of a clothier at Reading, was born in 1573, and educated at Reading free school and St. John's College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship in 1594. He was small of stature, eager and confident of spirit. His health was very bad before and after the time of his taking his M.A. degree, which he received in July, 1598. He was ordained priest in 1601, and in 1602, in a divinity lecture read at St. John's College, he maintained against Puritan opinions the Church as Elizabeth established it. About six weeks after the Queen's death, William Laud, then in his thirtieth year, was chosen Proctor for his University, and took part in the "Answer of the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, Proctors, &c., in the University of Oxford, to the Petition of the Ministers of the Church of England desiring Reformation." Towards the close of the same year, Laud was appointed chaplain to the Earl of Devonshire. In July, 1604, he took the degree of B.D., and in the public exercise on that occasion maintained—as his opponents said, with arguments drawn from the writings of Cardinal Belarmin—the necessity of baptism to salvation, and that there could be no true Church without bishops. In December, 1605, on St. Stephen's Day, Laud married the divorced Lady Rich—Sidney's Stella—to her old and constant lover, formerly Sir Charles Blount, then Charles Lord Mountjoy, and next created Earl of Devonshire for his conduct in the Irish wars. James was offended by the act of marriage to a divorced wife in her husband's lifetime. The Earl of Devonshire was in disgrace at court, and Laud lost royal favour. A sermon preached by Laud in 1606, at St. Mary's Church, before his University, revived the charge of Popery against his doctrine on church matters, and Peter Heylin says Laud told him that it was then reckoned a heresy to speak to him, and a suspicion of heresy to salute him in the street. Joseph Hall, afterwards Bishop of Norwich, wrote to Laud at this time, "I would I knew where to find you, then I could tell how to take direct arms, whereas now I must pore and conjecture. To-day you are in the tents of the Romanists, to-morrow in ours; the next day between both; against both. Our adversaries think you ours, we theirs, your conscience finds you with both, and neither; I flatter you not. This of yours is the

worst of all tempers." In November, 1607, Laud, aged thirty-four, received his first preferment—the vicarage of Stamford, in Northamptonshire; and in the April following, the advowson of North Kilworth, in Leicestershire. In the summer of 1608 he proceeded to the degree of D.D., and was made chaplain to Dr. Neile, Bishop of Rochester. To be near him he exchanged his living of North Kilworth in October, 1609, for the rectory of West Tilbury, in Essex. In May, 1610, he was presented by the Bishop of Rochester to the living of Cuckstone in Kent. He then resigned his fellowship in St. John's and lived at Cuckstone, but the place was unhealthy, and he was laid up with ague. Bishop Neile was translated to Lichfield, and, before leaving Rochester, obtained from the king for his friend Laud a prebend's stall in Westminster. Dr. Neile's successor at Rochester was another hearty friend of Laud's—his old tutor, Dr. Buckeridge, who left the Presidency of St. John's College to take the bishopric. Dr. Buckeridge and Dr. Neile exerted all their influence to secure Dr. Laud's election to the vacant Presidency, and obtained it in May, 1611, against strong opposition based on the opinion that Laud was "a Papist at heart, and cordially addicted to Popery." King James presently appointed Dr. Laud one of his chaplains. After the death, in November, 1610, of Archbishop Richard Bancroft, he was succeeded in the primacy by George Abbot, a man moderate of temper and strict Calvinist in his opinions, who reversed, as far as he could, the policy by which Bancroft had driven many of the clergy from the Church. The new primate considered Laud's opinions too near to those of the Roman Church. It was he, indeed, who in opposing Laud's election to the Presidency of St. John's, had described him as a Papist at heart. Laud was neglected at court for some time, but his friend Dr. Neile gave him a prebend in Lincoln, and in December, 1615, the archdeaconry of Huntingdon, and in 1616 King James made Dr. Laud Dean of Gloucester. Dr. Miles Smith, one of the producers of King James's authorised version of the Bible, was then Bishop of Gloucester, and openly expressed his indignation at the proceedings of the new Dean in changing the place of the communion-table, and so ordering the services that tumult arose against Popish revival, the civil authority had to interfere, and some rioters had to be sent to prison. Laud then returned to court, and took part in action against the Oxford Puritans. In 1617 Dr. Laud went with King James to Scotland, and urged the enforcement of a Liturgy upon the Scotch. Five Articles were then forced by King James on an unwilling people. These were, kneeling at sacrament, observation of Christmas and other holy days, episcopal confirmations, private baptism, and private communion. In June, 1618, King James's declaration concerning lawful sports and games on the Lord's Day was also introduced into Scotland. It would need force to supersede among the Scottish people one prejudice with another, and this was not tried till the reign of Charles. The outward conflict was about symbols that many on both sides held to be in themselves indifferent, but to the ignorant the symbols were in place of the things

signified. "Yet was there great confusion," wrote David Calderwood, "great confusion and disorder in many kirks, by reason of the late innovation. In some kirks the people went out and left the minister alone; in some, when the minister would have them to kneel, the ignorant and simple sort cried out, 'The danger, if any be, light upon your own soul, and not upon ours.' Some, when they could not get the sacrament sitting, departed, and besought God to be judge between them and the minister. It is not to be passed over in silence, how that when John Lauder, minister at Cockburnspeth, was reaching the bread till¹ one kneeling, a black dog start² up to snatch it out of his hand."

King James used to say to Laud that he had given him nothing but the Deanery of Gloucester, "a shell without a kernel;" but in 1621 Laud was nominated to the bishopric of St. David's. Archbishop Abbot in that year, while on a visit to Lord Zouch at Bramhill, by chance hit one of the gamekeepers, who was concealed in a thicket, when he had levelled his crossbow at a deer. The man died, and although the Archbishop, deeply afflicted, was cleared of blame by a Commission, and received a full pardon under the Great Seal, declaring him capable of exercising his ecclesiastical authority as if the accident had not occurred, Laud and three other nominated bishops objected to be consecrated by him. They were consecrated by a commission of five bishops appointed to act in the place of the Primate.

When Laud was thus made bishop the "Pilgrim Fathers," first driven from this country by the policy of Archbishops Whitgift and Bancroft, had just established themselves at New Plymouth. A separatist or Brownist congregation—following the counsel of Robert Brown to form, apart from the authorised worship, separate and independent Churches on a Scripture model—had met at the village of Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, on the Yorkshire border. It met at an episcopal manor house which had come to be used as a station for post-horses, and was occupied by William Brewster as postmaster. John Robinson was its minister, William Brewster its ruling elder, and a youth named William Bradford walked in from the neighbouring hamlet of Austerfield to worship there. Bradford's heart had been first stirred by the preaching of Richard Clifton, rector of Babworth, near Scrooby. When Clifton was silenced as a Puritan, young Bradford, indignant at this act of oppression, declared himself a Separatist, and joined the congregation of John Robinson at Scrooby, where his energy soon made him the civil head of the community, and he took afterwards his place in history as Governor Bradford of New Plymouth. John Smith, pastor of a Separatist congregation at Gainsborough, had removed his church to Amsterdam to avoid persecution, and he had been preceded by another minister—his tutor, Johnson. Disputes arose among the people at Amsterdam, and when the refugee Church of Scrooby joined them in 1608, the dissension caused John Robinson to remove with his followers to Leyden,

¹ Till, to.

² Start, for started; the ed being dropped after the ending in t.

where they remained eleven years in peace. But the desire grew in them to found an easier and happier society than they could have as exiles in a foreign town, where men bred to English husbandry must learn town ways of earning their bread among strangers; William Bradford had become a silk dyer, William Brewster a printer. Colonisation was then, in England and elsewhere, occupying energetic thought. John Robinson and his congregation of three hundred resolved to live no longer among foreigners, but to go out and found in the New World an English province in which their religion should be free. They sought in vain an Act of toleration from the king. While they were negotiating, the Puritans of Lancashire were forced, by a royal declaration, to conform, or leave the kingdom; but by the help of Sir Edwin Sandys (to whose brother the Scrooby manor house belonged), the English congregation at Leyden obtained a patent from the Virginia Company. They bought in London the *Speedwell*, a vessel of about sixty tons, and hired in England the *Mayflower*, a vessel of 180 tons, brought these little ships to Delft Haven, and there embarked in them, on the 22nd of July, 1620, as many of the congregation as they would contain. William Brewster went as their leader, William Bradford and Miles Standish being of the company. John Robinson, their pastor, stayed with those who were left, and blessed the departing vessels from the shore. "I charge you," he said, in his solemn farewell, "I charge you before God and His blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed Churches, who are come to a period in Religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their Reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article of your Church-covenant—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God." On the 11th of December, 1620, after various explorations for a fitting place of settlement, the Pilgrims landed where they could resolve to moor the *Mayflower* and begin a settlement, which they called—after the last bit of England they had received kindness from at their departure—Plymouth. Every man of them built his own house in hard winter weather. The Governor first appointed was among its victims; his son died when they landed, he died himself soon after, and the bereaved wife and mother quickly followed. At the end of March, 1621, William Bradford became his successor. Until the harvest of 1623 the infant colony that was to develop into a new world of English energy and freedom suffered much from want. Food was obtained from ships at famine prices, and there is a tradition that at one time there was only a pint of corn in the place, and that, being divided with strict justice, gave to each inhabitant five kernels.

In November, 1621, Laud was consecrated Bishop of St. David's. After maintaining his cause in

Parliament, he went to his see, and had its income improved by the king's presentation to a rectory—that of Creeke in Northamptonshire—which was to be held with it. In August, 1622, he was at court again, ready with aid and encouragement to any contest against Puritanism. Laud was thoroughly in earnest, thoroughly honest, and as religious as a man can be who battles for that which he holds to be the highest truth in a breast-plate of righteousness that is not tempered with charity. Bulstrode Whitelock said of him truly, that "he was too full of fire, though a just and good man; and his want of experience in State matters, and his too much zeal for the Church, and heat, if he proceeded in the way he was then in, would set this nation on fire." When, in May, 1622, John Fisher, the Jesuit who had been hoping to convert the Duchess (then the Marchioness) of Buckingham to Romanism, was invited to argue openly before the Duke with an English divine, Dr. Francis White was the divine appointed. They argued twice, and as, on both occasions, nothing had been said on the dogma of an infallible church, the king appointed a third meeting, at which Laud was appointed to argue, and was held to have confuted Fisher. He wrote of his argument afterwards: "The Catholic Church of Christ is neither Rome nor a conventicle; out of that there is no salvation, I easily confess it; but out of Rome there is, and out of a conventicle too. Salvation is not shut up into this narrow conclave. In this discourse I have, therefore, endeavoured to lay open those wider gates of the Catholic Church, confined to no age, time, or place, not knowing any bounds, but that faith which was once, and but once for all, delivered to the saints. And in my pursuit of this way, I have searched after, and delivered with a single heart, that truth which I profess." In June, 1622, the Marquis of Buckingham appointed Laud his chaplain, who became his confidential agent in London during the secret visit to Spain with Prince Charles, arising out of the question of the Spanish match. After the death of James I., on the 24th of March, 1625, Laud remained firm in the patronage of the Duke of Buckingham, who was the new king's favourite. Thus Laud became upon church matters the chief adviser of Charles I. He drew up the list from which the new king was to appoint chaplains free from Puritanism. He preached at the opening of Parliament, and as the Archbishop of Canterbury, who would place the crown on Charles's head, happened to be also Dean of Westminster, and in that character had also duties at the coronation. Laud was appointed to supply his place as dean. It was afterwards urged against him that at the coronation he caused a silver crucifix found among the regalia to be placed upon the altar, and modified, in two places, the coronation oath. Laud preached four days after the coronation, at the opening of the second Parliament. He dwelt upon unity. "Would you," he said, "keep the State in unity! In any case, take heed of breaking the peace of the Church. The peace of the State depends much upon it: for, divide Christ in the minds of men, or divide the minds of men about their hopes of salvation in Christ, and then tell me where will be the unity!"

And so he gave his influence in aid of the old policy of compulsion. In 1626 William Laud was translated from his see of St. David's to that of Bath and Wells, was made also Dean of the Chapel Royal, and a Privy Councillor. In July, 1628, he was translated from the bishopric of Bath and Wells to that of London; in April, 1630, Laud was made Chancellor of the University of Oxford; in July, 1630, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, he baptized the infant who afterwards became Charles II. In the same year, a Scotch minister, Alexander Leighton, father to the more famous Robert Leighton, personally presented to members of the House of Commons a book he had written, called "An Appeal to Parliament, or Zion's Plea against Prelacy." He was sentenced by the Star Chamber to a fine of £10,000 and imprisonment for life, then transferred to the High Court of Commission to be degraded from his ministerial office, because the Star Chamber could not pass sentence of corporal punishment upon a man in orders. Having been degraded by the High Commission, he was returned to the Star Chamber, where he was further sentenced to be pilloried at Westminster during the sitting of the court, and there whipped; after the whipping to have one of his ears cut off, his nose slit, his forehead branded with S.S. for Seditious Slanderer,¹ and then to be taken to his prison, whence at another time he was to be conveyed to the pillory in Cheapside, where his other ear was to be cut off and he was again to be whipped. Leighton's imprisonment lasted for ten years, until he was released by the Long Parliament in 1640. Alexander Leighton was then made keeper of Lambeth Palace, after Laud had been imprisoned in the Tower; but Leighton died insane in 1645. In 1633, William Prynne, a Puritan barrister, published against stage plays, masques, and dances his "Histriomastix." It denounced masques and dances in terms that could be said to involve the queen in their condemnation. Therefore he was committed to the Tower. In the same year, 1633, Laud, Bishop of London, went with Charles I. into Scotland, and helped to impose a liturgy upon the Scottish Church against the will of the people; and in August of that year Dr. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose resistance to the policy of compulsion had withdrawn him from royal favour, died. Laud was immediately appointed his successor. At the same time he had secret offer of a cardinal's hat through a person to whom he records in his diary that he answered, "Something dwelt within him which would not suffer that, till Rome was otherwise than it was at the present time." Laud at once pursued his policy with excess of zeal. The "Declaration concerning

Lawful Sports to be used on Sundays," first issued by James I. in 1618, was revived and extended, with requirement upon all clergy to publish it in their churches on pain of cognizance by the High Com-



WILLIAM LAUD. (From the Portrait by Vandyke.)

mission. The Declaration, commonly known as "The Book of Sports," is here given exactly as it was printed for general use at the time of its promulgation by Charles I. in 1633.

THE KINGS MAJESTIES DECLARATION TO HIS SUBJECTS,
CONCERNING LAWFULL SPORTS TO BEE VSED.

¶ *By the King.*

Ovr Deare Father of blessed Memory, in his returne from Scotland, comming through *Lancashire*, found that his Subjects were debarred from Lawfull Recreations vpon Sundayes after Euening Prayers ended, and vpon Holy dayes: And Hee prudently considered, that if these times were taken from them, the meaner sort who labour hard all the weeke, should haue no Recreations at all to refresh their spirits. And after His returne, Hee farther saw that His loyall Subjects in all other parts of His Kingdome did suffer in the same kinde, though perhaps not in the same degree: And did therefore in His Princely wisdom, publish a Declaration to all his louing Subjects concerning lawfull Sports to be vsed at such times, which was printed and published by His royall Commandement in the yeere 1618. In the Tenor which hereafter followeth.

¶ *By the King.*

Whereas vpon Our returne the last yere out of Scotland, We did publish Our Pleasure touching the recreations of Our people in those parts vnder Our hand: For some causes Vs thereunto moouing, Wee haue thought good to command these Our Directions then giuen in *Lancashire* with a few words thereunto added, and most applicable to these parts of Our Realmes, to bee published to all Our Subjects.

Whereas Wee did iustly in Our Progresse through *Lancashire*, rebuke some Puritanes and precise people, and tooke order that the like vnlawfull carriage should not bee vsed by any of them hereafter, in the prohibiting and vnlawfull punishing of Our good people for vsing their lawfull Recrea-

¹ Or Sower of Sedition. When Prynne had been branded on the cheek with S. L. (Seditious Libeller), he made these lines on his way back in a boat to the Tower:

"S. L. STIGMATA LAUDIS.

"Stigmata maxillis referens insignia Laudis
Exultans remeo, victima grata Deo."

Which was Englished:

"S. L. LAUD'S SCARS.

"Triumphant I return, my face describes
Laud's scorching scars, God's grateful sacrifice."

tions, and honest exercises vpon Sundayes and other Holy dayes, after the afternoone Sermon or Service: Wee now finde that two sorts of people wherewith that Countrey is much infected, (Wee meane Papists and Puritanes) haue maliciously traduced and calumniated those Our iust and honourable proceedings. And therefore lest Our reputation might vpon the one side (though innocently) haue some aspersion layd vpon it, and that vpon the other part Our good people in that Countrey be misled by the mistaking and misinterpretation of Our meaning: We haue therefore thought good hereby to cleare and make Our pleasure to be manifested to all Our good People in those parts.

It is true that at Our first entry to this Crowne, and Kingdome, Wee were informed, and that too truly, that Our County of *Lancashire* abounded more in Popish Recusants then any County of England, and thus hath still continued since to Our great regret, with little amendmēt, saue that now of late, in Our last riding through Our said County, Wee find both by the report of the Iudges, and of the Bishop of that diocesse, that there is some amendment now daily beginning, which is no small contentment to Vs.

The report of this growing amendment amongst them, made Vs the more sorry, when with Our owne Eares We heard the generall complaint of Our people, that they were barred from all lawfull Recreation, & exercise vpon the Sundayes afternoone, after the ending of all Diuine Service, which cannot but produce two evils: The one, the hindering of the conuersion of many, whom their Priests will take occasion hereby to vex, perswading them that no honest mirth or recreation is lawfull or tolerable in Our Religion, which cannot but breed a great discontentment in Our peoples hearts, especially of such as are peraduerture vpon the point of turning; The other inconuenience is, that this prohibition barreth the common and meaner sort of people from vsing such exercises as may make their bodies more able for Warre, when Wee or Our Successours shall haue occasion to vse them. And in place thereof sets vp filthy tiplings and drunkenness, & breeds a number of idle and discontented speeches in their Alehouses. For when shall the common people haue leaue to exercise, if not vpon the Sundayes & holydaies, seeing they must apply their labour, & win their living in all working daies?

Our expresse pleasure therefore is, that the Lawes of Our Kingdome, & Canons of Our Church be as well obserued in that Countie, as in all other places of this Our Kingdome. And on the other part, that no lawfull Recreation shall bee barred to Our good People, which shall not tend to the breach of Our aforesayd Lawes, and Canons of Our Church: which to expresse more particularly, Our pleasure is, That the Bishop, and all other inferiour Churchmen, and Churchwardens, shall for their parts bee carefull and diligent, both to instruct the ignorant, and conuince and reforme them that are mis-led in Religion, presenting them that will not conforme themselves, but obstinately stand out to Our Iudges and Iustices: Whom We likewise command to put the Law in due execution against them.

Our pleasure likewise is, That the Bishop of that Diocesse take the like straight order with all the Puritanes and Precisians within the same, either constraining them to conforme themselves, or to leaue the County according to the Lawes of Our Kingdome, and Canons of Our Church, and so to strike equally on both hands, against the contemners of Our Authority, and aduersaries of Our Church. And as for Our good peoples lawfull Recreation, Our pleasure likewise is, That after the end of Diuine Service, Our good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreation, Such as dauncing, either men or women, Archery for

men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmlesse Recreation, nor from hauing of May-Games, Whitson Ales, and Morris-dances, and the setting vp of Maypoles & other sports therewith vsed, so as the same be had in due & conuenient time, without impediment or neglect of Diuine Service: And that women shall haue leaue to carry rushes to the Church for the decoring of it, according to their old custome. But withall We doe here account still as prohibited all vnlawfull games to bee vsed vpon Sundayes onely, as Beare and Bull-baitings, Interludes, and at all times in the meaner sort of people by Law prohibited, Bowling.

And likewise We barre from this benefite and liberty, all such knowne recusants, either men or women, as will abstaine from comming to Church or diuine Service, being therefore vnworthy of any lawfull recreation after the said Service, that will not first come to the Church, and serue God: Prohibiting in like sort the said Recreations to any that, though conforme in Religion, are not present in the Church at the seruice of God, before their going to the said Recreations. Our pleasure likewise is, That they to whom it belongeth in Office, shall present and sharply punish all such as in abuse of this Our liberty, will vse these exercises before the ends of all Diuine Services for that day. And We likewise straightly command, that euery person shall resort to his owne Parish Church to heare Diuine Service, and each Parish by it selfe to vse the said Recreation after Diuine Service. Prohibiting likewise any Offensiu weapons to bee carried or vsed in the said times of Recreations. And Our pleasure is, That this Our Declaration shall bee published by order from the Bishop of the Diocesse, through all the Parish Churches, and that both Our Iudges of Our Circuit, and Our Iustices of Our Peace be informed thereof.

Given at Our Mannour of Greenwich the foure and twentieth day of May, in the sixteenth yeere of Our Raigne of England, France and Ireland, and of Scotland the one and fiftieth.

Now out of a like pious Care for the seruice of God, and for suppressing of any humors that oppose trueth, and for the Ease, Comfort, & Recreation of Our well deseruing People, Wee doe ratifie and publish this Our blessed Fathers Declaration: The rather because of late in some Counties of Our Kingdome, Wee finde that vnder pretence of taking away abuses, there hath been a generall forbidding, not onely of ordinary meetings, but of the Feasts of the Dedication of the Churches, commonly called Wakes. Now our expresse will and pleasure is, that these Feasts with others shall bee obserued, and that Our Iustices of the peace in their seuerall Diuisions shall looke to it, both that all disorders there, may be preuented or punished, and that all neighbourhood and freedome, with manlike and lawfull Exercises bee vsed. And Wee farther Command Our Iustices of Assize in their seuerall Circuits, to see that no man doe trouble or molest any of Our loyall and duetifull people, in or for their lawfull Recreations, having first done their dutie to God, and continuing in obedience to Vs and Our Lawes. And of this Wee command all our Iudges, Iustices of the Peace, as well within Liberties as without, Maiors, Bayliffes, Constables, and other Officers, to take notice of, and to see obserued, as they tender Our displeasure. And Wee farther will, that publication of this Our Command bee made by order from the Bishops through all the Parish Churches of their seuerall Diocesses respectiue.

Given at Our Palace of Westminster the eighteenth day of October, in the ninth yeere of Our Raigne.

God saue the King

Laud, as Bishop of London, had severely censured the Lord Mayor for prohibiting a woman from selling apples on Sunday in St. Paul's Churchyard. His enforcement of the reading of this "Book of Sports" in all the English churches was resisted by many of the clergy, who were therefore silenced. Some who read it, read the Fourth Commandment after it. Some read it unwillingly, with forced compliance to preserve their livings. William Prynne, after a year's imprisonment in the Tower, was sentenced to a fine of £5,000, to be expelled from his University, his Inn of Court, and his profession of the law; to be pilloried, first at Palace Yard, Westminster, then at Cheapside, and in each place to lose an ear; to have his book burnt before his face by the common executioner; and to be imprisoned for life. In 1637 eight ships in the Thames prepared to carry to New England refugees from the rule of compulsion, were stopped, and an Order of Council prohibited "all ministers unconformable to the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England; and that no clergyman should be suffered to pass to the foreign plantations without the approbation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London." On the 30th of June in the same year Prynne, the lawyer, stood in the pillory again, to lose what remained of his ears, with the Rev. Henry Burton and Dr. John Bastwick, a physician, sentenced also to fine, branding, mutilation, and imprisonment. But as they went to the pillory the people had strewed sweet herbs on the way.

There had been old antagonism between William Laud and John Williams, who in 1621 succeeded Bacon as Lord Keeper, and was at the same time made Bishop of Lincoln. His opinions on public questions did not please the Court of Charles. The Duke of Buckingham had been his enemy, and he had both Charles and Laud against him. As early as 1627 an attempt had been begun to charge him with betrayal of the king's secrets. In 1637 this accusation was shifted to a charge of tampering with the king's witnesses. He was condemned, and sentenced to a fine of £10,000, suspension by the High Commission Court from all his offices, and imprisonment during the king's pleasure. His palace was entered to seize goods to the value of the fine, and a letter was there found from Lambert Osbaldestone, Master of Westminster School, in which Laud, small of stature, was referred to as "the little urchin," and "the little meddling hocus pocus." Upon this letter further proceedings were taken, and Dr. Williams was sentenced to pay £5,000 more to the king and £3,000 to the Archbishop of Canterbury; while the writer of the letter was fined £5,000 to the king, £5,000 to the Archbishop of Canterbury, deprived of his preferments, condemned to imprisonment during the king's pleasure, and to stand in the pillory with his ear nailed to the posts. Dr. Williams was not released until 1640, when he was reconciled to the king, who made him, in 1641, Archbishop of York. Laud was then in the Tower, to which he was conveyed on the 1st of March, 1641. He had tried force against force stronger than his own, and raised a tumult against prelacy. He was stripped of his revenues, heavily fined, and

harshly treated during three years of imprisonment, that ended in his trial and his execution on the 10th of January, 1645. From the scaffold Laud, seventy-one years old, delivered his last words to man in the form of his own funeral sermon, on a text from the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Let us run with patience the race which is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." The sermon ended, this was

LAUD'S LAST PRAYER.

O Eternal God and merciful Father, look down upon me in mercy; in the riches and fulness of all thy mercies look down upon me, but not till thou hast nailed my sins to the cross of Christ. Look upon me, but not till thou hast bathed me in the blood of Christ; not till I have hid myself in the wounds of Christ; that so the punishment that is due to my sins may pass away and go over me: and since thou art pleased to try me to the uttermost, I humbly beseech thee, give me now in this great instant full patience, proportionable comfort, a heart ready to die for my sins, the King's happiness, and the preservation of this Church; and my zeal to these (far from arrogance be it spoken) is all the sin, human frailty excepted, and all incidents thereunto, which is yet known of me in this particular, for which I now come to suffer; but otherwise my sins are many and great. Lord, pardon them all, and those especially which have drawn down this present judgment upon me; and when thou hast given me strength to bear it, then do with me as seems best to thee; and carry me through death that I may look upon it in what visage soever it shall appear to me, and that there may be a stop of this issue of blood in this more than miserable kingdom. I pray for the people, too, as well as for myself. O Lord, I beseech thee, give grace of repentance to all people that have a thirst for blood; but if they will not repent, then scatter their devices, and such as are or shall be contrary to the glory of thy great name, the truth and sincerity of religion, the establishment of the King, and his posterity after him in their just rights and privileges, the honour and conservation of Parliament, in their ancient and just power, the preservation of this poor Church in the truth, peace, and patrimony, and the settlement of this distracted and distressed people under their ancient laws and in their native liberties. And when thou hast done all this in mere mercy for them, O Lord, fill their hearts with thankfulness, and with religious dutiful obedience to thee and thy commandments all their days. Amen, Lord Jesus, and I beseech thee receive my soul into thy bosom, Amen.

If any think it strange that a good man, engaged in intense controversy about sacred things, could err as Laud erred in attempting to enforce that unity within the Church of Christ for which all true hearts laboured and still labour, let him remember that the Pilgrim Fathers were good men, and that in the free church which they crossed the wide Atlantic to secure they were, after a few years, banishing those fellow-Christians whom they termed heretics. One of their leaders was exclaiming, "God forbid, that our love of the truth should be grown so cold that we should tolerate errors!" Another averred that "to say men ought to have liberty of conscience is

impious ignorance." Another urged that "Religion admits of no eccentric notions." Every member of the congregation of a tolerant Baptist of Rhode Island was fined twenty or thirty pounds, and one who refused to pay the fine was whipped unmercifully. There was a fine on absence from "the ministry of the Word;" to deny that any book in the Old or New Testament was throughout the infallible Word of God, was blasphemy, punishable by fine and flogging, and in case of obstinacy, by exile or death. A devout woman, hearing of such things, travelled all the way from London to warn the leaders of the new church against persecution, and they flogged her. She was sentenced to twenty stripes. At home, when Laud's friends ceased to be the persecutors, they became the persecuted. Each party was full of zeal in either character, and we can only look with equal eye, whether argument be of the seventeenth or nineteenth century, on imperfections common to humanity. John Robinson uttered a great truth when, in his farewell to the little band that left Delft in the *Mayflower*, he said, "The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word." Are we not waiting yet for the acceptance of its leading truth, that of the three abiding virtues of the Christian the greatest is charity? "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." So St. Paul interpreted the teaching of Him who based His Church upon two articles: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

In this sense many a true man of many a creed has sought the peace of God, and Richard Baxter laboured towards peace. He was gentle, without cowardice or weakness, and he sought unity for the distracted Church as earnestly as William Laud. Baxter was reckoned among the Puritans, and shared the Presbyterian sympathies of the Long Parliament, whose members voted, in May, 1641, approval "of the affection of their brethren of Scotland, in their desire of a conformity in the Church government between the two nations." The Grand Committee of the whole House for Religion, appointed three days after the assembling of the Parliament, had originated in King James's time, but soon became a new energy for the inquiry into accusations against loyal clergy. It had a sub-committee, which divided itself into several lesser committees, and the first sentence of sequestration was passed by the Grand Committee itself as early as the 16th of January, 1641. As the work grew on the hands of the sequestrators, committees were appointed under Parliament in all parts of the country. They were to consist of from five to ten members, each paid five shillings a day for his attendance, and were enjoined to be "speedy and effectual" in their inquiry into the lives, doctrine,

and conversation of all ministers and schoolmasters. These local courts were first instituted in 1643, and remained instruments of tyranny for the next ten years. A fifth of the sequestered income might be granted to the expelled man, on conditions that even a word of resentment might be held to break, and the number of the clergy thus ejected has been reckoned by the historian of their sufferings at seven thousand.

When Cromwell first raised his troop, he had invited Baxter to become its pastor. Baxter refused, and reasoned against the appeal to arms. But when war was so far afoot that the only question could be of having or not having the religious life maintained among the combatants, Baxter consented to become, and was for two years, chaplain to a regiment. Thus he was at the taking of Bridgewater, the siege of Bristol and of Sherborne Castle. He was three weeks at the siege of Exeter, six weeks before Banbury Castle, and eleven weeks at the siege of Worcester. In the army he opposed the various forms of free opinion in religion to be found among the soldiers, and somewhat lost their confidence by his zeal on behalf of unity; for he flinched from the religious disputations that had cast out love, and chiefly on that ground held with the Presbyterians of those days, who desired uniform Church government not less than Laud, but sought to give it a shape which they regarded as more Biblical than the machinery of archbishops and bishops. In their desire also to separate their church as much as possible from the traditions of the Church of Rome, they scrupulously avoided naming children after saints. Most of the names in the New Testament, and many more, being thus associated with saint worship, Old Testament names, as Elijah, Jonathan, Obadiah; or the names of Christian gifts, Grace, Faith, Hope, Charity; or even religious phrases, were given as Christian names to their children by pious parents. Towards the end of the civil war Baxter had a severe illness, and it was at that time that he wrote that one of his many books which is most widely read, "*The Saint's Everlasting Rest*," first published in 1653. He says:—

"Whilst I was in health, I had not the least thought of writing books, or of serving God in any more public way than preaching. But when I was weakened with great bleeding, and left solitary in my chamber at Sir John Cook's in Derbyshire, without any acquaintance but my servant about me, and was sentenced to death by the physicians, I began to contemplate more seriously on the everlasting rest which I apprehended myself to be just on the borders of; and that my thoughts might not too much scatter in my meditation, I began to write something on that subject, intending but the quantity of a sermon or two (which is the cause that the beginning is, in brevity and style, disproportionable to the rest); but being continued long in weakness, where I had no books, nor no better employment, I followed it on till it was enlarged to the bulk in which it is published. The first three weeks I spent in it was at Mr. Nowell's house at Kirby Mallory, in Leicestershire; a quarter of a year more, at the seasons which so great weakness would allow, I bestowed on it at Sir Tho. Rouse's house, at Rouse Lench, in Worcestershire; and I finished it shortly after at Kidderminster. The first and last parts were first done, being all that I intended

for my own use; and the second and third parts came afterwards in besides my first intention."

Under the Commonwealth, Richard Baxter spoke his mind freely to Cromwell, and told him that he was a usurper, while admitting that he sought to use his false position for the maintenance of godliness, and that, where his own interest was not at stake, he sought more to do good than any who had gone before.

CHAPTER X.

FROM THE COMMONWEALTH TO THE REVOLUTION.—

RICHARD BAXTER, JOHN BUNYAN, JOHN MILTON, RALPH CUDWORTH, ROBERT LEIGHTON, THOMAS KEN, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1660 TO A.D. 1689.



INITIAL. From Clarendon's Answer to "Leviathan" (1673).

N no small degree Charles II. owed his crown to the division between Presbyterians and Independents. At Kidderminster Richard Baxter had set up during the Commonwealth an Association for Catholicism against Parties, of which he wrote:—

"As we hindered no man from following his own judgment in his own congregation, so we evinced, beyond denial, that it would be but a partial, dividing agreement to agree on the terms of Presbyterian, Episcopal, or any one party, because it would unavoidably shut out the other parties; which was the principal thing which we endeavoured to avoid; it being not with Presbyterians only, but with all orthodox, faithful pastors and people, that we are bound to hold communion, and to live in Christian concord, so far as we have attained. Hereupon, many counties began to associate, as Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Hampshire, Essex, and others; and some of them printed the articles of their agreement. In a word, a great desire of concord began to possess all good people in the land, and our breaches seemed ready to heal. And though some thought that so many associations and forms of agreement did but tend to more division, by showing our diversity of apprehensions, the contrary proved true by experience; for we all agreed on the same course, even to unite in the practice of so much discipline as the Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Independents are agreed in, and as cometh none of their principles."

Baxter, who had always held by the monarchy, welcomed the Restoration, and his great hope for a measure of compromise that would bring again into one church the Episcopal and Presbyterian Christians seemed at last attainable. The best Independents desired fellowship without the pale of a church to which, however they might be parted from it upon matters of opinion, they could be joined in the

brotherhood of Christian charity. "I have credibly heard," says Baxter, "that Dr. Thomas Goodwin, Philip Nye, and Dr. Owen, the leaders of the Independents, did tell the king that, as the Pope allowed orders of religious parties in mere dependence on himself, all that they desired was, not to be masters of others, but to hold their own liberty of worship and discipline in sole dependence on the king, as the Dutch and French churches do, so they may be saved from the bishops and ecclesiastical courts." Before the arrival of Charles II. he had been visited in Holland by English Presbyterians. His Declaration from Breda had included in these words the promise of an end of persecution for religion:—

"And because the passion and uncharitableness of the times have produced several opinions in religion, by which men are engaged in parties and animosities against each other; which when they shall hereafter unite in a freedom of conversation, will be composed, or better understood; we do declare a liberty to tender consciences; and that no man shall be disquieted, or called in question, for differences of opinion in matters of religion which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom; and that we shall be ready to consent to such an act of Parliament as, upon mature deliberation, shall be offered to us, for the full granting that indulgence."

The king, whom Presbyterians had helped to the throne, after his arrival in London, named ten or twelve Presbyterians, including Baxter, chaplains in ordinary. Baxter counselled his king not less faithfully than he had counselled Cromwell, and still laboured above all things to establish spiritual union among English Christians. Baxter and other Presbyterians in London discussed measures of compromise with Episcopal clergy, and began by offering to accept Archbishop Usher's scheme of church government, that made each bishop the head of a Presbytery which shared his powers, and a revised Liturgy that did not forbid extemporary prayer. They accepted the king as supreme "in all things and causes, as well ecclesiastical as civil." They proposed also that of the church ceremonies in question, some should be abolished as occasions of dispute upon indifferent matters, and that use of others should be optional. Upon every point the Presbyterians were met with resistance by the bishops, but in October, 1660, the king signed a Declaration on ecclesiastical affairs, which conceded very much to Presbyterian desires. Had it been acted upon, much strife and division would have been at an end; but there can be no end to strife without change in the minds of combatants. The House of Commons in November, 1660, rejected the Declaration by a majority of twenty-six.

Among enthusiasts of the time was a small body of Fifth-Monarchy men, so called from their interpretation of the prophecy in the seventh chapter of Daniel. The four beasts had always been interpreted to mean the four great monarchies of the world; the ten horns of the fourth beast were said to be the ten European kingdoms, and the "little horn" (verses 8, 20, 21,) was now read to mean William the Conqueror and his successors, who "made war with the

saints, and prevailed against them, until the Ancient of Days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the Most High." This prophecy was said to be fulfilled by the trial and condemnation of Charles I.; "and the time came that the saints possessed the Kingdom." This was the Fifth Monarchy, and by 1666 (verses 24—27), having overthrown the power of Rome, it was to be visible on earth, terribly and suddenly, for the redemption of the people from all bondage, ecclesiastical and civil. Sixty Fifth Monarchy men on Sunday, January 6th, 1661, issued from their meeting-house at Swan Alley, in Coleman Street, led by a wine-cooper named Venner, who had conspired in Cromwell's time, carried arms, declaring for King Jesus, and killed several people. They repulsed some files of the train-bands hastily collected by the

whom Baxter had the foremost place, argued that "limiting of Church communion to things of doubtful disputation hath been in all ages the ground of schism and separation." They asked for modifications of the Prayer Book that would add to the number of those who used it many who before had conscientious scruples. Baxter even drew up a reformed Liturgy. The reply to this and to the desire for removal of ceremonies that had served as occasions for dispute was, "If pretence of conscience did exempt from obedience, laws were useless; whoever had not list to obey might pretend tenderness of conscience, and be thereby set at liberty." The conference was ineffectual.

The Parliament that met in May, 1661, ordered the Covenant to be burnt by the hangman, recalled



BAXTER'S CHURCH AT KIDDERMINSTER.

Lord Mayor, each fanatic believing that he would be miraculously sustained although a thousand came against him. When they heard that the Life Guards were bearing down upon them, they escaped to Caen Wood between Hampstead and Highgate, but at dawn on Wednesday entered London again, and hoped to capture the Lord Mayor. Venner and about sixteen of his followers were taken and hanged in different parts of the town, denouncing judgment on the king, the judges, and the city. This incident was followed by a proclamation "prohibiting all unlawful and seditious meetings and conventicles under pretence of religious worship," in which the unresisting Quakers were named with the Fifth Monarchy men. The Quakers worshipped as they held that their duty to God required, and paid tribute also to Caesar by accepting quietly the imposed pain of imprisonment for conscience' sake. Few understood their point of view, and even Baxter reckoned them with sectaries for whom he did not intercede.

In April, 1661, the conference was held at the Savoy Palace in the Strand, between twelve bishops and twelve Presbyterians. The Presbyterians, among

the bishops to the House of Lords, established an unmodified Episcopal Church, and passed, on the 19th of May, 1662, the Act of Uniformity, through which no Presbyterian minister could pass into the ministry of the Church without ordination by a bishop, "assent and consent to everything contained and prescribed in and by" the Prayer Book, with declaration that the Covenant was an unlawful oath, and that it is unlawful to take arms against the king for any cause whatever. This Act came into force on the 24th of August, 1662, and those who suffered by it remembered that this was St. Bartholomew's Day, an anniversary already associated with religious hatreds.

Richard Baxter, of course, was among the ministers then shut out of the Church. He might not return to Kidderminster. The same conformity was required from all teachers of the young, both public and private. Two thousand ministers refused compliance with the Act, and at once resigned, or were deprived of their livings. The same Parliament passed a long Act against liberty of the press, for the suppression of "heretical, seditious, schismatical, or

offensive books or pamphlets, wherein any doctrine or opinion should be asserted or maintained contrary to the Christian faith, or the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England; or which might tend or be to the scandal of religion, or the Church, or the Government, or governors of the Church, State, or Commonwealth, or of any corporation or person whatsoever." On the 21st of May, 1662, the king married Catharine of Portugal, a Roman Catholic princess. The king wished to obtain from Parliament a power dispensing with the penalties incurred by Roman Catholics and Dissenters, but in 1663 the Commons voted an address, in which they replied to him "that it is in no sort advisable that there be any indulgence to persons who presume to dissent from the Act of Uniformity, and religion established." In 1664 the first Act against conventicles was passed. Any meeting for religious worship at which five persons were present, more than the family, was declared a conventicle. Every person above the age of sixteen found at a conventicle was subject for the first offence to three months' imprisonment, or a fine of five pounds; for the second, to six months' imprisonment, or a fine of twenty pounds; for the third, to banishment to any plantation except New England or Virginia. Exile to one of these colonies might turn punishment into a favour by giving a Presbyterian the religious fellowship he sought.

In the year 1665 there was a great plague, of which, in August and September, eight thousand were dying every week. Because the plague was busy in London, Parliament met at Oxford on the 31st of October, 1665. Many Nonconformists, who had bravely stayed among the plague-stricken in London and other towns, occupied the pulpits left vacant by those of the conforming clergy who had fled. In their preaching they sometimes dwelt on the corrupt life at court, and the persecution of their brethren. Use is said to have been made of this fact by promoters of one of the first acts passed by the Parliament at Oxford, the "Five Mile Act," which was strongly but ineffectually opposed in the House of Lords. It enacted that all persons "in holy orders or pretended holy orders," who had not fulfilled the requirements of the Act of Uniformity, and who should take upon them to preach in any unlawful assembly, conventicle, or meeting, should not, unless only in passing on the road, come or be within five miles of any city or town corporate or borough that sent members to Parliament; or of any parish, town, or place wherein, since the Act of Oblivion, they had been parson, vicar, curate, stipendiary lecturer, or had taken on them to preach in unlawful assembly, conventicle, or meeting, on pain of a penalty of £40 for every offence. Every person who had not first taken and subscribed the oath, and who did not frequent divine service as established by law, was also subject to the same penalty if he or she should "teach any public or private school, or take any boarders or tablers that were taught or instructed by him or her." It is clear, therefore, that whatever party was uppermost, the use made of power showed that England generally had not yet outgrown faith in the possibility of compelling peace by the enforcement of one rule of Christian discipline and doctrine.

Dr. John Owen was in those days the chief divine among the Independents. He was born in 1616, at Hadham, Oxfordshire, was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, but left at the age of twenty-one to avoid the regulations of Laud. At the outbreak of civil war he was disinherited for his advocacy of the cause of the Parliament. In 1650, Cromwell made him Dean of Christ Church, and he was Vice-Chancellor of the University from 1652 until the death of Cromwell. At the Restoration he was deprived of office in the University, and for the next twenty-three years he lived in retirement, using his pen actively.

Baxter preached, on the 25th of May, 1662, his last sermon before he was silenced by the Act of Uniformity; and in September of the same year he, being then forty-seven years old, married Margaret Charlton, aged twenty-three. His wife, who was of good worldly position, had been born within three miles of his native village, and had removed with her mother to Kidderminster, where she received from Baxter her first strong impressions of religion. In July, 1663, he went to live at Acton, and then and always wrote much, advocating always peace, and seeking a church that would comprehend the Presbyterians, with addition of an indulgence for Independents and others who aided the religious life in forms of worship outside the enlarged pale of the Church. Some thought that he would himself conform, because he urged the laity who thought with him not to forsake the Church. But he was committed to Clerkenwell prison for preaching in his own house at Acton. His wife went to prison with him, and, as he tells us, "was never so cheerful a companion to me as in prison." He was released because of a flaw in the mittimus, but was then prevented by the Five Mile Act from return to Acton. He went, therefore, to Totteridge, near Barnet, where he had "a few mean rooms, which were so extremely smoky, and the place withal so cold, that he spent the winter with great pain." Here he followed up a passage in a book of Dr. Owen's, which suggested to him a chance of bringing Presbyterians and Independents to accord, and drew Dr. Owen into an endeavour to ascertain terms of a common understanding. It was the chief labour of Baxter's life to bring English religion into the way of peace. One of his many books (fifty-six publications had preceded it) was on "The Cure of Church Divisions." It was published in 1668, and gave sixty Directions to the People that applied practically the teaching of Christ to the distractions of the Church, with twenty-two additional Directions to the Pastors. It is a very practical book still. This, for instance, is one of the Directions:—

DIRECTION XLIX.

Take notice of all the good in others which appeareth, and rather talk of that behind their backs, than of their faults.

If there were no good in others, they were not to be loved; for it is contrary to man's nature to will or love anything, but *sub ratione boni*, as supposed to be good. The good of nature

is lovely in all men as men, even in the wicked and our enemies (and therefore let them that think they can never speak bad enough of nature take heed lest they run into excess); and the capacity of the good of holiness and happiness is part of the good of nature. The good of gifts and of a common profession, with the possibility or probability of sincerity, is lovely in all the visible members of the Church; and truly the excellent gifts of learning, judgment, utterance, and memory, with the virtues of meekness, humility, patience, contentedness, and a loving disposition inclined to do good to all, are so amiable in some, who yet are too strange to a heavenly life, that he must be worse than a man who will not love them.

To vilify all these gifts in others savoureth of a malignant contempt of the gifts of the Spirit of God; and so it doth to talk all of their faults, and say little or nothing of their gifts and virtues. Yea, some have so unloving and unlovely a kind of religiousness that they backbite that man as a defender of the profane, and a commender of the ungodly, who doth but contradict or reprehend their backbitings, and are ever gainsaying all the commendations which they hear of any whom they think ill of.

But if you would, when you talk of others (especially them who differ from you in opinions), be more in commendation of all the good which indeed is in them—1. You would shew yourselves much liker to God, who is love, and unlike to Satan the accuser. 2. You would shew an honest impartial ingenuity which honoureth virtue wherever it is found. 3. You would shew an humble sense of your own frailty, who dare not proudly condemn your brethren. 4. You would shew more love to God himself, when you love all of God whensoever you discern it, and cannot abide to hear his gifts and mercies undervalued. 5. You would increase the grace of love to others in yourselves by the daily exercise of it; when backbiting and detraction will increase the malignity from which they spring. 6. You would increase love also in the hearers, which is the fulfilling of the law, when detraction will breed or increase malice. 7. You will do much to the winning and conversion of them whom you commend, if they be unconverted. For when they are told that you speak lovingly of them behind their backs, it will much reconcile them to your persons, and consequently prepare them to hearken to the counsel which they need. But when they are told that you did backbite them, it will fill them with hatred of you, and violent prejudice against your counsel and profession.

Yet mistake me not. It is none of my meaning all this while that you should speak any falsehood in commendation of others; nor make people believe that a careless, carnal sort of persons are as good as those that are careful of their souls, or that their way is sufficient for salvation; nor to commend ungodly men in such a manner as tendeth to keep either them or their hearers from repentance; nor to call evil good, or put darkness for light, nor honour the works of the devil; but to shew love and impartiality to all, and to be much more in speaking of all the good which is in them than of the evil, especially if they be your enemies, or differ from you in opinions of religion. Titus iii. 1: "Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work, to speak evil of no man, to be no brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness to all men. For we ourselves were sometime foolish, &c." Grace is clean contrary to this detracting vice.

The volume ends with the following suggestive sketch of

THREE WAYS OF LIFE.

The way of Division by Violence.

The way of Peace by Love and Humility.

The way of Separation by Separation.

I.

Depart from the apostolical primitive simplicity; and make things unnecessary seem necessary in doctrine, worship, discipline, and conversation.

I.

Adhere to the ancient simple Christianity, and make nothing necessary to your concord and communion, which is not necessary.

I.

Depart from apostolical simplicity, or tence of serving it; and new duties and sins, which S makes not suc

II.

Endure no man that is not of your mind and way; but force all to concord upon these terms of yours, whatever it cost.

II.

Love your neighbours as yourselves; receive those that Christ receiveth, and that hold the necessities of communion, be they Episcopal, Presbyterian, Independents, Anabaptists, Arminians, Calvinists, &c., so they be not proved heretical or wicked.

II.

Account all ungodly that prayers, or not God in the manner as yo

III.

Brand all dissenters with the odious names of schismatics, heretics, or seditious rebels; that they may become hateful to high and low.

III.

Speak evil of no man, and especially of dignities and rulers. Reville not when you are reviled: speak most of the good that is in dissenters; and do them all the good you can.

III.

Brand all dissenters with the odious names of graceless lists. That y make them a unlovely to o

IV.

When this hath greatly increased their disaffection to you, accuse their religion of all the expressions of that disaffection, to make it odious also.

IV.

If any wrong you, be the more watchful over your passions, and opinions, and tongues, lest passion carry you into extremes. Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you; and do not evil, that good may come by it.

IV.

When this stirred them to wrath, call wicked persons and have no communion with

V.

Take those for your enemies that are their friends, and those for your friends which are their enemies: And cherish those be they never so bad, that will be against them and help you to root them out.

V.

Impartially judge of men by God's interest in them, and not your own or your parties. Reprove the ways of love-killers and backbiters; and let not the fear of their wrath or censures carry you into a compliance with them, or cause you by silence to encourage them. But rejoice if you should be martyrs

V.

Backbite and reproach all the compliers with such as strengthen the hands of the law and the power who would not to love and be And cherish a be they never roneous or put that will take part, and speak them. But first the wrath whi

But remember

| <i>By Violence.</i> | <i>By Love.</i> | <i>By Separation.</i> |
|--|--------------------------|--|
| that for all this you must come to judgment. | for love and peace: For— | thus kindled hath consumed you; secondly, or your divisions crumbled you all to dust; thirdly, and your scandals hardened men to scorn religion to their damnation; remember, woe to the world because of offences, and woe to him by whom offence cometh. |

And read these following words of Mr. R. Hooker's, which he useth of some part of the history, which out of *Sulpitius* I before mentioned; *Eccles. Pol. Epist. Dedie.*

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Read Acts 20. 30; 1 Cor. 1. 10, 13, and 3. 3; Rom. 16. 17, 18; Jam. 3. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17. Study these on your knees.

"I deny not but that our antagonists in these controversies may per-adventure have met with some not unlike to Ithacius, who mightily bending himself by all means against the heresy of Priscillian, (the hatred of which one evil was all the virtue he had) became so wise in the end, that every man careful of virtuous conversation, studious of the Scripture, and given to any abstinence in diet, was set down in his calendar for suspected Priscillianists: For whom it should be expedient to approve their soundness of faith, by a more licentious and loose behaviour. Such proctors and patrons the truth might spare. Yet is not their grossness so intolerable as on the contrary side, the scurrilous and more than satirical immodesty of Martinism; the first published schedules whereof being brought to the hands of a grave and very honourable knight, with signification given that the book would refresh his spirits; he took it, saw what the title was, read over an unsavoury sentence or two, and delivered back the libel with this answer: 'I am sorry you are of the mind to be solaced with these sports, and sorrier you have herein thought my affection like your own.'"

John Bunyan, born in 1628, at Elstow, within a mile of Bedford, was a tinker's son, and bred to his father's calling. What little reading he learnt at a free school he had lost till he married at nineteen. Of this he wrote afterwards in a sketch of his own life, called "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners."

Presently after this, I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was, to light upon a wife, whose father was counted godly: This woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or a spoon betwixt us both), yet this she had for her part, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven;" and "The Practice of Piety;" which her father had left her when he died. In these two books I would sometimes read with her, wherein I also found some things that were somewhat pleasing to me; (but all this while I met with no conviction.) She also would be often telling of me what a

godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house, and among his neighbours; what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed.

Bunyan's imagination was fervid, and objects of thought sometimes became as real to his eye or ear. One Sunday he had heard in church a sermon against the sports encouraged on that day by those who opposed the Puritans. He felt guilty until he had dined, then shook the sermon from his mind, and followed his old custom.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" At that I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if He did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for these and other ungodly practices.

After a little time, the religious feeling became very strong, but he says the change could only have been outward, because he was proud of his godliness. It cost him a year to give up dancing, and much struggle to give up his pleasure in bell-ringing.

Now you must know that before this I had taken much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered, wherefore I would go to the steeple-house, and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither, yet I forced myself, and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, how if one of the bells should fall? Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then, rebounding upon me, might kill me, for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough, for if the bell should now fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding.

So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple-door. But then it came into my head, how if the steeple itself should fall? And this thought (it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on) did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

He tells how he was one day in Bedford streets, plying his trade as tinker, when he was moved by hearing some poor women talk of their experiences in religion. He records some of his own struggles to win perfect faith in God:—

Wherefore while I was thus considering, and being put to a plunge about it, (for you must know, that as yet I had not in this matter broken my mind to any one, only did hear and

consider), the tempter came in with this delusion, that there was no way for me to know I had faith, but by trying to work some miracles: urging those scriptures that seemed to look that way, for the enforcing and strengthening his temptation. Nay, one day, as I was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me, to try if I had faith, by doing some miracle; which miracle at this time was this: I must say to the puddles that were in the horse-pads, "Be dry;" and to the dry places, "Be you puddles:" And truly one time I was going to say so indeed; but just as I was about to speak, this thought came into my mind, "But go under yonder hedge, and pray first, that God would make you able." But when I concluded to pray, this came hot upon me; that if I prayed, and came again, and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding, then to be sure I had no faith, but was a castaway, and lost; nay, thought I, if it be so, I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer.

So I continued at a great loss; for I thought, if they only had faith, which could do such wonderful things, then I concluded, that for the present I neither had it, nor yet for the time to come were ever like to have it. Thus I was tossed betwixt the devil and my own ignorance, and so perplexed, especially at some times, that I could not tell what to do.

About this time, the state and happiness of these poor people at Bedford was thus, in a kind of vision, presented to me. I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow and dark clouds: methought also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass, concluding, that if I could, I would even go into the very midst of them, and there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.

About this wall I bethought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein, but none could I find for some time. At the last I saw as it were a narrow gap, like a little doorway in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. Now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many efforts to get in, but all in vain, even until I was well nigh quite beat out, by striving to get in; at last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders, and my whole body; then I was exceeding glad, went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun.

Now this mountain, and wall, &c., was thus made out to me: The mountain signifieth the church of the living God: the sun that shone thereon, the comfortable shining of His merciful face on them that were therein; the wall I thought was the world, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought, was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father. For Jesus said in his reply to Thomas, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the Father but by Me. Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." But forasmuch as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not, but with great difficulty, enter in hereat, it showed me, that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and unless also they left that wicked world behind them; for here was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul and sin.

His anxieties of mind ended in serious illness, but he recovered, and became robust. In 1657 John

Bunyan was made deacon of his church at Bedford, and moved his fellow-worshippers so greatly with his prayers, that he was asked to take his turn in village preaching. That was against the law, and complaint was lodged; but it was not until after the Restoration that he was committed to Bedford jail for preaching in conventicles. He remained in prison until March, 1672; that is to say, from the age of thirty-two to the age of forty-four. At the close of this time Bunyan wrote some "Reflections upon my Imprisonment," in which he said: "I never had in all my life so great an inlet into the Word of God as now: those scriptures that I saw nothing in before were made in this place and state to shine upon me. Jesus Christ was never more real and apparent than now; here I have seen and felt Him indeed!" Thoughts of his wife, who had laboured in vain for his release, and for the little ones deprived of the breadwinner, one a blind daughter, Mary, frail of frame, whom he outlived, were the sharpest of his sorrows. And here he wrote—

The way not to faint is, "To look not on the things that are seen, but at the things that are not seen; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." And thus I reasoned with myself, If I provide only for a prison, then the whip comes at unawares, and so doth also the pillory. Again, if I only provide for these, then I am not fit for banishment. Further, if I conclude that banishment is the worst, then if death comes, I am surprised: so that I see, the best way to go through sufferings, is to trust in God through Christ, as touching the world to come; and as touching this world, "to count the grave my house, to make my bed in darkness: to say to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and sister:" that is, to familiarise these things to me.

But notwithstanding these helps, I found myself a man encompassed with infirmities; the parting with my wife and poor children hath often been to me in this place as the pulling the flesh from the bones, and that not only because I am somewhat too fond of these great mercies, but also because I should have often brought to my mind the many hardships, miseries, and wants that my poor family was like to meet with, should I be taken from them, especially my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all beside. Oh! the thoughts of the hardship I thought my poor blind one might go under, would break my heart to pieces.

Poor child! thought I, what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, not beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot now endure the wind should blow upon thee. But yet recalling myself, thought I, I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the quick to leave you. Oh! I saw in this condition I was as a man who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children; yet thought I, I must do it, I must do it: and now I thought of those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them.¹

But that which helped me in this temptation were some considerations, of which, three in special here I will name: the first was the consideration of these two scriptures.

¹ 1 Samuel vi. 7-12. The tenderness of deep feeling in the whole passage enters with singular charm into this application of Old Testament reading. John Bunyan certainly read the Bible with his heart as well as his eyes.

"Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me:" and again, "The Lord said, Verily it shall go well with thy remnant, verily I will cause the enemy to entreat them well in the time of evil, and in time of affliction."



JOHN BUNYAN. (From a Painting by Saddler.)

It was during this imprisonment, when Christ was "seen and felt indeed," that John Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come, delivered under the Similitude of a Dream, wherein is discovered the Manner of his Setting out, his Dangerous Journey, and safe Arrival at the Desired Country." It is the heavenward struggle against obstacles and dangers of this world vividly personified by the imagination of a man to whom spiritual life is the reality and earthly life the shadow. To those who questioned the fitness of his method of representing Divine truth, he said of allegory what he might have said of the earthly trial under which it was written: "Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright brings none." In the close to the author's rhymed apology for his book, which was not published until 1678, six years after his imprisonment, he thus indicates its purpose:—

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This book it chalketh out before thine eyes
The man that seeks the everlasting prize;
It shows you whence he comes, whither he goes,
What he leaves undone, also what he does;
It also shows you how he runs and runs,
Till he unto the gate of glory comes.

It shows too, who set out for life amain,
As if the lasting crown they would obtain;
Here also you may see the reason why
They lose their labour, and like fools do die.

This book will make a traveller of thee,
If by its counsel thou wilt ruled be;
It will direct thee to the Holy Land,
If thou wilt its directions understand:

Yea, it will make the slothful active be;
The blind also delightful things to see.

Art thou for something rare and profitable?
Wouldst thou see a truth within a fable?
Art thou forgetful? Wouldst thou remember
From New-year's-day to the last of December?
Then read my fancies, they will stick like burrs,
And may be to the helpless, comforters.

This book is writ in such a dialect
As may the minds of listless men affect:
It seems a novelty, and yet contains
Nothing but sound and honest Gospel strains.

Would'st thou divert thyself from melancholy?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Would'st thou read riddles, and their explanation?
Or else be drownéd in thy contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? Or would'st thou see
A man i' th' clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Wouldst thou lose thyself, and catch no harm,
And find thyself again without a charm?
Would'st thou read thyself, and read thou know'st not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? O then come hither,
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together.

And thus begins John Bunyan's vision of the heavenward journey:—

As I walk'd through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream. I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read, he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, What shall I do?

His city—the world—will be burned with fire from heaven. To his neighbours his strange trouble became worse and worse, as he cried, "What shall I do to be saved?" Then came Evangelist, and showed him the strait gate to which he was to make his way. He set off with speed; neighbour Obstinate could not persuade Christian to return, and soon turned back from following; but neighbour Pliable was persuaded to go on, talking by the way of everlasting life and crowns of glory.

Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew near to a very miry slough, that was in the midst of the plain; and they, being heedless, did both fall suddenly into the bog. The name of the Slough was Despond. Here, therefore, they wallowed for a time, being grievously bedaubed with the dirt; and Christian, because of the burden that was on his back, began to sink in the mire.

Pli. Then said Pliable, Ah, Neighbour Christian, where are you now?

Chr. Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

Pli. At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me all this while of? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect 'twixt this and our journey's end? Macs I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave

country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house: so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone: but still he endeavoured to struggle to that side of the slough that was still further from his own house, and next to the wicket-gate: the which he did, but could not get out, because of the burden that was upon his back: but he beheld in my dream, that a man came to him, whose name was Help, and asked him, What he did there?

Chr. Sir, said Christian, I was bid go this way by a man called Evangelist, who directed me also to yonder gate, that I might escape the wrath to come; and as I was going thither, I fell in here.

Help. But why did you not look for the steps?

Chr. Fear followed me so hard, that I fled the next way, and fell in.

Help. Then said he, Give me thy hand: so he gave him his hand, and he drew him out, and set him upon sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

Then I stepped to him that plucked him out, and said, Sir, wherefore, since over this place is the way from the City of Destruction to yonder gate, is it that this plat is not mended, that poor travellers might go thither with more security? And he said unto me, This miry slough is such a place as cannot be mended; it is the descent whither the scum and filth that attends conviction for sin doth continually run, and therefore it is called the Slough of Despond; for still as the sinner is awakened about his lost condition, there ariseth in his soul many fears and doubts, and discouraging apprehensions, which all of them get together, and settle in this place; and this is the reason of the badness of this ground.

It is not the pleasure of the King that this place should remain so bad. His labourers also have, by the direction of his majesty's surveyors, been for above these sixteen hundred years employed about this patch of ground, if perhaps it might have been mended: yea, and to my knowledge, said he, here hath been swallowed up at least twenty thousand cart-loads, yea, millions of wholesome instructions, that have at all seasons been brought from all places of the King's dominions (and they that can tell say they are the best materials to make good ground of the place), if so be it might have been mended, but it is the Slough of Despond still, and so will be when they have done what they can.

True, there are by the direction of the law-giver, certain good and substantial steps, placed even through the very midst of this slough; but at such time as this place doth much spue out its filth, as it doth against change of weather, these steps are hardly seen; or if they be, men through the dizziness of their heads, step besides; and then they are bemired to purpose, notwithstanding the steps be there; but the ground is good when they are once got in at the gate.

The steps over the Slough of Despond are the promises of forgiveness and acceptance to life by faith in Christ. Then Christian met and talked with Mr. Worldly Wiseman from the town of Carnal Policy, who thought a visit to Mr. Legality, who lived in the Village of Morality, would answer their purpose better than making for the strait gate; and Christian was found by Evangelist on the wrong road, under Mount Sinai. Evangelist taught him, comforted him, and set him again in the right way. So he found the gate, and was admitted by Good-

will, and taken to the house of the Interpreter, who taught him spiritual truths by a succession of impressive figures and emblems.

Then said the Interpreter to Christian, Hast thou considered all these things?

Chr. Yes, and they put me in hope and fear.

Inter. Well, keep all things so in thy mind that they may be as a goad in thy sides, to prick thee forward in the way thou must go. Then Christian began to gird up his loins, and to address himself to his journey. Then said the Interpreter, The Comforter be always with thee, good Christian, to guide thee in the way that leads to the city. So Christian went on his way, saying,

"Here I have seen things rare and profitable;
Things pleasant, dreadful, things to make me stable
In what I have begun to take in hand;
Then let me think on them, and understand
Wherefore they show'd me was, and let me be
Thankful, O good Interpreter, to thee."

Now I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall is called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a Cross, and a little below in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death. Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him, that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold three shining ones came to him, and saluted him with, Peace be to thee; so the first said to him, Thy sins be forgiven: the second stript him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate. So they went their way.

As Christian went on, he found three men, Simple, Sloth, and Presumption, fast asleep in a valley, with fetters on their heels. He roused them, but they slept again. Next there came tumbling over the wall two men: the name of the one was Formalist, and the name of the other was Hypocrisy. They justified the old custom of getting over the wall to save the journey by the strait gate, which was too far about; and, said they—

We see not wherein thou differest from us but by the coat that is on thy back, which was, as we trow, given thee by some of thy neighbours, to hide the shame of thy nakedness.

Chr. By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door. And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of his kindness to me, for I had nothing

but rags before. And besides, thus I comfort myself as I go: surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the city, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have his coat on my back; a coat that he gave me freely in the day that he stript me of my rags. I have moreover a mark in my forehead, of which perhaps you have taken no notice, which one of my Lord's most intimate associates fixed there in the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell you moreover, that I had then given me a roll sealed, to comfort me by reading as I go in the way; I was also bid to give it in at the celestial gate, in token of my certain going in after it; all which things I doubt you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

To these things they gave him no answer; only they looked upon each other and laughed. Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly, and sometimes comfortably; also he would be often reading in the roll that one of the shining ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

The dreamer saw them travel on till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, where was a spring. Christian drank of the well, and went straight on; his companions, seeing two other ways that seemed to avoid the hill, took them. The name of one of these ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. Then Mistrust and Timorous, who had seen lions in the path, were met rushing back, but Christian, who had slept in an arbour on the hill-side, went on till he missed his roll, but he returned for it, and then proceeded, passing the lions; which were chained, though he saw not the chains; and discoursed with Discretion, Prudence, Piety, and Charity, in the House Beautiful. Then they supped, and all their talk at table was about the Lord of the Hill, a great warrior, who had fought and slain him that had power of death, and the Pilgrim then was laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened towards the sun-rising: the name of the chamber was Peace. Next day his hostesses took him to the armoury, and sent him forth armed. His way next was through the Valley of Humiliation.

But now, in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name is Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or to stand his ground: but he considered again that he had no armour for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him the greater advantage with ease to pierce him with his darts. Therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in mine eye than the saving of my life, 'twould be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold; he was clothed with scales like a fish (and they are his pride); he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke; and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question with him.

Apol. Whence come you? and whither are you bound?

Chr. I am come from the City of Destruction, which is the place of all evil, and am going to the City of Zion.

Apol. By this I perceive thou art one of my subjects, for

all that country is mine, and I am the prince and god of it. How is it then that thou hast run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground.

Chr. I was born indeed in your dominions, but your service was hard, and your wages such as a man could not live on, for the wages of sin is death; therefore when I was come to years, I did as other considerate persons do, look out, if perhaps I might mend myself.

Apol. There is no prince that will thus lightly lose his subjects, neither will I as yet lose thee: but since thou complainest of thy service and wages, be content to go back; what our country will afford, I do here promise to give thee.

Chr. But I have let myself to another, even to the King of princes, and how can I with fairness go back with thee?

Apol. Thou hast done in this according to the proverb, changed a bad for a worse; but it is ordinary for those that have professed themselves his servants, after a while to give him the slip, and return again to me: do thou so too, and all shall be well.

But Christian remained firm against all enticement.

Then Apollyon broke out into a grievous rage, saying, I am an enemy to this prince; I hate his person, his laws, and people; I am come out on purpose to withstand thee.

Chr. Apollyon, beware what you do, for I am in the king's highway, the way of holiness; therefore take heed to yourself.



CHRISTIAN AND APOLLYON.
(From the 13th Edition of "Pilgrim's Progress," 1632.)

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter, prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den, that thou shalt go no further; here will I spill thy soul.

And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast, but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw 'twas time to bestir him: and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon therefore followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even till Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now: and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life: but as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching of his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly stretched out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall I shall arise; and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound: Christian perceiving that, made at him again, saying, Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. And with that Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian for a season saw him no more.

In this combat no man can imagine, unless he had seen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight, he spake like a dragon; and on the other side, what sighs and groans burst from Christian's heart. I never saw him all the while give so much as one pleasant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged sword; then indeed he did smile, and look upward; but 'twas the dreadfulest sight that ever I saw.

The way then was through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, from which Christian met men flying.

Chr. But what have you seen? said Christian.

Men. Seen! Why, the valley itself, which is as dark as pitch; we also saw there the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit; we heard also in that valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction and irons; and over that valley hangs the discouraging clouds of confusion; Death also doth always spread his wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without order.

Chr. Then said Christian, I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven.

Men. Be it thy way; we will not choose it for ours. So they parted, and Christian went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, so far as this valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch; that ditch is it into which the blind have led the blind in all ages, and have both there miserably perished. Again, behold on the left hand, there was a very dangerous quag, into which, if even a good man falls, he can find no bottom for his foot to stand on. Into that quag King David once did fall, and had no doubt therein been smothered, had not He that is able plucked him out.

The pathway was here also exceeding narrow, and therefore good Christian was the more put to it; for when he sought in the dark to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the mire on the other; also when he sought to escape the mire, without great carefulness he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him here sigh bitterly; for, besides the dangers mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark, that oft-times, when he lift up his foot to set forward, he knew not where, or upon what, he should set it next.

About the midst of this valley, I perceived the mouth of hell to be, and it stood also hard by the wayside. Now thought Christian, What shall I do? And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for Christian's sword, as did Apollyon before) that he was forced to put up his sword, and betake himself to another weapon, called All-prayer. So he cried in my hearing, O Lord, I beseech Thee deliver my soul. Thus he went on a great while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him: also he heard doleful voices,

"Poor man! where art thou now? Thy day is night.

Good man be not cast down, thou yet art right:

Thy way to heaven lies by the gates of hell;

Cheer up, hold out, with thee it shall go well;"

and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these dreadful noises were heard by him for several miles together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a company of fiends coming forward to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half way through the valley; he remembered also how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the danger of going back might be much more than for to go forward; so he resolved to go on. Yet the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer; but when they were come even almost at him, he cried out with a most vehement voice, "I will walk in the strength of the Lord God;" so they gave back, and came no further.

One thing I would not let slip: I took notice that now poor Christian was so confounded, that he did not know his own voice; and thus I perceived it. Just when he was come over against the mouth of the burning pit, one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him, and whisperingly suggested many grievous blasphemies to him, which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind. This put Christian more to it than anything that he met with before, even to think that he should now blaspheme Him that he loved so much before; yet, if he could have helped it, he would not have done it; but he had not the discretion neither to stop his ears, nor to know from whence those blasphemies came.

When Christian had travelled in this disconsolate condition some considerable time, he thought he heard the voice of a man, as going before him, saying, "Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear none ill, for Thou art with me."

The second part of the valley Christian found even more dangerous than the first, being full of snares and pitfalls, and, says Bunyan—

Now I saw in my dream, that at the end of this valley lay blood, bones, ashes, and mangled bodies of men, even of

pilgrims that had gone this way formerly; and while I was musing what should be the reason, I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time; by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, &c., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learned since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy, and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails, because he cannot come at them.

After overcoming more perils, Christian overtook Faithful, who also had come out from the City of Destruction, and brought news from it, and told in a new form a Pilgrim's Progress in the story of his own adventures on the way. Then they met Talkative, who hath only what lieth on his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith. When they had parted from Talkative, Evangelist overtook and encouraged them, and warned them of the temptations they must face, for they were about to enter Vanity Fair.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair: it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing: I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the celestial city, as these two honest persons are: and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the city lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long: therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, lusts, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as whores, lawds, wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false-swearers, and that of a blood-red colour.

And as in other fairs of less moment, there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended; so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets (viz., countries and kingdoms), where the wares of this fair are soonest to be found: here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But as in other fairs some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the celestial city lies just through

this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the city, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of Princes himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities: yea, would have made him lord of the fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honour, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might (if possible) allure that blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing, and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for,

First. The pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people therefore of the fair made a great gazing upon them: some said they were fools, some they were bedlams, and some they are outlandish men.

Secondly. And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said: they naturally spoke the language of Canaan, but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly. But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares, they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity," and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, What will ye buy? But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded.

So the pilgrims were brought before the great one of the fair, and despitefully used, and put in the cage (as it might be, in Bedford Jail), and some of the men of the fair were won to them, so that they fell to some blows among themselves, and the pilgrims were charged with being the cause of the hubbub. "So they beat them pitifully, and hanged irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf or join themselves unto them." Then they were brought before Judge Hategood, and their indictment was (like that of many a fellow-labourer of Bunyan, and Baxter, and George Fox), "that they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions in contempt of the law of their prince." Then Faithful answered for himself. Envy

and Superstition and Pickthank bore witness against him, and the judge (clearly a judge versed in Acts of Uniformity) thus charged the jury:—

Gentlemen of the jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town: you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him: also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our law.

There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh the Great, servant to our prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius, that whoso, for some time, called upon any god but him, should be cast into the lion's den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne), but also in word and deed: which must therefore needs be intolerable.

For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death.

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Lyar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterwards unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the judge. And first among themselves, Mr. Blind-man, the foreman, said, I see clearly that this man is an heretic. Then said Mr. No-good, Away with such a fellow from the earth. Ay, said Mr. Malice, for I hate the very looks of him. Then said Mr. Love-lust, I could never endure him. Nor I, said Mr. Live-loose, for he would always be condemning my way. Hang him, hang him, said Mr. Heady. A sorry scrub, said Mr. High-mind. My heart riseth against him, said Mr. Enmity. He is a rogue, said Mr. Lyar. Hanging is too good for him, said Mr. Cruelty. Let us dispatch him out of the way, said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore, let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death. And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the celestial gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison; so he there remained for a space. But He that

all things, having the power of their rage in his

own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way.

The dialogues with By-ends, Save-all, Money-love, and Hold-the-world are full of distinct reference to the worldly loss imposed on Nonconformist preachers, and the question of their dissent from some of their own principles that they might comply with what appeared to be imposed conditions of their usefulness. Such talk brought Christian to the Hill of Lucre, and more incidents followed, with more homely dialogues. The Pilgrims became prisoners to Giant Despair in Doubting Castle, but escaped by opening the prison lock with a key called Promise, that was in Christian's bosom. Christian met with Little-faith, was saved by a Shining One from the net of the Flatterer, but also chastised; met with Atheist, Young Ignorance, and talked of Temporary, who dwelt in Graceless, next door to one Turnback, and had been much awakened till he dropped Christian's company for that of Save-self. So Christian at last came with Hopeful to the Gate of Death. There was a deep, unbridged river between them and it. They were told that there was no way but through the river. None but Enoch and Elijah had been spared the passage. Angels were there, who could not help them; but who told them they would find the water deeper or shallower as they believed in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water; and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his god friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head, all his waves go over me, Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I led the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I did not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." The perils of the river were at last overcome.

Now upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them: wherefore being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those that shall be heirs of salvation. Thus they went clear towards the gate. Now you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill, but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; also they had left their mortal garments behind them in the river, for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds.

Now, now, look how the holy pilgrims ride,
Clouds are their chariots, angels are their guides:
Who would not here for Him all hazards run,
That thus provides for His when this world's done!

They therefore went up through the regions of the air sweetly talking as they went, being comforted, because the

had safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, These are the men that have loved Our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name, and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb." There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiments, who, with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world, and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as 'twere to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went with melodious noise, in notes on high: so that the very sight was to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus therefore they walked on together; and as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother, how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men as 'twere in heaven before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view, and they thought they heard all the bells therein ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there, with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! And thus they came up to the gate.

There yet followed the glory of admission through the gate by which they who keep truth shall enter into the joy of their Lord. But Ignorance found a ferryman named Vain-hope, to put him across the river, and came up to the gate without a saving scroll. "Then I saw that there was a way to hell even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction. So I awoke, and behold, it was a dream."

John Bunyan was not released from prison by any act of grace of which he was himself the object, but benefited in common with many others by the king's Declaration of Indulgence. Encouraged by the Cabal ministry, formed after the banishment of Clarendon, Charles II. usurped several powers not belonging to the Crown; and one of these was a dispensing power which he claimed as head of the Church, and by virtue of which, on the 15th of March, 1672, he suspended the general laws against nonconformists and recusants, granting "a sufficient number of places in all parts of the kingdom for the use of such as do not conform to the Church of England, to meet and assemble in, in order to their public worship and devotion." To the Roman Catholics he granted exemption from the penal laws, and their own form

of worship if exercised in private houses only. When Bunyan was released, in 1672, he acted as regular pastor to the congregation at Bedford. He came every year to London, and 3,000 persons sometimes gathered about the meeting-house at Southwark on a Sunday, 1,200 on a weekday, or dark winter morning at seven o'clock, to hear him preach. He preached also at Reading. One of his hearers there was about to disinherit his son. The son asked Bunyan to intercede for him: he did so, with success; but on his journey on horseback from Reading to London after his labour of love, Bunyan was drenched by heavy rain, which produced a fever, of which he died ten days afterwards. Over his grave in the burial-ground at Bunhill Fields the record ran,

"Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

Ob. 12 Aug., 1688, æt. 60.

The Pilgrim's Progress now is finish'd,
And Death has laid him in his earthly bed."

In 1671, the year before John Bunyan's release from prison, John Milton published, in one volume, two poems, "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." Milton's "Paradise Lost," published in 1667, will be described in the volume of this Library which is set apart for illustration of the larger works in English Literature, and "Samson Agonistes" will have a place of its own in the volume illustrating English Plays. But there was significance in the joining of "Paradise Regained" with "Samson Agonistes" in one volume, produced at a time when many earnest men, who had thought their leaders under the Commonwealth solemnly elected to some great work, God's glory and the people's safety, which in part they effected, were cast into questioning of God's providence towards man. Why was it that in the noontide of their success the hand of God was changed towards those who had laboured for His glory? Why were they thrown lower than they had been exalted high, left to the hostile sword,

"—their carcases

To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd,
Or to the unjust tribunals under change of times."

If others, who seemed to be living in the midst of a triumphant mockery of their best hopes, felt that what they regarded as "the good old cause" was become as Samson shorn of his power, blind, captive, the sport of the Philistines, betrayed into their hands by Delilah—as many Independents felt that they had been given up by their yoke-fellows the Presbyterians—Milton took up for their encouragement the parable of Samson. Applying it to their case as an encouragement to trust in God, he expressed in the chorus, "God of our Fathers, what is man," the questionings he made it his last care to meet, and, while suggesting that

"Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,

Waiting thus, with his own deliverer,
And when over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict,"

he united his play, and his life as a poet, with the
sense of a firm and absolute reliance upon God,
knowing well some the days on which we fall.

"All is best, though we oft doubt
What the inscrutable dispose
Of High God Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft He seems to hide His face,
But unexpectedly returns,
And to His faithful champion hath in place
Huge witness gloriously: whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent:
His servants He, with new acquit
Of true experience, from this great event,
With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
And calm of mind, all passion spent."

While "Samson Agonistes" thus pointed directly
to those ills of which some were impatient, the other
poem published with it, "Paradise Regained," drew
in a kindred spirit from the pattern of Christ one
lesson, applied to all temptations of man's life, the
lesson of a firm and quiet trust. The spirit of the
thirty-seventh Psalm pervades "Samson Agonistes,"
and its tenderest thoughts are in "Paradise Re-
gained," which breathes everywhere a placid music
to one burden, "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently
for Him." The poem is a miniature epic, in four
books, calm as its theme. In "Paradise Lost" there
was a temptation yielded to, in "Paradise Regained"
there is a temptation overcome; and the tempting of
Christ in the wilderness is so told as to teach, through
Christ, how, under all trials and temptations of life,
and all suggestion of doubt, the one safeguard is an
abiding faith and quiet trust in our Father who is
in heaven.

In "Paradise Regained" the epic treatment of the
theme is subdued in every feature to the tone of its
main thought. There is the opening statement of the
subject, and the invocation of the Holy Spirit by
which this glorious hermit was led into the desert.
Then the narrative opens with the baptism of Christ,
where

"—on Him baptized
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From heaven pronounced Him His beloved Son.
That heard the adversary—"

and as the host of Satan since the Fall have become
powers of air drawing near to man, he now

"To council summons all his mighty peers
Within thick clouds and tenfold dark involved,"

and goes forth from it to tempt that "one greater
man," as he went forth from the council of the fiends
in Pandemonium to tempt Adam and Eve. And
as in "Paradise Lost" Satan proceeded on his way,
but did not begin his attempt before the poet had

shown God supreme, foreknowing all, and so
only of good; so here, while Satan sought Jesus
the coast of Jordan, the Eternal Father declares
Gabriel the fulness of His purpose, and the scene
heaven closes here also with the harmonies of heaven
as the angels

"—into hymns,
Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved."

Christ entered the wilderness with meditation
that in calmest form represent one part of the
episode by which we are made acquainted
events preceding the main action of the poem.
Then, after the forty days of fasting in the desert,
Satan approached in the form of

"—an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe
Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet returned from field at eve."

Satan addressed Christ with hypocrisy and temptation
to doubt,

"To whom the Son of God:—'Who brought me hither
Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.'"

Satan still tempting to doubt was met by declaration
of firm faith and knowledge of the tempter. The
archfiend acknowledged himself, but claimed to be
still able to love what he sees excellent in good
fair, or virtuous, and pleaded that he helps
with oracles, portents, and dreams. Christ answered
with rebuke, and declared that now the oracles
were dumb.

"God hath now sent His living oracle
Into the world to teach His final will;
And sends His Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know."

The fiend dissembles, and excuses falsehood.

"Where
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not enforced oft-times to part from truth,
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?
But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord;
From thee I can, and must submit, endure
Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.
Hard are the ways of Truth, and rough to walk,
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,
And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song.
What wonder then if I delight to hear
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire
Virtue, who follow not her lore. Permit me
To hear thee when I come—since no man comes—
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
To tread His sacred courts, and minister
About His altar, handling holy things,

Praying or vowing; and vouchsafed His voice
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
Inspired. Disdain not such access to me.'

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow:
'Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou findest
Permission from above; thou canst not more.'

He added not; and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation, disappeared
Into thin air diffused: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert: fowls in their clay nests were couched;
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam."

So ends the first book of "Paradise Regained." In the opening of the second book Jesus has been missed by the disciples Andrew and Simon, who, after vain search, lament the failure of their expectations.

"Then on the banks of Jordan, by a creek,
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,
Plain fishermen, (no greater men them call,)
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and complaints outbreathed."

In the moment of their highest hope all seemed to be lost. The Messiah, the deliverer who was to free the chosen people from oppression, was rapt from them. But their short plaint ends with a glad faith in Him upon whose Providence they lay their fears.

"He will not fail,
Nor will withdraw Him now, nor will recall,
Mock us with His blest sight, then snatch Him hence;
Soon we shall see our Hope, our Joy, return."

Mary also, when

"Others returned from baptism, not her Son,
Nor left at Jordan, tidings of Him none,
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised
Some troubled thoughts."

The course of them, by recalling more passages in the earlier life of Christ, completes the work of episode in the construction of the poem, and the doubts of Mary, as the doubts of Andrew and Simon, lead only to the constant burden of the poem "Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him."

"Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
I will not argue that, nor will repine.—
But where delays He now? Some great intent
Conceals Him. When twelve years He scarce had seen,
I lost Him, but so found as well I saw
He could not lose himself, but went about
His Father's business. What He meant I mused,
Since understand; much more His absence now
Thus long to some great purpose He obscures.
But I to wait with patience am inured;
My heart hath been a storehouse long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.'

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
Recalling what remarkably had passed

Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling."

Christ meanwhile tracing the desert

"Sole, but with holiest meditation fed,
Into himself descended, and at once
All His great work to come before Him set."

Satan rejoined the council of his potentates, and without sign of boast or sign of joy, solicitous and blank, sought aid of them all. Then "Belial the dissolutes spirit that fell, the sensualest" counselled "Set women in his eye." The poem is planned for the strengthening of men's hearts through the example of Christ against all the chief temptations of the world. What was perhaps the foremost temptation to many in the days of Charles II. is skilfully included by giving to Belial the suggestion, disdained by Satan, of the lure of Circe, a temptation inapplicable to Christ, although among those which have to be resisted by the Christian.

"Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy, with such as have more shew
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond.—
And now I know He hungers, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness:
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass
No advantage, and His strength as oft assay."

The first temptation shall be through hunger, absolute want. The poem then turns to Christ hungering, and represents Christ's holy thoughts, that still find rest in God. He sleeps, and hunger suggests sinless dreams of food, in which the recognition of God's providence blends even with dream thoughts "of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet."

"Him thought, He by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
brought.
He saw the Prophet also, how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how, awaked,
He found his supper on the coals prepared.
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes that with Eliah He partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse."

When morning came, Christ saw from a hill a pleasant grove, and was met by Satan

"Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
As one in city, or court, or palace bred,"

with suggestion that He had been forgotten by God, and with subtle pleading to His brief answer of

content. Then Satan spread a table in the wilderness with all that could entice the appetite. The spirits Satan brought with him there waited as attendant youths, sweet odours and sweet music graced the splendour of the feast. Then Satan asked, "What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?" but to his solicitation he received temperate answer of unbroken confidence in God, and the table vanished to the sound of harpies' wings. The next temptation was by the desire for wealth as means to great ends. "Riches are mine," said Satan, "fortune is in my hand,"—

"They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain;
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

And Jesus patiently replied that wealth without these three is impotent to gain or keep dominion; but men endued with them have often attained in lowest poverty to highest deeds.

"Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumberance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken Virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What, if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms! yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in shew, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
And who attains not ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly: this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind
So reigning can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

Thus closes the second book, and Satan, mute for a time, confounded what to say, renews his efforts in the opening of the third book with soothing words, that suggest temptation through the love of fame.

"Wherefore deprive
All Earth her wonder at Thy acts, Thyself
The fame and glory? glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame

Of most-erected spirits, most-tempered pure,
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers, all but the highest."

Calmly Christ answered; and to men who for earthly glory may be tempted to swerve from the heavenly path this answer speaks:

"For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?
And what the people but a herd confused,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth
praise?"

They praise, and they admire, they know not who
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by such extolled,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk?
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,—
His lot who dares be singularly good.
The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown, when God
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven
To all His Angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises.¹ Thus He did to Job,
When, to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth
—As thou to thy reproach mayest well remember
He ask'd thee: "Hast thou seen my servant Job
Famous he was in Heaven, on Earth less known,
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to over-run
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave,
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors? Who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy:
Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice.
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance. I mention still
Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne
Made famous in a land and times obscure.
Who names not now with honour patient Job?"

¹ "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As He pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much Fame in heaven expect thy need."
(Milton's "Lycidas.")

Poor Socrates—who next more memorable?—
By what he taught, and suffered for so doing,
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.
Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
Aught suffered; if young African for fame
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,
The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.'"

To Satan's plea that God Himself seeks glory, Christ fervently replies, leaving the tempter struck with guilt of his own sin, for he himself, insatiable of glory, had lost all. But next he urges upon Christ His right to the throne of David, and that for love of His enslaved people He should reign soon. "The happier reign, the sooner it begins: Reign then, what canst thou better do the while?" The reply is that all things are best fulfilled in their due time. God's time is to be waited for, His trials borne.

"What if He hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that He may know
What I can suffer, how obey! Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first
Well hath obeyed; just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation, without change or end.
But what concerns it thee, when I begin
My everlasting kingdom? why art thou
Solicitous? what moves thy inquisition?
Knowest thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

Satan replies that he is eager for the worst, but why should Christ be slow to seek the best. He does not know what the World means. Let Him see it. Then Satan takes Christ up a high mountain, and shows the martial power of the Parthians. Rome and Parthia are the two great powers outside Judea. He must ally himself with one. Christ answers that when His time has come He shall not need Satan's

"—politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength."

The closing thought is still of waiting God's own time for the deliverance of His people.

"To His due time and providence I leave them.
So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend
Made answer meet, and made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends."

The third book of "Paradise Regained" thus ending, the fourth and last opens with Satan passing from perplexed pause to renewal of his efforts. From the

west side of the same mountain he shows imperial Rome, and tempts with a fuller mastery. Tiberius is lost in lust at Capreae.

"With what ease,
Endued with regal virtues as Thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,
Mightest Thou expel this monster from his throne,
Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
A victor people free from servile yoke!
And with my help Thou mayest; to me the power
Is given, and by that right I give it Thee.
Aim therefore at no less than all the world;
Aim at the highest: without the highest attained,
Will be for Thee no sitting, or not long,
On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

Christ replies unmoved; but Satan then impudently exalts his gift, offers the whole world, but claims worship for it. To the rebuke thus brought upon himself, Satan replies abashed, but he next seeks to tempt with fame for wisdom.

"As Thy empire must extend,
So let extend Thy mind o'er all the world
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend."

He shows Athens, and dilates upon its intellectual pre-eminence. The wisdom of Christ answers that

"He who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, though granted true."

But these, what can they teach, and not mislead?

"Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
All glory arrogate, to God give none;
Rather accuse Him, under usual names,
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite
Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True Wisdom, finds her not, or, by delusion,
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
—And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek?—
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep versed in books and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

Sir Isaac Newton applied that last line to his own sense of the relation between all he knew and all the knowable. Though it was knowable, few knew that he was quoting Milton. In its subdued tone and ethical purpose "Paradise Regained" has to "Paradise Lost" in some sense a relation like that of the story of the wanderings of Ulysses to the story of the Fall of Troy, but the song is of a wisdom beyond that of Ulysses, and its calm note of trust in God attunes all the chief relations of man's life to earth and heaven. Looking to its theme and purpose, as

the light came in dark days for England that had seemed near to despair, Milton might at the end of his life look especially upon "Paradise Regained," with the especial regard he is said to have had for it. We can interpret the events of Milton's latest days by help of those which followed, and which Milton could not have foretold, know that his great work in God was justified. In that which seemed the very hopelessness of the situation lay the promise of a safe rescue. Had Charles II. been a better and a wiser man, and had his brother



JOHN MILTON.
(From a Portrait in Crayon taken about 1666.)

James not helped to dissipate faith in an absolute monarchy, England could not have passed, fourteen or fifteen years after the death of Milton, through a bloodless Revolution to a settlement of the relations between Crown and People that allowed development, with growth of culture, into the full powers of civil liberty.

But we have yet to speak of the close of "Paradise Regained." Of Christ firm against every temptation, Satan asks,

"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases Thee, nor aught
By me proposed in life contemplative
Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
What dost Thou in this world?"

Life of affliction was then contrasted with the ease refused, and the patient Son of God was left alone in a dark night compassed with terrors.

"Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate
Attends Thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death.
A kingdom they portend Thee, but what kingdom,
Real or allegoric, I discern not;
Nor when; eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning; for no date prefixed
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying he took—for still he knew his power
Not yet expired—and to the wilderness
Brought back the Son of God, and left Him there,
Feigning to disappear."

"And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled; nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast Thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodest
Unshaken! Nor yet stayed the terror there;
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies round
Environed Thee; some howled, some yelled, some
shrieked,

Some bent at Thee their fiery darts, while Thou
Satest unappalled in calm and sinless peace.

Thus passed the night so foul; till Morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim-steps, in amice¹ gray,
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised,
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun, with more effectual beams,
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn."

Satan also returns and tempts vainly to impatience then angrily admits Jesus to be proof against temptation, but will try whether indeed He be "worthy naming Son of God by voice from heaven."

"So saying he caught Him up, and, without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The Holy City, lifted high her towers;
And higher yet the glorious Temple reared
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topped with golden spires.
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn:

"There stand, if Thou wilt stand; to stand upright
Will ask Thee skill. I to Thy Father's house
Have brought Thee, and highest placed; highest is best
Now shew Thy progeny; if not to stand,
Cast Thyself down; safely, if Son of God:
For it is written, 'He will give command
Concerning Thee to His Angels, in their hands
They shall uplift Thee, lest at any time
Thou chance to dash Thy foot against a stone.'"

To whom thus Jesus:—"Also it is written,
'Tempt not the Lord thy God.'" He said, and stood
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell."

¹ Amice, a priest's robe of fine linen. See Note 1, page 200. Used also for any light flowing robe. Latin "amicus," an outer garment.

Satan returned in dismay to his joyless band, while angels bore the Saviour to a table of celestial food, and hymned His victory. Man now can prevail through Christ, and by vanquishing temptation can regain lost Paradise. But the last lines of the poem pass from the angels' song of triumph to the meekness of the Saviour.

"Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and from heavenly feast refreshed
Brought on His way with joy: He, unobserved,
Home to His mother's house private returned."

Not only among maintainers of what they held to be the "good old cause" were questionings here and there that touched their faith in God. Among those who during the Commonwealth had lived in France, influenced by a polite society that affected criticism and wit, while wanting the essentials of both, the spirit of reverence was often weakened. The newly-developed middle class was showing the energies of France in writers of its own, whom the polite world claimed as theirs, but whose lead the polite world was too weak to follow; and the corruption of society in Church and State was already prompting the new generation of bold thinkers to doubts aiming at a search for truth by testing all beliefs, doubts lightly accepted by the triflers as indications in them of a fashionable sort of wit. It was to meet this spirit of doubt that Edward Stillingfleet, then Rector of Sutton in Bedfordshire, produced early in the reign of Charles II. his "*Origines Sacre*; or, a Rational Account of the Grounds of Christian Faith, as to the Truth and Divine Authority of the Scriptures, and the matters therein contained." This book was published in 1662, when Stillingfleet was twenty-seven years old. He was born in 1635, at Cranbourne, in Dorsetshire, graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and obtained his rectory of Sutton in 1657. In 1659 Edward Stillingfleet published "*Irenicum, a Weapon Salve for the Church's Wounds, or the Divine Right of Particular Forms of Church Government discussed.*" In the dedication of his "*Origines Sacre*" to his most honoured friend and patron Sir Roger Burgoyne, Stillingfleet wrote:—

Were all who make a show of religion in the world really such as they pretend to be, discourses of this nature would be no more seasonable than the commendations of a great beauty to one who is already a passionate admirer of it; but on the contrary, we see how common it is for men first to throw dirt in the face of religion, and then persuade themselves it is its natural complexion; they represent it to themselves in a shape least pleasing to them, and then bring that as a plea why they give it no better entertainment.

It may justly seem strange, that true religion, which contains nothing in it but what is truly noble and generous, most rational and pleasing to the spirits of all good men, should yet suffer so much in its esteem in the world, through those strange and uncouth vizards¹ it is represented under: some accounting the life and practice of it, as it speaks of subduing our wills to the will of God (which is the substance

of all religion), a thing too low and mean for their rank and condition in the world; while others pretend a quarrel against the principles of it as unsatisfactory to human reason. Thus religion suffers with the Author of it between two thieves, and it is hard to define which is more injurious to it, that which questions the principles, or that which despiseth the practice of it. And nothing certainly will more incline men to believe that we live in an age of prodigies, than that there should be any such in the Christian world who should account it a piece of gentility to despise religion, and a piece of reason to be Atheists. For if there be any such things in the world as a true height and magnanimity of spirit, if there be any solid reason and depth of judgment, they are not only consistent with, but only attainable by, a true generous spirit of religion. But if we look at that which the loose and profane world is apt to account the greatest gallantry, we shall find it made up of such pitiful ingredients, which any skilful and rational mind will be ashamed to plead for, much less to mention them in competition with true goodness and unfeigned piety. For how easy is it to observe such who would be accounted the most high and gallant spirits, to quarry on such mean prey which only tend to satisfy their brutish appetites, or flesh revenge with the blood of such who have stood in the way of that airy title, honour!

In the following "Preface to the Reader," the plan of the book is thus stated:—

As the tempers and geniuses of ages and times alter, so do the arms and weapons which Atheists employ against religion; the most popular pretences of the Atheists of our age have been the irreconcilableness of the account of times in Scripture with that of the learned and ancient heathen nations; the inconsistency of the belief of the Scriptures with the principles of reason; and the account which may be given of the origin of things from principles of philosophy without the Scriptures: these three therefore I have particularly set myself against, and directed against each of them a several book.

In the first I have manifested that there is no ground of credibility in the account of ancient times given by any heathen nations different from the Scriptures, which I have with so much care and diligence inquired into, that from thence we may hope to hear no more of men before Adam to save the authority of the Scriptures by, which yet was intended only as a design to undermine them. But I have not thought the frivolous pretences of the author of that hypothesis worth particular mentioning, supposing it sufficient to give a clear account of things without particular citation of authors, where it was not of great concernment for understanding the thing itself.

In the second book I have undertaken to give a rational account of the grounds, why we are to believe these several persons who in several ages were employed to reveal the mind of God to the world; and with greater particularity than hath yet been used, I have insisted on the persons of Moses and the prophets, our Saviour and his apostles, and in every of them manifested the rational evidences on which they were to be believed, not only by the men of their own age, but by those of succeeding generations.

In the third book I have insisted on the matters themselves which are either supposed by, or revealed in, the Scriptures; and have therein not only manifested the certainty of the foundations of all religion which lie in the being of God and immortality of the soul, but the undoubted truth of those particular accounts concerning the origin of the universe, of evil, and of nations, which were most liable to the Atheist's

¹ Vizards, masks.

exceptions, and have therein considered all the pretences of philosophy, ancient or modern, which have seemed to contradict any of them; to which (*mantissa loco*)¹ I have added the evidence of Scripture history in the remainder of it in heathen mythology, and concluded all with a discourse of the excellency of the Scriptures.

This is a passage from the third book of Stillingfleet's argument against the Atheism of his time. It forms section eight of the first chapter:—

THE CONCURRENCE OF ATOMS.

As the Atheist must admit those things himself which he rejects the being of God for, so he admits them upon far weaker grounds than we do attribute them to God. If anything may be made evident to man's natural reason concerning the existence of a being so infinite as God is, we doubt not but to make it appear that we have great assurance of the being of God; but how far must the Atheist go, how heartily must he beg, before his hypothesis either of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms or eternity of the world will be granted to him. For if we stay till he proves either of these by evident and demonstrative reasons, the world may have an end before he proves his atoms could give it a beginning; and we may find it eternal, *à parte post*,² before he can prove it was so *à parte ante*. For the proof of a Deity, we appeal to his own faculties, reason and conscience; we make use of arguments before his eyes: we bring the universal sense of mankind along with us: but for his principles, we must wholly alter the present stage of the world, and crumble the whole universe into little particles; we must grind the sun to powder, and by a new way of interment turn the earth into dust and ashes, before we can so much as imagine how the world could be framed. And when we have thus far begged leave to imagine things to be what they never were, we must then stand by in some infinite space to behold the friskings and dancings about of these little particles of matter, till by their frequent rencounters and jostlings one upon another, they at last link themselves together, and run so long in a round till they make whirlpools enough for sun, moon, and stars, and all the bodies of the universe to emerge out of it. But what was it which at first set these little particles of matter in motion? Whence came so great variety in them to produce such wonderful diversities in bodies as there are in the world? How came these casual motions to hit so luckily into such admirable contrivances as are in the universe? When once I see a thousand blind men run the point of a sword in at a key-hole without one missing; when I find them all frisking together in a spacious field, and exactly meeting all at last in the very middle of it; when I once find, as Tully speaks, the Annals of Ennius fairly written in a heap of sand, and as Kepler's wife told him, a room full of herbs moving up and down, fall down into the exact order of sallets, I may then think the atomical hypothesis probable, and not before. But what evidence of reason or demonstration have we that the great bodies of the world did result from such a motion of these small particles? It is possible to be so, saith Epicurus; what if we grant it possible? can no things in the world be, which it is possible might have been otherwise? What else thinks Epicurus of the genera-

tions of things now? they are such certainly as the world now is, and yet he believes it was once otherwise. Must therefore a bare possibility of the contrary make us deny our reason, silence conscience, contradict the universal sense of mankind by excluding a Deity out of the world? But whence doth it appear possible? Did we ever find anything of the same nature with the world produced in such a manner by such a concurrence of atoms? Or is it because we find in natural beings, how much these particles of matter serve to solve the phenomena of nature? But doth it at all follow, because now under Divine providence which wisely orders the world, and things in it, that these particles with their several affections and motion, may give us a tolerable account of many appearances as to bodies, that therefore the universe had its original merely by a concretion of these without any Divine hand to order and direct their motion? But of this more, when we come to the creation of the world; our design now is only to compare the notion of a Deity and of the Atheist's hypothesis, in point of perspicuity and evidence of reason: of which let any one who hath reason judge. Thus we see how the Atheist in denying a Deity must assert something else instead of it, which is pressed with the same, if not greater difficulties, and proved by far less reason.

In 1665 Stillingfleet became Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and he had risen to be Dean of St. Paul's and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, when, in opposition to Dr. Owen, Richard Baxter, and others, he published, in 1681, a volume on "The Unreasonableness of Separation; or an Impartial Account of the History, Nature, and Pleas of the Present Separation from the Communion of the Church of England." In the long controversial preface to this book, he declared his judgment, "That a causeless breaking the peace of the Church we live in, is really a great and as dangerous a sin as murder, and in some respects aggravated beyond it." One of Stillingfleet's adversaries had been tempted by this spirit in a sermon of his to recall his more tolerant writing in earlier days, and compare the Rector of Sutton with the Dean of St. Paul's. One of the fears he now expressed as a check upon altering the laws against Dissent, was "the danger of breaking all in pieces by toleration." In 1689 Edward Stillingfleet was made Bishop of Worcester. He died in 1699, and the last incident in his literary life was a controversy with John Locke, whom he accused of undermining Christian faith.

John Wilkins was a divine with a strong interest in scientific studies. He was born in 1614, the son of a goldsmith at Oxford, graduated in the University of Oxford, sided with the Parliament in the Civil War, and signed the Covenant. He was made warden of Wadham College at the end of the reign of Charles I. and in 1656 married a sister of Oliver Cromwell. He became master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1659. From this office he was ejected at the Restoration, and he was the appointed preacher to the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn and minister of St. Lawrence Jewry. He was one of the first fellows of the Royal Society and member of the Council. He had written, at the age of twenty-five, an argument to show that the moon was probably inhabited, and he did not hold it impossible that the

¹ *Mantissa loco*, by way of over-weight. *Mantissa* or *mantissa* was a Tuscan word meaning an addition to the weight in the scale. Thence it took the second sense of gain or profit.

² *A parte post*, from the close of the argument; *à parte ante*, from the beginning.

inhabitants of this earth might discover a way of getting to the moon. John Wilkins also wrote to maintain the Copernican system, and prove the earth a planet. In 1641 he had published an ingenious system of cipher-writing, and his house was crowded as a museum with scientific curiosities. The Duke of Buckingham having become his friend at court, Dr. Wilkins was made Dean of Ripon, and in 1668 Bishop of Chester. In the same year he published the most ingenious of his books—an attempt to apply philosophy to the establishment of a language common to all nations—“An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language. Bishop Wilkins died in 1672, the year after the publication of “Paradise Regained.” A volume of sermons by him was collected and published in 1682. He sought to reconcile the contending parties in the Church, and devised a plan for the reception of Presbyterian ministers into the Church of England by a form of ordination to which they might be willing to assent. In the same spirit he preached peace. This passage is from a sermon by Bishop Wilkins, on the text, “Let your moderation be known unto all men, the Lord is at hand,” *Philippians* iv. 5.

THE DUTY OF MODERATION.

’Tis the duty of Christians to give signal testimony of their equity and moderation upon all occasions of difference and contest with one another: not to insist upon the utmost rigour of things, but to be ready to comply with all such gentle and prudent expedients as may help to heal and accommodate the differences amongst them.

Though this word moderation do but seldom occur in Scripture, being scarce anywhere else used but here: yet that which is the substance and meaning of it is frequently commanded, and the contrary thereunto prohibited, under different expressions in other places of Scripture. This some conceive to be the sense of that place, *Eccles.* vii. 16, “Be not righteous over much, neither make thyself over wise, why shouldst thou destroy thyself” (*i.e.*, insist not upon the utmost extremity of things, as if it were wisdom to take all the advantages you could from the strict letter of the law. This were the readiest way to destroy yourself by teaching other men to do the like against you; there being no safety for any one, if every one must use another according to the utmost rigour. *Prov.* xix. 11, “It is the glory of a man to pass over a transgression.” Men may think to get the repute of strictness and zeal by being rigid and severe towards the failings of others: but ’tis a much more glorious thing to show gentleness and forbearance towards them; it argues a man to have a noble and generous mind, and a real sense of humanity.

There are several other expressions to this purpose in the New Testament. As *Ephes.* iv. 1, 2, “I beseech you that ye walk worthy of that vocation wherewith ye are called, in all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love.” Verse 32, “And be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.”

Phil. ii. 3, “Let nothing be done through strife or vain glory, but in lowliness of mind let each esteem others better than themselves.” *Ver.* 14.

Gentleness is reckoned as “the fruit of the Spirit,” *Gal.* v. 22. A mark of that “wisdom which is from above,” *Jam.* iii. 17, an inseparable property of “the servant of the Lord,

who must not strive, but be gentle, shewing all meekness to all men,” *2 Tim.* ii. 24.

“Finally, brethren, having compassion one of another, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing,” *1 Pet.* iii. 8, 9.

It were easy to back these precepts by several examples out of Scripture. That of Abraham’s carriage in the contest betwixt him and his nephew Lot, who for peace’ sake was willing to recede from his own right, and give him his choice, that “there might be no strife betwixt them, because they were brethren,” *Gen.* xiii. 8.

That of our Saviour in his yielding to pay tribute for the avoiding of offence, to which in strictness he was not obliged, *Mat.* xvii. 27. He was the Great Exemplar, as of all others so particularly of this Christian grace. “I beseech you, brethren, by the meekness and gentleness of Christ,” *2 Cor.* x. 1.

St. Paul himself was as eminent for the practice of this duty as for the pressing of it upon others: in his “becoming all things to all men,” *1 Cor.* ix. 22, and in “pleasing all men in all things, not seeking his own profit, but the profit of many, that they might be saved,” *1 Cor.* x. 33.

Suitable to this was that carriage of the council of the Apostles, *Act.* xv., in their not insisting upon the strict right of things, but accommodating those controversies of the Primitive times about the Jewish rites, by such a moderate expedient as might most effectually heal and compose those differences.

Among the friends of John Wilkins, and also of John Milton, was Robert Boyle, born in 1626, the year of Bacon’s death, and a leader among those who in the next generations applied to the advance of science Bacon’s method of experimental search into nature. Robert Boyle was the seventh son of Richard Boyle, who died Earl of Cork, having founded the fortune of the family by acquiring enormous wealth in Ireland. Richard Boyle had seven sons and eight daughters, and was able to leave a handsome estate to each of them. Robert remained unmarried; lived with his eldest sister, Lady Ranelagh, for companion and housekeeper; withdrew from the strife of parties; and pursued the study of chemistry so energetically, that he made for himself a distinguished place in the history of its progress. He published many scientific treatises, and was the honoured friend of the chief men of science of his day, who would have made him president of the Royal Society if he had not refused to bind himself by the test and oaths required on taking office. He refused also to take orders, though profoundly religious, and assured of rapid promotion in the Church. He never named God without reverent pause, he was active in societies formed for diffusion of the Gospel, enabled Burnet to write his “History of the Reformation,” blended a living religion with his scientific writing, and in his “Sceptical Chemist” reasoned with those men of science who “are wont to endeavour to evince their salt, sulphur, and mercury as the true principles of things.” Of some of his books religion only was the theme. Robert Boyle lived until 1691. This passage is from a volume on “the Style of the Holy Scriptures,” published in 1663:—

and a preface by Parker to the "Vindication of the Bishops of Popery," were of liberty of conscience, a piece of satire, with a new play of its time, "The Rehearsal." When called "The Rehearsal" a second part, with a new page. The courtiers and use in a title derived from the "Rehearsal." Dr. Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, attacked Dr. Herbert Croft, Bishop of Oxford, for having written a tract called "The Naked Truth, or the True State of the Primitive Church," in which he urged that the attempts to uniformity in details had failed, that as a basis of faith the Apostles' Creed had sufficed for the Primitive Church, and that we ought to ask no more. Dr. Fell, also, Bishop of Oxford, wrote against Bishop Croft, comparing him to Judas. Marvell satirised Dr. Turner's attack upon "The Naked Truth" in a piece named after a character in what then was the new play, "Mr. Smirke, or the Divine in Mode," and it is noticeable that although master of satire, and using it as the weapon for truth most effective against his antagonists in a frivolous time, Marvell ended each of his two satires with earnest expression of his sense of its unworthiness. At the close of the second part of "The Rehearsal Transposed," he quoted, with warm approbation, Bacon's protest against the intermixture of Scripture and scurrility in the Marprelate controversies; and at the close of "Mr. Smirke," he quoted from the Preface to the "Ecclesiastical Polity," Hooker's saying that "the time will come when three words uttered with charity and meekness shall receive a far more blessed reward than three thousand volumes written with disdainful sharpness of wit."

Thus men were debating while the House of Commons, not wholly on patriotic grounds, forced the king to withdraw his Declaration of Indulgence. The House also passed, in March, 1673, a Test Act, requiring all persons who bore any office, civil or military, to take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, and to receive the Sacrament according to the usages of the Church of England, within three months after their admittance, in some public church, upon Sunday, immediately after divine service and sermon. This act deprived the king's brother, the Duke of York, of his office of Lord High Admiral. In 1677 the pretended discovery of a Popish Plot by the infamous Titus Oates led to increased severity

against the Roman Catholics. In spite of the efforts made for his exclusion, the king's brother, the Duke of York, succeeded him in February, 1685, as James II.; and by his endeavours to override the law, brought on, in about three years, the final expulsion of the Stuarts, and settlement of the limitation of the English crown.

Richard Baxter, who, in 1672, was free for a time to preach, settled in London, and built a meeting-house in Oxendon Street, but after the Indulgence was withdrawn, the preaching was forbidden. In 1682, he says, newly risen from extremity of pain, he was suddenly seized in his house by a poor violent informer and many constables and officers, who rushed in and apprehended him, and served on him one warrant to seize on his person for coming within five miles of a corporation, and five more warrants to distrain for a hundred and ninety pounds, for five sermons. His physician, Dr. Cox, then saved him from imprisonment by representing the infirmity of his health. In 1685, after a trial before Judge Jeffreys, who addressed him brutally from the bench, Baxter was condemned to two years' imprisonment for sedition, but, by the interference of Lord Powis, was discharged after six months' confinement. He died in 1691, aged seventy-six.

In 1676 Robert Barclay, then twenty-eight years old, was confined as a Quaker in a prison so dark that he and his fellow-prisoners could not see the food given to them, unless a door were set open or a candle brought. In the same year appeared in Latin at Amsterdam, and afterwards in English, Robert Barclay's "Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the People called in scorn Quakers, being a full Explanation and Vindication of their Principles and Doctrines."



ISAAC BARROW.

From the Portrait prefixed to his "Sermons against Evil-Speaking" (1678).

Isaac Barrow died in 1677 at the age of forty-nine. He had been not only Professor of Greek at Cambridge, but also Lucasian Mathematical Lecturer, in

¹ Andrew Marvell. See Shorter English Poems, pages 319, 320.

² Sir George Etherege's "Man of Mode, or Sir Popling Flutter," in which there is a very small part for Mr. Smirke, a subservient chaplain.

...the fit and
much aimed at
above all things,
(4) "To
(5 and 6)
Prov. x. 18.
another, brethren,"
Matthew vii. 1.
1 Thess. iv. 11. The fol-
lowing is from the fourth sermon:—

THE STYLE OF CONTROVERSY.

In defence of truth, and maintenance of a good cause, we may observe, that commonly the fairest language is most proper and advantageous, and that reproachful or foul terms are most improper and prejudicial. A calm and meek way of discoursing doth much advantage a good cause, as arguing the matter thereof to have confidence in the cause itself, and to rely upon its strength; that he is in a temper fit to apprehend it himself, and to maintain it; that he propoundeth it as a friend, wishing the hearer for his own good to follow it, leaving him the liberty to judge, and choose for himself. That rude speech, and contemptuous reflections on persons, as they do signify nothing to the question, so they commonly bring much disadvantage and damage to the cause, creating mighty prejudices against it. They argue much impotency in the advocate, and consequently little strength in what he maintains; that he is little able to judge well, and altogether unfit to teach others. They intimate a diffidence in himself concerning his cause, and that, despairing to maintain it by reason, he seeks to uphold it by passion; that, not being able to convince by fair means, he would bear down by noise and clamour; that, not skilling to get his suit quietly, he would extort it by force, obtruding his conceits violently as an enemy, or treating them arbitrarily as a tyrant. Thus doth he really disparage and slur his cause, however good and defensible in itself.

A modest and friendly style doth suit truth; it, like its author, doth usually reside (not in the rumbling wind, nor in the shaking earthquake, nor in the raging fire, but) in the small still voice; sounding in this, it is most audible, most penetrant, and most effectual: thus propounded, it is willingly hearkened to; for men have no aversion from hearing those who seem to love them, and wish them well. It is easily conceived; no prejudice or passion clouding the apprehensive faculties: it is readily embraced; no animosity withstanding or obstructing it. It is the sweetness of the lips, which (as the wise man telleth us) increaseth learning; disposing a man to hear lessons of good doctrine, rendering him capable to understand them, insinuating and impressing them upon the mind. The affections being thereby unlocked, the passage becomes open to the Reason.

But it is plainly a very preposterous method of instructing,

of deciding controversies, of begetting peace, to vex and anger those concerned by ill language. Nothing surely doth more hinder the efficacy of discourse, and prevent conviction, than doth this course, upon many obvious accounts. It doth first put in a strong bar to attention: for no man willingly doth afford an ear to him whom he conceiveth disaffected toward him; which opinion harsh words infallibly will produce. No man can expect to hear truth from him whom he apprehendeth disordered in his own mind, whom he seeth rude in his proceedings, whom he taketh to be unjust in his dealing; as men certainly will take those to be who presume to revile others for using their own judgment freely and dissenting from them in opinion. Again, this course doth blind the hearer's mind, so that he cannot discern what he that pretends to instruct him doth mean, or how he doth assert his doctrine. Truth will not be discerned through the smoke of wrathful expressions; right being defaced by foul language will not appear; passion being excited will not suffer a man to perceive the sense, or the force of an argument. The will also thereby is hardened, and hindered from submitting to truth. In such a case, *non persuadebis, etiamsi persuaseris*;¹ although you stop his mouth, you cannot subdue his heart; although he can no longer fight, yet he never will yield: animosity raised by such usage rendereth him invincibly obstinate in his conceits and courses. Briefly, from this proceeding men become unwilling to mark, unfit to apprehend, indisposed to embrace any good instruction or advice: it maketh them indocile and intractable, averse from better instruction, pertinacious in their opinions, and refractory in their ways.

Every man (saith the wise man) shall kiss his lips that giveth a right answer: but no man surely will be ready to kiss those lips which are embittered with reproach, or defiled with dirty language.

It is said of Pericles, that with thundering and lightning he put Greece into confusion: such discourse may serve to confound things, it seldom tendeth to compose them. If Reason will not pierce, Rage will scarce avail to drive it in. Satirical virulency may vex men sorely, but it hardly ever soundly converts them. Few become wiser or better by ill words. Children may be frightened into compliance by loud and severe imprecations; but men are to be allured by rational persuasion backed with courteous usage: they may be sweetly drawn, they cannot be violently driven to change their judgment and practice. Whence that advice of the Apostle, *With meekness instruct those that oppose themselves*, doth no less savour of wisdom than of goodness.

Ralph Cudworth, who was two years younger than Baxter, was in 1644 Master of Clare Hall, and in 1654 Master of Christ's College, Cambridge. He published in 1678 a folio of more than 900 pages, containing the first part—there were to have been three parts—of "The Intellectual System of the Universe." In this first part the title-page set forth that "All the Reason and Philosophy of Atheism is confuted, and its Impossibility demonstrated." The root of the whole book was a desire to reason against "the Fatal Necessity of all actions and events, which upon whatever grounds or principles maintained, will serve the design of Atheism, and undermine Christianity and all religion; as taking away all

¹ "You will not persuade, even though you may have persuaded"—will not persuade to a duty of which you may have persuaded him.

guilt and blame, punishments and rewards, and plainly rendering a Day of Judgment ridiculous; and it is evident," says Cudworth, "that some have pursued it of late in order to that end." The volume published is a very learned one, in which Cudworth traces the reasonings for and against the existence of God through all ancient philosophies. I quote a passage, in which, after proposing the three principal Attributes of the Deity, which are, Infinite Goodness, with Fecundity; Infinite Knowledge and Wisdom; Infinite Active and Perceptive Power, Cudworth thus expands

THE IDEA OF GOD.

Nevertheless, if we would not only attend to what is barely necessary for a dispute with Atheists, but also consider the satisfaction of other free and devout minds, that are hearty and sincere lovers of this most admirable and most glorious Being, we might venture, for their gratification, to propose a yet more full, free, and copious description of the Deity, after this manner. God is a being absolutely perfect, unmade, or self-originated, and necessarily existing, that hath an infinite fecundity in Him, and virtually contains all things; as also an infinite benignity or overflowing love, uninviciously displaying and communicating itself, together with an impartial rectitude or nature of justice: who fully comprehends Himself and the extent of His own fecundity; and therefore all the possibilities of things, their several natures and respects, and the best frame or system of the whole: who hath also infinite active and perceptive power: the fountain of all things, who made all that could be made, and was fit to be made, producing them according to His own nature (His essential goodness and wisdom), and therefore according to the best pattern, and in the best manner possible, for the good of the whole; and in reconciling all the variety and contrariety of things in the universe, into one most admirable and lovely harmony.

Lastly, who contains and upholds all things, and governs them after the best manner also, and that without any force or violence they be all naturally subject to His authority, and readily obeying His laws. And now we see that God is such a being, as that if He could be supposed not to be, there is nothing whose existence a good man could possibly more wish or desire.

Dr. Cudworth died in 1688, leaving one daughter, who inherited her father's papers, married Sir Francis Masham, and was one of the most cordial friends of John Locke in his latter years.

Robert Leighton, son of the Alexander Leighton who suffered cruelly for writing "Zion's Plea" and "The Looking Glass of the Holy War," was born in 1613, and educated in Edinburgh. In 1643 he became minister of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, then left the Presbyterian for the Episcopal Church, became Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and then Bishop of Dunblane. The heat of dissension between Episcopal and Presbyterian Christians drove Leighton to London, but he was persuaded to go back as Archbishop of Glasgow. A year's experience of the feuds associated with that office caused him to withdraw finally, and he spent his last years quietly in

Sussex, where he died in 1684. Robert Leighton was one of the best preachers of his time, if not the best after Jeremy Taylor died, in the year of the publishing of "Paradise Lost," 1667. This passage is from a sermon of Leighton's, upon

HOPE AMIDST BILLOWS.¹

"I will not be afraid, though ten thousands of the people set themselves against me round about," says David; and lest you think him singular, in the 46th Psalm it is the joint voice of the whole Church of God: "We will not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God; the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved." This is the way to be immovable in the midst of troubles, as a rock amidst the waves. When God is in the midst of a kingdom or city, He makes it firm as Mount Sion, that cannot be removed. When He is in the midst of the soul, though calamities throng about it on all hands and roar like the billows of the sea, yet there is a constant calm within, such a peace as the world can neither give nor take away. On the other side, what is it but want of lodging God in the soul, and that in His stead the World is in the midst of men's hearts, that makes them shake like the leaves of trees at every blast of danger? What a shame is it, seeing natural men, by the strength of nature and by help of moral precepts, have attained such undaunted resolution and courage against outward changes, that yet they who would pass for Christians, are so soft and fainting, and so sensible of the smallest alterations! The advantage that we have in this regard is infinite. What is the best ground-work of a philosopher's constancy, but as moving sands in comparison of the rock that we may build upon? But the truth is, that either we make no provision of faith for times of trial, or, if we have any, we neither know the worth nor the use of it, but lay it by as a dead unprofitable thing, when we should most use and exercise it. Notwithstanding all our frequenting of God's House and our plausible profession, is it not too true, that the most of us either do not at all furnish ourselves with those spiritual arms that are so needful in the militant life of a Christian, or we learn not how to handle them, and are not in readiness for service?—as was the case of that improvident soldier, whom his commander found mending some piece of his armour when they were to give battle. It were not amiss, before afflictions overtake us, to try and train the mind somewhat by supposing the very worst and hardest of them; to say, What if the waves and billows of adversity were swelled and flowing in upon me? could I then believe? God hath said, "I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee," with a heap of negations; "In no wise, I will not." He hath said, "When thou passest through the fire and through the water, I will be with thee." These I know, and can discourse of them; but could I repose and rest upon them in the day of trial? Put your souls to it. Is there any thing or person that you esteem and love exceedingly?—say, What if I should lose this? Is there some evil that is naturally more contrary and terrible to you than many others? Spare not to present that to the imagination too, and labour to make Faith master of it beforehand, in case it

¹ Its text is, "Yet the Lord will command His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." (Ps. xlii. 8.)

should befall you; and if the first thought of it scare you, look upon it the oftener, till the visage of it become familiar to you, that you start and scare no more at it. Nor is there any danger in these thoughts. Troubles cannot be brought the nearer by our thus thinking on them, but you may be both safer and stronger by breathing and exercising of your faith in supposed cases. But if you be so tender-spirited that you cannot look upon calamities so much as in thought or fancy, how would you be able for a real encounter? No, surely. But the soul that hath made God his stay can do both. See it in that notable resolution of the prophet, Hab. iii. 17: "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord is my strength"—and in that saying of David, Ps. xxiii. 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." You see how faith is as cork to his soul, keeping it from sinking in the deeps of afflictions. Yea, that big word which one¹ says of his morally just man, is true of the believer: "Though the very fabric of the world were falling about him, yet would he stand upright and undaunted in the midst of its ruins."

In this confidence, considered in itself, we may observe (1) the object of it, "The loving kindness of the Lord;" (2) the manner or way by which he expects to enjoy it, "The Lord will command it;" (3) the time, "In the day." The object; "His loving kindness." He says not, "The Lord will command my return to the House of God," or, "will accomplish my deliverance from the heavy oppression and sharp reproaches of the enemy," which would have answered more particularly and expressly to his present griefs, but, "will command His loving kindness." And the reason of his thus expressing himself, I conceive to be two-fold. First, in the assurance of this, is necessarily comprised the certainty of all other good things. This special favour and benignity of the Lord, doth engage His power and wisdom, both which you know are infinite, to the procurement of every thing truly good for those whom He so favours. Therefore it is, that David chooses rather to name the streams of particular mercies in this their living source and fountain, than to specify them severally. Nor is it only thus more compendious, but the expression is fuller too, which are the two great advantages of speech. And this I take to be the other reason—a man may enjoy great deliverances and many positive benefits from the hand of God, and yet have no share in "His loving kindness." How frequently doth God heap riches, and honour, and health on those He hates; and the common gifts of the mind too, wisdom and learning; yea, the common gifts of His own Spirit; and give a fair and long day of external prosperity to those on whom He never vouchsafed the least glance of His favourable countenance! Yea, on the contrary, He gives all those specious gifts to them with a secret curse. As He gave a king in wrath to His people, so He often gives kingdoms in His wrath to kings. Therefore

David looks higher than the very kingdom which God promised him and gave him, when he speaks of "His loving kindness." In a word, he resolves to solace himself with the assurance of this, though he was stripped of all other comforts, and to quiet his soul herein, till deliverance should come; and when it should come, and whatsoever mercies with it, to receive them as fruits and effects of this loving kindness; not prizing them so much for themselves, as for the impressions of that love which is upon them. And it is that image and superscription that both engages and moves him most to pay his tribute of praise. And truly this is everywhere David's temper. His frequent distresses and wants never excite him so much to desire any particular comfort in the creature, as to entreat the presence and favour of God Himself. His saddest times are when, to his sense, this favour is eclipsed. "In my prosperity I said, I shall not be moved." And what was his adversity that made him of another mind? "Thou didst hide thy face, and I was troubled." This verifies his position in that same psalm, "In thy favour is life." Thus, in the 63rd Psalm, at the beginning, "My soul thirsteth for Thee, in a dry land where no water is;" not far water where there is none, but, "for Thee, where no water is." Therefore he adds in verse 3, "Thy loving kindness is better than life." And all that be truly wise are of this mind, and will subscribe to his choice. Let them enjoy this loving kindness and prize it, because, whatever befalls them, their happiness and joy is above the reach of all calamities. Let them be derided and reproached abroad, yet still this inward persuasion makes them glad and contented; as a rich man said, though the people hated and taunted him, yet when he came home and looked upon his chests, "Ego me mihi plaudo domi."² With how much better reason do believers bear our external injuries! What inward contentment is theirs, when they consider themselves as truly enriched with the favour of God! And as this makes them contempt the contempts that the world puts upon them, so likewise it breeds in them a neglect and disdain of those poor trifles that the world admires. The sum of their desires is, as the cynic's was of the sunshine, that the rays of the love of God may shine constantly upon them. The favourable aspect and large proffers of kings and princes would be unwelcome to them, if they should stand betwixt them and the sight of that sun. And truly they have reason. What are the highest things the world affords? What are great houses and great estates, but great cares and griefs well dressed and coloured over with a show of pleasure, that promise contentment and perform nothing but vexation? That they are not satisfying is evident; for the obtaining of much of them doth but stretch the appetite, and teach men to desire more. They are not solid neither. Will not the pains of a gout, or a strangury, or some such malady, to say nothing of the worst, the pains of a guilty conscience, blast all these delights? What relish finds a man in large revenues and stately buildings, in high preferments and honourable titles, when either his body or his mind is in anguish? And besides the emptiness of all these things, you know they want one main part, continuance. But the loving kindness of God hath all requisites to make the soul happy. "O satisfy us early with

¹ Horace, Odes, iii. 3.

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida
* * * * *
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

² "— ut quidam memoratur Athenis.
Sordidus ac dives, populi contemnere voces
Sic solitus: Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemtor in ara."
(Horace, Sat. I, l. 44-47)

(As it is recorded that one among the Athenians, would not sit was thus used to condemn the voices of the people: The people hisses me, but at home I applaud myself, and contemplate my moneys in my chest).

Thy goodness or mercy," says Moses, "that we may rejoice and be glad all our days," Ps. xc. 14. There is fullness in that for the vastest desires of the soul—"satisfy us;" there is solid contentment—that begets true joy and gladness; and there is permanency—"all our days." It is the only comfort of this life, and the assurance of a better.

John Dryden—in whose mind, with a bias towards authority, opinion tended towards Absolutism in the State and Catholicism in the Church—in accordance with his natural bent, became avowedly a Roman Catholic in James II.'s reign. Already, in November, 1682, his point of view was Roman Catholic, when his "Religio Laici" closed with these lines:—

"Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they ne
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say;
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven than all the Church before;
Nor can we be deceived, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will,
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone;
And after hearing what our Church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb
Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
For points obscure are of small use to learn:
But common quiet is mankind's concern."

There is the natural issue of this reasoning in Dryden's surrender of private judgment in the "Hind and Panther," published in April, 1687, a dialogue between beasts upon the questions of the Churches; between the milk-white Hind, type of the Church of Rome, and the spotted Panther, type of the Church of England.

"What weight of ancient witness can prevail,
If private reason hold the public scale?
But, gracious God, how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thyself revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done;
What more could fright my faith than Truth in One!"

Thomas Ken, author of one of the most familiar pieces of English sacred verse, the "Evening Hymn,"

was one of the seven bishops who in May, 1688, protested against a repetition by King James II. of his illegal Declaration of Indulgence. The king ordered it to be read in all places of worship in London on Sunday, the 20th of May, and in the country on the 3rd of June. On the 18th of May, a protest was signed on behalf of a great body of the clergy by William Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and six bishops, of whom one was Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells. Ken, born in 1637, was the son of an attorney. His eldest sister became Izaak Walton's second wife. He lived, when a boy, with Izaak Walton, and was helped in life by George Morley, Bishop of Winchester, Izaak Walton's son-in-law, who died in 1684. Young Thomas Ken went to Winchester School, and thence to Oxford. He was already, as an Oxford student, poet and musician, playing on the lute, viol, and organ. Soon after the Restoration Ken became Rector of Easton Parva, in Essex, and chaplain to Bishop Morley, with whom Izaak Walton and his family were then domesticated. Ken obtained also a fellowship of Winchester College. In 1667, year of the publication of "Paradise Lost," the Bishop of Winchester gave Ken the rectory of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight, and it was in the Isle of Wight that the Rector of Brightstone wrote the Morning and Evening Hymns for his own use. He sang them himself to his lute, morning and evening.



THOMAS KEN. (From a Contemporary Print.)

MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul! and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

10

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King—

20

I wake, I wake!—ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
Oh may I never more do ill.

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply;
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

30

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept.
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert not Thou there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.

40

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
Oh never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

50

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING HYMN.

All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light!
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep!—of sense me to deprive:
I am but half my time alive.
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains:
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds:
Oh may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see.

Oh when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire!

Oh may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep,
His love angelical distil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

In 1681, Ken published a "Manual of Prayer for the Scholars of Winchester College." He was Bishop of Bath and Wells not many days after the death of Charles II. On the 8th of June he was among the seven bishops committed to the Tower for seditious libel. On the 30th of the day of the acquittal of the seven bishops a messenger was sent to invite William of Orange who landed in Torbay on the 5th of November. William and Mary became King and Queen of England on the 13th of February, 1689.

Villiam Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and four more of the seven, including Ken, refused to take the oaths of allegiance to the new sovereigns, and, with about four hundred clergymen and members of the university, they were deprived. Ken was housed and cared for by his friend Lord Weymouth, at Longleat House, until his death in 1711. In these latter years he was suffering excruciating pain from chronic disease, and "for many years travelled with his shroud in his portmanteau, as that he often said might be as soon wanted as any other of his habiliments." During these years of suffering he wrote several poems entitled "Anonnes," of which these are two :—

PAIN.

Since 'tis God's will, Pain, take your course,
Exert on me your utmost force—
I well God's truth and promise know.
He never sends a woe,
But His supports divine
In due proportion with the affliction join.

Though I am frailest of mankind,
And apt to waver as the wind—
Though me no feeble bruised reed
In weakness can exceed—
My soul on God relies,
And I your fierce, redoubled shocks despise.

Patient, resigned, and humble wills
Impregably resist all ills.
My God will guide me by His light,
Give me victorious might :
No pang can me invade
Beneath His wing's propitious shade.

EASE.

In pity my most tender God
Now takes from me His rod ;
And the transporting Ease I feel,
Enkindles in me ardent zeal,
That love, joy, praise, may all combine,
To sing infinity of love divine.

My love, joy, praise, all powers within,
Your heavenly task begin !
My love shall ever keep on wing,
Incessantly shall heaven-ward spring ;
Love, the beloved still keeps in mind,
Loves all day long, and will not be confined.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION TO THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.—TILLOTSON, LOCKE, BURNET, STEELE, ADDISON, BLACKMORE, ISAAC WATTS, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1689 TO A.D. 1714.

JOHN DRYDEN remained firm to his principles, and was a Roman Catholic, on May-day of the year 1700. There is a paraphrase by him of the hymn to the Holy Ghost, "Veni, Creator Spiritus," said to

have been written in the fourth century by St. Ambrose, for Pentecost. In the year 1100 it was inserted in the office for the consecration of a bishop, and afterwards into that for the ordination of priests. It was retained, as opening part of the same ceremony, in the Lutheran churches. This is Dryden's Paraphrase :—

VENI, CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete !
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy !
Thou strength of His Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command ;
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crownst Thy gift with eloquence ;
Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay Thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow ;
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe :
Give us Thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by Thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's name :
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died :
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

The religious aspect of the Revolution as it was regarded by a leader among the clergy who most favoured it, may be found in "A Thanksgiving-Sermon for our Deliverance by the Prince of Orange," preached at Lincoln's Inn Chapel, by Dr. John Tillotson, on the 31st of January, 1689.

John Tillotson (whose great-grandfather had changed the family name from Tilston to Tillotson) was eldest of three sons of a clothier at Sowerby, in Yorkshire, and was born there in 1630. He entered Clare Hall, Cambridge, in 1647, commenced B.A. in 1650, and M.A. in 1654. His tutor had been a Nonconformist who was among those in controversy with Stillingfleet. Writings of Chillingworth had much influence upon his mind, and he had a long personal friendship with Dr. John Wilkins. In

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THE GREAT DELIVERANCE OF 1688.

The lines in the text doth very much resemble ours. And in these respects. God hath sent great judgments upon us for our evil deeds and for our great trespasses: He hath punished us less than our iniquities have deserved, and hath given us a very great and wonderful deliverance.

God hath inflicted great judgments upon us for our evil deeds and for our great trespasses. Great judgments, both in the quality, and for the continuance of them. It shall suffice only to mention those which are of a more ancient date. Scarce hath any nation been more calamitous than this of ours, both in respect of the invasions and conquests of strangers, and of our own civil and intestine divisions. Four times we have been conquered; by the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans. And our intestine divisions have likewise been great and of long continuance. Witness the Barons' Wars, and that long and cruel contest between the two Houses of York and Lancaster.

But to come nearer to our own times, what fearful judgments and calamities of war, and pestilence, and fire, have many of us seen? and how close did they follow one another? What terrible havoc did the sword make amongst us for many years? And this not the sword of a foreign enemy, but a civil war; the mischiefs whereof were all terminated upon ourselves, and have given deep wounds, and left broad scars upon the most considerable families in the nation.

. . . . *Alta sedent civilis vulnera dextra.*¹

This war was drawn out to a great length, and had a tragical end, in the murder of an excellent king; and in the banishment of his children into a strange country, whereby they were exposed to the arts and practices of those of another religion; the mischievous consequences whereof we have ever since sadly laboured under, and do feel them at this day.

And when God was pleased in great mercy at last to put an end to the miserable distractions and confusions of almost twenty years, by the happy restoration of the royal family, and our ancient government; which seemed to promise to us a lasting settlement, and all the felicities we could wish: yet how soon was this bright and glorious morning overcast, by the restless and black designs of that sure and inveterate enemy of ours, the Church of Rome, for the restoring of their religion amongst us. And there was too much encouragement given to this design, by those who had power in their hands, and had brought home with them a secret goodwill to it.

For this great trespass, and for our many other sins, God was angry with us, and sent among us the most raging pestilence that ever was known in this nation, which in the space of eight or nine months swept away near a third part of the inhabitants of this vast and populous city, and of the suburbs thereof; besides a great many thousands more in several parts of the nation.² But we did not return to the Lord, nor seek Him for all this.

And therefore the very next year after, God sent a terrible and devouring fire, which in less than three days' time laid the greatest part of this great city in ashes. And there is too

¹ Lucan's "Pharsalia," bk. i., line 32—

"Nor thou, fierce Pyrrhus, nor the Punic bands,
This waste have made; no sword could reach so far;
Deep pierce the wounds received in civil war."

(May's "Lucan.")

Tillotson, quoting from memory, wrote "manent" for "sedent."

² The plague of 1665: in which year there were 97,306 funerals in the City of London within the Bills of Mortality; and of these, 68,596 were of persons who died of the plague, besides many of whom no account was given by the parish clerks, and who were privately buried.

much reason to believe that the enemy did this: that perpetual and implacable enemy of the peace and happiness of this nation.¹

And even since the time of that dreadful calamity, which is now above twenty years ago, we have been in a continual fear of the cruel designs of that party, which had hitherto been incessantly working underground, but now began to show themselves more openly; and especially since a prince of that religion succeeded to the crown, our eyes have been ready to fail us for fear, and for looking after those dreadful things that were coming upon us, and seemed to be even at the door. A fear which this nation could easily have rid itself of, because they that caused it were but a handful in comparison of us, and could have done nothing without a foreign force and assistance; had not the principles of humanity, and of our religion too, restrained us from violence and cruelty, and from everything which had the appearance of undutifulness to the government which the providence of God had set over us. An instance of the like patience, under the like provocations, for so long a time, and after such visible and open attempts upon them, when they had the laws so plainly on their side, I challenge any nation or church in the world, from the very foundation of it, to produce. Inasmuch, that if God had not put it into the hearts of our kind neighbours, and of that incomparable prince who laid and conducted that great design with so much skill and secrecy, to have appeared so seasonably for our rescue, our patience had infallibly, without a miracle, been our ruin. And I am sure if our enemies had ever had the like opportunity in their hands, and had over-balanced us in numbers but half so much as we did them, they would never have let it slip; but would long since have extirpated us utterly, and have "made the remembrance of us to have ceased from among men."

And now if you ask me, for what sins more especially God hath sent all these judgments upon us? it will not, I think, become us to be very particular and positive in such determinations. Thus much is certain, that we have all sinned and contributed to these judgments; every one hath had some hand, more or less, in pulling down this vengeance upon the nation. But we are all too apt to remove the meritorious cause of God's judgments as far as we can from ourselves and our own party, and upon any slight pretence to lay it upon others.

Yet I will venture to instance in one or two things which may probably enough have had a more particular and immediate hand in drawing down the judgments of God upon us.

Our horrible contempt of religion on the one hand, by our infidelity and profaneness; and our shameful abuse of it on the other, by our gross hypocrisy, and sheltering great wickedness and immoralities under the cloak and profession of religion.

And then, great dissensions and divisions, great uncharitableness and bitterness of spirit among those of the same religion; so that almost from the beginning of our happy Reformation the enemy had sown these tares, and by the unwaried malice and arts of the Church of Rome, the seeds of dissension were scattered very early amongst us; and a sour humour had been fermenting in the body of the nation, both upon account of religion and civil interests, for a long time before things broke out into a civil war.

And more particularly yet; that which is called the great trespass here in the text, their joining "in affinity with the people of these abominations," by whom they had been detained in a long captivity, this, I say, seems to have had, both from the nature of the thing, and the just judgment of God, no small influence upon a great part of the miseries and calamities which have befallen us. For had it not been for the countenance which Popery had by the marriages and alliances of our princes, for two or three generations together, with those of that religion, it had not probably had a continuance among us to this day. Which will, I hope, now be a good warning to those who have the authority to do it, to make effectual provision by law for the prevention of the like inconvenience and mischief in this nation for ever.

2. Another parallel between our case and that in the text is, that God hath punished us less than our iniquities did deserve. And this acknowledgment we have as much reason to make for ourselves, as Ezra had to do it in behalf of the Jews; "Thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve." Thou, our God, hast punished us; there is the reason of so much mercy and mitigation. It is God, and not man, with whom we have to do; and therefore it is that we, the children of men, are not consumed. And it is our God likewise, to whom we have a more peculiar relation, and with whom, by virtue of our profession of Christianity, we are in covenant. "Thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve." He might justly have poured forth all His wrath, and have made His jealousy to have smoked against us, and have blotted out the remembrance of us from under heaven: He might have given us up to the will of our enemies, and into the hands of those whose tender mercies are cruelty: He might have brought us into the net which they had spread for us, and have laid a terrible load of affliction upon our loins, and suffered insolent men to ride over our heads, and them that hated us with a perfect hatred to have had the rule over us: but He was graciously pleased to remember mercy in the midst of judgment, and to repent Himself for His servants, when He saw that their power was gone, and that things were come to that extremity, that we were in all human probability utterly unable to have wrought out our own deliverance.

3. The last parallel between our case and that in the text is the great and wonderful deliverance which God hath wrought for us. And whilst I am speaking of this, "God is my witness, whom I serve in the Gospel of His Son," that I do not say one word upon this occasion in flattery to men, but in true thankfulness to Almighty God, and constrained thereto from a just sense of His great mercy to us all, in this marvellous deliverance, in this mighty salvation which He wrought for us. So that we may say with Ezra, "Since Thou our God hast given us such a deliverance as this:" so great that we know not how to compare it with anything but itself. God hath given us this deliverance. And therefore, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to Thy name be the praise." For Thou knowest, and we are all conscious to ourselves, that we did nowise deserve it; but quite the contrary. God hath given it, and it ought to be so much the welcomer to us, for coming from such a hand. "It is the Lord's doing," and therefore ought to be the more "marvellous in our eyes." It is a deliverance full of mercy, and I had almost said, full of miracle. The finger of God was visibly in it; and there are plain signatures and characters upon it, of a more immediate divinity interposition. And if we will not wisely consider the Lord's doings, we have reason to stand in awe of the threatenings of His: "Because they regard not the works of the Lord, nor the operation of His hands, He shall destroy them, and not build them up."

¹ The report was that the Roman Catholics had plotted to burn London. Pope expressed his indignation at this in his reference to the inscription on the Monument, cut in 1681, erased under James II., re-cut under William III., and finally erased in 1831.

"Where London's column, pointing at the skies,

Like a tall bully lifts the head and lies."

("On the Use of Riches.")

...church, that of Thetford. Before the ... proceedings against Dr. Hickes ... of respect to his position as a ... in 1715.

... the non-jurors, an earnest and ener- ... was Jeremy Collier, born in 1650, and ... Ipswich school and at Caius College, ... He had a rectory in Suffolk, and was ... at Gray's Inn before he got into trouble by ... to the Revolution. He died outlawed ... At the close of the century Jeremy Collier ... an attack upon the Immorality and Profaneness ... the Stage, and this controversy continued for two ... three years. Jeremy Collier also wrote some ... "Moral Essays" and an Ecclesiastical History.

William Penn, born in 1644, son of an admiral, and educated at Christchurch, Oxford, had suffered persecution in his earlier life for turning Quaker, and wrote in prison at the age of twenty-five "No Cross no Crown." In 1670 he inherited his father's estate, and in 1681 obtained a grant of New Netherlands, thenceforward called Pennsylvania. In 1694 Penn published "A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers," and there was published in the same year the "Journal of George Fox," the founder of their brotherhood, who died in 1690. Penn died in 1718.



JOHN LOCKE. (From the Portrait prefixed to his Works in 1703.)

John Locke was nearly of the same age as Dryden, John Dryden having been born in August, 1631, and John Locke in August, 1632. Locke was born at Wrington, in Somersetshire; his father served in the Parliamentary wars under Colonel Popham, by whose advice the boy was sent to Westminster School. From Westminster he passed, in 1651, to Christchurch, Oxford, where he felt the impulse then given to scientific research by Bacon's philosophy. He made medicine his study, and by accident was brought into close friendly relation to Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. In 1668

Locke became one of the Fellows of the Royal Society, and in 1673 he was Secretary to a Commission of the Board of Trade over which Shaftesbury was President. He was with Shaftesbury when Charles II. was seeking his life, and afterwards went to Holland. Shaftesbury died in 1683, but Locke remained at Amsterdam, and for a time at Rotterdam, in close association with Philip Van Limborch, Jean le Clerc, and other leaders of the Church of the Remonstrants, which had been established by Jacob Harmensen (Arminius).¹ He was writing upon "Toleration" at the time of the English Revolution, and returned to England in the ship that brought the Princess Mary. He then published his "Essay concerning Human Understanding," and his "Two Treatises of Government," in which he laid down the principles of the Revolution. In 1691 Locke, whose health was very delicate, found a pleasant home at Oates, in Essex, the residence of Sir Francis Masham and his wife. Lady Masham had been known to Locke some years before as his friend Dr. Cudworth's only daughter Damaris. In 1693 he published "Some Thoughts concerning Education," which had a great and wholesome influence upon home-life in England, while his wisdom and honesty were made serviceable to the state. The later writings of Locke, until his death in 1704, were chiefly religious. In 1695 he published a treatise on "The Reasonableness of Christianity"—this drew its evidence chiefly from the Gospel narrative; and his last work came of an endeavour to ground his faith also upon study of the Epistles of St. Paul—"An Essay for the Understanding of St. Paul's Epistles by consulting St. Paul himself."

In the first year of the Revolution John Locke drew up for himself and some of his friends these

RULES FOR A SOCIETY OF PACIFIC CHRISTIANS.

1. We think nothing necessary to be known or believed for salvation, but what God hath revealed.
2. We therefore embrace all those who, in sincerity, receive the word of truth revealed in the Scripture, and obey the light which enlightens every man that comes into the world.
3. We judge no man in meats, or drinks, or habits, or days, or any other outward observances, but leave every one to his freedom in the use of those outward things which he thinks can most contribute to build up the inward man in righteousness, holiness, and the true love of God and his neighbour, in Christ Jesus.
4. If any one find any doctrinal parts of Scripture difficult to be understood, we recommend him—1st, The study of the Scriptures in humility and singleness of heart; 2nd, Prayer to the Father of lights to enlighten him; 3rd, Obedience to what is already revealed to him, remembering that the practice of what we do know is the surest way to more knowledge; our infallible guide having told us, "If any man will do the will of him that sent me, he shall know of the doctrine." 4th, We leave him to the advice and assistance of those whom he thinks best able to instruct him; no men or society of men having any authority to impose their opinions or interpretations on any other, the meanest

¹ See Note 1, page 233.

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Gilbert Burnet was born at Edinburgh in 1643; and educated at Aberdeen; he studied also for a few months in Oxford and Cambridge, worked at Hebrew in Holland, and in 1665, at the age of twenty two, became Divinity Professor in Glasgow. He was a hard worker, rose at four in the morning to his studies, and continued the practice until it was forbidden by the infirmities of age. His life was troubled by church dissensions and the strife of politics, in which he gave offence by opposition to in-

superstition and despotism. Burnet was preacher at the Scots Church when he began work on the *History of the Reformation*. He used the materials that he collected for the *History* and was by his friend Lord Russell when he was in the scaffold. Then Burnet was deprived of his preaching and was obliged to be returned to England with William of Orange as his champion. In the next year he was made Bishop of Salisbury. His ability, industry, and warmth of feeling had made him a foremost man of his party. He held his own among prelates as a parliamentarian and from parties upon the other side he has suffered many a hard blow. As history, Burnet lived in his house and paid some attention to his duties. He died in 1726, leaving evidence of his ability and industry and of his living interest in the great controversies of his time, not only in his *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, but also in a *History of his own Times*, that is full of important detail although timely coloured by Pope and Swift. It ends with the year 1713, and there is added to it an Address to Posterity, written in 1709, when Burnet thought that he was near the end of his labours. It closes with the following words on the

STUDY AND PRACTICE OF RELIGION.¹

I will conclude this whole Address to Posterity with that which is the most important of all other things, and what also will carry every thing else along with it: what I recommend in the most solemn and serious manner, the Study and Practice of Religion to all sorts of Men, is that which is both *the Light of the World*, and *the Salt of the Earth*. Nothing does so open our Faculties, and compose and direct the whole Man, as an inward Sense of God, of his Authority over us, of the Laws he has set us, of his Eye-er upon us, of his hearing our Prayers, assisting our Endeavours, watching over our concerns, and of his being to judge and reward or punish us in another State, according to what we do in this: Nothing will give a Man such a Detestation of Sin, and such a Sense of the Goodness of God, and of his Obligations to Holiness, as a right Understanding and true Belief of the Christian Religion: Nothing can give a Man so calm a Peace within, and such a firm Security against Fears and Dangers without, as the Belief of a kind and good Providence, and of a future State. An Integrity of Heart gives a Man a Courage, and a Confidence that cannot be shaken: A Man is sure that, by living according to the Rules of Religion, he becomes the wisest, the best, the happiest Creature, that he is capable of being: His Industry, the employing his Time well, and a constant Sobriety, an undefiled Purity and Chastity, with a good Serenity, are the best Preservers of Life and Health: that, take a Man as a single Individual, Religion is his Guard, his Perfection, his Beauty, and his Glory: This will make him *the Light of the World*, shining brightly, and enlightening many round about him.

Then take a Man as a Piece of Mankind, as a Citizen of the World, or of any particular State, Religion is *then the Salt of the Earth*: For it makes every Man to be all the rest of the World, whatsoever any one can be

¹ This passage is printed as in the first edition (1726), regarding capitals, italics, spelling, punctuation, &c., that it may serve as a specimen of English as it was written early in the eighteenth century.

reason wish or desire him to be. He is true, just, honest and faithful in the whole Commerce of Life, doing to all others, that which he would have others do to him: He is a Lover of Mankind, and of his Country: He may and ought to love some more than others; but he has an Extent of Love to all, of Pity and Compassion, not only to the poorest, but to the worst; for the worse any are, they are the more to be pitied. He has a Complacency and Delight in all that are truly, tho' but defectively good, and a Respect and Veneration for all that are eminently so: He mourns for the Sins, and rejoices in the Virtues of all that are round about him: In every Relation of Life, Religion makes him answer all his Obligations: It will make Princes just and good, faithful to their Promises, and Lovers of their People: It will inspire Subjects with Respect, Submission, Obedience and Zeal for their Prince: It will sanctify Wedlock to be a State of Christian Friendship, and mutual Assistance: It will give Parents the truest Love to their Children, with a proper Care of their Education: It will command the Returns of Gratitude and Obedience from Children: It will teach Masters to be gentle and careful of their Servants, and Servants to be faithful, zealous, and diligent in their Master's Concerns: It will make Friends tender and true to one another; it will make them generous, faithful and disinterested: It will make Men live in their Neighbourhood, as Members of one common Body, promoting first the general Good of the Whole, and then the Good of every Particular, as far as a Man's Sphere can go: It will make Judges and Magistrates just and patient, hating Covetousness, and maintaining Peace and Order, without respect of Persons: It will make People live in so inoffensive a manner, that it will be easy to maintain Justice, whilst Men are not disposed to give Disturbance to those about them. This will make Bishops and Pastors faithful to their Trust, tender to their People, and watchful over them; and it will beget in the People an Esteem for their Persons, and their Functions.

Thus Religion, if truly received and sincerely adhered to, would prove the greatest of all Blessings to a Nation: But by Religion, I understand somewhat more than the receiving some Doctrines, tho' ever so true, or the professing them, and engaging to support them, not without Zeal and Eagerness. What signify the best Doctrines, if Men do not live suitably to them; if they have not a due Influence upon their Thoughts, their Principles, and their Lives? Men of bad Lives, with sound Opinions, are self condemned, and lie under a highly aggravated Guilt; nor will the Heat of a Party, arising out of Interest, and managed with Fury and Violence, compensate for the ill Lives of such false Pretenders to Zeal: while they are a Disgrace to that, which they profess and seem so hot for. By Religion I do not mean, an outward Compliance with Form and Customs, in going to Church, to Prayers, to Sermons and to Sacraments, with an external Shew of Devotion, or, which is more, with some inward forced good Thoughts, in which many may satisfy themselves, while this has no visible effect on their Lives, nor any inward Force to subdue and rectify their Appetites, Passions and secret Designs. Those customary performances, how good and useful soever, when well understood and rightly directed, are of little value, when Men rest on them, and think that, because they do them, they have therefore acquitted themselves of their Duty, tho' they continue still proud, covetous, full of Deceit, Envy and Malice: Even secret Prayer, the most effectual of all other means, is designed for a higher end, which is to possess our Minds with such a constant and present Sense of Divine Truths, as may make these live in us, and govern us; and may draw down such Assistances, as may exalt and sanctify our Natures.

So that by Religion I mean, such a Sense of divine Truth, as enters into a Man, and becomes a Spring of a new Nature within him; reforming his Thoughts and Designs, purifying his Heart, and sanctifying him, and governing his whole Deportment, his Words as well as his Actions; convincing him that, it is not enough, not to be scandalously vicious, or to be innocent in his Conversation, but that he must be entirely, uniformly and constantly pure and virtuous, animating him with a Zeal, to be still better and better, more eminently good and exemplary, using Prayers and all outward Devotions, as solemn Acts testifying what he is inwardly and at heart, and as Methods instituted by God, to be still advancing in the use of them further and further, into a more refined and spiritual Sense of divine Matters. This is true Religion, which is the Perfection of Human Nature, and the Joy and Delight of every one, that feels it active and strong within him; it is true, this is not arrived at all at once; and it will have an unhappy allay, hanging long even about a good Man: But, as those ill Mixtures are the perpetual Grief of his Soul, so it is his chief Care to watch over and to mortify them; he will be in a continual Progress, still gaining ground upon himself: And, as he attains to a good degree of Purity, he will find a noble Flame of Life and Joy growing upon him. Of this I write with the more Concern and Emotion, because I have felt this the true and indeed the only Joy, which runs thro' a Man's Heart and Life: It is that which has been for many Years my greatest Support; I rejoice daily in it; I feel from it the Earnest of that supreme Joy, which I pant and long for; I am sure there is nothing else can afford any true or complete Happiness. I have, considering my Sphere, seen a great deal of all, that is most shining and tempting in this World: The Pleasures of Sense I did soon nauseate; Intrigues of State, and the Conduct of Affairs have something in them, that is more specious; and I was, for some Years, deeply immersed in these, but still with Hopes of reforming the World, and of making Mankind wiser and better: But I have found, *That which is crooked cannot be made straight.* I acquainted myself with Knowledge and Learning, and that in a great Variety, and with more Compass than Depth: but tho' *Wisdom excelleth Folly, as much as Light does Darkness;* yet, as it is a *sore Travail*, so it is so very defective, that what is wanting to compleat it, cannot be numbered. I have seen that *two were better than one*, and that a *threefold Cord is not easily loosed*; and have therefore cultivated Friendship with much Zeal and a disinterested Tenderness; but I have found this was also Vanity and Vexation of Spirit, tho' it be of the best and noblest sort. So that, upon great and long Experience, I could enlarge on the Preacher's Text, *Vanity of Vanities, and all is Vanity;* but I must also conclude with him; *Fear God, and keep his Commandments, for this is the All of Man,* the Whole both of his Duty, and of his Happiness. I do therefore end all, in the Words of *David*, of the Truth of which, upon great Experience and a long Observation, I am so fully assured, that I leave these as my last Words to Posterity: "*Come ye Children, hearken unto me; I will teach you the Fear of the Lord; what Man is he that desireth Life, and loveth many Days, that he may see Good; keep thy Tongue from Evil, and thy Lips from speaking Guile; depart from Evil, and do Good, seek Peace and pursue it. The Eyes of the Lord are upon the Righteous, and his Ears are open to their Cry; but the Face of the Lord is against them that do Evil, to cut off the Remembrance of them from the Earth. The Righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their Troubles. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken Heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite Spirit."*

Simon Patrick was Bishop of Chichester when, in 1691, he was translated to Ely. He wrote on the Lord's Supper "*Mensa Mystica*," and a book in support of their belief to satisfy believers, called "*The Witnesses of Christianity, or the Certainty of our Faith and Hope*." In 1691, when Simon Patrick was made Bishop of Ely, Thomas Tenison was made Bishop of Lincoln, and in 1694 Tenison succeeded Tillotson as Archbishop of Canterbury. Tillotson had recommended him as a successor, because he was liberal in spirit and had been proved faithful in the discharge of duty.

There began at this time an active controversy on the Doctrine of the Trinity. Thomas Firmin, a friend of Tillotson, and a benevolent and wealthy London merchant, became zealous for the diffusion of tracts favourable to Unitarian opinions. Two of these were answered by Dr. Sherlock, who was non-juror at the Revolution, but complied afterwards. In 1691, the year after his book on the Trinity appeared, Sherlock was made Dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1707, aged sixty-six. William Sherlock argued that there was no salvation outside the Catholic faith, as set forth in the Athanasian Creed. The controversy spread. Dr. John Wallis entered into it as a mathematician. Dr. Robert South, in 1693, attacked Sherlock for the too sophisticated method of his explanation. In 1695 John Toland, an Irishman who had been bred as a Roman Catholic, published a tract called "*Christianity not Mysterious*," that spread the controversy farther. His book was burnt by order of the Irish House of Parliament, and he was called a Jesuit and a Socinian. As he had applied in his own way some principles of Locke's philosophy, the veteran Edward Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, the most energetic controversial writer in the Church, attacked John Locke, making him answerable for doctrines that he had not taught, because they had been associated with first principles drawn from his "*Essay concerning Human Understanding*." Locke replied; Stillingfleet replied again; Locke answered a second and a third time. George Bull, a pious and amiable man, who was made Bishop of St. David's in 1705, and died in 1708, had written, in 1685, a Defence of the Nicene Creed, and he wrote again on the same subject. William Beveridge was made Bishop of St. Asaph in 1704, and died, aged seventy-one, in 1707. He left a large body of sermons, in which the active piety of his own life is reflected.

Dr. Samuel Clarke, son of an alderman of Norwich, educated at Norwich and at Caius College, Cambridge, published notes upon Newton's philosophy at the age of twenty-two. He was for twelve years chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich, who gave him the living of Drayton in Norfolk. Robert Boyle died in 1691, a week after his sister and life-companion, Lady Ranelagh. By his will he left provision for annual lectures by divines who were to be "ready to satisfy real scruples, and to answer such new objections and difficulties as might be started, to which good answers had not been made." They were also to preach eight sermons in the year, on the first Monday of every month except June, July, August, and December, for the proof of the Chris-

tian religion against infidels, "not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians." The first Boyle lecturer was Richard Bentley, chosen when only twenty-eight years old. He gave, with great effect, a course in 1692, and another in 1694. Samuel Clarke gave the Boyle lectures in 1704, taking for subject the Being and Attributes of God, and he gave a course again in the following year, on the Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion, argued from the "fitness of things." He afterwards pleased Newton greatly by a translation of his optics, and became chaplain to Queen Anne and Rector of St. James's, Westminster. He had been accused of Arianism, because he said that he had only read the Athanasian Creed once, and then by mistake; but in 1712 he published a work on the Doctrine of the Trinity. This was condemned by the Lower House of Convocation as unorthodox in its method of interpretation, and inconsistent with the Athanasian Creed. Dr. Clarke had no wish to excite division, and submitted himself in terms which were held to be no recantation of his views, although sufficient when accompanied with a promise to preach no more in the sense objected to. Dr. Clarke died in 1729.

The new and bolder questioning of religion and of God Himself, as well as of church doctrines, which becomes a feature of our literature in the times of which we are now speaking, had several sources. One was in the critical wit of a dissolute court in the time of Charles II., when men influenced by the French reaction against extravagance of style and thought in literature, followed the king's example in exalting pleasures of the sense. With minds thus lowered in aim, while trained in a form of critical acuteness that had its good as well as its bad use, they satirised extravagance, but fell also out of accord with all true exaltation of thought; for every libertine called himself a "man of parts" or "man of sense," and looked on a character for wit as inconsistent with a character for religious feeling or domestic worth. Thus in Sir George Etherege's comedy of the "*Man of Mode*," Dorimant, who represents the licentious fine gentleman of Charles II.'s day, says of his intimacy with Bellair, who is well bred, complaisant, seldom impertinent, and as he says "by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit," that they are intimate because "it is our mutual interest to be so; it makes the women think better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation; it makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and I upon others for a very civil person." What the cant of the day thus called "good sense" was commonly parted from religion; and antagonism to the Puritans after the Restoration made it ungentlemanly to be known to pray. Richard Steele, in Queen Anne's reign, attacked in the "*Tatler*" this fashion which had been transmitted to his day, and spoke in playful earnest of a young gentleman who gave himself much trouble to be thought an atheist, though it could be proved upon him that every night before going to bed he said his prayers. But there was another form of doubt that instead of accompanying the degradation of man's life sprang from a generous reaction against it. This was the

form of scepticism that had power; and this could be met only by those who opposed to it, with respect for its sincere desire for truth, a frank sincerity and thorough earnestness. In France and elsewhere the prevalent corruptions of society extended to the Church, and doctrines were enforced by an authority too often itself contemptible in honest eyes. Self-seeking teachers, who lived evil lives, discredited the faith of which they made themselves the absolute dictators. They provoked doubts which they were utterly incompetent to answer, and already before the close of the seventeenth century the literature of Europe showed the clear beginnings of a revolt that afterwards prompted many, in extreme reaction against blind authority, to sweep from their minds all that they had been taught by rote, and seek by fearless exercise of reason to find out for themselves absolute truth. Strong reaction tends to excess. Resentment against superstition has caused many who have been very near to it to give themselves to infidelity. The first combat of the Red Cross Knight, when parted from Una, was with Sansfoy. Resentment against religion, plied as a trade, with greed and hypocrisy, drove into strong opposition many able, earnest men. Bold thinkers and enthusiasts urged reason and eloquence against the faith itself, which had been thus discredited. An argument was rising that no longer dealt with questions of "fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," but struck at the root of all belief in God. Men were asking whether the world, as it was, could be the work of a just God; whether there was a God. If they believed in God, they questioned with the boldest freedom whatever authority required them to believe as to His nature, or the revelation of His will to man.

In the "Tatlers" and "Spectators" of Queen Anne's reign, Steele and Addison sought to check the lower social influences that made war upon religion and an honest life. They wrote papers that battled against such fashions as the habitual scoffing against marriage, swearing, duelling, and this they did in a genial spirit that set the example of the wholesomer life they endeavoured to restore to honour among "men of sense." They dared to be religious, and showed that it was possible to be religious without groan, critical without sneer, witty without offence. Richard Steele had, under conditions that increase our honour for the little piece, begun his manly career as a writer with a pamphlet called "The Christian Hero; or, No Principles but those of Religion Sufficient to make a Great Man." In this he showed that the true Christian heroism, which dares take Christ for the great example, and live up to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, is far above the heroism of the ancients, who were just then lauded especially in French-classical literature. I take from "The Christian Hero," published in 1701, this passage containing, with comment, a short paraphrase of

PAUL'S EPISTLE TO PHILEMON.

It were endless to enumerate these excellences and beauties in his writings; but since they were all in his more public and ministerial office, let's see him in his private life. There is nothing expresses a man's particular character more fully

than his letters to his intimate friends; we have one of that nature of this great Apostle to Philemon, which in the modern language would perhaps run thus:—

"Sir,—It is with the deepest satisfaction that I every day hear you commended for your generous behaviour to all of that faith in the articles of which I had the honour and happiness to initiate you; for which, though I might presume to an authority to oblige your compliance in a request I am going to make to you, yet choose I rather to apply myself to you as a friend than an Apostle, for with a man of your great temper, I know I need not a more powerful pretence than that of my age and imprisonment. Yet is not my petition for myself, but in behalf of the bearer, your servant Onesimus, who has robbed you and ran away from you. What he has defrauded you of, I will be answerable for; this shall be a demand upon me; not to say that you owe me your very self. I called him your servant, but he is now also to be regarded by you in a greater relation, even that of your fellow-Christian; for I esteem him a son of mine as much as your self; nay, methinks it is a certain peculiar endearment of him to me, that I had the happiness of gaining him in my confinement. I beseech you to receive him, and think it an act of Providence that he went away from you for a season, to return more improved to your service for ever."

This letter is the sincere image of a worthy, pious, and brave man, and the ready utterance of a generous Christian temper. How handsomely does he assume, though a prisoner? How humbly condescend, though an Apostle? Could any request have been made, or any person obliged with a better grace? The very criminal servant is no less with him than his son and his brother. For Christianity has that in it, which makes men pity, not scorn the wicked, and by a beautiful kind of ignorance of themselves, think those wretches their equals; it aggravates all the benefits and good offices of life, by making them seem fraternal; and the Christian feels the wants of the miserable so much his own, that it sweetens the pain of the obliged, when he that gives does it with an air that has neither oppression or superiority in it, but had rather have his generosity appear an enlarged self-love than diffusive bounty, and is always a benefactor with the mien of a receiver.

Steele and Addison will be more fully represented in the volume of this Library answering to that of Shorter English Poems, which will contain a series of the best pieces of Prose that are short enough to be given complete. But the tone and purpose of their writing were so essentially religious, that each of them must be represented here. This is a paper of Addison's, written in July, 1714 (No. 574 of the "Spectator," and here given as printed in the first editions), on

CONTENT.

I was once engaged in Discourse with a *Rosierusian* about the great Secret. As this kind of Men (I mean those of them who are not professed Cheats) are over-run with Enthusiasm and Philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious Adept descanting on his pretended Discovery. He talked of the Secret as of a Spirit which lived within an Emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest Perfection it is capable of. It gives a Lustre, says he, to the Sun, and Water to the Diamond. It irradiates every Metal, and enriches Lead with all the Properties of Gold. It heightens Smoak into Flame, Flame into Light, and Light into Glory. He further added, that a single Ray of it dissipates Pain, and Care, and Melancholy from the Person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its Presence naturally changes every Place

the poem opens with evidence of God's Existence from the marks of His Wisdom in the Earth and Sea. In the second book the same evidence is derived from the Stars, the Planets, and the Air. The third book treats of the speculations by which it has been sought to explain Creation without a Creator. The fourth book argues especially against the theory of Creation by a fortuitous concurrence of Atoms. The fifth book reasons man's need of a God from his sorrows upon earth, and argues against the Fatalists. The sixth book argues God's Existence from the Creation of Man, and the Supreme Wisdom displayed in his Structure. The seventh book asserts Evidence of the Creator in the Instincts of Animals and from the contemplation of the Mind of Man, and closes with a Hymn to the Creator. From the third book of the poem I take these lines upon

MIND IN CREATION.

Sometimes by Nature your enlightened school
Intends of things the universal whole.
Sometimes it is the order that connects,
And holds the chain of causes and effects.
Sometimes it is the manner and the way
In which those causes do their force convey
And in effects their energy display. }
That she's the work itself you oft assert,
As oft th' artificer, as oft the art.
That is, that we may Nature clearly trace
And by your marks distinctly know her face,
She's now the building, now the architect,
And now the rule which does His hand direct.

But let this Empress be whate'er you please ;
Let her be all, or any one of these,
She is with reason, or she's not, endued ;
If you the first affirm, we thence conclude
A God, whose being you oppose, you grant ;
But if this mighty queen does reason want,
How could this noble fabric be design'd
And fashion'd by a maker brute and blind ?
Could it of art such miracles invent,
And raise a beauteous world of such extent ?
Still at the helm does this dark pilot stand,
And with a steady, never-erring hand, }
Steer all the floating worlds, and their set
course command ?

That clearer strokes of masterly design,
Of wise contrivance, and of judgment shine
In all the parts of nature, we assert,
Than in the brightest works of human art :
And shall not those be judg'd th' effect of thought,
As well as these with skill inferior wrought ?
Let such a sphere to India be convey'd,
As Archimede or modern Huygens¹ made ;
Will not the Indian, though untaught and rude,
This work th' effect of wise design conclude ?

¹ Archimedes, who lived B.C. 287-212, is said to have produced among his mechanical inventions a sphere showing the movements of the heavenly bodies. The famous philosopher, Christian Huygens, born at the Hague in 1629, died in 1695. He published in 1658 his invention of the pendulum clock. A Huygens clock that is said to have cost the Duke of Buckingham a thousand guineas, was sold at Stowe for fifty-one guineas in 1848.

Is there such skill in imitation shown,
And in the things we imitate, is none ?
Are not our arts by artful nature taught,
With pain and careful observation sought ?

Behold the painter, who with Nature vies,
See his whole soul exerted in his eyes !
He views her various scenes, intent to trace
The master lines that form her finish'd face :
Are thought and conduct in the copy clear,
While none in all th' original appear ?



ISAAC WATTS.

From a Painting (about 1714) in Dr. Williams's Library.

Isaac Watts published in Queen Anne's reign his "Horæ Lyricæ" and "Hymns." "The Psalms of David imitated in the Language of the New Testament and applied to the Christian State and Worship," and his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," first appeared in 1719, and in 1720 his "Divine and Moral Songs for Children." He was born at Southampton in 1674, the son of a Nonconformist schoolmaster. At the age of twenty-two he became tutor to the son of Sir John Hartopp, and in 1702 he succeeded Dr. Chauncey as a preacher in Mark Lane. His health failed in 1712, and after that year he lived chiefly with his friends Sir Thomas and Lady Abney at Stoke Newington and Theobalds. He was not "Dr." Watts until 1728, when he was made D.D. by the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen. He died in 1748, the same year as the poet Thomson. This poem is among the "Horæ Lyricæ :"—

SINCERE PRAISE.

Almighty Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the Creation's frame !

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand. 10

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due. 20

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame
Are faithless to Thy cause,
And steal the honours of Thy Name
To build their own applause. 30

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above ;
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love. 40

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

Familiar as household words are some of the lines
from Watts's "Divine Poems for Children," as in
this, for example :—

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so ;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise ;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild ;
Live like the blessed Virgin's son,
That sweet and lovely child. 10

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of All he reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for His Own.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower ?

How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

From among Watts's adaptations of the Psalm:
David "to the Christian state and worship," this
be taken as an example. It is the Seventy-
Psalm rendered as the

PRAYER AND SONG

Of the Aged Christian.

God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt Thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart !

Let me thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a savour of Thy Name
When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove ;
Oh may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love.

PAUSE.

Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds ;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has prest me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withering limbs with Thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

One of the "Hymns" is on the other column.

SONG FOR MORNING OR EVENING.

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

I yield my powers to thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.



ASPIRATION FETTERED.
(Ornament from the First Volume of Burnet's "History of His Own Time," 1724.)

CHAPTER XII.

FROM THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—JOSEPH BUTLER, WHITEFIELD, WESLEY, SAMUEL JOHNSON, COWPER, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1714 TO A.D. 1789.

THE "Psalms and Hymns" of Isaac Watts, from which quotation was made at the close of the last chapter, were published in the reign of George I. During this reign also other men, of whom we have already spoken, laboured still; but it was not a time rich in religious thought. Edward Young, whose "Night Thoughts" were written in the reign of George II., began his career as a religious poet in the reign of George I., and out of this reign we may pass at once, with a short recognition of Young's earlier verses. Edward Young was born in 1684 at Upham, in Hampshire. His father was a clergyman, who became chaplain to William and Mary, and Dean of Sarum; but he died in 1705, during his son Edward's boyhood. Young was educated at Winchester School, and went in 1703 to Oxford, where he was first at New College, and then at Corpus, which he left in 1708, on being nominated by Archbishop Tenison to a law Fellowship at All Souls'. In 1714 he took his degree of B.C.L. He became Doctor of Civil Law in 1719. His first serious poem was in three books, and had for its subject the Last Day. It was finished in 1710 and published in 1713. It was soon followed by a shorter poem founded on the story of Lady Jane Grey, called "The Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love," which appeared a little while before Queen Anne

died. Young left the office of tutor to the young Lord Burleigh to enjoy the patronage of the Marquis Philip, who became, in 1718, Duke of Wharton. In 1719 Young published a Paraphrase of part of the Book of Job, and in 1725 he began to publish his satires upon "Love of Fame: the Universal Passion." The fifth of this series of satires was published in 1727, the sixth in 1728. From the fifth satire, addressed to Woman, I take these lines upon

A WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of threescore.
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we grow old.
Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
Oh how your beating breast a mistress warms
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own but other's doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away.
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.

Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
She grants indeed a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

Oh how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! Her gray hairs engage,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline;
Virtue's the paint can make the wrinkles shine.
That, and that only can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.

Then please the best; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrace.

In simple manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause, be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind! that thirst
With which the age is eminently cursed.
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire,
Take pain from life and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand and promise bliss to come.

When Henry Sacheverell was impeached for his two political sermons, preached at Derby and St. Paul's, in August and November, 1709, Benjamin Hoadly, rector of St. Peter's-le-Poor, was declared to have deserved well of the State for advocacy of those principles of the Revolution which Sacheverell attacked, and early in the reign of George I. Mr. Hoadly was made Bishop of Bangor. After the Jacobite rising of 1715, the new Bishop of Bangor wrote a treatise entitled "A Preservative against the Principles and Practices of the Nonjurors in Church and State." It was directed against two principles—namely, that only hereditary princes in the direct line can have claim to the throne, and that the lay power cannot deprive bishops. This argument was followed, in March, 1717, by a sermon on "the Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ," preached before the king, upon the text "My kingdom is not of this world," in which he declared that no earthly body has right of restriction or interference by penalties in matters of faith. From this hook and this sermon by Dr. Hoadly, Bishop of Bangor, arose a hot argument known as the "Bangorian Controversy." The Lower House of Convocation lost no time in issuing a "Representation" of what it regarded as the dangerous tendency of the Bishop of Bangor's arguments. The bishop who especially represented the form of opinion on civil and religious policy to which Hoadly opposed himself,

was Francis Atterbury. He had been chaplain to Queen Anne, Dean of Carlisle, and Dean of Christchurch, and in 1713 was made Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster. After the accession of George I. he warmly opposed the Whig government, and, suspected as a zealous Jacobite of favouring the Pretender, he was sent to the Tower in August, 1722. In March of the following year he was arraigned before the House of Commons, and in May sentenced to deprivation of all his ecclesiastical preferments, and banishment for life. He left England in June, 1723, meeting at Calais Bolingbroke, who had then obtained leave to return. Atterbury died abroad in 1732. His sermons were published in 1740.

While the spirit of religion suffered much through bitterness of controversy on its forms, bold questioning continued, which looked more and more to the innermost life of religion and society. Authority, especially in France, associated with corruption, lost respect; and many earnest men were on their way to doubt whether the whole fabric of civilised society were not a helpless complication of untruths, and faith in God Himself a superstition. A wild stream of thought was broadening and rolling on towards a Revolution that would touch the interests of Europe. The reaction against formalism and insincerity affected the most vigorous minds, whatever their tendencies of thought. Pope, who under Queen Anne had written about writing, and spent wit on the theft of a lock of hair, after earning money in the reign of George I. by translation of Homer, grew with the time in which he lived, deepened in thought as the years passed over him, and under George II. dealt in Moral Essays with the higher duties of life, and in his "Essay on Man" sought, in accordance with the argument of Leibnitz's "Theodicée," to meet the new questioning of God's justice in the order of the world. In 1731 his Epistle to the Earl of Burlington on Taste satirised the misuse of wealth, in that false luxury against which many minds were then rebelling. It was followed in 1732 by another Moral Essay—his Epistle to Lord Bathurst on the Use of Riches. It was here that Pope paid honour to the memory of John Kyrle, of Ross, in Herefordshire, who died in 1724, aged eighty-seven, after a life spent in bettering that corner of the world in which he lived. His own estate was not large, but he could achieve much by awakening in those about him a will to assist his enterprises for the common good.

HIS NEIGHBOURS' FRIEND.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga¹ echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.

¹ Vaga, the Wye. Ross is a town of about 3,000 inhabitants, beautifully placed by the Wye, on the top of a precipice, twelve miles from Hereford. The tall, "heaven-directed spire" of the church, rising from among trees, is seen from afar. John Kyrle, who was born at Ross in 1637, in a house yet standing, cared for the beauty of the churchyard and planted elms. It is said that when two of the elms were afterwards cut down, by order of a dull churchwarden, the roots started off vigorous shoots that pierced the wall underground, and came up in the church within the pew that had been Kyrle's.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow,
 Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a year.
 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your
 blaze,

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays!

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
 Will never mark the marble with his name:
 Go, search it there, where to be born, and die,
 Of rich and poor makes all the history;
 Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
 Proved, by the ends of being, to have been.

In the year of the publication of this Essay (1732) Pope published also the first two Epistles of his "Essay on Man;" in the following year the third Epistle of that series, and his Characters of Men. In 1734 followed the fourth Epistle of the "Essay on Man," and the series was closed in 1738 with

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do;
 This, teach me more than hell to shun;
 That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings Thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives;
 To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
 Presume Thy bolts to throw,
 And deal damnation round the land
 On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay;
 If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
 To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent
 At aught Thy wisdom has denied
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by Thy breath;
 Oh lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
 One chorus let all Being raise!
 All Nature's incense rise!

Pope's "Essay on Man" appeared in the years 1732-34, to be completed by the addition of "The Universal Prayer" in 1738. Butler's "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature" was published in 1736, and represents endeavour of a different kind to meet the form of doubt against which the "Essay on Man" was directed.

Joseph Butler, the son of a Presbyterian tradesman, was born at Wantage in 1692. He was taught for a time by Jeremiah Jones, of Tewkesbury, under whom he had Isaac Watts for a schoolfellow. He was to be trained for the ministry outside the Established Church, but turned to the Church, and entered Oriel College, Oxford. Before he left school, Butler had written remarks on the argument of Dr. Samuel Clarke's first Boyle Lecture. At college he formed a close friendship with Edward Talbot, son of the Bishop of Durham, to whose good offices he was indebted for some of his steps towards advancement in the Church. In 1718 Joseph Butler became

...of Stan-
...the Rolls
...He next
...Talbot, and in
...Caroline. This
...-Analogy,"
...to the cause of
...of England in the
...afterwards, in 1738,
...of Bristol. He



JOSEPH BUTLER. (From a Portrait in Dr. Williams's Library.)

was made also Dean of St. Paul's, in 1746 Clerk of the Closet to the king, and in 1750 was translated to the bishopric of Durham. He died two years afterwards.

Joseph Butler's "Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature" is dedicated to Lord Chancellor Talbot, and consists of an Introduction and two Parts. A preliminary Advertisement to the reader thus refers to the fashion of thought against which Butler directed his reasoning:—

It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted, by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were by way of reprisals, for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world. On the contrary, thus much, at least, will be here found, not taken for granted, but proved, that any reasonable man, who will thoroughly consider the matter, may be as much assured, as he is of his own being, that it is not, however, so clear a case that there is nothing in it. There is, I think, strong evidence of its truth; but it is certain no one can, upon principles of reason, be satisfied of the contrary. And the practical consequence to be drawn from this is not attended to by every one who is concerned in it.

The Introduction touches on the nature of probability from observations of likeness, and the degrees of presumption, opinion, or full conviction which it will necessarily produce in every human mind. "I shall not," Butler says—

I shall not take upon me to say how far the extent, compass, and force of analogical reasoning can be reduced to general heads and rules, and the whole be formed into a system. But though so little in this way has been attempted by those who have treated of our intellectual powers, and the exercise of them, this does not hinder but that we may be, as we unquestionably are, assured that Analogy is of weight, in various degrees, towards determining our judgment and our practice. Nor does it in any wise cease to be of weight in those cases, because persons, either given to dispute, or who require things to be stated with greater exactness than our faculties appear to admit of in practical matters, may find other cases in which 'tis not easy to say whether it be or be not of any weight; or instances of seeming analogies, which are really of none. It is enough to the present purpose to observe that this general way of arguing is evidently natural, just, and conclusive. For there is no man can make a question but that the sun will rise to-morrow; and be seen, where it is seen at all, in the figure of a circle, and not in that of a square.

Hence, namely, from analogical reasoning, Origen has with singular sagacity observed that "he who believes the Scripture to have proceeded from Him who is the Author of Nature, may well expect to find the same sort of difficulties in it, as are found in the constitution of Nature." And in a like way of reflection it may be added, that he who denies the Scripture to have been from God upon account of these difficulties, may, for the very same reason, deny the world to have been formed by Him. On the other hand, if there be an Analogy or likeness between that system of things and dispensation of Providence, which revelation informs us of, and that system of things and dispensation of Providence, which experience together with reason informs us of, *i.e.*, the known course of nature; this is a presumption that they have both the same author and cause; at least, so far as to answer objections against the former's being from God, drawn from anything which is analogical or similar to what is in the latter, which is acknowledged to be from Him: for an Author of Nature is here supposed."

It is just, he says, to argue from known facts to others that are like them; "from that part of the Divine Government over intelligent creatures which comes under our view, to that larger and more general government over them which is beyond it; and from what is present to collect what is likely, credible, or not incredible, will be hereafter." Some not attending to what is the fact in the constitution of nature, idly speculate on what the world might be had it been framed otherwise than it is. But we have not faculties for this kind of speculation. We are not even judges of "what may be the necessary means of raising and conducting one person to the highest perfection and happiness of his nature. Nay, even in the little affairs of the present life we find men of different educations and ranks are not competent judges of the conduct of each other." Let us turn then, says Butler, to experience,

And let us compare the known constitution and course of things with what is said to be the moral system of nature; the acknowledged dispensations of Providence, or that government which we find ourselves under, with what Religion teaches us to believe and expect; and see whether they are not analogous and of a piece. And upon such a comparison, it will I think be found that they are very much so, that both may be traced up to the same general laws, and resolved into the same principles of Divine conduct.

The Analogy here proposed to be considered is of pretty large extent, and consists of several parts; in some more, in others less, exact. In some few instances perhaps it may amount to a real practical proof; in others not so. Yet in these it is a confirmation of what is proved other ways. It will undeniably show, what too many want to have shown them, that the system of Religion, both natural and revealed, considered only as a system, and prior to the proof of it, is not a subject of ridicule, unless that of Nature be so too. And it will afford an answer to almost all objections against the system both of Natural and Revealed Religion; though not perhaps an answer in so great a degree, yet in a very considerable degree an answer, to the objections against the evidence of it; for objections against a proof, and objections against what is said to be proved, the reader will observe are different things.

Now the divine government of the world, implied in the notion of religion in general and of Christianity, contains in it: That mankind is appointed to live in a future state; that there, every one shall be rewarded or punished; rewarded or punished respectively for all that behaviour here, which we comprehend under the words virtuous or vicious, morally good or evil: that our present life is a probation, a state of trial, and of discipline, for that future one, notwithstanding the objections which men may fancy they have, from notions of necessity, against there being any such moral plan as this at all; and whatever objections may appear to lie against the wisdom and goodness of it, as it stands so imperfectly made known to us at present: that this world being in a state of apostasy and wickedness, and consequently of ruin, and the sense both of their condition and duty being greatly corrupted amongst men, this gave occasion for an additional dispensation of Providence; of the utmost importance; proved by miracles; but containing in it many things appearing to us strange and not to have been expected; a dispensation of Providence, which is a scheme or system of things; carried on by the mediation of a divine person, the Messiah, in order to the recovery of the world; yet not revealed to all men, nor proved with the strongest possible evidence to all those to whom it is revealed; but only to such a part of mankind, and with such particular evidence as the wisdom of God thought fit. The design, then, of the following treatise will be to shew, that the several parts principally objected against in this moral and Christian dispensation, including its scheme, its publication, and the proof which God has afforded us of its truth; that the particular parts principally objected against in this whole dispensation are analogous to what is experienced in the constitution and course of Nature or Providence; that the chief objections themselves which are alleged against the former are no other than what may be alleged with like justice against the latter, where they are found in fact to be inconclusive; and that this argument from Analogy is in general unanswerable, and undoubtedly of weight on the side of religion, notwithstanding the objections which may seem to lie against it, and the real ground which there may be for difference of opinion, as to the particular degree of weight which is to be laid upon it. This is a general account of what may be looked for in the following

treatise. And I shall begin it with that which is the foundation of all our hopes and of all our fears; all our hopes and fears, which are of any consideration; I mean a future life.

Having thus explained the purpose and plan of his book, Butler proceeds to the work itself, which is in two parts, one treating of Natural, the other of Revealed Religion.

The First Part begins by inquiring what the Analogy of Nature suggests as to the effect which death may or may not have upon us, and whether it be not from thence probable that we may survive this change. Having reasoned out the credibility of a future life, he says, "That which makes the question to be of so great importance to us is our capacity for happiness and misery, and the supposition that our happiness and misery hereafter depends upon our actions here." His next chapter, therefore, argues from analogy "Of the Government of God by Rewards and Punishments; and particularly of the latter."

Reflections of this kind are not without their terrors to serious persons, the most free from enthusiasm, and of the greatest strength of mind; but it is fit things be stated and considered as they really are. And there is, in the present age, a certain fearlessness with regard to what may be hereafter under the government of God, which nothing but an universally acknowledged demonstration on the side of atheism can justify; and which makes it quite necessary that men be reminded, and if possible made to feel, that there is no sort of ground for being thus presumptuous, even upon the most sceptical principles. For may it not be said of any person upon his being born into the world, he may behave so as to be of no service to it but by being made an example of the woful effects of vice and folly? That he may, as any one may, if he will, incur an infamous execution from the hands of civil justice; or in some other course of extravagance shorten his days, or bring upon himself infamy and diseases worse than death? So that it had been better for him, even with regard to the present world, that he had never been born. And is there any pretence of reason for people to think themselves secure, and talk as if they had certain proof, that, let them act as licentiously as they will, there can be nothing analogous to this, with regard to a future and more general interest, under the providence and government of the same God?

The subject of the next chapter is the moral government of God in rendering to men according to their deeds; the next treats of a state of probation, as implying trials, difficulties, and danger.

The thing here insisted upon is, that the state of trial which Religion teaches us we are in is rendered credible by its being throughout uniform and of a piece with the general conduct of Providence towards us, in all other respects within the compass of our knowledge. Indeed, if mankind, considered in their natural capacity as inhabitants of this world only, found themselves from their birth to their death in a settled state of security and happiness, without any solicitude or thought of their own: or if they were in no danger of being brought into inconveniences and distress, by carelessness or the folly of passion, through bad example, the treachery of others, or the deceitful appearances of things: were this our natural condition, then it might seem strange,

and be some presumption against the truth of Religion, that it represents our future and more general interest, as not secure of course, but as depending upon our behaviour, and requiring recollection and self-government to obtain it. For it might be alleged, "What you say is our condition in one respect is not in any wise of a sort with what we find by experience our condition is in another. Our whole present interest is secured to our hands, without any solicitude of ours; and why should not our future interest, if we have any such, be so too?" But since, on the contrary, thought and consideration, the voluntary denying ourselves many things which we desire, and a course of behaviour far from being always agreeable to us, are absolutely necessary to our acting even a common decent and common prudent part, so as to pass with any satisfaction through the present world, and be received upon any tolerable good terms in it: since this is the case, all presumption against self-denial and attention being necessary to secure our higher interest is removed. Had we not experience, it might, perhaps speciously, be urged, that it is improbable anything of hazard and danger should be put upon us by an Infinite Being, when everything which is hazard and danger in our manner of conception, and will end in error, confusion, and misery, is now already certain in his fore-knowledge. And indeed, why anything of hazard and danger should be put upon such frail creatures as we are, may well be thought a difficulty in speculation, and cannot but be so till we know the whole, or, however, much more of the case. But still the Constitution of Nature is as it is. Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it. Somewhat, and, in many circumstances, a great deal too, is put upon us, either to do or to suffer as we choose. And all the various miseries of life, which people bring upon themselves by negligence and folly, and might have avoided by proper care, are instances of this, which miseries are beforehand just as contingent and undetermined as their conduct, and left to be determined by it.

These observations are an answer to the objections against the credibility of a state of trial, as implying temptations, and real danger of miscarrying with regard to our general interest, under the moral government of God; and they shew, that if we are at all to be considered in such a capacity, and as having such an interest, the general Analogy of Providence must lead us to apprehend ourselves in danger of miscarrying, in different degrees, as to this interest, by our neglecting to act the proper part belonging to us in that capacity. For we have a present interest under the government of God which we experience here upon earth. And this interest, as it is not forced upon us, so neither is it offered to our acceptance, but to our acquisition; in such sort as that we are in danger of missing it, by means of temptations to neglect, or act contrary to it, and without attention and self-denial, must and do miss of it. It is then perfectly credible that this may be our case with respect to that chief and final good which Religion proposes to us.

The fifth chapter continues the consideration of the state of Probation, by turning to the question how we came to be placed in it, and arguing from the Analogy of Nature that it was intended for moral discipline and improvement. The sixth chapter argues that the opinion of the Fatalist, who sees necessity in Nature, judged by the Analogy between Nature and Religion, does not warrant the opinion that there is no such thing as Religion; that if upon the supposition of freedom the evidence of Religion

be conclusive, it remains so upon the supposition of necessity. The last chapter of the First Book is related to the argument of Pope's "Essay on Man," in showing reason from Analogy to believe that we misjudge through ignorance of the great whole, whereof we see only a part. It is "of the Government of God, considered as a Scheme or Constitution, imperfectly comprehended," and it opens thus:—

Though it be, as it cannot but be, acknowledged, that the Analogy of Nature gives a strong credibility to the general doctrine of religion, and to the several particular things contained in it, considered as so many matters of fact; and likewise that it shows this credibility not to be destroyed by any notions of necessity: yet still, objections may be insisted upon, against the wisdom, equity, and goodness of the divine government implied in the notion of Religion, and against the method by which this government is conducted; to which objections Analogy can be no direct answer. For the credibility or the certain truth of a matter of fact does not immediately prove anything concerning the wisdom or goodness of it; and Analogy can do no more, immediately or directly, than show such and such things to be true or credible, considered only as matters of fact. But still, if, upon supposition of a moral constitution of nature and a moral government over it, Analogy suggests and makes it credible, that this government must be a scheme, system, or constitution of government, as distinguished from a number of single unconnected acts of distributive justice and goodness; and likewise, that it must be a scheme, so imperfectly comprehended, and of such a sort in other respects, as to afford a direct general answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of it: then Analogy is remotely of great service in answering those objections, both by suggesting the answer, and showing it to be a credible one.

Now this, upon inquiry, will be found to be the case. For, first, upon supposition that God exercises a moral government over the world, the analogy of His natural government suggests and makes it credible that His moral government must be a scheme quite beyond our comprehension; and this affords a general answer to all objections against the justice and goodness of it. And, secondly, a more distinct observation of some particular things contained in God's scheme of natural government, the like things being supposed, by analogy, to be contained in His moral government, will farther shew how little weight is to be laid upon these objections.

The Second Part of Butler's "Analogy" turns from Nature to Revelation, reasoning first of its necessity, and of the importance of Christianity, whereof natural religion is the foundation and principal part, but not in any sense the whole. The argument in the second chapter is "Of the supposed Presumption against a Revelation considered as miraculous." Butler here gives reasons for saying,

I find no appearance of a presumption, from the Analogy of Nature, against the general scheme of Christianity, that God created and invisibly governs the world by Jesus Christ, and by Him also will hereafter judge it in righteousness, i.e. render to every one according to his works: and that good men are under the secret influence of His Spirit. Whether these things are, or are not, to be called miraculous, is perhaps, only a question about words; or, however, is of no moment in the case. If the Analogy of Nature raises any

presumption against this general scheme of Christianity, it must be either because it is not discoverable by reason or experience, or else because it is unlike that course of nature which is. But Analogy raises no presumption against the truth of this scheme upon either of these accounts.

The next chapter argues that Analogy makes credible that a revelation must appear liable to objections; and the next considers Christianity by Analogy with the course of Nature as, like it, a scheme or constitution imperfectly comprehended. The fifth chapter of this Second Part argues from Analogy the probability "of the particular system of Christianity; the appointment of a Mediator, and the redemption of the world by Him." The next subjects of like argument are the want of universality in Revelation, and the supposed deficiency in the proof of it; the particular evidence for Christianity; and, lastly, of the objections which may be made against arguing from the Analogy of Nature to Religion. In the course of his answer to these objections, Butler says—

The design of this treatise is not to vindicate the character of God, but to show the obligations of men; it is not to justify His Providence, but to show what belongs to us to do. These are two subjects, and ought not to be confounded. And though they may at length run up into each other, yet observations may immediately tend to make out the latter, which do not appear, by any immediate connection, to the purpose of the former, which is less our concern than many seem to think. For, first, it is not necessary we should justify the dispensations of Providence against objections any farther than to shew that the things objected against may, for aught we know, be consistent with justice and goodness. Suppose, then, that there are things in the system of this world, and plan of Providence relating to it, which taken alone would be unjust; yet it has been shewn unanswerably, that if we could take in the reference which these things may have to other things present, past, and to come, to the whole scheme, which the things objected against are parts of, these very things might, for aught we know, be found to be, not only consistent with justice, but instances of it. Indeed, it has been shewn, by the Analogy of what we see, not only possible that this may be the case, but credible that it is. And thus objections drawn from such things are answered, and Providence is vindicated, as far as religion makes its vindication necessary.

One cause of the decline of faith, against which these arguments were directed, was a lowering of the chief aims of life. Among those whose example had influence, French influence in and after the time of Charles II. had quickened the development of a vain code of "honour" that made certain forms of lust and murder gentlemanly, displaced personal religion, and debased men instead of raising them. Religious life counted for little, even among theologians; it was almost lost in the conflict about forms. A deep sense of this evil led in England to another form of reaction, which had John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield for its leaders.

John Wesley was the second son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, and the father of Samuel Wesley had been a John, who suffered persecution as a

Nonconformist clergyman. Samuel Wesley studied in his youth at an academy for Dissenters kept by Mr. Veal, in Stepney; but while there, he turned to the Established Church, gave up the support he was receiving, walked to Oxford, and entered himself as a "poor scholar" at Exeter College. He supported himself by teaching and writing, and was a curate when he married Susannah Annesley, who, like Samuel Wesley, had a Nonconformist minister for father, and had turned to the Established Church. Of the nineteen children of this marriage, three sons and three daughters grew up. When the Revolution was effected, Samuel Wesley wrote in its defence, and obtained the living of Epworth, in Lincolnshire. His wife did not accept the Revolution, but said nothing. It was only in the year before King William died, that her husband missed her "Amen" to the prayers for the king. He questioned her, and found that she would not recognise William III. as the true king; whereupon Samuel Wesley refused to live with her till she was loyal, left her, and did not return to her until after King William's death. John Wesley, eleven years younger than his brother Samuel, was the first child born after this period of separation. He was born at Epworth on the 17th of June, 1703. When John Wesley was six years old, his father's house was burnt in the night, and all of the household, including parents and eight children, were with difficulty saved. Little John had been left forgotten in the nursery, scrambled on a chest to the window, and was saved—for the house was a low one—by a man's climbing to him upon the shoulders of another. The moment after he had been rescued the roof fell in. Remembering this, John Wesley afterwards had a house on fire engraved under one of his portraits, with the motto, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?"

At the time of the fire, John's younger brother Charles, who lived to share his spiritual work, was an infant two months old.

John Wesley's mother was a devout woman, and when her husband left his parish and went to London to attend Convocation she read prayers at home, to which parishioners were gradually drawn, until her husband objected that her ministration "looked particular." She replied, "I grant it does; and so does almost everything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God or the salvation of souls, if it be performed out of a pulpit or in the common way of conversation; because in our corrupt age the utmost care and diligence has been used to banish all discourse of God or spiritual concerns out of society, as if religion were never to appear out of the closet, and we were to be ashamed of nothing so much as confessing ourselves to be Christians." The narrow escape of her son John from fire made his mother resolved to take especial pains with his religious training.

John Wesley was educated at Charterhouse School, and Charles at Westminster, when one of the ushers there was Samuel, the eldest brother, who had been to Christ Church, Oxford. At seventeen, John Wesley went from Charterhouse School to Christ Church. He was lively, acute in argument, and, like his father and his two brothers, could write

itself might join with his own boyish recollections of it in making for John Wesley a visit to Charterhouse always one incident of a return to London.

Soon after his return to London, in the year 1735, Wesley's attention was drawn very strongly to James Oglethorpe's plan of a settlement in Georgia. James, third son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe, was born in the year 1689, completed his early education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and appears then, while still very young, to have served as a gentleman volunteer abroad, before entering the English army as an ensign in 1710. In 1714 he was Captain-Lieutenant of the first troop of the Queen's Life Guards, and afterwards he served abroad as aide-de-camp to Prince Eugene. In 1718 he returned to England, and soon afterwards, on the death of a brother, succeeded to the family estate at Westbrook, near Godalming. In October, 1722, he entered Parliament as member for Haslemere. In 1729, he began his career of beneficence as a reformer of prisons. A friend of Oglethorpe's who fell into poverty had been carried to a sponging-house attached to the Fleet Prison. While he could fee the keeper, he was allowed the liberty of the rules; when he could do so no more, he was forced into the sponging-house, at a time when small-pox raged among its inmates. Oglethorpe's friend, an accomplished man, had never had small-pox, and pleaded for his life that he might be sent to another sponging-house, or to the jail. His petition was refused; he was forced in, caught small-pox, and died, leaving a large family in distress. The member for Haslemere then brought the subject before Parliament, obtained a Jail Committee, and was named its chairman. Painful disclosures were made in the reports of the committee, and some vigorous action was taken upon them. It is to the labour of this Jail Committee in 1729 that James Thomson referred in the following passage then added to his "Winter," a poem which had been first published in 1726, followed by "Summer" in 1727, "Spring" in 1728, and "Autumn" in 1730; when the four poems were collected as "The Seasons," and followed by the closing Hymn.¹ It was then that Thomson added his tribute to the labours of Oglethorpe's Jail Committee in 1729:—

And here can I forget the generous band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail,
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice?
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chained,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 364, 365.

O great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal:
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required.
The toils of law (what dark insidious men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen simple justice into trade),
How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
And every man within the reach of right.

After such effectual following of that doctrine of Christ which had caused the Wesleys and their companions at Oxford to make prison visiting a part of the service of God,² Oglethorpe proceeded to the enterprise that brought the Wesleys into close relation with him.

The borderland in North America between the English province of South Carolina and the Spanish province of Florida was a debatable ground on which there had been schemes for forming a new colony from England, as one of the schemes said, "in the most delightful country of the universe." Such scheming suggested to Oglethorpe a plan of his own that he had energy and ability enough to carry out. He would form a colony on this ground, south of the Savannah River, for the restoration to social happiness and usefulness of ruined gentlemen who had in this country become poor debtors. With this object in view, Oglethorpe obtained the support of men with influence and money, and procured, in June, 1732, a charter for the settlement of the proposed colony, which was to be called Georgia, in honour of King George II. Parliament granted £10,000; and the associates who formed the corporation caused themselves to be shut out by their charter from all personal profit. All money obtained was to be applied to the maintenance, transport, and establishment of the selected colonists, on fertile land that cost them nothing and would repay abundantly their labour. A pamphlet published by James Oglethorpe to explain his scheme, thus tells who were to be

THE FIRST COLONISTS OF GEORGIA.

Let us cast our eyes on the multitude of unfortunate people in this kingdom, of reputable families and liberal education: some undone by guardians, some by lawsuits, some by accidents in commerce, some by stocks and bubbles, some by suretyship; but all agree in this one circumstance that they must either be burthensome to their relations, or betake themselves to little shifts for sustenance which, it is ten to one, do not answer their purposes, and to which a well-educated person descends with the utmost constraint. These are the persons that may relieve themselves and strengthen Georgia by resorting thither, and Great Britain by their departure.

I appeal to the recollection of the reader—though he be opulent, though he be noble—does not his own sphere of acquaintances furnish him with some instances of such

² Matthew xxv. 34—45.

persons as have been here described? Must they starve? What honest heart can bear to think of it? Must they be fed by the contributions of others? Certainly they must, rather than be suffered to perish. I have heard it said, and it is easy to say so, 'Let them learn to work; let them subdue their pride, and descend to mean employments; keep ale-houses, or coffee-houses, even sell fruit, or clean shoes, for an honest livelihood.' But alas! these occupations, and many others like them, are overstocked already by people who know better how to follow them than do they whom we have been talking of. As for labouring, I could almost wish that the gentleman or merchant who thinks that another gentleman or merchant in want can thrash or dig to the value of subsistence for his family, or even for himself; I say I could wish the person who thinks so were obliged to make trial of it for a week, or—not to be too severe—for only a day. He would then find himself to be less than the fourth part of a labourer, and that the fourth part of a labourer's wages could not maintain him. I have heard a man may learn to labour by practice; 'tis admitted. But it must also be admitted that before he can learn he may starve. Men whose wants are importunate must try such expedients as will give immediate relief. 'Tis too late for them to begin to learn a trade when their pressing necessities call for the exercise of it.

Prisons were visited by a committee of the trustees of the colony, to obtain the discharge of poor debtors who deserved their help. Another committee selected colonists, who were put through military drill, that they might be able to hold their own in their new home, and serve also the political purpose of fixing an unsettled frontier. There was to be no slave-labour in the colony. When the first shipload of colonists, thirty-five families, numbering one hundred and twenty persons, was ready to sail from Gravesend, Oglethorpe resolved to give up ease at home, and go with them to secure the success of his undertaking. Having made it a condition that he should receive no payment in any form, he was empowered to act as a colonial governor, and left for Georgia in November, 1732. The writer of a published account of a voyage from Charleston to Savannah, in March, 1733, thus tells how he found the governor laying the foundations of his colony:—

Mr. Oglethorpe is indefatigable, and takes a vast deal of pains. His fare is indifferent, having little else at present but salt provisions. He is extremely well beloved by all the people. The title they give him is *Father*. If any of them are sick, he immediately visits them, and takes great care of them. If any difference arises, he is the person who decides it. Two happened while I was there and in my presence; and all the parties went away to outward appearance satisfied and contented with the determination. He keeps a strict discipline; I neither saw one of his people drunk nor heard one swear all the time I have been here. He does not allow them rum, but in lieu gives them English beer. It is surprising to see how cheerfully the men go to work, considering they have not been bred to it. There are no idlers here; even the boys and girls do their part. There are four houses already up, but none finished; and he hopes, when he has got more sawyers, to finish two houses a week. He has ploughed up some land, part of which is sowed with wheat, which is come up and looks promising. He has two or three gardens, which he has sowed with divers sorts of seeds, and planted thyme, with other pot-herbs, and several sorts of fruit-trees.

He was palisading the town round, including some part of the Common. In short, he has done a vast deal of work for the time, and I think his name deserves to be immortalised.

The eight tribes of the Lower Creek Indians who were settled beside Oglethorpe's colony were very friendly. They were well-grown men, great hunters, and worshippers without idolatry of a Supreme Being whom they called *Sotolycaté*, He-who-sitteth-above. They welcomed the white brothers who offered friendship, and believed they had come for the good of the red brothers, to whom they could bring knowledge. One of the chiefs, *Tomo Chachi*, said at the treaty-making:—

When these white men came, I feared that they would drive us away, for we were weak; but they promised not to molest us. We wanted corn and other things, and they have given us supplies; and now, of our small means, we make them presents in return. Here is a buffalo skin, adorned with the head and feathers of an eagle. The eagle signifies speed, and the buffalo strength. The English are swift as the eagle, and strong as the buffalo. Like the eagle they fly hither over great waters, and, like the buffalo, nothing can withstand them. But the feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify kindness; and the skin of the buffalo is covering, and signifies protection. Let these, then, remind them to be kind, and protect us.

Having successfully laid the foundations of the state of Georgia, James Oglethorpe returned to England in the spring of 1734, bringing with him *Tomo Chachi*, with his wife and nephew, and some other native chiefs. They reached England in June. *Tomo Chachi* went to court, and presented eagle-feathers to King George II. Poems were written, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* offered a prize for a medal to commemorate Mr. Oglethorpe's benevolence and patriotism. They were introduced also to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to him *Tomo Chachi* expressed the desire of his people for religious knowledge. After a stay of four months in England these natives were sent home to spread the impression they had received of English culture and of English kindness. Their coming had also in this country drawn friendly attention to their people, and Oglethorpe's desire now was to bring the Gospel home to them. John Wesley's father had received personal kindness from Oglethorpe, who also at this time put down his name as a subscriber for seven large paper copies, at three guineas each, of the old gentleman's "*Dissertationes in Librum Jobi*," with a portrait of the author seated in the character of Job. In the last year of his life, Samuel Wesley, the elder, wrote from Epworth, on the 6th of July, 1734, "Honoured Sir, may I be admitted, while such crowds of our nobility and gentry are pouring in their congratulations, to press my poor mite of thanks into the presence of one who so well deserves the title of Universal Benefactor of Mankind. It is not only your valuable favours, on many accounts, to my son, late of Westminster" (Samuel, the eldest son), "and myself, when I was a little pressed in the world, nor your extreme charity to the poor prisoners; it is not these only that so much demand my warmest acknow-

ledgements, as your disinterested and unmovable attachment to your country, and your raising a new colony, or rather a little world of your own, in the midst of a wild wood and uncultivated desert, where men may live free and happy, if they are not hindered by their own stupidity and folly, in spite of the unkindness of their brother mortals." In August, 1735, John Wesley, being in London, after his father's death, with copies of the Latin Dissertations on the Book of Job, was urged by a friend, Dr. Burton, of Corpus Christi College, who was one of the trustees for the colony of Georgia, to aid Oglethorpe in his good work, by going out as missionary to the settlers and Indians. He was introduced to Oglethorpe by Dr. Burton, hesitated, but was persuaded even by his widowed mother to assent. Wesley then took counsel with William Law, the author of the "Serious Call," whose counsel in a former time had influenced his life. William Law, born in Northamptonshire in 1686, was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but had been prevented by some scruples from taking orders. He lived a retired life until his death in 1761, and acquired great influence as a writer on religious subjects. His most popular book was "A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life." John Wesley depended much upon Law's counsel in the earlier part of his career, but afterwards thought his religious teaching insufficient. Having now taken advice from Law, Wesley agreed to go to Georgia with his brother Charles and two young men, one of them another of the young Oxford Methodists, Benjamin Ingham. Charles Wesley had meant to spend his life as a college tutor, but was now ordained, and went to Georgia, as secretary to the governor. In October, 1735, Oglethorpe and the Wesleys sailed from England with two vessels carrying 220 carefully selected English emigrants, and about sixty Salzburger who had been expelled by their Roman Catholic Government, and other poor Protestants from Germany, among whom were twenty-six Moravians, led by David Nitschmann. The Moravians went to join some of their brethren from Herrnhut, who had gone out the preceding year. The calm and simple piety of these Moravians drew John Wesley into close companionship with them. They never resented injury or insult, and were without fear of death. In a storm that set many screaming, and made Wesley fear because he doubted whether he was fit to die, the Moravians calmly sang their psalms. "Are you not afraid?" Wesley asked one of them. He replied, "I thank God, no." "Are not your women and children afraid?" "No; our women and children are not afraid to die." From the Moravians Wesley drew lasting impressions of what the spirit of a religious community should be and could be. At Savannah, John Wesley observed their behaviour in the settlement. "We were in one room with them," he says, "from morning to night, unless for the little time spent in walking. They were always employed, always cheerful themselves, and in good humour with one another. They had put away all anger, and strife, and wrath, and bitterness, and clamour, and evil speaking." John Wesley had been unwilling to part from his friends in England, but in Georgia he wrote, "From ten friends

I am awhile secluded, and God hath opened me a door into the whole Moravian Church."

John Wesley drew attentive congregations to his preaching in Savannah, and caused them to abstain from fine dressing for church and come in plain clean linen or woollen. He and one of his friends taught each a school. Some of the boys in the other school went barefoot, and were looked down upon by those who were shod. Wesley asked his friend to change schools for a time, and astonished the boys of the school tainted with vanity by coming among them himself without any shoes and stockings. A little persistence in this lesson caused bare feet to be no longer a mark for scorn. The Wesleys abstained from meat and wine, and caused some difficulty by their asceticism, by insisting upon baptism with immersion and by rigid adherence to the letter of the rubric of the English Church; but John was also forming the most serious of his parishioners into a society for strictest observance of religious duties.

His conscientious strictness caused John Wesley at last to leave Georgia. He had been tempted to wish for marriage with the niece of the chief magistrate of Savannah. The young lady for a time courted him by affecting tenderness of conscience that called for ghostly counsel, but at last gave up the thought of becoming Mrs. Wesley, took another husband, and then became, in the chaplain's opinion, so worldly that, on one Sunday, he publicly refused to admit her to the communion. This caused much scandal in Savannah, and the lady's husband obtained a warrant against John Wesley for defamation of character. The case was prolonged, and managed with the purpose of obliging Wesley to quit Georgia, and he was thus really driven to leave the colony, after having preached there for a year and nine months. When he arrived at Deal, early in February, 1738, he had been absent from England two years and four months. George Whitefield had just left Deal for Georgia, and narrowly missed meeting Wesley.

Whitefield, during Wesley's absence in Georgia, and after the illness which left him with a sense of religion happier than it had been, although not less intense, was helped by a Sir John Philips, in London, with promise of an annuity of £30 a year if he stayed in Oxford and carried on the work which otherwise might fail through the departure of John and Charles Wesley. For change of air while seeking complete recovery from illness, he went home to Gloucester, where he still visited the poor and prayed with the prisoners. Dr. Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, observed him and asked his age. It was little more than twenty-one, and although he had resolved not to ordain any below the age of twenty-three, the bishop ordained Whitefield, helped him with a little money, and let him return to Oxford, with the annuity from Sir John Philips in place of a cure. But now that Whitefield was ordained, occasions arose for his preaching, and when he preached, his youth and fair presence—for when young, he was slender, somewhat tall, fair, and well-featured, with dark blue eyes—aided the charm of his native eloquence and devout zeal towards the spiritual. He called upon his hearers to be born again, and shape

Whitefield, however, in medical accents, and in a voice full of love to the people, and full of love to the cause, was preaching himself from his lips. His words were like a prophet who does not know his message is delirious is from God. When he had been moved by letters from the United community who had gone to preach in Georgia, Whitefield resolved to follow them, and to their work. He parted from his friends at Gloucester, and preached in Bristol to large congregations on the week-days than at other times could be gathered on Sundays. When he went a second time to Bristol, he was met by a crowd a mile out of the city, led in with rejoicing, and blessed as he passed through the street. In London, considerable had to be placed at the door of churches to control the throng that pressed to hear the heavenly-minded youth. He preached for the orphan children, and added to their funds a thousand pounds. He was embraced in church aisles, beset for his autograph in religious books, and at his last sermon in London, before he left for Georgia, the congregation wept aloud.

Whitefield landed at Savannah on the 7th of May, 1738, and then wrote in his journal,—

Though we have had a long, yet it has been an exceeding pleasant voyage. God, in compassion to my weakness, has sent me but few trials; and sanctified those he hath sent me. I am now going forth as a sheep amongst wolves; but he that persecuted Abraham when he went out not knowing whither he went, will also guide and protect me; and therefore I cannot close this part of my journal better than with Mr. Addison's translation of the 23rd Psalm:—

"The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

"When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
T'wixt barren vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscapes flow.

"Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly cross shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

"Though in a bare and rugged way
Through deserts lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around."

Addison had died in 1719, aged forty-seven.

Arrived at Savannah, Whitefield took the place of Wesley, sat by the death-bed of Tomo Chachi, taught there, and visited for a few days Frederica, at the other end of the colony. At the end of August Whitefield left Savannah, with a promise to return. He went home to receive priest's orders, and obtain money for an Orphan House. The congregation at Savannah had grown, and although he had service twice a day, there was never a night in which the church-house was not nearly full. On the voyage home, storms and contrary winds delayed the vessel, and caused its officers to lose their reckoning. Provisions failed, and daily rations were reduced to an ounce or two of salt beef, a pint of water, and a cake made of flour and skimmings of the pot. Upon this Whitefield wrote in his diary:—

Blessed be God for these things, I rejoice in them daily. They are no more than what I expected, and I know they are preparatives for future mercies. God of His infinite mercy humble and try me, till I am rightly disposed to receive them. Amen, Lord Jesus, amen.

It pities me often to see my brethren, lying in the dust, as they have done these many weeks, and exposed to such straits; for God knows both their souls and bodies are dear unto me. But thanks be to God, they bear up well, and I hope we shall all now learn to endure hardships, like good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

Sunday, Nov. 12.—This morning the doctor of our ship took up the Common-Prayer Book, and observed that he opened upon these words, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed his people." And so indeed He has, for about 8 o'clock this morning news were brought that our men saw land, and I went and was a joyful spectator of it myself. The air was clear, and the sun arising in full strength, so that 'tis the most pleasant day I have seen these many weeks. Now know I that the Lord will not always be chiding, neither keepeth He his anger for ever. For these two or three days last past, I have enjoyed uncommon serenity of soul, and given up my will to God. And now He hath brought us deliverance. From whence I infer, that a calmness of mind, and entire resignation to the Divine will, is the best preparative for receiving divine mercies. Lord, evermore make me thus minded!

As soon as I had taken a view of the land, we joined together in a prayer and psalm of thanksgiving, and already began to reflect with pleasure on our late straits. Thus it will be hereafter: the storms and tempests of this troublesome world will serve to render our haven of eternal rest doubly agreeable.

The land seen was the coast of Ireland. On the 8th of December, 1738, George Whitefield reached London again, and he ends the section of his journal published in 1739, which tells these experiences, with the following

HYMN.

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or undismay'd in deed and word,
Be a true witness to my Lord?

Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the Word of God most high?

How then before Thee shall I dare
To stand, or how thy anger hear?

No; let man rage! since Thou wilt spread
Thy shadowing wings around my head:
Since in all pain thy tender love
Will still my sweet refreshment prove.

Saviour of men! thy searching eye
Does all my inmost thoughts descry:
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise?
Or the world's favour, or its praise?

The love of Christ does me constrain,
To seek the wand'ring souls of men:
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
To snatch them from the gasping grave.

For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame:
All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

My life, my blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord:
Thy will be done! thy name ador'd!

Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be—
'Tis fix'd! I can do all through Thee!

Whitefield published in the same year (1739) a "Continuation" of his journal "from his Arrival in London to his Departure from thence on his way to Georgia." This is prefaced by lines from Charles Wesley

TO THE REVEREND MR. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

Brother in Christ, and well belov'd,
Attend, and add thy pray'r to mine;
As Aaron call'd, yet inly mov'd,
To minister in things divine.

Faithful, and often own'd of God,
Vessel of grace, by Jesus us'd;
Stir up the gift on thee bestow'd,
The gift by hallow'd hands transfus'd.

Fully thy heavenly mission prove,
And make thy own election sure;
Rooted in faith, and hope, and love,
Active to work, and firm t' endure.

Scorn to contend with flesh and blood,
And trample on so mean a foe;
By stronger fiends in vain withstood,
Dauntless to nobler conquests go.

Go where the darkest tempest low'rs,
Thy foes, triumphant wrestler, foil;
Thrones, principalities, and powers,
Engage, o'ercome, and take the spoil.

The weapons of thy warfare take,
With truth and meekness arm'd ride on;
Mighty, through God, hell's kingdom shake,
Satan's strong holds, through God, pull down.

Humble each vain aspiring boast,
Intensely for God's glory burn;
Strongly declare the sinner lost,
Self-righteousness o'erturn, o'erturn;

Tear the bright idol from his shrine,
Nor suffer him on earth to dwell,
T' usurp the place of blood divine,
But chase him to his native hell.

Be all into subjection brought;
The pride of man let faith abase,
And captivate his every thought,
And force him to be sav'd by grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Whitefield now found that the Wesleys had been spreading their own religious fervour. They had but lately found the rest of soul which they attributed to an actual conversion of which the exact time could be assigned. Charles Wesley first attained the efficient faith that gave assurance of his justification, after a second return of pleurisy, and his bodily strength grew from the same hour. John Wesley was still weighed down by a sense of sin, until the evening of the 24th of May, when he was at a meeting in Aldersgate Street, where Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans was being read. Then Wesley writes:—

About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed; I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death. I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitely used me and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, "This cannot be Faith, for where is thy joy?"

But in the contest of mind that followed Faith prevailed. John Wesley, after his New Birth, sought evidence of the power of faith by walking on foot through Germany to the settlement of the Moravians at Herrnhut, and on the way talked with their chief, Count Zinzendorf, and his company of disciples at Marienborn. After a fortnight's stay at Herrnhut, Wesley returned to London, and found that his brother Charles had gathered about him a society of thirty-two persons, much troubled within and without by questionings. John Wesley then strengthened his brother's work. They were still firm members of the Church, even urging on the Bishop of London the propriety of the re-baptism of Dissenters. Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury at this time, in an interview with John Wesley, gave him counsel, upon the value of which he laid stress in his later years: "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time and strength in contending for or against

such things as are of a disputable nature; but in testifying against open notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness."

When George Whitefield, now twenty-four years old, returned to London, and joined in the work of the Wesleys, he found opposition, was refused by some clergy the leave he asked to preach in their pulpits for his Orphan House, but again stirred thousands by his preaching. On one Sunday, after preaching to twelve thousand people, he spent the night in religious communion at a love-feast in Fetter Lane till four in the morning, when he went to pray with a sick woman. Whitefield went to Oxford in January, 1739, to be ordained, and preached, surrounded by attentive gownsmen of all degrees. When he returned to London he read a pamphlet written against himself by a clergyman, and his record on the following Sunday is—

Sunday, January 21.—Went this morning and received the sacrament at the hands of the minister who wrote against me. Blessed be God, I do not feel the least resentment against, but a love for him. For I believe he has a zeal for God, though, in my opinion, not according to knowledge. Oh that I could do him any good!

Preached twice with great power and clearness in my voice to two thronged congregations, especially in the afternoon, when I believe near a thousand people were in the churchyard, and hundreds more returned home that could not come in. Thus God magnifies his power, most when most opposed.

Expounded twice afterwards, where the people pressed most vehemently to hear the Word. God enabled me to speak with the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power, and the remainder of the evening filled me with a humble sense of His infinite mercies. I think I am never more humble than when exalted. By the grace of God I am what I am. Oh that I could be thankful!

In February, Whitefield went to Bristol, and on the 17th preached his first sermon in the open air to colliers at Kingswood. The hearers were then upwards of two hundred; a week later he had in the same place four or five thousand hearers. He had returned at ten in the morning from a visit to Bath, and records—

About eleven, went, as usual, and preached a written sermon at Newgate, and collected two pounds five shillings for the prisoners. Many, I believe, were much affected. To God be all the glory.

After dinner, I was taken very ill, so that I was obliged to lie upon the bed; but, looking upon it only as a thorn in the flesh, at three I went, according to appointment, and preached to near four or five thousand people, from a mount in Kingswood, with great power. The sun shone very bright, and the people standing in such an awful manner round the mount, in the profoundest silence, filled me with an holy admiration. Blessed be God for such a plentiful harvest. Lord, do Thou send forth more labourers into thy harvest.

This done, God strengthened me to expound to a society without Lawford's Gate, and afterwards to another in the city, and afterwards to a third. And I spoke with more freedom the last time than at the first. When I am weak, then am I strong.

This is Whitefield's record of a Sunday at Bristol nine days later:—

Sunday, March 4.—Rose much refreshed in spirit, and gave my early attendants a warm exhortation as usual. Went to Newgate, and preached with great power to an exceedingly thronged congregation. Then hastened to Hannam Mount, three miles from the city, where the colliers live altogether. God highly favoured us in the weather. Above four thousand were ready to hear me; and God enabled me to preach with the demonstration of the Spirit. The ground not being high enough, I stood upon a table, and the sight of the people who covered the green fields, and their deep attention pleased me much. I hope that same Lord, who fed so many thousands with bodily bread, will feed all their souls with that bread which cometh down from heaven: for many came from far.

At four in the afternoon I went to the mount on Bawgreen, and preached to above fourteen thousand souls; and so good was my God, that all could hear. I think it was worth while to come many miles to see such a sight. I spoke, blessed be God, with great freedom; but thought all the while, as I do continually when I ascend the mount, that hereafter I shall suffer as well as speak for my Master's sake. Lord, strengthen me against that hour. Lord, I believe (O help my unbelief!) that Thy grace will be more than sufficient for me.

In the evening I expounded at Baldwin Street Society, but could not get up to the room without the utmost difficulty, the entry and court were so much thronged. Blessed be God, the number of hearers much increases; and as my day is, so is my strength. To-night I returned home much more refreshed in my spirits than in the morning when I went out. I was full of joy, and longed to be dissolved, and to be with Jesus Christ; but I have a baptism first to be baptised with. Father, Thy will be done. This has been a Sabbath added to my soul!

Whitefield excited like enthusiasm among the Welsh, whom he visited before his return to London at the close of April. Open-air preaching was continued as part of his system. He was preparing for his return to Georgia when the number of listeners to his open-air preaching on Kennington Common and Moorfields began to be reckoned by tens of thousands. On Sunday, April 29, he preached in the morning to a great concourse at Moorfields, then went to church as a worshipper, heard a sermon against himself on the text "Be not righteous overmuch," and then preached in the evening on Kennington Common to an audience of thirty thousand. "The wind being for me, it carried the voice to the extremest part of the audience." I give one entry more:—

Sunday, May 6.—Preached this morning in Moorfields to about twenty thousand people, who were very quiet and attentive, and much affected. Went to public worship morning and evening; and at six preached at Kennington. In such a sight never were my eyes blessed with before. I believe there were no less than fifty thousand people, and four-score coaches, besides great numbers of horses; and what is most remarkable, there was such an awful silence amongst them, and the Word of God came with such power, that all, I believe, were pleasingly surprised. God gave me great enlargement of heart. I continued my discourse an hour and a half; and when I returned home, I was still

with such love, peace, and joy, that I cannot express it. I believe this was partly owing to some opposition I met with yesterday. It is hard for men to kick against the pricks. The more they oppose, the more shall Jesus Christ be exalted. Our adversaries seem to be come to an extremity, while for want of arguments to convince, they are obliged to call out to the civil magistrate to compel me to be silent; but I believe it will be difficult to prove our assemblies in the fields to be either disorderly or illegal. But they that are born after the flesh, must persecute those that are born after the Spirit. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

John Wesley followed Whitefield to Bristol, where he was received and introduced by him. The physical results of the emotion caused by Wesley's preaching—ecstasies that were always excited by him—seemed miraculous to many, and distinct manifestations of the New Birth. Wesley formed male and female bands of Christians, who were to meet weekly for prayer and confession of their faults to one another, and since a larger room than could be had was needed for the meetings of the societies, on the 12th of May, 1739, the first stone of the first Methodist meeting-house was laid at Bristol; but this was without any thought of separation from the services of the Established Church. The first separation was from the Moravians, between whom and Wesley differences of opinion and practice became manifest. Whitefield returned to Georgia in 1739, visited several provinces in America, preaching to great audiences, and returned in 1741. During his absence there was some correspondence between Wesley and Whitefield upon points in the doctrine of election, Whitefield holding it and Wesley not holding it in Calvinistic form. This caused them to work thenceforward apart



JOHN WESLEY. (From the Portrait by J. Jackson, R.A.)

from one another. Then followed the erection of more buildings for prayer-meetings, and their settlement not on trustees, which would have made the preachers dependent on the people, but on John

Wesley himself as acknowledged head and director of the Christian society he had established. All orthodox Christians might join the society. Methodism did not aim at establishment of a separate church, but at the knitting of Christians into a bond of unity which should consist in the resolve really to forsake the world wherever its requirements were in conflict with known Christian duty. It was a society of men who bound themselves to help each other to form really, as far as man is able, the image of God within the soul.

The following hymn was written by John Wesley for the Kingswood colliers, to whom he preached when at Bristol:—

HYMN FOR THE KINGSWOOD COLLIERS.

Glory to God, whose sovereign grace
Hath animated senseless stones,¹
Called us to stand before His face,
And raised us into Abraham's sons.

The people that in darkness lay,
In sin and error's deadly shade,
Have seen a glorious gospel day
In Jesu's lovely face displayed.

Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,
And bared thine arm in all our sight,
Hast made the reprobates thine own
And claimed the outcasts as thy right.

Thy single arm, Almighty Lord,
To us the great Salvation brought,
Thy Word, thine all-creating Word,
That spake at first the World from nought.

For this the saints lift up their voice,
And ceaseless praise to Thee is given;
For this the hosts above rejoice:
We raise the happiness of heaven.

For this, no longer sons of night,
To Thee our thanks and hearts we give;
To Thee, who called us into light,
To Thee we die, to Thee we live.

Suffice that for the season past
Hell's horrid language filled our tongues,
We all thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sung the drunkard's songs.

But O the power of Grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise,
Loudly in strange Hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise.

Praise God, from whom pure blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

¹ When Whitefield preached to these colliers, he said, "The first discovery of their being affected was to see the white gutters made by their tears, which fell plentifully down their black cheeks as they came from their coalpits."

And this is a hymn of Wesley's

ON THE ADMISSION OF ANY PERSON INTO THE
SOCIETY.

Brother in Christ, and well beloved,
To Jesus and his servants dear,
Enter and shew thyself approved,
Enter, and find that God is here.

'Scaped from the World, redeemed from sin,
By fiends pursued, by men abhorred,
Come in, poor fugitive, come in,
And share the portion of thy Lord.

Welcome from Earth!—Lo, the right hand
Of fellowship to thee we give;
With open arms and hearts we stand,
And thee in Jesus' name receive.

Say, is thy heart resolved as ours?
Then let it burn with sacred love;
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,
Partaker of the joys above.

Jesu attend; Thyself reveal!
Are we not met in thy great Name?
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

Thou God, who answerest by fire,
The spirit of burning now impart,
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

Truly our fellowship below
With Thee and with our Father is:
In Thee eternal life we know
And Heaven's unutterable bliss.

In part we only know Thee here,
But wait thy coming from above,—
And I shall then behold Thee near,
And I shall all be lost in love.

The following passages are from a tract by John Wesley, printed and published at Bristol in 1747, and sold for a penny, under the title of

THE CHARACTER OF A METHODIST.

To the Reader.

Since the name first came abroad into the world, many have been at a loss to know what a Methodist is: What are the Principles and Practice of those who are commonly called by that name; and what the distinguishing marks of this sect, which is everywhere spoken of?

And it being generally believed that I was able to give the clearest account of these things (as having been one of the first to whom that name was given, and the person by whom the rest were supposed to be directed), I have been called upon, in all manner of ways and with the utmost earnestness, so to do. I yield at last to the continued importunity, both of friends and enemies; and do now give the clearest account I can, in the presence of the Lord and Judge of Heaven and Earth, of the Principles and Practice whereby those who are called *Methodists* are distinguished from other men.

I say, those who are called Methodists; for let it be well observed, that this is not a name which they take to themselves, but one fixed upon them by way of reproach, without their approbation or consent. It was first given to three or four young men at Oxford by a student of Christchurch: either in allusion to the ancient sect of physicians so called (from their teaching that almost all diseases might be cured by a specific method of diet and exercise), or from their observing a more regular method of study and behaviour than was usual with those of their age and station.

I shall still rejoice (so little ambitious am I to be at the head of any sect or party) if the very name might never be mentioned more, but be buried in eternal oblivion. But if that cannot be, at least let those who will use it know the meaning of the word they use. Let us not always be fighting in the dark. Come, and let us look one another in the face. And perhaps some of you who hate what I am called, may love what I am (by the Grace of God): or, rather what I follow after, if that I apprehend that for which I am also apprehended of Christ Jesus.

1. The distinguishing marks of a Methodist are not his opinions of any sort. His assenting to this or that scheme of religion, his embracing any particular set of notions, his espousing the judgment of one man or another, are all quite wide of the point. Whosoever, therefore, imagines that a Methodist is a man of such or such an opinion, is grossly ignorant of the whole affair; he mistakes the truth totally. We believe, indeed, that all Scripture is given by Inspiration of God; and herein we are distinguished from Jews, Turks, and infidels. We believe this written Word of God to be the only and sufficient Rule, both of Christian faith and practice; and herein we are fundamentally distinguished from those of the Romish Church. We believe Christ to be the Eternal Supreme God; and herein are we distinguished from the Socinians and Arians. But as to all opinions which do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think. So that whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist.

2. Neither are Words or Phrases of any sort. We do not place our Religion, or any part of it, in being attached to any peculiar mode of speaking, any quaint or uncommon set of expressions. The most obvious, easy, common words wherein our meaning can be conveyed, we prefer before others both on ordinary occasions and when we speak of the things of God. We never, therefore, willingly or designedly deviate from the most usual way of speaking, unless when we express Scripture truths in Scripture words (which, we presume, no Christian will condemn). Neither do we affect to use any particular expressions of Scripture more frequently than others, unless they are such as are more frequently used by the inspired writers themselves. So that it is as gross an error to place the marks of a Methodist in his Words as in his Opinions of any sort.

3. Nor do we desire to be distinguished by actions, customs, or usages of any indifferent nature. Our religion does not lie in doing what God has not enjoined, or abstaining from what He hath not forbidden. It does not lie in the form of our apparel, in the posture of our body, or the covering of our heads; nor yet in abstaining from marriage, nor from meat and drinks, which are all good if received with thanksgiving. Therefore, neither will any man, who knows whereof he affirms, fix the mark of a Methodist here; in any actions or customs purely indifferent, undetermined by the Word of God.

4. Nor, lastly, is he to be distinguished by laying the whole stress of religion upon any single part of it. If you say

"Yes, he is; for he thinks we are saved by faith alone," I answer, you do not understand the terms. By salvation, he means holiness of heart and life. And this he affirms to spring from true faith alone. Can even a nominal Christian deny it? Is this placing a part of religion for the whole? Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid! Yea, we establish the law. . . .

5. What then is the mark? Who is a Methodist, according to your own account? I answer: A Methodist is one who has the love of God in his heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto him; one who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and with all his strength. . . .

6. He is therefore happy in God, yea, always happy, as having in Him a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and overflowing his soul with peace and joy. . . . He rejoiceth, also, whenever he looks forward, in hope of the glory that shall be revealed. . . .

7. And he who hath this hope thus full of immortality, in everything giveth thanks, as knowing that this (whatsoever it is) is the will of God, in Christ Jesus, concerning him. From Him, therefore, he cheerfully receives all, saying, Good is the will of the Lord, and whether the Lord giveth or taketh away, equally blessing the name of the Lord. . . .

8. For, indeed, he prays without ceasing. It is given him always to pray and not to faint. Not that he is always in a house of prayer, though he neglects no opportunity of being there. Neither is he always on his knees, although he often is, or on his face, before the Lord his God. Nor yet is he always crying aloud to God, or calling upon Him in words; for many times the Spirit maketh intercession for him with groans that cannot be uttered; but at all times the language of his heart is this: Thou brightness of the eternal glory, unto Thee is my mouth, though without a voice, and my silence speaketh to Thee. . . .

9. And while he thus always exercises his love to God by prayer without ceasing, rejoicing evermore, and in everything giving thanks, this commandment is written in his heart: that he who loveth God love his brother also; and he accordingly loves his neighbour as himself; he loves every man as his own soul. . . .

10. For he is pure in heart. The love of God has purified his heart from all revengeful passions, from envy, malice, and wrath, from every unkind temper or malign affection; it hath cleansed him from contention. . . . For all his desire is unto God, and to the remembrance of His name.

11. Agreeable to this, his one desire is the one design of his life, namely, not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him. . . .

12. And the tree is known by its fruit; for as he loves God, so he keeps His commandments. . . . It is his daily crown of rejoicing to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven. . . .

13. Whatsoever he doth, it is all to the glory of God. . . . Nor do the customs of this world hinder his running the race which is set before him. He knows that vice does not lose its nature, though it become ever so fashionable; and remembers that every man is to give an account of himself to God. He cannot, therefore, even follow a multitude to do evil; he cannot fare sumptuously every day, or make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof. He cannot lay up treasures upon earth, no more than he can take fire into his bosom. He cannot adorn himself on any pretence with gold or costly apparel. He cannot join in or countenance any diversion which has the least tendency to vice of any kind. He cannot speak evil of his neighbour, no more than he can lie, either for God or man. He cannot utter an unkind word of any

one; for love keeps the door of his lips. He cannot speak idle words; no corrupt communication ever comes out of his mouth. . . .

Lastly, as he has time, he does good unto all men, unto neighbours and strangers, friends and enemies, and that in every possible kind. . . .

These are the principles and practices of our sect; these are the marks of a true Methodist. By these alone do those who are in derision so called desire to be distinguished from other men. If any man say, "Why, these are only the common fundamental principles of Christianity!" thou hast said: so I mean; this is the very truth, I know they are no other; and I would to God both thou and all men knew that I and all who follow my judgment do vehemently refuse to be distinguished from other men by any but the common principles of Christianity. . . . By these marks, by these fruits of a living faith, do we labour to distinguish ourselves from the unbelieving world, from all those whose minds or lives are not according to the Gospel of Christ. But from real Christians, of whatsoever denomination they be, we earnestly desire not to be distinguished at all, nor from any who sincerely follow after what they know they have not yet attained.

George Whitefield having established in 1740 his Orphan House at Savannah, under the name of Bethesda, made another tour in America, and returned to England in March, 1741. He then began to form societies of Calvinistic Methodists, his separation from Wesley having been occasioned by Wesley's rejection of the doctrine of predestination in its Calvinistic form. Wesley inclined rather to the views of Harmensen.¹ The first meeting-houses



GEORGE WHITEFIELD.
From the Portrait before his Works published in 1771.

built for the societies that Whitefield founded were the Tabernacles in Moorfields and Tottenham Court road. Continuing his work as an itinerant preacher, Whitefield founded societies in many parts of Eng-

¹ See Note 1, page 263.

land and Scotland. In 1742 he visited Wales, which is still a stronghold of his followers. At Abergavenny he married a Welsh lady, a widow, who died in 1768. The marriage was unhappy.

At the age of forty-one Charles Wesley was married happily in Brecknockshire to Miss Sarah Gwynne. John married, about 1750, a widow with four children and a fortune, which he caused to be settled on herself. This lady plagued Wesley for twenty years with violent and causeless jealousy, and then abruptly left him. She lived ten years after the separation.

Between 1744 and 1748 Whitefield was again absent on a visit to America. He then became chaplain to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. Before his return from a seventh visit to America, George Whitefield died, twenty years before John Wesley, of an asthmatic attack, at Boston, in 1770.

John Wesley died on the 2nd of March, 1791, in the sixty-fifth year of his ministry, and eighty-eighth year of his age. During more than fifty years that he had spent in carrying his influence for good from place to place, he travelled about four thousand five hundred miles a year, chiefly on horseback. He had also for more than fifty years preached two, three, or four sermons a day, that is to say, more than forty thousand during his ministry; and he left behind him an organised religious society of 550 itinerant preachers and 140,000 members, in the United Kingdom and America.

Pope's "Essay on Man,"¹ Butler's "Analogy," and Wesley's preaching, all arose out of the reaction against stagnant religion, and the scepticism which had that for one of its sources. Wesley's success was due to the living power of an intense faith brought directly into contact with large masses of the people. His plea for lives that really worked out into actions the essential duties of a Christian had not only its hundred and forty thousand answers from men who understood and felt this direct way of bringing the Bible home to them, but among thousands of those who disapproved of Wesley's teaching, by the image of a living faith that he upheld with enthusiasm unabated during half a century of public work, religious life insensibly was quickened.

"The Ruins of Rome," by the Rev. John Dyer, whose "Grongar Hill" had been published in 1726, appeared about the time when Wesley began to preach, and three or four years after the "Essay on Man" and Butler's "Analogy." The date is 1740, and its quiet, religious spirit represents culture and taste thoughtfully spent upon reflection on the transitory glories of the world. John Dyer, who earlier in life had trained himself for a career in art, and visited Rome, sketched with his pencil what he better illustrated with his pen at a time when he was about to enter the Church as a clergyman. He began in 1740, at Calthorp, in Lincolnshire, with a living of £80 a year. For ten years he had no better income, and at his richest, Dyer received from two livings only £250 a year. The following lines contain the main thought of his poem:—

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pp. 368-70.



RUINS OF ROME.

From the Illustration in Dyer's Poems (1761).

RUINS OF ROME.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies;²
And there the temple, where the summon'd state
In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours, Ambition sinks her crest,
And lo the villain, like a troubled sea
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
Shall Treason walk? shall proud Oppression yoke
The neck of Virtue? Lo the wretch, abashed,
Self-betray'd Catiline!

O Liberty,
Parent of Happiness, celestial born;
When the first man became a living soul,
His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
With her, secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosom kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs:
In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone

² Compare line 51 of "Grongar Hill":—

"Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires."

Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.

Inestimable good! who giv'st us Truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,
Array'd in ev'ry charm: whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hailed of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchancing Greece,
Whose num'rous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
Rejoiced around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And planned imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Reared up her tow'ry battlements in strength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
And thine those piles undecked, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Dispensed her timely succours to the poor.
Thine too those musically-falling founts
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever; while from yon blue hills
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figured rocks, in murmuring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit. More late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanced to rise,
When impious tyranny vouchsafed to smile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleamed the field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rushed emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the steed; or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads and distant feet;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they formed
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches, all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verged, the solemn paths of Fame:
Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have rolled, so many storms of war;
So many pomps; so many wond'ring realms:
Yet still thro' mountains pierc'd, o'er valleys rais'd,
In even state to distant seas around

They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the trust of power
Was honest, the delight of human kind.
Three nodding aisles remain; the rest an heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now concealed, entombed
By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
The Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crowned
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides
The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turn abroad,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast, abroad,
Like Sybil's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoiced, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls,
Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumbered, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowdon's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round.
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough steep.
Its hero to the skies; and his dark tower
Whose execrable hand the city fired,
And while the dreadful conflagration blazed,
Played to the flames; and Phoebus' lettered dome;
And the rough reliques of Carine's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
There piped the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When the humble roof Anchises' son explored
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
Amid the thickets. So revolves the scene;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where the insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies.
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently wakening call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,

Here, where on the throne of ruins lie,
 While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
 How comes thy diapason, Melancholy?
 O'er the winding cunies, the setting sun displays
 The wide green round between yon towers,
 As through two shady cliffs: away, my Muse,
 Though yet the prospect pleases, over new
 In vast variety, and yet delight
 The many-figured sculptures of the path
 Half beautiful, half effaced. The traveller
 Such antique marbles to his native land
 Oft hence conveys: and every realm and state
 With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
 Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
 Yet mine we not th' innumerable thefts,
 Yet still profane of graces teems the waste.

Sadly it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
 With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
 Of Mæor's humble tenement: a low
 Plain wall remains: a little sun-gilt heap,
 Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
 Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
 Their an'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
 Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
 Here let him lie, with pleasing fancy soothed:
 Here flowed his fountain; here his laurels grew;
 Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard,
 Framed the celestial song, or social walked
 With Horace and the ruler of the world.
 Happy Augustus! who so well inspired
 Couldst throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
 Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
 And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
 Auspicious to the Muses! Then revered,
 Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
 Or open mountain, or whatever scene
 The poet chose to tune the ennobling rime
 Melodious; e'en the rugged sons of war,
 E'en the rude hinds revered the poet's name:
 But now—another age, alas! is ours.
 Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
 Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
 Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
 And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
 The thirsty pilgrim at the fountains asks
 The o'erflowing wave. Enough—the plaint disdain.

Dr. Edward Young, who took orders in 1727, and became chaplain to George II., was presented by his college, in 1730, to the rectory of Welwyn, Herts, and married, in 1731, Lady Elizabeth Lee, the daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. Young's wife had, by her former marriage, a daughter, who was married, in 1735, to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston. She died at Lyons, of consumption, when on the way to Nice for warmer climate, in the following year, 1736. Young was with her at the time; as he says in the "Night Thoughts":

"I flew, I snatched her from the rigid north,
 And bore her nearer to the sun."

This step-daughter is the Narcissa of the third book of Young's "Night Thoughts." The Philander

of the poem is her husband, Mr. Temple, to Dr. Young was warmly attached, and who, marrying again, died in 1740. The poet's Lady Elizabeth, followed in 1741, and these deaths were the occasion of the "Night Thoughts," "Life, Death, and Immortality." Of the nine books, eight are headed "The Complaint," and the ninth "The Consolation." Thus the whole poem opens

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
 He, like the world, his ready visit pays
 Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes
 Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
 And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
 I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
 Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
 I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
 Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
 From wave to wave of fancied misery
 At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
 Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
 (A bitter change!) severer for severe:
 The day too short, for my distress! and Night,
 Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
 Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebony throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world:
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound
 Nor eye, nor listening ear an object finds:
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
 An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled;
 Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
 From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
 To reason, and on reason build resolve
 (That column of true majesty in man),
 Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
 The grave, your kingdom: there this frame shall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye?—Thou, who didst put to flight
 Primeval silence, when the morning stars
 Exulted, shouted o'er the rising ball;
 O Thou! whose Word from solid darkness struck
 That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my soul
 My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe),
 Lead it through various scenes of life and death
 And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
 Teach my best reason, reason; my best will,
 Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears.
 Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, poured
 On this devoted head, be poured in vain.

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 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,

Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
 While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
 How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
 Cool evening comes; the setting sun displays
 His visible great round between yon towers,
 As through two shady cliffs; away, my Muse,
 Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
 In vast variety, and yet delight
 The many-figured sculptures of the path
 Half beauteous, half effaced. The traveller
 Such antique marbles to his native land
 Oft hence conveys; and every realm and state
 With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
 Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
 Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
 Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.
 Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
 With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
 Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
 Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
 Grotesque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
 Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
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 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,

I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? with the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done? my hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity, how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man?
How passing wonder He, who made him such?
Who centred in our make such strange extremes?
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorbent!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm!—a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarmed!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave:
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my Soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields! or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod:
Active, ærial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day:
For human weal Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance. The reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

All through our lives we look towards a future:—

All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage; when young, indeed,
In full content, we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves: and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan:
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves: then dies the same.

And why? because he thinks himself immortal:
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found:
As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Even with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange;
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

Memory of Philander animates the thoughts of
Night the Second, on Time, Death, and Friendship.
Night the Third dwells on Narcissa's memory. The
subject of the Fourth Night is the Christian Triumph
over Death:—

Oh, ye cold-hearted, frozen formalists!
On such a theme 'tis impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, here!
Shall Heaven, which gave us ardour, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm phrase?
Rise odours sweet from incense uninfamed?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven,
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heaven's orchestra chaunts Amen to man.

The theme of the Fifth Night is the Relapse into
grief:—

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where grief detained me prisoner, mounting high
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And called mankind to glory, shook off pain,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure,
And struck the stars: now feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledged with flaxen wings,
In sorrow drowned—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourned!
I dive for precious pearl in sorrow's stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves;
Takes all the torment and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives Heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

The Sixth and Seventh Nights of the poem dwell in two parts on the nature, proof, and importance of Immortality, under the title of "The Infidel Reclaimed." The poem here rises to the consequences of Man's Immortality; and the Eighth Night has for its theme "Virtue's Apology, or the Man of the World Answered; in which are considered the Love of This Life, the Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom, of the World:—"

And has all nature, then, espoused my part?
Have I bribed heaven, and earth, to plead against thee?
And is thy soul immortal?—what remains?
All, all, Lorenzo!—make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals!—what can shock us more?
And yet, Lorenzo still affects the world;
There stows his treasure; thence his title draws,
Man of the World! (for such wouldst thou be called:)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days, and Christian;—in an age,
When men were men, and not ashamed of Heav'n,
Fired their ambition, as it crowned their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

The "Night Thoughts" are, in fact, only another form of the reply to failing faith; and though their tone is not that of a deep enthusiasm, they have a manifest affinity to other forms of the religious reasoning and feeling of their day. Lines like these might express thoughts of Wesley:—

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here:
Such angels all, entitled to repose
On Him who governs fate. Though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n:
Hence, are they studious of sequestered scenes;
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blessed,
But it composed, and gave him such a cast
As folly might mistake for want of joy.
A cast unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation swelling high;
Which, like land floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

The Ninth and Last Night, the "Consolation," is

occupied with contemplation of God in the visible heavens, and of man as part of the great harmony:—

Amidst my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost, "That my heart has bled."
'Tis Heaven's last effort of good-will to man;
When pain can't bless, Heaven quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart:
Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.
May Heav'n ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and make it safe to smile!
Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
My change of heart a change of style demands;
The Consolation cancels the Complaint.
And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-laboured, and inclined to breathe,
A panting traveller, some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gained, he turns him round,
And measures with his eye the various vale,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers he has past;
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endeared by distance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
The Muse has gained, review the paths she trod;
Various, extensive, beaten but by few;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,
Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme.
Through many a field of moral, and divine,
The Muse has strayed; and much of sorrow seen
In human ways; and much of false and vain:
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss
O'er friends deceased full heartily she wept;
Of love divine the wonders she displayed;
Proved man immortal; showed the source of joy;
The grand tribunal raised; assigned the bounds
Of human grief: in few, to close the whole,
The moral muse has shadowed out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael stroke,
Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,
In this our land of travel, and of hope,
For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.

What then remains?—Much, much! a mighty debt
To be discharged: these thoughts, O Night! are thine
From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So, Cynthia (poets feign)
In shadows veiled, soft-sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less,
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence!—Where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres,
To soothe their goddess?

These are the closing lines of the "Night Thoughts:—"

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has out-winged,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,

Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes?
'Tis pride to praise her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when Heaven's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
And just are all, determined to reclaim;
Which sets that title high, within thy reach.
Awake, then; thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entombed;
And midnight, universal midnight, reigns.

A poem on "The Grave," by Robert Blair, cousin of Hugh Blair, who wrote upon Rhetoric, was produced at the same time as the "Night Thoughts," with like purpose, and published in 1743. Its author was minister of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian, and was succeeded in that ministry by John Home, author of the play of "Douglas." Blair's "Grave" was as popular as the "Night Thoughts," and went in a few years through eight editions. Those dead forms of the time, which provoked many an effort to revive the soul within them, or to sweep them away and replace them with a young vigorous life, produced a gloom, often passing into sickness of mind, that is manifest in life and literature during the half century before the French Revolution. There was an appetite for sombre thought, and among Englishmen of genius more of insanity, or of a state of mind that bordered on insanity, than at any time before or since. Young failed to describe in cheerful notes religious cheerfulness; and Blair, however healthy his desire to paint death as the gate of life, is very conscious of the churchyard gloom, although he may not share the instinct he thus paints:—

The wind is up. Hark, how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rocked in the spire, screams loud.
Quite round the pile a row of reverend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged show,
Long lashed by the rude winds; some rift half down
Their branchless trunks: others so thin at top
That scarce two crows can lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happened here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again and walked about;
And the great bell has tolled, unring, untouched.
Oft in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
With nettles skirted and with moss o'ergrown,
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts; and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something passing at his heels.

Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him
Till, out of breath, he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition.

William Collins, who died insane in 1759, published his Odes in 1747, at the age of six-and-twenty. When, in April, 1746, the rising of '45 in Scotland for the young Pretender was crushed on Culloden Moor, and cruel executions for rebellion followed, with the disembowelling of victims and the burning of their hearts, Collins expressed sympathy for the fellow-countrymen fallen in battle, and desire for mercy to the vanquished, in two of his Odes.

ODE,

Written in the beginning of the year 1746.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes bless'd?
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!

ODE TO MERCY.

Strophe.

O thou, who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's armed and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best adored;
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By god-like chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth, who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierced with many a wound.

Antistrophe.

When he whom even our joys provoke,
The fiend of nature joined his yoke,
And rushed in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopped his wheels, and looked his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to salvage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower
To thee we build a roseate bower; [throne!
Thou, thou shalt rule, our Queen, and share our monarch's

Samuel Johnson, after publishing, in 1749

Vanity of Human Wishes,"¹ began, on the 20th of March, 1750, the *Rambler*, a series of essays in the form established by the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, but in spirit and substance all his own. It was continued every Tuesday and Saturday until the 17th of March, 1752, when the approaching death of his wife disabled him for work. She died eleven days afterwards. The English of the *Rambler* represents that earlier manner of his in which Johnson developed to its utmost the theory of style then dominant. He was not the founder of the custom of employing long words, Latin in origin, constructing periods and balanced sentences, avoiding the familiarities of speech as low. That writers should do so was the doctrine of the day, established by the ascendancy of a French criticism born in artificial times. In the *Rambler* Johnson only pushed the current doctrine as to style to its legitimate conclusion. As the times changed he grew with them, and the prose of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," written late in life, was as distinctly prose of 1780 as the *Rambler* was the prose of a date thirty years earlier. But at no period of Samuel Johnson's life was his sincerity affected by the part of the vocabulary from which he drew his language: whether long or short as to their syllables, his words as to their meaning were measured to his thought with a conscientious desire



SAMUEL JOHNSON. (From a Portrait by Reynolds, 1766.)

for truth. He prayed before writing; and although so unlike Milton in tendencies of thought that he failed in an endeavour thoroughly to understand him, there is perhaps not another man in literature of whom it is so evident that, like Milton, he endeavoured to "do all as in his great Taskmaster's eye." This was Johnson's prayer before he began the *Rambler* :—

PRAYER ON THE "RAMBLER."

Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose help all labour is ineffectual, and without whose grace all

wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech Thee, that in this my undertaking, thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation both of myself and others; grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

The concern of the *Rambler* is with the true wisdom of life. Its essays reproduce, with a grave kindness and scholarly variety of thought, the essentials of Christian duty. All that he saw in the world concerned Johnson only as it touched the life of man. Two Christmas Days occurred during the issue of this series of essays. The first fell on a Tuesday, one of his publishing days, and the theme of that essay was a practical discussion of Christ's doctrine, "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them." "Of the divine Author of our religion," he said in that essay, "it is impossible to peruse the evangelical histories without observing how little he favoured the vanity of inquisitiveness, how much more rarely he condescended to satisfy curiosity than to relieve distress, and how much he desired that his followers should rather excel in goodness than in knowledge."

In the following year his Tuesday *Rambler* appeared on the day before Christmas Day, and his topic then was

THE FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

No vicious dispositions of the mind more obstinately resist both the counsels of philosophy and the injunctions of religion, than those which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot dismiss without leaving in the hands of opposition some advantage iniquitously obtained, or suffering from our own prejudices some imputation of partiality.

For this reason scarcely any law of our Redeemer is more openly transgressed, or more industriously evaded, than that by which He commands His followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits, under the sanction of eternal misery, the gratification of the desire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat pride, and pursue offence to extremity of vengeance, lest they should be insulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become Him whose birth peace was proclaimed to the earth. For that would so soon destroy all the order of society, and deliver life with violence and ravage, as a permission to every one to judge his own cause, and to apportion his own recompense for imagined injuries?

It is difficult for a man of the strictest justice not to treat himself too much in the calmest moments of solitary meditation. Every one wishes for the distinctions for which themselves are wishing at the same time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reason operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of self-love, justify himself to his fellow-beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his passions are agitated by a sense of wrong, and his attention wholly engrossed by pain, interest, or danger. Whoever arrogates to himself the right of vengeance shows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, since he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured, or however provoked, some must at last be contented to forgive.

¹ See "Shorter English Poems," pages 375—8.

For it can never be hoped that he who first commits an injury will contentedly acquiesce in the penalty required: the same haughtiness of contempt or vehemence of desire that prompt the act of injustice, will more strongly incite its justification; and resentment can never so exactly balance the punishment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his first action will think himself entitled to retaliate. What then can ensue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguishable feud, an incessant reciprocation of mischief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerness to destroy?

Since, then, the imaginary right of vengeance must be at last remitted, because it is impossible to live in perpetual hostility, and equally impossible that, of two enemies, either should first think himself obliged by justice to submission, it is surely eligible to forgive early. Every passion is more easily subdued before it has been long accustomed to possession of the heart; every idea is obliterated with less difficulty, as it has been more slightly impressed, and less frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleased himself with schemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied supplications of humbled enmity, will not easily open his bosom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle sentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is easiest to forgive while there is yet little to be forgiven. A single injury may be soon dismissed from the memory; but a long succession of ill offices by degrees associates itself with every idea: a long contest involves so many circumstances, that every place and action will recall it to the mind, and fresh remembrance of vexation must still enkindle rage and irritate revenge.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity, a combination of a passion which all endeavour to avoid with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage; whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin; whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence. We cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquillity and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by the fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an igno-

rant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but from insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers or advantage; a continual reference of every action to the Divine will; an habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men, of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they never have examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence; he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal Sovereign, has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind. Whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended, and to him that refuses to practise it the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

These are three prayers by Johnson:—

ON THE DEATH OF MY WIFE.

April 24, 1752.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who lovest those whom Thou punishest, and turnest away thy anger from the penitent, look down with pity upon my sorrows, and grant that the affliction which it has pleased Thee to bring upon me may awaken my conscience, enforce my resolutions of a better life, and impress upon me such conviction of thy power and goodness, that I may place in Thee my only felicity, and endeavour to please Thee in all my thoughts, words, and actions. Grant, O Lord, that I may not languish in fruitless and unavailing sorrow, but that I may consider from whose hand all good and evil is received, and may remember that I am punished for my sins, and hope for comfort only by repentance. Grant, O merciful God, that by the assistance of thy Holy Spirit I may repent, and be comforted, obtain that peace which the world cannot give, pass the residue of my life in humble resignation and cheerful obedience; and when it shall please Thee to call me from this mortal state, resign myself into Thy hands with faith and confidence, and finally obtain mercy and everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

April 25, 1752.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, almighty and most merciful God, in whose hands are life and death, who givest and takest away, castest down and raisest up, look with mercy on the affliction of thy unworthy servant, turn away thine anger from me, and speak peace to my troubled soul. Grant me the assistance and comfort of thy Holy Spirit, that I may remember with thankfulness the blessings so long enjoyed by me in the society of my departed wife; make me so to think on her precepts and example, that I may imitate whatever was in her life acceptable in thy sight, and avoid all by which she offended Thee. Forgive me, O merciful Lord, all my sins, and enable me to begin and perfect that reformation which I promised her, and to persevere in that resolution, which she implored Thee to continue, in the purposes which I recorded in thy sight, when she lay dead before me, in obedience to thy laws, and faith in thy word. And now, O Lord, release me from my sorrow, fill me with just hopes, true faith, and holy consolations, and enable me to do my duty in that state of life to which Thou hast been pleased to call me, without disturbance from fruitless grief, or tumultuous imaginations; that in all my thoughts, words, and actions, I may glorify thy Holy Name, and finally obtain, what I hope Thou hast granted to thy departed servant, everlasting joy and felicity, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

May 6, 1752.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, without whom all purposes are frustrate, all efforts are vain, grant me the assistance of thy Holy Spirit, that I may not sorrow as one without hope, but may now return to the duties of my present state with humble confidence in thy protection, and so govern my thoughts and actions, that neither business may withdraw my mind from Thee, nor idleness lay me open to vain imaginations; that neither praise may fill me with pride, nor censure with discontent; but that in the changes of this life, I may fix my heart upon the reward which Thou hast promised to them that serve Thee, and that whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are just, whatever are pure, whatever are lovely, whatever are of good report, wherein there is virtue, wherein there is praise, I may think upon and do, and obtain mercy and everlasting happiness. Grant this, O Lord, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Our Father, &c.—The grace, &c.

May 6.—I used this service, written April 24, 25, May 6, as preparatory to my return to life to-morrow.

The following note, made eighteen years later, on the anniversary of her death, represents Johnson's life-long fidelity to his wife's memory:—

Wednesday, March 28, 1770.

This is the day on which, in 1752, I was deprived of poor dear Tetty. Having left off the practice of thinking on her with some particular combinations, I have recalled her to my mind of late less frequently; but when I recollect the time in which we lived together, my grief for her departure has not abated; and I have less pleasure in any good that befalls me, because she does not partake it. On many occasions, I think what she would have said or done. When I saw the sea at Brighthelmstone, I wished for her to have seen it with me. But with respect to her, no rational wish is now left, but that we may meet at last where the mercy of God shall make

us happy, and perhaps make us instrumental to the happiness of each other. It is now eighteen years.

After his wife's death, in March, 1752, Johnson had still the care of his old mother at Lichfield. In 1755, when his age was forty, his Dictionary was published, and for the good of its title-page, to satisfy the booksellers, a degree of M.A. was now given to him by Oxford, and Dublin made him LL.D. From that date he was "Dr. Johnson" to his friends. In April, 1758, he began, under the name of "The Idler," a series of weekly essays in the *Universal Chronicle*. In January, 1759, his mother died, at the age of ninety. This was his prayer:—

Jan. 23.

The day on which my dear Mother was buried.

Almighty God, merciful Father, in whose hands are life and death, sanctify unto me the sorrow which I now feel. Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and whatever I have omitted to do kindly. Make me to remember her good precepts and good example, and to reform my life according to thy Holy Word, that I may lose no more opportunities of good. I am sorrowful, O Lord; let not my sorrow be without fruit. Let it be followed by holy resolutions, and lasting amendment, that when I shall die like my mother, I may be received to everlasting life.

I commend, O Lord, so far as it may be lawful, into thy hands, the soul of my departed mother, beseeching Thee to grant her whatever is most beneficial to her in her present state.

O Lord, grant me Thy Holy Spirit, and have mercy upon me, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

And, O Lord, grant unto me that am now about to return to the common comforts and business of the world, such moderation in all enjoyments, such diligence in honest labour, and such purity of mind, that, amidst the changes, miseries, or pleasures of life, I may keep my mind fixed upon Thee, and improve every day in grace, till I shall be received into thy kingdom of eternal happiness.

Johnson was poor, and to pay for his mother's funeral, and clear the little debt she left behind her, he wrote, in the spring of 1759, his tale of "Rasselas," which has been called a "Vanity of Human Wishes" in prose.

The worth of Samuel Johnson had made him, though poor and ungainly, a power in literature, and in society his outward roughness of manner could not hide from any who came near to him the real tenderness of his nature. Indignant at the prevalent corruption, he had defined a "pension" in his Dictionary as "an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England, it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country." And he had defined "Pensioner" as "a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master." But to friends of Johnson his poverty seemed a reproach to the country he had served, and interest was made, without his knowledge, that secured for him in 1762 a pension of £300. It was a difficult duty to break this news to him. After a pause of deep thought, he recalled his definition of a pensioner, and was told that "he, at least, did not come under it." He then deferred his answer for

a day. Next day he accepted the pension, and the use he made of it showed what had been the current of his thought. He had felt in his earlier career the hard gripe of poverty, and had not been soured by his experience. It made him compassionate to others in like strait. No man, said one who knew him, loved the poor like Dr. Johnson. His own personal expenses did not reach £100 a year, but his house in Bolt Court after the receipt of the pension became a home for as many helpless as he could support and aid. In the garret was Robert Levet, who had been waiter at a French coffee-house, and had become a poor surgeon to the poor. He was unable to help himself, when Johnson became his friend, and gave him a share of his home, with freedom to exercise his art freely in aid of the poor. Levet was Johnson's companion at breakfast, lived with him for thirty years, and died under his sheltering care, never allowed to think of himself as a poor dependent, never so regarded by true-hearted Samuel Johnson. When he died, Johnson, who himself drew near his end and saw friend after friend passing away, thus tenderly recalled the memory of poor Robert Levet:—

ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVET.

Condemned to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind;
Nor lettered arrogance deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,
And hovering death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy displayed
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,
No petty gain disdained by pride;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal master found
The single talent well employed.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Tho' now his eightieth year was nigh.

Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forced his soul the nearest way.

On the ground-floor of his house in Bolt Court, Johnson provided a room for Anne Williams, who had been a friend of his wife's. She was blind. When Johnson's wife was alive and they lived in Gough Square, Miss Williams, the daughter of an old Welsh doctor, came to London for an operation on her eyes, and stayed with the Johnsons. The result was complete blindness, and Johnson's active compassion. For thirty years he stood between her and all worldly distress. She scolded and stuttered, but had a cultivated mind. Her temper was so bad that Johnson bribed the maid to bear it patiently with an extra half-crown a week. He himself bore it without thinking it a trial, and said of Anne Williams after her death, "Had she possessed good humour and prompt elocution, her universal curiosity and comprehensive knowledge would have made her the delight of all who knew her."

Dr. Samuel Swinfen, who had lodged with Johnson's father at Lichfield, had been the godfather from whom Johnson took his Christian name, and had been kind to him in his youth. Dr. Swinfen's daughter, having married Mr. Desmoulins, a writing-master, who died, became a widow struck with poverty; and to her also, in her affliction, Dr. Johnson held out a helping hand. He drew her into his ark at Bolt Court, gave her a home and half-a-guinea a week, and listened benignly to her quarrels with Miss Williams and Robert Levet. There was a Miss Carmichael also sheltered, and a negro Frank.

Though a stout Tory on the religious side of his nature, for with intense feeling of the need of religion he was sensitive to every cry of danger to the Church, a sturdy sense of independence caused his reverence for authority to be all subordinated to his highest reverence for the authority of Christ. All men were brethren to him, and his abhorrence of negro slavery caused him to startle a company in which he was, when asked for a toast, by drinking "To the next insurrection of the negroes." Johnson's friend, Dr. Bathurst, had indulged in a negro boy footman, Frank, whom he became too poor to retain. Johnson took him, nominally as his black servant, actually as his black friend. He would show that the despised negro had a soul within him; sent Frank to school, wrote to him as "Dear Francis," and signed himself "affectionately yours." When he was older, Frank was seized one day by the press-gang, and with extreme anxiety Johnson used all energies to secure his recovery.

Not one of these companions was allowed to feel dependence; most of them had soured tempers, and they quarrelled with one another, but each felt the whole sweetness of Johnson's nature. When he was asked why he bore with them so quietly, his answer was, "If I did not shelter them no one else would, and they would be lost for want." There was another "pensioner" in his household, the cat. He observed that she liked oysters, and he would go out himself to buy them for her, best of

servants were put to the trouble they should grudge the cat her enjoyments, dislike her, and use her ill.

When Johnson took his walk in Fleet Street, he found his way into sad homes of distress which had been made known to him by Levet, or found by his own kind eyes. He visited the sick and the sad, helped them, and interceded for them with his friends. He always carried small change in his pocket for the beggars; and if told that they would only spend it upon gin, thought it not wonderful that they should be driven even in that way to take the bitterness of life out of their mouths. He was slow to blame those who were tried by adversity. He himself had been tried sorely, and had risen nobly above every degrading influence; but he knew what trial meant, and he wrote from his heart at the close of his life of Savage, "Those are no proper judges of his conduct, who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty; nor will any wise man presume to say, 'Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived or written better than Savage.'" When Johnson was himself sometimes in want of a dinner, after his first coming to London, he would slip pennies into the hands of ragged children asleep at night on the door-sills, that when they woke in the morning they might find the possibility of breakfast. One night he found a wretched and lost woman so lying, worn by sickness; carried her on his back to his own home; had her cared for until health was restored; and then found her an honest place in life. Thus it was that Samuel Johnson had learnt Christ.

A scrofulous constitution, that had from early life tended towards affection of the brain, made Johnson from youth onward dread insanity. The frequent accessions of involuntary melancholy, the twitches of his limbs, even his way of feeding, were physical, beyond his control, and noted by him as symptoms of a possible extinction of his reason. Of his eating he said to Boswell, "Madmen are all sensual in the lower stages of the distemper; they are eager for gratifications to soothe their minds, and divert their attention from the misery they suffer." For a large part of Johnson's life the manful struggle was against poverty without and disease within. When relieved of the pressure of poverty, there remained always the other battle. The health of a vital religion was sustained in him; and it is not improbable that this was the stay which kept his mind from failing. It cleared life of the irritation of small feuds. The wit-combat of conversation in which Johnson was eager, and through eagerness seemed overbearing, was a pleasure to him. It bred no resentments. If he gave offence, and thought he had been really rude, he would ask pardon, even with tears. If, after that, a grudge was shown to him, he paid no heed to it, feeling with Shakespeare's Valentine—

"Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased."

His rectitude also kept Johnson from vain repinings. The physical hypochondria he could not banish, but he could deny it aid from his own nature. "I hate

a complainer," he said; and he was intolerant of those complaints about small personal discomforts or privations that implied a want of thought for the distress of others. Mrs. Thrale, after a drought, once wished for rain to lay the dust. "I cannot bear," said Johnson to her, "when I know how many families will perish next winter from the scarcity of bread that the present dryness will occasion, to hear ladies sighing for showers only that their complexions may not suffer from the heat, or their cloth from the dust."

In 1765, Johnson wrote in his diary on Easter Day, "My memory grows confused, and I know not how the days pass over me. Good Lord, deliver me!" His Shakespeare appeared in that year, and in the next, aged fifty-eight, he was confined to his room for weeks together, and declared himself on the verge of insanity. In 1770, he published his first political pamphlet. In April, 1774, he lost a friend he loved by the death of Oliver Goldsmith. In 1777, when his age was sixty-nine, he was asked by a deputation from the booksellers to write lives of poets, to be prefixed to new editions of their works, and name his price. He asked only two hundred pounds. "But," said Boswell, "if they ask you to preface the works of a dunce, will you do it?"—"Yes, sir, and say that he was a dunce." In 1781, at the age of seventy-three, Johnson finished his "Lives of the Poets;" his chief thought about them was that he "hoped they had been penned in such a manner



SAMUEL JOHNSON. (From the Bust by Nollekens, 1781.)

as might tend to the promotion of piety." In 1782 Levet died. In 1783 Miss Williams died, and Johnson had a stroke of palsy. In 1784 he died himself, suffering much from dropsy.

This was Johnson's prayer on taking the sacrament for the last time in life, on Sunday, December 8, 1784, eight days before his death:—

Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate, for the last

time, the death of thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. Grant, O Lord, that my whole hope and confidence may be in his merits, and thy mercy; enforce and accept my imperfect repentance; make this commemoration available to the confirmation of my faith, the establishment of my hope, and the enlargement of my charity; and make the death of thy Son Jesus Christ effectual to my redemption. Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends; have mercy upon all men. Support me, by thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness, and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

To the last he strove anxiously to hold his reason firm. He turned his prayers into Latin for assurance that he still retained his faculties. When opium was given, he asked whether it would prolong life, because, if so, he was bound to take it. He was told that it was given only to assuage pain, and said, "Then I will take no more, for I wish to meet my God with an unclouded mind." On the 13th of December, 1784, he pronounced the words, "*Jam moriturus*" ("Now about to die"), and fell into a soft sleep; and in that sleep he died.

In the year of Johnson's death, William Cowper finished his poem of "The Task." Cowper was born in 1731, son of the Rev. John Cowper, rector of Great Berkhamstead, and chaplain to George II. After the death of his mother, when he was six years old, he had a sensitive boy's experience of school life; left Westminster School in 1748, and was articled to a solicitor. His leisure time was often spent at the house of an uncle in Southampton Row, and he was after a time half-engaged to Theodora, one of his cousins there. In the chambers he took in the Temple, at the age of twenty-one, the tendency to insanity presently began to show itself, and it always appeared in the form of religious despondency, with impulse to self-destruction. In an account of his early life written after 1765, he says:—

I was struck, not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits, as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached; the classics had no longer any charms for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it.

At length, I met with Herbert's poems; and, gothic and uncouth as they are, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and though I found not in them what I might have found—a cure for my malady—yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading him. At length, I was advised by a very near and dear relative to lay him aside, for he thought such an author more likely to nourish my disorder than to remove it.

In this state of mind I continued near a twelvemonth, when, having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer. Such is the rank our Redeemer holds in our esteem, that we never resort

to Him but in the last instance, when all creatures have failed to succour us! My hard heart was at length softened, and my stubborn knees brought to bow. I composed a set of prayers, and made frequent use of them. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to hear me.

A change of scene was recommended to me, and I embraced an opportunity of going with some friends to Southampton, where I spent several months. Soon after our arrival we walked to a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town. The morning was clear and calm, the sun shone bright upon the sea, and the country on the borders of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence, at the end of that arm of the sea which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was that on a sudden, as if another sun had been kindled that instant in the heavens, on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off; my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport, had I been alone. I must needs believe that nothing less than the Almighty fiat could have filled me with such inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but as it were with a flash of His life-giving countenance. I think I remember something like a glow of gratitude to the Father of mercies for this unexpected blessing, and that I ascribed it to His gracious acceptance of my prayers. But Satan and my own wicked heart quickly persuaded me that I was indebted for my deliverance to nothing but a change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place.

In 1754, when Cowper was called to the Bar, Theodora's father refused to sanction an engagement to his daughter.

Cowper had only a small post as Commissioner of Bankrupts, which provided him with £60 a year, and he was evidently unable to make way as a barrister. But a cousin, Major Cowper, offered him, in 1763, the offices of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords, and of Reading Clerk and Clerk of Committees, to which he had a right of presentation. Cowper tells the nervous anxieties with which he accepted the offer. He had said to a friend that if the Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords should die, he hoped to succeed him, and the recollection of this hope weighed on him as murder. There was opposition to the nomination, and Cowper was called upon to prove his fitness; preparation for this loaded him with misery. He went to Margate, and almost recovered health. He came back, had again to prepare himself, by acquiring knowledge of his duties, for some questioning upon them, and again his reason began to fail. Then there appeared that symptom of his insanity which afterwards became associated with it—a tendency to self-destruction. William Cowper himself thus recalled the painful experience:—

I considered life as my property, and therefore at my own disposal. Men of great name, I observed, had destroyed themselves, and the world still retained the profoundest respect for their memories. But above all, I was persuaded to believe that if the act were ever so unlawful, and even supposing Christianity to be true, my misery in hell itself would be more supportable.

I well recollect, too, that when I was about eleven years of age, my father desired me to read a vindication of self-

murder, and give him my sentiments upon the question. I did so, and argued against it. My father heard my reasons, and was silent, neither approving nor disapproving; from whence I inferred that he sided with the author against me; though, all the time, I believe the true motive for his conduct was that he wanted, if he could, to think favourably of the state of a departed friend, who had some years before destroyed himself, and whose death had struck him with the deepest affliction. But this solution of the matter never once occurred to me, and the circumstance now weighed mightily with me.

At this time I fell into company, at a chop-house, with an elderly, well-looking gentleman, whom I had often seen there before, but had never spoken to. He began the discourse, and talked much of the miseries he had suffered. This opened my heart to him: I freely and readily took part in the conversation. At length, self-murder became the topic; and in the result we agreed that the only reason why some men were content to drag on their sorrows with them to the grave, and others were not, was that the latter were endued with a certain indignant fortitude of spirit, teaching them to despise life, which the former wanted. Another person whom I met at a tavern told me that he had made up his mind about that matter, and had no doubt of his liberty to die as he saw convenient; though, by the way, the same person, who has suffered many and great afflictions since, is still alive. Thus were the emissaries of the throne of darkness let loose upon me. Blessed be the Lord, who has brought much good out of all this evil! This concurrence of sentiment in men of sense, unknown to each other, I considered as a satisfactory decision of the question, and determined to proceed accordingly.

One evening in November, 1763, as soon as it was dark, affecting as cheerful and unconcerned an air as possible, I went into an apothecary's shop, and asked for a half-ounce phial of laudanum. The man seemed to observe me narrowly; but if he did, I managed my voice and countenance so as to deceive him. The day that required my attendance at the bar of the House being not yet come, and about a week distant, I kept my bottle close in my side-pocket, resolved to use it when I should be convinced there was no other way of escaping. This, indeed, seemed evident already; but I was willing to allow myself every possible chance of that sort, and to protract the horrid execution of my purpose till the last moment. But Satan was impatient of delay.

The day before the period above mentioned arrived, being at Richards' coffee-house at breakfast, I read the newspaper, and in it a letter, which, the further I perused it, the more closely it engaged my attention. I cannot now recollect the purport of it; but before I had finished it, it appeared demonstratively true to me that it was a libel or satire upon me. The author appeared to be acquainted with my purpose of self-destruction, and to have written that letter on purpose to secure and hasten the execution of it. My mind, probably, at this time, began to be disordered. However it was, I was certainly given up to a strong delusion. I said within myself, "Your cruelty shall be gratified; you shall have your revenge." And flinging down the paper in a fit of strong passion, I rushed hastily out of the room, directing my steps towards the fields, where I intended to find some house to die in; or, if not, determined to poison myself in a ditch, when I should meet with one sufficiently retired.

Before I had walked a mile in the fields, a thought struck me that I might yet spare my life; that I had nothing to do but to sell what I had in the funds (which might be done in an hour), go on board a ship, and transport myself to France. There, when every other way of maintenance

should fail, I promised myself a comfortable asylum in some monastery, an acquisition easily made by changing my religion. Not a little pleased with this expedient, I returned to my chambers to pack up all that I could at so short a notice; but while I was looking over the portmanteau my mind changed again, and self-murder was recommended to me once more in all its advantages.

Not knowing where to poison myself—for I was liable to continual interruption in my chambers from my landlady and her husband—I laid aside that intention, and resolved upon drowning. For that purpose I immediately took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to the Tower Wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom-house Quay. It would be strange should I omit to observe here how I was continually hurried away from such places as were most favourable to my design, to others where it was almost impossible to execute it: from the fields, where it was improbable that anything should happen to prevent me, to the Custom-house Quay, where everything of that kind was to be expected; and this by a sudden impulse, which lasted just long enough to call me back to my chambers, and which was then immediately withdrawn. Nothing ever appeared more feasible than the project of going to France, till it had served its purpose, and then, in an instant, it appeared impracticable and absurd even to a degree of ridicule.

My life, which I had called my own, and claimed as a right to dispose of, was kept for me by Him whose property indeed it was, and who alone had a right to dispose of it. This is not the only occasion on which it is proper to make this remark; others will offer themselves in the course of this narrative so fairly that the reader cannot overlook them.

I left the coach upon the Tower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon coming to the quay I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned to the coach, and ordered the man to drive back again to the Temple. I drew up the shutters, once more had recourse to the laudanum, and determined to drink it off directly; but God had otherwise ordained. A conflict that shook me to pieces suddenly took place; not properly a trembling, but a convulsive agitation, which deprived me in a manner of the use of my limbs; and my mind was as much shaken as my body. Distracted between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, and as often received an irresistible check; and even at the time it seemed to me that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards as often as I set it against my lips. I well remember that I took notice of this circumstance with some surprise, though it effected no change in my purpose. Panting for breath, and in an horrible agony, I flung myself back into a corner of the coach. A few drops of the laudanum which had touched my lips, besides the fumes of it, began to have a stupefying effect upon me.

Regretting the loss of so fair an opportunity, yet utterly unable to avail myself of it, I determined not to live, and already half-dead with anguish, I once more returned to the Temple. Instantly I repaired to my room, and having shut both the outer and inner door, prepared myself for the last scene of the tragedy. I poured the laudanum into a small basin, set it on a chair by the bedside, half-undressed myself, and laid down between the blankets, shuddering with horror at what I was about to perpetrate. I reproached myself bitterly with folly and rank cowardice, for having suffered the fear of death to influence me as it had done, and was filled with disdain at my own pitiful timidity. But still something

seemed to overrule me, and to say, "Think what you are doing! Consider, and live."

At length, however, with the most confirmed resolution, I reached forth my hand towards the basin, when the fingers of both hands were so closely contracted as if bound with a cord, and became entirely useless. Still, indeed, I could have made shift with both hands, dead and lifeless as they were, to have raised the basin to my mouth, for my arms were not at all affected. But this new difficulty struck me with wonder; it had the air of a Divine interposition. I lay down in bed again to muse upon it, and while thus employed I heard the key turn in the outer door, and my laundress's husband came in. By this time the use of my fingers was restored to me. I started up hastily, dressed myself, hid the basin, and affecting as composed an air as I could, walked out into the dining-room. In a few minutes I was left alone; and now, unless God had evidently interposed for my preservation, I should certainly have done execution upon myself, having a whole afternoon before me.

Both the man and his wife being gone, outward obstructions were no sooner removed than new ones arose within. The man had just shut the door behind him, when the convincing Spirit came upon me, and a total alteration in my sentiments took place. The horror of the crime was immediately exhibited to me in so strong a light, that, being seized with a kind of furious indignation, I snatched up the basin, poured away the laudanum into a phial of foul water, and, not content with that, flung the phial out of the window. This impulse, having served the present purpose, was withdrawn.

I spent the rest of the day in a kind of stupid insensibility, undetermined as to the manner of dying, but still bent on self-murder as the only possible deliverance. That sense of the enormity of the crime, which I had just experienced, entirely left me; and unless my eternal Father in Christ Jesus had interposed to disannul my covenant with death, and my agreement with hell—that I might hereafter be admitted into the covenant of mercy—I had at this time been a companion of devils, and the just object of His boundless vengeance.

In the evening a most intimate friend called upon me, and felicitated me on the happy resolution, which he had heard I had taken, to stand the brunt, and keep the office. I knew not whence this intelligence arose, but did not contradict it. We conversed awhile, with a real cheerfulness on his part, and an affected one on mine; and when he left me, I said in my heart, "I shall see thee no more."

I went to bed, as I thought, to take my last sleep in this world. The next morning was to place me at the bar of the House, and I determined not to see it. I slept as usual, and awoke about three o'clock. Immediately I arose, and by the help of a rush-light, found my penknife, took it into bed with me, and lay with it for some hours directly pointed against my heart. Twice or thrice I placed it upright under my left breast, leaning all my weight upon it; but the point was broken off square, and it would not penetrate.

In this manner the time passed till the day began to break. I heard the clock strike seven, and instantly it occurred to me that there was no time to be lost. The chambers would soon be opened, and my friend would call upon me to take me with him to Westminster. "Now is the time," thought I, "this is the crisis; no more dallying with the love of life." I arose, and, as I thought, bolted the inner door of my chambers, but was mistaken; my touch deceived me, and I left it as I found it. My preservation indeed, as it will appear, did not depend upon that incident; but I mention it, to show that the good providence of God watched over me, to keep open every

way of deliverance, that nothing might be left to hazard. Not one hesitating thought now remained; but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the end: by the help of the buckle I made a noose, and fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight, that I hardly left a passage for my breath, or for the blood to circulate; the tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work, fastened by an iron pin, which passed up through the midst of it. The other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of these, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me, that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, and the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round, and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short and let me down again. The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open, which reached within a foot of the ceiling; and by the help of a chair I could command the top of it; and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there, I distinctly heard a voice say three times, "'Tis over!" Though I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time, yet it did not at all alarm me, or affect my resolution. I hung so long, that I lost all sense, all consciousness of existence.

When I came to myself again, I thought myself in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard; and a feeling, like that produced by a flash of lightning, just beginning to seize upon me, passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen with my face to the floor. In about half a minute I recovered my feet, and reeling, and staggering, stumbled into bed again. By the blessed providence of God, the garter which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was passed, broke, just before eternal death had taken place upon me. The stagnation of the blood under one eye, in a broad crimson spot, and a red circle about my neck, showed plainly that I had been on the brink of eternity. The latter, indeed, might have been occasioned by the pressure of the garter; but the former was certainly the effect of strangulation; for it was not attended with the sensation of a bruise, as it must have been, had I, in my fall, received one in so tender a part. And I rather think the circle round my neck was owing to the same cause; for the part was not excoriated, nor at all in pain.

Soon after I got into bed, I was surprised to hear a noise in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire. She had found the door unbolted, notwithstanding my design to fasten it, and must have passed the bed-chamber door while I was hanging on it, and yet never perceived me. She heard me fall, and presently came to ask if I were well; adding she feared I had been in a fit. I sent her to a friend, to whom I related the whole affair, and dispatched him to my kinsman, at the coffee-house. As soon as the latter arrived, I pointed to the broken garter, which lay in the middle of the room; and apprised him also of the attempt I had been making. His words were, "My dear Mr. Cowper, you terrify me; to be sure you cannot hold the office at this rate. Where is the deputation?" I gave him the key of the drawer where it was deposited; and his business requiring his immediate attendance, he took it away with him; and thus ended all my connection with the Parliament House.

In December it became necessary to place Cowper in an asylum at St. Albans, where he remained for eighteen months under the care of Dr. Cotes.

judicious and kind-hearted physician. During the first months of his stay there, he suffered under the terrible depression of such religious melancholy as is represented in the narrative just quoted, and in these verses, written by him under like conditions:—

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DELIRIUM.

Hatred and vengeance,—my eternal portion
Scarce can endure delay of execution,—
Wait with impatient readiness to seize my
Soul in a moment.

Damned below Judas; more abhorred than he was,
Who for a few pence sold his holy Master!
Twice-betrayed Jesus me, the last delinquent,
Deems the profanest.

Man disavows and Deity disowns me,
Hell might afford my miseries a shelter;
Therefore, Hell keeps her ever-hungry mouths all
Bolted against me.

Hard lot! encompassed with a thousand dangers;
Weary, faint, trembling with a thousand terrors,
I'm called, if vanquished, to receive a sentence
Worse than Abiram's.

Him the vindictive rod of angry Justice
Sent quick and howling to the centre headlong;
I, fed with judgment, in a fleshly tomb, am
Buried above ground.

In June, 1765, William Cowper left St. Albans. He had resolved, and others had resolved with him, that he was unfit for the stir of life in London. Therefore his small office of Commissioner of Bankrupts was resigned; and members of his family joined in a subscription for his maintenance, of which a lawyer, his dear friend and schoolfellow, Joseph Hill, acted as treasurer. Cowper's brother had a Fellowship at Cambridge, and found for him quiet lodgings at Huntingdon, where they could see each other every week by alternate visits of one to Huntingdon and the other to Cambridge. A keeper from St. Albans, to whom Cowper had become attached, went with him as servant. Thus William Cowper tells of his first days in Huntingdon:—

I repaired to Huntingdon the Saturday after my arrival at Cambridge. My brother, who had attended me thither, had no sooner left me than, finding myself surrounded by strangers, and in a strange place, my spirits began to sink, and I felt (such was the backslidings of my heart) like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable desert, without a friend to comfort or a guide to direct me. I walked forth towards the close of the day in this melancholy frame of mind, and having walked about a mile from the town, I felt my heart at length so powerfully drawn towards the Lord that, having gained a retired and secret nook in the corner of a field, I knelt down under a bank, and poured forth my complaints before Him. It pleased my Saviour to hear me, in that this oppression was taken off, and I was enabled to trust in Him that careth for the stranger, to roll my burden upon Him, and to rest assured that, wheresoever He might cast my lot, the God of all consolation would still be with

me. But this was not all. He did more for me than either I had asked or thought.

The next day I went to church for the first time after my recovery. Throughout the whole service I had much to do to restrain my emotions, so fully did I see the beauty and the glory of the Lord. My heart was full of love to all the congregation, especially to them in whom I observed an air of sober attention. A grave and sober person sat in the pew with me. Him I have since seen and often conversed with, and have found him a pious man, and a true servant of the blessed Redeemer. While he was singing the psalm I looked at him, and observing him intent on his holy employment, I could not help saying in my heart, with much emotion, "Bless you, for praising Him whom my soul loveth!"

Such was the goodness of the Lord to me that He gave me "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and though my voice was silent, being stopped by the intenseness of what I felt, yet my soul sung within me, and even leapt for joy. And when the gospel for the day was read, the sound of it was more than I could well support. Oh, what a word is the Word of God, when the Spirit quickens us to receive it, and gives the hearing ear and the understanding heart! The harmony of heaven is in it, and discovers its Author. The parable of the prodigal son was the portion of Scripture. I saw myself in that glass so clearly, and the loving-kindness of my slighted and forgotten Lord, that the whole scene was realised to me, and acted over in my heart.

I went immediately after church to the place where I had prayed the day before, and found the relief I had there received was but the earnest of a richer blessing. How shall I express what the Lord did for me, except by saying that "He made all His goodness to pass before me?" I seemed to speak to Him "face to face, as a man converseth with his friend," except that my speech was only in tears of joy, and "groanings which cannot be uttered." I could say, indeed, with Jacob, not "how dreadful," but how lovely "is this place! This is none other than the house of God."

Four months I continued in my lodging. Some few of the neighbours came to see me, but their visits were not very frequent; and in general I had but little intercourse except with my God in Christ Jesus. It was He who made my solitude sweet, and the wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose; and my meditations of Him were so delightful, that if I had few other comforts, neither did I want any.

One day, however, towards the expiration of this period, I found myself in a state of desertion. That communion which I had so long been able to maintain with the Lord was suddenly interrupted. I began to dislike my solitary situation, and to fear I should never be able to weather out the winter in so lonely a dwelling. Suddenly a thought struck me, which I shall not fear to call a suggestion of the good providence which brought me to Huntingdon. A few months before, I had formed an acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Unwin's family. His son, though he had heard that I rather declined society than sought it, and though Mrs. Unwin herself dissuaded him from visiting me on that account, was yet so strongly inclined to it, that, notwithstanding all objections and arguments to the contrary, he one day engaged himself, as we were coming out of church after morning prayers, to drink tea with me that afternoon. To my inexpressible joy, I found him one whose notions of religion were spiritual and lively; one whom the Lord had been training up from his infancy for the service of the temple. We opened our hearts to each other at the first interview, and when we parted I immediately retired to my chamber, and prayed the Lord, who had been the Author, to be the Guardian of our friend

ship, and to grant to it fervency and perpetuity even unto death; and I doubt not that my gracious Father heard this prayer also.

The Sunday following I dined with him. That afternoon, while the rest of the family was withdrawn, I had much discourse with Mrs. Unwin. I am not at liberty to describe the pleasure I had in conversing with her, because she will be one of the first who will have the perusal of this narrative. Let it suffice to say I found we had one faith, and had been baptized with the same baptism.

When I returned home, I gave thanks to God, who had so graciously answered my prayers by bringing me into the society of Christians. She has since been a means in the hand of God of supporting, quickening, and strengthening me in my walk with Him. It was long before I thought of any other connection with this family than as a friend and neighbour. On the day, however, above mentioned, while I was revolving in my mind the nature of my situation, and beginning for the first time to find an irksomeness in such retirement, suddenly it occurred to me that I might probably find a place in Mr. Unwin's family as a boarder. A young gentleman, who had lived with him as a pupil, was the day before gone to Cambridge. It appeared to me at least possible that I might be allowed to succeed him. From the moment this thought struck me, such a tumult of anxious solicitude seized me, that for two or three days I could not divert my mind to any other subject. I blamed and condemned myself for want of submission to the Lord's will; but still the language of my mutinous and disobedient heart was, "Give me the blessing, or else I die."

About the third evening after I had determined upon this measure, I at length made shift to fasten my thoughts upon a theme which had no manner of connection with it. While I was pursuing my meditations, Mr. Unwin and family quite out of sight, my attention was suddenly called home again by the words which had been continually playing in my mind, and were at length repeated with such importunity that I could not help regarding them—"The Lord God of truth will do this." I was effectually convinced that they were not of my own production, and accordingly I received from them some assurance of success; but my unbelief and fearfulness robbed me of much of the comfort they were intended to convey; though I have since had many a blessed experience of the same kind, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful. I immediately began to negotiate the affair, and in a few days it was entirely concluded.

I took possession of my new abode November 11, 1765. I have found it a place of rest prepared for me by God's own hand, where He has blessed me with a thousand mercies and instances of His fatherly protection, and where He has given me abundant means of furtherance in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus, both by the study of His own word, and communion with His dear disciples. May nothing but death interrupt our union!

Peace be with the reader, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen!

In a letter written in October, 1766, Cowper thus describes the daily course of life with the Unwins at Huntingdon:—

I am obliged to you for the interest you take in my welfare, and for your inquiring so particularly after the manner in which my time passes here. As to amusements—I mean what the world calls such—we have none; the place indeed swarms with them, and cards and dancing are the professed business of almost all the *gentle* inhabitants of

Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them, or to be accessaries to this way of murdering our time, and by so doing have acquired the name of Methodists. Having told you how we *do not* spend our time, I will next say how we *do*. We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scripture or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve till three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where with Mrs. Unwin and her son I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short, we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church-time and dinner. At night we read and converse, as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon, and last of all the family are called to prayers. I need not tell *you* that such a life as this is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our salvation for such companions, and for such a life; above all for a heart to like it.

In June of the next year, 1767, Mr. Unwin was killed by a fall from his horse, leaving a widow and two children—a son and daughter. The son was then in a curacy; the daughter soon afterwards married the vicar of Dewsbury. Mrs. Unwin resolved to move, and in the following September went with Cowper to live at Olney, where the incumbent was non-resident, and the curate was the Rev. John Newton.

John Newton has left a considerable body of published writings, but he is remembered chiefly for the relation in which he stood to William Cowper. His life was remarkable. He was born in 1725. His father was for many years master of a ship in the Mediterranean trade, and was Governor of York Fort, in Hudson's Bay, when he died in 1750. John Newton's mother was a Scottish Dissenter, who died when he was seven years old, but had taught him, he said, at the age of four, to read well and to "repeat the answers to the questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the proofs; and all Dr. Watts' smaller catechisms and his children's hymns." When the child's father returned from sea, after the mother's death, he married again, had a son by his next wife, and neglected his son John. John was sent to a school at Stratford for two years only, suffered to run about the streets, and treated severely when at home. The son who was thus neglected said of the father—

I am persuaded he loved me, but he seemed not willing that I should know it. I was with him in a state of fear and

bondage. His sternness, together with the severity of my schoolmaster, broke and overawed my spirit, and almost made me a dolt; so that part of the two years I was at school, instead of making progress, I nearly forgot all my good mother had taught me.

The day I was eleven years old, I went on board my father's ship in Long Reach. I made five voyages with him to the Mediterranean. In the course of the last voyage, he left me some months at Alicant, in Spain, with a merchant, a particular friend of his, with whom I might have done well, if I had behaved well. But by this time my sinful propensities had gathered strength by habit: I was very wicked, and therefore very foolish; and being my own enemy, I seemed determined that nobody should be my friend.

My father left the sea in the year 1742. I made one voyage afterwards to Venice before the mast; and soon after my return, was impressed on board the *Harwich*.

His father's friend, the Liverpool merchant, had offered to send John Newton out to Jamaica, but before going he visited in Kent some friends of his mother's (at whose house she had died), and fell in love with the eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen, for whom both the mothers in their hearts had destined him. He dared not tell his father that he could not go away for four or five years to Jamaica, but remained with his friends until the ship had sailed without him. Then he made a voyage to Venice as a common sailor. He came back in December, 1743, and went to his friends in Kent. Then he was taken by the press-gang on board the *Harwich*; and as the French fleet was hovering on our coasts, release was not to be obtained, but his father obtained recommendations that secured him the position of a midshipman. After a year or two, he deserted, was caught, flogged, and degraded from his rank of midshipman. After hard experiences on board the *Harwich*, Newton was exchanged at Madeira into a Guinea ship bound for Sierra Leone. The captain knew John Newton's father, and would have been kind if the youth had been well-behaved. Before leaving Sierra Leone the captain died. Newton had forfeited also the goodwill of the mate, who succeeded in command; and to avoid the risk of being put again on board a man-of-war in the West Indies, he resolved to remain in Africa, and hoped to thrive by buying slaves from the interior for sale to ships at an advanced price. He began by engaging himself in the service of such a slave-dealer.

My new master had formerly resided near Cape Mount, but he now settled at the Plantanes, upon the largest of the three islands. It is a low, sandy island, about two miles in circumference, and almost covered with palm-trees. We immediately began to build a house, and to enter upon trade. I had now some desire to retrieve my lost time, and to exert diligence in what was before me; and he was a man with whom I might have lived tolerably well, if he had not been soon influenced against me: but he was much under the direction of a black woman, who lived with him as a wife. She was a person of some consequence in her own country, and he owed his first rise to her interest. This woman (I know not for what reason) was strangely prejudiced against me from the first; and what made it still worse for me, was a severe fit of illness, which attacked me very soon, before I

had opportunity to show what I could or would do in his service. I was sick when he sailed in a shallop to Rio Numa, and he left me in her hands. At first I was taken some care of; but, as I did not recover very soon, she grew weary, and entirely neglected me. I had sometimes not a little difficulty to procure a draught of cold water, when burning with a fever. My bed was a mat, spread upon a board or chest, and a log of wood my pillow. When my fever left me, and my appetite returned, I would gladly have eaten, but there was no one gave unto me. She lived in plenty herself, but hardly allowed me sufficient to sustain life, except now and then, when, in the highest good humour, she would send me victuals in her own plate, after she had dined; and this (so greatly was my pride humbled) I received with thanks and eagerness, as the most needy beggar does an alms. Once, I well remember, I was called to receive this bounty from her own hand; but, being exceedingly weak and feeble, I dropped the plate. Those who live in plenty can hardly conceive how this loss touched me; but she had the cruelty to laugh at my disappointment; and though the table was covered with dishes (for she lived much in the European manner), she refused to give me any more. My distress has been at times so great, as to compel me to go, by night, and pull up roots in the plantation (though at the risk of being punished as a thief), which I have eaten raw upon the spot, for fear of discovery. The roots I speak of are very wholesome food, when boiled or roasted, but as unfit to be eaten raw in any quantity as a potato. The consequence of this diet, which, after the first experiment, I always expected, and seldom missed, was the same as if I had taken tartar emetic; so that I often returned as empty as I went: yet necessity urged me repeat the trial several times. I have sometimes been relieved by strangers; nay, even by the slaves in the chain, who secretly brought me victuals (for they durst not be seen to do it) from their own slender pittance. Next to pressing want, nothing sits harder upon the mind than scorn and contempt: and of this likewise I had an abundant measure. When I was very slowly recovering, this woman would sometimes pay me a visit, not to pity or relieve, but to insult me. She would call me worthless and indolent, and compel me to walk, which when I could hardly do, she would set her attendants to mimic my motions, to clap their hands, laugh, throw limes at me; or, if they chose to throw stones (as I think was the case once or twice), they were not rebuked: but, in general, though all who depended on her favour must join in her treatment, yet, when she was out of sight, I was rather pitied than scorned, by the meanest of her slaves. At length my master returned from his voyage; I complained of ill usage, but he could not believe me; and, as I did it in her hearing, I fared no better for it. But in his second voyage he took me with him. We did pretty well for a while, till a brother-trader he met in the river persuaded him that I was unfaithful, and stole his goods in the night, or when he was on shore. This was almost the only vice I could not be justly charged with: the only remains of a good education I could boast of, was what is commonly called honesty: and as far as he had entrusted me, I had always been true; and though my great distress might, in some measure, have excused it, I never once thought of defrauding him in the smallest matter. However, the charge was believed, and I condemned without evidence. From that time he likewise used me very hardly. Whenever he left the vessel I was locked upon deck, with a pint of rice for my day's allowance; and if he stayed longer, I had no relief till his return. Indeed, I believe I should have been nearly starved, but for an opportunity of catching fish sometimes. When fowls were killed for his own use, I seldom was allowed any part but the entrails, to bait my

hooks with: and at what we call *slack water*, that is, about the changing of the tides, when the current was still, I used generally to fish (for at other times it was not practicable), and I very often succeeded. If I saw a fish upon my hook, my joy was little less than any other person may have found, in the accomplishment of the scheme he had most at heart. Such a fish, hastily broiled, or rather half burned, without sauce, salt, or bread, has afforded me a delicious meal. If I caught none, I might, if I could, sleep away my hunger till the next return of slack water, and then try again. Nor did I suffer less from the inclemency of the weather and the want of clothes. The rainy season was now advancing; my whole suit was a shirt, a pair of trousers, a cotton handkerchief instead of a cap, and a cotton cloth about two yards long, to supply the want of upper garments: and thus accoutred, I have been exposed for twenty, thirty, perhaps near forty hours together, in incessant rains, accompanied with strong gales of wind, without the least shelter, when my master was on shore. I feel to this day some faint returns of the violent pains I then contracted.

After a year of this experience, John Newton entered the service of another trader in the same island, whose confidence he won, and whose agent he became at a slave-station upon a river by the coast. Then he was found by a captain who had instructions to invite him home. On the way home, during a storm, in March, 1748, he believed that the work of his conversion was begun. They landed on the coast of Ireland when their very last victuals were boiling in the pot, and, said Newton, "About this time I began to know that there is a God who hears and answers prayer." This is a part of the account of the near danger of shipwreck given by him in an "Authentic Narrative" of his earlier life, forming a series of letters:—

But now the Lord's time was come, and the conviction I was so unwilling to receive, was deeply impressed upon me by an awful dispensation. I went to bed that night in my usual security and indifference, but was awakened from a sound sleep by the force of a violent sea which broke on board us; so much of it came down below as filled the cabin I lay in with water. This alarm was followed by a cry from the deck, that the ship was going down or sinking. As soon as I could recover myself, I essayed to go upon deck; but was met upon the ladder by the captain, who desired me to bring a knife with me. While I returned for the knife, another person went up in my room, who was instantly washed overboard. We had no leisure to lament him, nor did we expect to survive him long; for we soon found the ship was filling with water very fast. The sea had torn away the upper timbers on one side, and made a mere wreck in a few minutes. I shall not affect to describe this disaster in the marine dialect, which would be understood by few; and therefore I can give you but a very inadequate idea of it. Taking in all circumstances, it was astonishing, and almost miraculous, that any of us survived to relate the story. We had immediate recourse to the pumps; but the water increased against our efforts. Some of us were set to baling in another part of the vessel; that is, to lade it out with buckets and pails. We had but eleven or twelve people to sustain this service; and, notwithstanding all we could do, she was full, or very near it: and then, with a common cargo, she must have sunk of course; but we had a great quantity of bees-wax and wood on board, which were specifically lighter than

the water; and as it pleased God that we received this shock in the very crisis of the gale, towards morning we were enabled to employ some means for our safety, which succeeded beyond hope. In about an hour's time, the day began to break, and the wind abated. We expended most of our clothes and bedding to stop the leaks (though the weather was exceedingly cold, especially to us, who had so lately left a hot climate); over these we nailed pieces of boards, and at last perceived the water abate. At the beginning of this hurry, I was little affected. I pumped hard, and endeavoured to animate myself and companions: I told one of them, that in a few days this distress would serve us to talk of over a glass of wine; but he being a less hardened sinner than myself, replied, with tears, "No; it is too late now." About nine o'clock, being almost spent with cold and labour, I went to speak with the captain, who was busied elsewhere, and just as I was returning from him, I said, almost without any meaning, "If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon us." This (though spoken with little reflection) was the first desire I had breathed for mercy for the space of many years. I was instantly struck with my own words; and as Jehu said once, "What hast thou to do with peace?" so it directly occurred, "What mercy can there be for me?"

Images of sea and storm often recurred afterwards in Newton's preaching and in his part of the "Olney Hymns," as here:—

THE STORM HUSHED.

'Tis past—the dreadful stormy night
Is gone, with all its fears!
And now I see returning light—
The Lord, my Sun, appears.

The tempter, who but lately said,
I soon should be his prey,
Has heard my Saviour's voice, and fled
With shame and grief away.

Ah! Lord, since Thou didst hide Thy face,
What has my soul endur'd?
But now 'tis past, I feel thy grace,
And all my wounds are cur'd!

Oh wondrous change! but just before
Despair beset me round,
I heard the Lion's horrid roar,
And trembled at the sound.

Before corruption, guilt, and fear,
My comforts blasted fell;
And unbelief discover'd near
The dreadful depths of hell.

But Jesus pitied my distress,
He heard my feeble cry,
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,
And brought salvation nigh.

Beneath the banner of His love
I now secure remain;
The tempter frets, but dares not move,
To break my peace again.

Lord, since Thou thus hast broke my bands,
And set the captive free,
I would devote my tongue, my hands,
My heart, my all, to Thee.

But, however religious he became, John Newton went on with the slave-trade. He returned to Guinea as mate of a ship, and his business there was to sail in the long-boat from place to place and buy slaves. When he came home, he married, in February, 1750, the fair maid in Kent, and sailed again in 1750, commander of a slave-ship, on board which he studied Latin, and established public worship, on this as on other voyages. So completely did Newton accept the custom of his trade, that he writes, "I never knew sweeter or more frequent hours of Divine communion than in my two last voyages to Guinea, when I was either almost secluded from society on shipboard, or when on shore among the natives." In 1754, when about to sail on another voyage, John Newton had an apoplectic fit. He remained at home, and obtained, after a short time, the post of tide-surveyor in Liverpool. At last John Newton resolved to give himself entirely to religion, and enter the Church. He was refused ordination until 1764, when the curacy of Olney was offered to him, and he was examined and ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln. The Rev. Moses Brown, vicar of Olney, had a large family, and was in money difficulties; he, therefore, held the living, and let the vicarage, while he lived at Blackheath to earn a little more as Chaplain of Morden College.

Thus it happened that the Rev. John Newton, as curate of Olney, had sole charge of the parish, and had been there about three years when, in the month of September, 1767, Mrs. Unwin and Cowper became resident in the place. Cowper was much with Newton, assisted at his prayer-meetings, and assisted also in the charitable outlay of £200 a year given by a generous Russian merchant, Mr. John Thornton. But Cowper gradually fell again into religious melancholy. The death of his brother, in March, 1770, affected him deeply. He spoke of him afterwards in that book of "The Task" called "The Timepiece:"—

'I had a brother once—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too;
Of manner sweet as Virtue always wears
When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.
He graced a college, in which order yet
Was sacred; and was honoured, loved, and wept
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there."

In 1771, the Rev. John Newton proposed to William Cowper that they should share in the composition of a book of hymns "for the promotion of the faith, and comforting sincere Christians." But they were not published until 1779, and before they appeared Cowper had once more suffered for a time the extinction of his reason. The loss was gradual, but in 1773 Cowper again attempted his life. A marriage with Mrs. Unwin had been agreed upon but a few months before. The return of insanity,

with the deep religious gloom that was in his mind, its accompaniment, a gloom unnatural to him when in health, put aside every possibility of marriage. It was not until 1776 that Cowper again used his pen. At the end of 1779 Mr. Newton left Olney for London to take the City living of St. Mary Woolnoth, and it was in the earlier part of the same year that the "Olney Hymns" appeared. The hymns contributed by Cowper (marked with a C) are full of touching reference to the condition from which he had escaped when he was writing them. This is an example:—

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS.

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

In another hymn he repudiates the dread Divine wrath that had been a part of his disease:—

PEACE AFTER A STORM.

When darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.

Oh! let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn;
That God is Love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my Lord, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

Thou art as ready to forgive
As I am ready to repine ;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

Here, again, Cowper hymns of his retirement from the world :—

RETIREMENT.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And—all harmonious names in one—
My Saviour ! thou art mine !

What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

Let us add to these one of the hymns written by Newton :—

THE NAME OF JESUS.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

In December, 1780, Cowper, at the suggestion of Mrs. Unwin, who sought healthy occupation for his mind, began to write poems for publication in a book. "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Table Talk," "Expostulation," were soon written. When the publisher—the Rev. John Newton's publisher, to whom Newton had recommended Cowper—asked for more verses to bring the volume to a proper size, because "The Progress of Error" concerned Faith, Cowper promptly added "Hope" and "Charity," both written in a fortnight. The book was finished in July, 1781. "Conversation" and "Retirement" were written and added while it was being printed. A preface was written by Mr. Newton, but this was so alarmingly serious that, at the request of the publisher, it was withdrawn, and first appeared before the fifth edition.

A lively human interest in all that concerned the true welfare of humanity fills Cowper's verse with references to topics of the time. His love of freedom was intense, and when not under the cloud of disease no man could feel more keenly the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free. In the dialogue of "Table Talk" Cowper wrote—

. . . B. Vigilant over all that He has made,
Kind Providence attends with gracious aid,
Bids equity throughout His works prevail,
And weighs the nations in an even scale ;
He can encourage Slavery to a smile,
And fill with discontent a British isle.

A. Freeman and slave then, if the case be such,
Stand on a level,—and you prove too much.
If all men indiscriminately share
His fostering power and tutelary care,
As well be yoked by Despotism's hand,
As dwell at large in Britain's chartered land.

B. No. Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
The mind attains beneath her happy reign
The growth that Nature meant she should attain ;
The varied fields of science, ever new,
Opening and wider opening on her view,
She ventures onward with a prosperous force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course.

Religion, richest favour of the skies,
 Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes;
 No shades of superstition blot the day,
 Liberty chases all that gloom away;
 The soul, emancipated, unoppressed,
 Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
 Learns much, and to a thousand listening minds
 Communicates with joy the good she finds
 Courage in arms; and, ever prompt to show
 His manly forehead to the fiercest foe,
 Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
 His spirits rising as his toils increase,
 Guards well what arts and industry have won,
 And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.
 Slaves fight for what were better cast away,
 The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway:
 But they that fight for freedom, undertake
 The noblest cause mankind can have at stake,—
 Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
 A blessing, freedom is the pledge of all.

In the poem on "Truth" Cowper thus asserts the sense that was always strong in him when relieved of physical depression, the sense of the cheerfulness of true religion:—

Artist, attend!—your brushes and your paint—
 Produce them—take a chair,—now draw a Saint.
 Oh, sorrowful and sad! the streaming tears
 Channel her cheeks,—a Niobe appears.
 Is this a saint? Throw tints and all away!
 True piety is cheerful as the day:
 Will weep indeed, and heave a pitying groan
 For others' woes, but smiles upon her own.

What purpose has the King of Saints in view?
 Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew?
 To call up plenty from the teeming earth,
 Or curse the desert with a tenfold dearth?
 Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved
 From servile fear, or be the more enslaved?
 To loose the links that galled mankind before,
 Or bind them faster on, and add still more?
 The freeborn Christian has no chains to prove,
 Or, if a chain, the golden one of love.
 No fear attends to quench his glowing fires,
 What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.¹
 Shall he, for such deliverance freely wrought,
 Recompense ill? He trembles at the thought,
 His Master's interest and his own combined
 Prompt every movement of his heart and mind;
 Thought, word, and deed, his liberty evince,
 His freedom is the freedom of a prince.

Thus also in "Retirement," the closing poem of his book, published in March, 1782, Cowper contrasts his sickness with his health:—

Man is a harp whose cords elude the sight,
 Each yielding harmony, disposed aright;
 The screws reversed (a task which if He please
 God in a moment executes with ease)

Ten thousand thousand strings at once go loose,
 Lost, till He tune them, all their power and use.
 Then neither heathy wilds, nor scenes as fair
 As ever recompensed the peasant's care,
 Nor soft declivities with tufted hills,
 Nor view of waters turning busy mills,
 Parks in which Art preceptress Nature weds,
 Nor gardens interspersed with flowery beds,
 Nor gales, that catch the scent of blooming groves
 And waft it to the mourner as he roves,
 Can call up life into his faded eye
 That passes all he sees unheeded by.
 No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels;
 No cure for such, till God, who makes them, heals.
 And thou, sad sufferer under nameless ill,
 That yields not to the touch of human skill,
 Improve the kind occasion, understand
 A Father's frown, and kiss His chastening hand.
 To thee the day-spring, and the blaze of noon,
 The purple evening and resplendent moon,
 The stars, that, sprinkled o'er the vault of night,
 Seem drops descending in a shower of light,
 Shine not, or undesired and hated shine,
 Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine:—
 Yet seek Him, in His favour life is found;
 All bliss beside, a shadow or a sound.
 Then Heaven, eclipsed so long, and this dull Earth,
 Shall seem to start into a second birth;
 Nature, assuming a more lovely face,
 Borrowing a beauty from the works of grace,
 Shall be despised and overlooked no more,
 Shall fill thee with delights unfelt before;
 Impart to things inanimate a voice,
 And bid her mountains and her hills rejoice;
 The sound shall run along the winding vales,
 And thou enjoy an Eden ere it fails.

While busy upon this book, Cowper made Lady Austen's acquaintance, of which came "John Gilpin," and his chief poem, "The Task," produced in 1785—four years before the fall of the Bastille.² "The Task" caused Cowper's cousin, Lady Hesketh, sister of his early love, to break a silence of nineteen years. Her husband, Sir Thomas Hesketh, had died in 1782, and in 1786 Lady Hesketh went to Olney. She persuaded Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to find Olney dull, and in November they moved to a more cheerful house at Weston Underwood, where they had a friend for landlord. An addition of £50 a year to his income came also from an unknown friend, who seems to have been Theodora. But in 1787 Cowper was ill again, from January to June, and then again attempted suicide. In 1788, Lady Hesketh again visited him; he was busy upon a translation of Homer into blank verse, which was published in 1791, and for which he was paid a thousand pounds. In the December of that year, Mrs. Unwin had an attack of paralysis. Cowper had been invited to work on an edition of Milton. William Hayley had been asked to write a "Life of Milton" for another edition of his works. Hayley and Cowper being, therefore, spoken of as rivals,

¹ "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love. . . . There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love Him because He first loved us."—1 John iv. 8, 18, 19.

² See the volume in this Library containing "Shorter English Poems," pp. 399–401.

Hayley wrote to Cowper, whom until then he had not known, and there was established friendly fellowship between them. Visits were exchanged, and Cowper spent six weeks with Hayley at Earham. The best English translations of the Latin poems of Milton were the produce of this fellowship. But Mrs. Unwin became worse. Cowper sank again into insanity. The king granted him a pension of £300, when the sufferer hardly knew what it meant. In October, 1796, they removed to East Dereham, where Mrs. Unwin died. For the rest of his life Cowper's only chance of health was in the sustained care of his friends to support his mind by occupation of it. In March, 1799, he finished the revision of his Homer, and he died on the 25th of April, 1800.

CHAPTER XIII.

FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION TO THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.—PRIESTLEY, PALEY, HEBER, CHALMERS, WORDSWORTH, KEBLE, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1789 TO A.D. 1837.

JOSEPH, the son of Jonas Priestley, who was a cloth-dresser at Birstal Fieldhead, near Leeds, was born in 1733. His mother died when he was six years old, and he was adopted by Mrs. Keighley, a sister of his father's. He learnt Latin and Greek at the local grammar-school, and Hebrew in the holidays. He worked also at Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, besides French, German, and Italian. His health was delicate; while he was a schoolboy his lungs were not sound. When nineteen he joined the academy at Daventry, now incorporated with New College, London. He was to enter the ministry, and had been trained in Calvinistic opinions, but as a youth inclined rather to the different opinions of Harmensen (Arminius). The minister of the congregation in which he attended with his aunt had refused young Priestley the communion, because he had doubts on the subject of original sin and on eternity of punishment. At the Daventry Academy, where he was trained for the ministry under the successor of Dr. Doddridge,¹ young men were required to study both sides of each argument; on many subjects there was division of opinion, and the side usually taken by Priestley was not the orthodox. As a student he began to write his "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion," of which the four parts were published in 1772-3-4, seventeen or eighteen years after he had left the Training College. Priestley began the ministry at Needham Market, in Suffolk, with a stipend of £30 a year, and sought pupils at half-a-guinea a quarter, who might be boarded for £12 a year. He was not orthodox enough for his congregation, and was the less successful as a preacher, because he had an impediment of speech. After three

years at Needham Market, Priestley moved in 1758 to Nantwich, where he had another congregation, and succeeded better in obtaining pupils. At Nantwich his interest in scientific inquiry deepened, and he saved money enough to buy an air-pump and an electrical machine. In 1761, Priestley, aged twenty-eight, left Nantwich to become teacher of languages and *belles lettres* in the academy at Warrington. At Warrington he married Miss Wilkinson, the daughter of a Welsh ironmaster. In 1767, Priestley, who had for his interest in science just been made a Fellow of the Royal Society, visited London, and was introduced to Benjamin Franklin, who aided him with books for his "History and Present State of Electricity, with Original Experiments," which appeared before the close of the same year. He obtained also at this time the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. It was in the same year 1767 that Priestley left Warrington, and was engaged for Mill-hill Chapel, Leeds. At Leeds, in the next year, he began the course of investigations that led to his discovery, in 1774, of oxygen gas, which he called dephlogisticated air. Other important discoveries followed. In 1773 Dr. Priestley had become librarian and literary companion to the Earl of Shelburne, with £250 a year and a house. He travelled with Lord Shelburne, and at Paris was introduced to the chief men of science, who told him he was the only sensible man they knew who believed in Christianity. In 1780 Lord Shelburne parted from Priestley, giving him an annuity of £150 a year, and Priestley then became minister to the chief Dissenting congregation at Birmingham. He was still publishing from time to time the results of his scientific inquiries, and in 1780 there appeared an answer to such arguments against religion as he had heard at Paris, in his "Letters to a Philosophical Unbeliever, containing an Examination of the Principal Objections to the Doctrines of Natural Religion, and especially those contained in the writings of Mr. Hume." In 1787, Priestley added a treatise on the "State of the Evidence of Revealed Religion, with Animadversions on the two last chapters of the first volume of Mr. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Fifty-six years old, and the author of many scientific and religious books, this was Priestley's position at Birmingham at the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789.

William Paley was ten years younger than Joseph Priestley. He was born in July, 1743, at Peterborough, where his father was a minor canon. William Paley the elder presently resigned his minor canonry to become head-master of the school of Giggleswick, in Yorkshire. There William, his eldest son, was taught until November, 1758, when, at the age of fifteen, he was admitted to Christ's College, Cambridge, as a sizar. He did not go into residence at once, but studied mathematics under a private tutor, and joined his college in October, 1759. In the following December he was appointed to a scholarship from Giggleswick school, and was also elected scholar on the college foundation, and appointed to the exhibition founded by Sir Walter Mildmay. In May, 1761, he was also elected to the Bunbury Scholarship. For two years he was a somewhat idle student; then

¹ Dr. Philip Doddridge, who died at the age of forty-nine, in 1751, was a close friend of Dr. Samuel Clarke. "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul" was the most popular of his works, and some of the Hymns written by him are very good. His influence was great as a trainer of young men for the dissenting ministry, and several of his pupils abandoned the doctrine of the Trinity.

in politics and religion; who had no leaning towards technical theology, but sought in his writings, as far as his light served, to meet the deniers of God, who in his day abounded, by argument from Nature and by evidences of the truth of Revelation. He published in 1794 his "Evidences of Christianity," and was made sub-dean of Lincoln. In the following year he took his degree of D.D., and was presented to the valuable rectory of Bishop Wearmouth. He then divided his time between Lincoln and Bishop Wearmouth. He suffered much from ill health while writing his "Natural Theology; or, Evidence of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity collected from the appearances of Nature." This appeared in 1802, and Paley died in 1805, aged sixty-two.

Paley's "View of the Evidences of Christianity" is directed against that form of doubt which had its ablest expression among us in David Hume's argument against the credibility of miracles. Hume died in 1776. In the "Preparatory Considerations" to his "Evidences," Paley wrote:—

Mr. Hume states the case of miracles to be a contest of opposite improbabilities, that is to say, a question whether it be more improbable that the miracle should be true, or the testimony false; and this I think a fair account of the controversy. But herein I remark a want of argumentative justice, that, in describing the improbability of miracles, he suppresses all those circumstances of extenuation which result from our knowledge of the existence, power, and disposition of the Deity, his concern in the creation, the end answered by the miracle, the importance of that end, and its subserviency to the plan pursued in the work of nature. As Mr. Hume has represented the question, miracles are alike incredible to him who is previously assured of the constant agency of a Divine Being, and to him who believes that no such Being exists in the universe. They are equally incredible, whether related to have been wrought upon occasions the most deserving, and for purposes the most beneficial, or for no assignable end whatever, or for an end confessedly trifling or pernicious. This surely cannot be a correct statement. In adjusting also the other side of the balance, the strength and weight of testimony, this author has provided an answer to every possible accumulation of historical proof, by telling us that we are not obliged to explain how the story or the evidence arose. Now I think that we are obliged; not, perhaps, to show by positive accounts how it did, but by a probable hypothesis how it might so happen. The existence of the testimony is a phenomenon. The truth of the fact solves the phenomenon. If we reject this solution, we ought to have some other to rest in; and none even by our adversaries can be admitted, which is not consistent with the principles that regulate human affairs and human conduct at present, or which makes men *then* to have been a different kind of beings from what they are now.

But the short consideration which, independently of every other, convinces me that there is no solid foundation in Mr. Hume's conclusion is the following. When a theorem is proposed to a mathematician, the first thing he does with it is to try it upon a simple case; and if it produce a false result, he is sure that there must be some mistake in the demonstration. Now to proceed in this way with what may be called Mr. Hume's theorem. If twelve men, whose probity and good sense I had long known, should seriously and circumstantially relate to me an account of a miracle wrought before their eyes, and in which it was impossible that they should be

deceived; if the governor of the country, hearing a rumour of this account, should call these men into his presence, and offer them a short proposal, either to confess the imposture, or submit to be tied up to a gibbet; if they should refuse with one voice to acknowledge that there existed any falsehood or imposture in the case; if this threat were communicated to them separately, yet with no different effect; if it was at last executed; if I myself saw them, one after another, consenting to be racked, burnt, or strangled, rather than give up the truth of their account; still, if Mr. Hume's rule be my guide, I am not to believe them. Now, I undertake to say that there exists not a sceptic in the world who would not believe them, or who would defend such incredulity.

Instances of spurious miracles supported by strong apparent testimony undoubtedly demand examination. Mr. Hume has endeavoured to fortify his argument by some examples of this kind. I hope in a proper place to show that none of them reach the strength or circumstances of the Christian evidence. In these, however, consists the weight of his objection. In the principle itself I am persuaded there is none.

Paley's argument is divided into three parts. The first part treats "of the direct historical Evidence of Christianity, and wherein it is distinguished from the evidence alleged for other miracles," and it argues for two propositions:

1. That there is satisfactory evidence that many, professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles, passed their lives in labours, dangers, and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and solely in consequence of their belief of those accounts; and that they also submitted, from the same motives, to new rules of conduct.
2. That there is *not* satisfactory evidence that persons professing to be original witnesses of other miracles, in their nature as certain as these are, have ever acted in the same manner, in attestation of the accounts which they delivered, and properly in consequence of their belief of those accounts.

Paley's second part treats of "the Auxiliary Evidences of Christianity in Prophecy, the Morality of the Gospel, the Candour of the Writers of the New Testament, the Identity and Originality of Christ's Character, the conformity of the facts occasionally referred to with the state of things in those times, undesigned coincidences, and the history of the Resurrection." The third part considers some popular objections.

Joseph Priestley, at the time of the fall of the Bastille, was settled in Birmingham as pastor of a congregation known as the New Meeting; he cultivated science and maintained the religious life, but with great boldness and acuteness of reasoning questioned doctrines that the Church held to be vital. In 1782 he had published at Birmingham, in two volumes, "An History of the Corruptions of Christianity," dedicated to the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey. Theophilus Lindsey, born in Cheshire in 1723, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, resigned the vicarage of Catterick in 1773, because he could no longer teach the doctrine of the Trinity. He came to London, and established in Essex Street, Strand, a Unitarian Chapel, in which he conducted service with use of a liturgy altered by Dr. Samuel Clarke from that of

the Established Church. In this chapel Lindsey preached when Priestley dedicated to him his work on the "Corruptions of Christianity," and he was minister there until a few years before his death in 1808. In 1802 Lindsey published "Conversations on the Divine Government," showing that everything is from God, and for the good of all. His successor in the pulpit at Essex Street Chapel was Dr. Disney, another clergyman who had left the Established Church because he could not teach the doctrine of the Trinity; and in 1805 Dr. Disney was followed by Thomas Belsham, born in 1750, the son of a Presbyterian minister at Bedford. Thomas Belsham



JOSEPH PRIESTLEY. (From Charles Knight's "Gallery of Portraits.")

was trained for the Presbyterian ministry, and appointed tutor in its college at Daventry, but was convinced by the arguments of Priestley, and seceded in 1789. He was founder in 1791 of a "Unitarian Society for promoting Christian Knowledge and the Practice of Virtue." In 1794 he succeeded Priestley as Unitarian minister at Hackney, but left Hackney for Essex Street in 1805, and continued pastor there for twenty-one years. He was an active religious writer, and lived to the age of seventy-nine.

In the dedication of his "History of the Corruptions of Christianity" to Theophilus Lindsey, Priestley wrote:—

Dear Friend,—Wishing as I do that my name may ever be connected as closely with yours after death as we have been connected by friendship in life, it is with peculiar satisfaction that I dedicate this work (which I am willing to hope will be one of the most useful of my publications) to you. To your example of a pure love of truth, and of the most fearless integrity in asserting it, evidenced by the sacrifices you have made to it, I owe much of my own wishes to imbibe the same spirit; though a more favourable education and situation in life, by not giving me an opportunity of distinguishing myself as you have done, has likewise not exposed me to the temptation of acting otherwise; and for this I wish to be truly thankful. For since so very few of those who profess the

same sentiments with you have had the courage to act consistently with them, no person, whatever he may imagine he might have been equal to, can have a right to presume that he would have been one of so small a number.

No person can see in a stronger light than you do the mischievous consequence of the corruptions of that religion which you justly prize as the most valuable of the gifts of God to man: and therefore I flatter myself it will give you some pleasure to accompany me in my researches into the origin and progress of them, as this will tend to give all the friends of pure Christianity the fullest satisfaction that they reflect no discredit on the revelation itself; since it will be seen that they all came in from a foreign and hostile quarter. It will likewise afford a pleasing presage that our religion will, in due time, purge itself of everything that debases it, and that for the present prevents its reception by those who are ignorant of its nature, whether living in Christian countries, or among Mahometans and heathens.

The more opposition we meet with in these labours, the more honourable it will be to us, provided we meet that opposition with the true spirit of Christianity; and to assist us in this we should frequently reflect that many of our opponents are probably men who wish as well to the Gospel as we do ourselves, and really think they do God service by opposing us. Even prejudice and bigotry, arising from such a principle, are respectable things, and entitled to the greatest candour. If our religion teaches us to love our enemies, certainly we should love, and, from a principle of love, should endeavour to convince, those who, if they were only better informed, would embrace us as friends.

The time will come when the cloud which, for the present, prevents our distinguishing our friends and our foes, will be dispersed, even that day in which the secrets of all hearts will be disclosed to the view of all. In the meantime, let us think as favourably as possible of all men, our particular opponents not excepted; and therefore be careful to conduct all hostility with the pleasing prospect that one day it will give place to the most perfect amity.

You, my friend, peculiarly happy in a most placid, as well as a most determined mind, have nothing to blame yourself for in this respect. If, on any occasion, I have indulged too much in asperity, I hope I shall, by your example, learn to correct myself, and without abating my zeal in the common cause.

As we are now both of us past the meridian of life, I hope we shall be looking more and more beyond it, and be preparing for that world where we shall have no errors to commit, and consequently where a talent for disputation will be of no use; but where the spirit of love will find abundant exercise, where all our labours will be of the most friendly and benevolent nature, and where our employment will be its own reward.

Let these views brighten the evening of our lives, the evening which will be enjoyed with more satisfaction as the day shall have been laboriously and well spent. Let us then, without reluctance, submit to that temporary rest in the grave which our wise Creator has thought proper to appoint for all the human race, our Saviour himself not wholly excepted, anticipating with joy the glorious morning of the resurrection, when we shall meet that Saviour whose precepts we have obeyed, whose spirit we have breathed, whose religion we have defended, whose cup also we may, in due measure, have drank of, and whose honours we have aspired to without making them to interfere with those of His Father and our Father, His God and our God, that supreme, all great and awful Being to whose will He was always and

perfectly submissive, and for whose unrivalled prerogative he always showed the most ardent zeal.

Priestley's "History of the Corruptions of Christianity," written as a sequel to his "Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion," was supplemented in 1787 with more detailed evidence, in four volumes, of "An History of Early Opinion concerning Jesus Christ, compiled from original writers; proving that the Christian Church was at first Unitarian." He gathered the material for this work by first reading the original writers from whom evidence was to be drawn, "without looking into any modern author whatever." Then, he says, "having collected and arranged these materials, furnished by these original authors, I applied myself to the reading of all the modern writers of any reputation for learning in ecclesiastical history, whether their opinions were the same with mine or not. But the addition that I made to my own collection of authorities by this means amounted to very little—not more than about twenty or thirty, and those, in general, of no great consequence."

In 1791, a mob at Birmingham, excited by denunciations against Priestley, upon occasion of a celebration of the fall of the Bastille, on the 14th of July, showed its "talent for disputation" by burning the meeting-house in which he preached, then another meeting-house of the Dissenters, then Priestley's dwelling-house, with his library and his MSS., his laboratory, and his philosophical instruments, and then burning or damaging the houses of some other Dissenters. William Cowper wrote from Weston on the 2nd of August following, to a clergyman, the Rev. W. Bagot, "You live, I think, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham,—what must you have felt on the late alarming occasion? You, I suppose, could see the fires from your windows. We, who only heard the news of them, have trembled. Never, sure, was religious zeal more detestably manifested, or more to the prejudice of its own cause." The fury passed, and Birmingham has since paid honour to the memory of Priestley, by raising to him a graceful statue which was uncovered with every circumstance that could be held to mark an emphatic recognition of his genius and worth.

Thus driven from Birmingham in 1791, Priestley went to London, and succeeded Dr. Richard Price as pastor of the Gravel-pit Meeting-house, at Hackney. Dr. Price had died in the preceding March. He was born in Glamorganshire, in 1723, and had distinguished himself not only as a preacher, but as a contributor to the "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society." He was a friend of the Americans when they were forced into the war that led to Independence, and took deep interest, as his life closed, in the hopes awakened by the fall of the Bastille. As successor to Dr. Price, Priestley remained scarcely three years in London. Persecuted for his religious as well as for his political doctrines, Priestley, after coming to London, still battled with the scepticism that had spread from France. He published a series of "Letters to the Philosophers and Politicians of France on the subject of Religion," and a set of "Discourses on the Evidences of Revealed Religion."

But the spirit of controversy was fierce, even among men of science; for some Priestley believed too much, for some too little. Scientific friends dropped from him. Most of the members of the Royal Society, high as his place was among discoverers, avoided him; and in April, 1794, Dr. Priestley, with the wife and children who had always maintained peace and love within their home, left England for America. The last words of his last sermon at Hackney were addressed to the strangers present, and thus he closed: "Whether, then, you come as friends or as



THE STATUE OF PRIESTLEY AT BIRMINGHAM.¹

enemies, whether we shall ever see one another's faces again or not, may God, whose providence is over all, bless, preserve, and keep us. Above all, may we be preserved in the paths of virtue and piety, that we may have a happy meeting in that world where error and prejudice will be no more; where all the ground of the party distinctions which subsist here will be taken away; where every misunderstanding will be cleared up, and the reign of truth and of virtue will be for ever established." Dr. Priestley's home thenceforth was at Northumberland, in Pennsylvania, until his death in February, 1804. When he was dying he had his grandchildren about him. In the evening, says their father, "after prayers

¹ From a photograph kindly lent for engraving by the sculptor, F. J. Williamson, of Esher.

they wished him a good night, and were leaving the room. He desired them to stay, spoke to each of them separately. He exhorted them all to continue to love each other. — And you, little thing," speaking to Eliza, — remember the hymn you learned, 'Birds in their little nests agree.' I am going to sleep as well as you; for death is only a good, long, sound sleep in the grave, and we shall meet again."

John Wesley himself did not insist more than Joseph Priestley upon love as the vital air without which Christianity could not exist. The best answer to scepticism was the endeavour really to set up the Christian life within the Christian Church. The young men at Oxford who were influenced like the Wesleys by William Law's "Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life," and endeavoured against all ridicule of the world to carry it out to the full extent of Law's interpretation of a Christian's duty, placed love in the centre of their system. "If religion," said William Law, "teaches us anything concerning eating and drinking, or spending our time and money; if it teaches us how we are to use and condemn the world; if it tells us what tempers we are to have in common life, how we are to be disposed towards all people, how we are to behave towards the sick, the poor, the old, and destitute; if it tells us whom we are to treat with a particular love, whom we are to regard with a particular esteem; if it tells us how we are to treat our enemies, and how we are to mortify and deny ourselves; he must be very weak that can think these parts of religion are not to be observed with as much exactness as any doctrines that relate to prayers. It is very observable that there is not one command in the Gospel for public worship; and perhaps it is a duty that is least insisted on in Scripture of any other. The frequent attendance at it is never so much as mentioned in all the New Testament; whereas that religion or devotion which is to govern the ordinary actions of our life is to be found in almost every verse of Scripture." Law suggested three daily periods of private prayer besides the first morning and last evening devotions, and a theme for each. At nine o'clock the prayer should seek to quicken the spirit of humility. At noon the duty dwelt on should be universal love; and at three it should be resignation to the will of God. When dwelling upon this duty of love, Law wrote, "You will perhaps say, How is it possible to love a good and a bad man in the same degree? Just as it's possible to be as just and faithful to a good man as to an evil man. Now are you in any difficulty about performing justice and faithfulness to a bad man? Are you in any doubts whether you need be so just and faithful to him as you need be to a good man? Now why is it that you are in no doubt about it? 'Tis because you know that justice and faithfulness are founded upon reasons that never vary or change, that have no dependence upon the merits of men, but are founded in the nature of things, in the laws of God, and therefore are to be observed with an equal exactness towards good and bad men. Now do but think thus justly of charity, or love to your neighbour, that it is founded upon reasons that vary not, that have no dependence upon the merits of men, and then you will find it as possible to perform the same exact

charity as the same exact justice to all men, whether good or bad." This note had been taken up by the Wesleys and Whitefield, and its music was felt by Cowper and by many an earnest soul within and without the churches. Thousands whose forefathers had been Puritans of the Old Testament were now Puritans of the New.

We have seen how John Wesley was influenced early in his career as a reformer, by the New Testament Puritanism of the Moravian Brethren. John Cennick, a fellow-worker with Wesley and Whitefield in the Methodist school among the colliers at Kingswood, near Bristol, joined the Moravians and went to Ireland in 1746, where he founded a settlement of Moravian Brethren, called Grace Hill, at Ballymena, in the county of Antrim. Here he kindled a like zeal in the heart of a young man of the village, John Montgomery, who in 1757, at the age of twenty-three, was received into communion by the Moravians at Grace Hill, and became a preacher among them. He married, in 1768, Mary Blackley, daughter of another member of the same community, and the eldest son of this marriage, born in November, 1771, three months after the death of the first child, a daughter, was James Montgomery, the poet. When he was born, his father had just settled at Irvine, in Ayrshire, as pastor of a small Moravian congregation there, the first that had been formed in Scotland. When James Montgomery was little more than four years old, his parents returned with him and their newly-born second son Robert to the settlement at Grace Hill; and there was another infant brother, named Ignatius, when James, not seven years old, was taken to Yorkshire and put to school in the Moravian settlement, called, after a town in Moravia, Fulneck, about six miles from Leeds. Six years afterwards, in 1783, the younger boys, Robert and Ignatius, were also left at Fulneck, because John Montgomery was going with his wife as missionary to the slave-drivers and slaves of Barbadoes. The Moravians are remarkable for the pure devotion of their missionaries, who have gone out alone and unpaid to Greenland, to the huts of the American Indians, or of the negro slave, and to the far wilds of Tartary.

James Montgomery, who was destined by his parents for his father's calling, received his first impulse towards poetry when he was with some of the boys at Fulneck, who sat under a hedge and heard one of the Brothers read Blair's "Grave." Devotion to poetry grew in him with little to feed it, because works of imagination are seldom admitted into a Moravian school. He began, indeed, by imitating hymns of the Moravian collection. Montgomery became occupied with his own thoughts, seemed indolent, and was at last held to be probably unfit for the ministry. For a time, at least, he should be put to a business, and in 1787, at the age of sixteen, he was placed with a Moravian who kept a small retail shop as a fine bread baker, at Mirfield, near Fulneck. Here James Montgomery wrote verse for a year and a half, having plenty of leisure, and from this place he departed with all his MSS. and a single change of linen. New clothes had been given to him, but as he did not think he had

fairly earned them, he went away in his old clothes, and had three shillings and sixpence in his pocket. When he had got as far as Wentworth, he found service again in a general store at Wath, with the consent of the kind-hearted Moravian he had left, who gave him a good character, supplied him with some money, and sent him the clothes he had left behind. James Montgomery was then a grave youth of eighteen, never absent from his duty in the shop, but filling up all leisure time with the production of MSS. His chief friend was a neighbouring stationer who had book parcels sometimes from Paternoster Row. He represented literature, approved of Montgomery's poems, and sent a parcel of them to "the Row" with recommendations of their author, who was following to find a publisher. Montgomery left Wath in 1790 for Paternoster Row, where Mr. Harrison, to whom he had been introduced, declined to publish his poems, but kindly offered him a situation in his shop. The poet still wrote. Advised to try prose, he tried a novel, tried an Eastern tale, failed, parted from the shelter he had found in Paternoster Row, and went back to the general store at Wath. His parents meanwhile were suffering hard fortunes at Barbadoes and Tobago. At Tobago there was, in the summer of 1790, a mutiny of soldiers, who set the town on fire, and in the following August a great hurricane. In October, the poor missionary's wife died of fever, after seven days' illness. In the following June, John Montgomery followed her, and the young poet in England became fatherless and motherless. Of the last days of the missionary in Tobago a comrade of the mission wrote home: "You may easily believe that our late brother's illness, which lasted sixteen weeks, put us to no small inconvenience. The room in which the negroes meet was the only place in which we could lodge him, and we have no other dining-room."

In March, 1792, Montgomery, who was twenty-one years old, read in the *Sheffield Register* an advertisement for a clerk in a counting-house. He answered it, and went in April to Sheffield as a clerk in the employment of Joseph Gales, publisher of the *Sheffield Register*, who was an enterprising printer, bookseller, and auctioneer. Montgomery was soon an active writer in the *Sheffield Register*, and shared the best hopes of young and ardent minds that saw in the French Revolution a great means for the regeneration of society. At a meeting of the "Friends of Peace and Reform" gathered in Sheffield on the Fast Day, in February, 1794, this hymn, written for the occasion by young James Montgomery, was distributed, and sung by the assembled thousands:—

HYMN.

O God of Hosts, Thine ear incline,
 Regard our prayers, our cause be Thine:
 When orphans cry, when babes complain,
 When widows weep, canst Thou refrain?

Now red and terrible, Thine hand
 Scourges with war our guilty land;
 Europe Thy flaming vengeance feels,
 And from her deep foundations reels.

Her rivers bleed like mighty veins,
 Her towers are ashes, graves her plains;
 Slaughter her groaning valleys fills,
 And reeking carnage melts her hills.

O Thou, whose awful word can bind
 The roaring waves, the raging wind,
 Mad tyrants tame, break down the high
 Whose haughty foreheads beat the sky,

Make bare Thine arm, great King of Kings!
 That arm alone salvation brings:
 That wonder-working arm which broke
 From Israel's neck the Egyptian yoke.

Burst every dungeon, every chain!
 Give injured slaves their rights again!
 Let truth prevail, let discord cease,
 Speak—and the world shall smile in peace!

In July, 1794, Joseph Gales left Sheffield to escape prosecution for a letter in the *Register*. James Montgomery, with help of money from a gentleman whom he had not before known, and who became a sleeping partner, bought the presses, types, and goodwill of the printing business, which was continued by the firm of James Montgomery and Co. On the 4th of July the *Sheffield Register* was born again, with an emblem of the world's hope in its new title, the *Sheffield Iris*. In January, 1795, Montgomery was tried at Doncaster, charged with printing, for a street-hawker, "A Patriotic Song, by a Clergyman of Belfast," which contained the stanza—

"Europe's fate on the contest's decision depends;
 Most important its issue will be:
 For should France be subdued, Europe's liberty ends;
 If she triumphs, the world will be free."



JAMES MONTGOMERY. (From a Portrait taken in 1806.)

Montgomery was sentenced for this to three months' imprisonment in York Castle, and a fine of £20. £

York Castle he wrote the verses published in 1797 as "Prison Amusements;" and making Sheffield his home, as his judgment and power ripened, Montgomery not only made the *Sheffield Iris* one of the best journals in the provinces, but won more and more attention as a poet. After he had published other poems, "The Ocean" in 1805, and "The Wanderer in Switzerland" in 1806, the abolition of the African slave-trade in 1807 caused James Montgomery to write a poem in four parts on the "West Indies." The graves were there of his father and mother, who had died in the service of God; and while he painted in the first three books of this poem with generous sympathy the wrongs suffered by the negro in the rise and progress of the traffic that his country had put out her hand to stay, he opened the fourth book with lines that must come to the heart of those who remember what he knew of the devoted lives of the Moravian missionaries, to whom he thus paid honour:—

MORAVIAN MISSIONS.

Was there no mercy, mother of the slave,
No friendly hand to succour and to save,
While commerce thus thy captive tribes oppressed,
And lowering vengeance linger'd o'er the west?
Yes, Africa! beneath the stranger's rod
They found the freedom of the sons of God.

When Europe languish'd in barbarian gloom,
Beneath the ghostly tyranny of Rome,
Whose second empire, cowed and mitred, burst
A phoenix from the ashes of the first;
From Persecution's piles, by bigots fired,
Among Bohemian mountains' truth retired;
There, 'midst rude rocks, in lonely glens obscure,
She found a people scattered, scorned, and poor,
A little flock through quiet valleys led,
A Christian Israel in the desert fed,
While ravening wolves, that scorned the shepherd's hand,
Laid waste God's heritage through every land.
With these the lovely exile sojourn'd long;
Soothed by her presence, solaced by her song,
They toiled through danger, trials, and distress,
A band of virgins in the wilderness,
With burning lamps, amid their secret bowers,
Counting the watches of the weary hours,
In patient hope the Bridegroom's voice to hear,
And see his banner in the clouds appear:
But when the morn returning chased the night,
These stars, that shone in darkness, sunk in light:
Luther, like Phosphor, led the conquering day,
His meek forerunners waned, and passed away.

Ages rolled by, the turf perennial bloomed
O'er the lorn relics of those saints entombed;

¹ The Moravian Brethren trace their descent from the Bohemian reformers of the time of Huss. They had since that time endured in their own country many persecutions before they were organised in 1722 by Count Zinzendorf at a settlement which they called Herrnhut (the Lord's Shelter), in Upper Lusatia. Since that date they have been re-organised as a society of Brethren who hold property in common, and seek to live only as servants of God. The charm of their religious peace and their unselfish energy is felt by all who come much into contact with them.

No miracle proclaimed their power divine,
No kings adorned, no pilgrims kissed their shrine;
Cold and forgotten in the grave they slept:
But God remembered them:—their Father kept
A faithful remnant;—o'er their native clime
His Spirit moved in His appointed time,
The race revived at His almighty breath,
A seed to serve Him, from the dust of death.

"Go forth, my sons, through heathen realms proclaim
Mercy to sinners in a Saviour's name:"
Thus spake the Lord; they heard and they obeyed;—
Greenland lay wrapt in nature's heaviest shade;
Thither the ensign of the cross they bore;
The gaunt barbarians met them on the shore;
With joy and wonder hailing from afar,
Through polar storms, the light of Jacob's star.

Where roll Ohio's streams, Missouri's floods,
Beneath the umbrage of eternal woods,
The Red Man roamed, a hunter-warrior wild;
On him the everlasting Gospel smiled;
His heart was awed, confounded, pierced, subdued,
Divinely melted, moulded, and renewed;
The bold base savage, nature's harshest clod,
Rose from the dust the image of his God.
And thou, poor Negro! scorned of all mankind;
Thou dumb and impotent, and deaf and blind;
Thou dead in spirit! toil-degraded slave,
Crushed by the curse on Adam to the grave;
The messengers of peace, o'er land and sea,
That sought the sons of sorrow, stooped to thee.
The captive raised his slow and sullen eye;
He knew no friend, nor deemed a friend was nigh,
Till the sweet tones of Pity touched his ears,
And Mercy bathed his bosom with her tears;
Strange were those tones, to him those tears were strange;
He wept and wondered at the mighty change,
Felt the quick pang of keen compunction dart,
And heard a small still whisper in his heart,
A voice from heaven, that bade the outcast rise
From shame on earth to glory in the skies.

From isle to isle the welcome tidings ran;
The slave that heard them started into man:
Like Peter, sleeping in his chains, he lay,
The angel came, his night was turned to day:
"Arise!" his fetters fall, his slumbers flee;
He wakes to life, he springs to liberty.

A little later in the poem, after celebration of the men who had battled for the ending of this wrong—Granville Sharp (who established against opposition the law of the Constitution that there are no slaves in England, and a negro found in England must, therefore, be free), Clarkson, Wilberforce, Pitt, and Fox—Montgomery remembers the pure love of liberty in Cowper, and exclaims—

Lamented Cowper! in thy path I tread;
O! that on me were thy meek spirit shed!
The woes that wring my bosom once were thine;
Be all thy virtues, all thy genius, mine!
Peace to thy soul! thy God thy portion be;
And in His presence may I rest with thee!

James Montgomery's chief poem was "The World before the Flood," published in 1814. He died in April, 1854, his last work having been a volume of "Original Hymns."

Reginald Heber, who died in 1826, aged forty-three, is remembered among writers of a generation earlier than that with which some of the most vigorous of his contemporaries are associated. He was really three years younger than Dr. Chalmers, who lived more than twenty years longer, and seems, therefore, to us the younger man. Reginald Heber was born in April, 1783, at Malpas, in Cheshire. He was made familiar with the Bible from his earliest years, and it is said that he could, when five years old, generally tell where any passage quoted from it would be found. He was also from early years inquisitive for knowledge of all kinds, and was never seen in a passion. As a schoolboy, he found his chief recreation in books; but his liveliness and kindliness, and readiness as a teller of good stories, kept him always on the best terms with his schoolfellows. He was still studying the Bible daily, and at sixteen or seventeen considered Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" his favourite book. As a schoolboy, he was distinguished for his skill in composition. In 1800 he went to Oxford, and joined Brasenose College, where an elder brother was, as his father had been, a Fellow. In his first year he won the University prize for Latin verse with a "Carmen Seculare" upon the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Palestine was given as the subject for an extra prize in English verse. Heber worked so hard at it that he brought on an attack of illness, and was confined to his bed for a few days when the poem was only half done; but he finished it, and won the prize with one of the very best poems ever written by a young man upon such an inducement. Its quality, and the profound earnestness with which it was read by the young student in 1803—his age then being twenty—raised the audience to enthusiasm at the public recitation. This is the poem:—

PALESTINE.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad City, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustres fling,
And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdu'd?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait;
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force, and meagre Want is there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of heaven,
To whose high care Judaea's state was given!
O woe of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill;

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If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you loved so well;
(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear);
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy!
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.
O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above!
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loos'd his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate,
Thy house is left unto thee desolate;
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mould'ring wall;
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew:
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill;¹
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze,
The robber riots, or the hermit prays;
Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Though now no more your glitt'ring marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.

¹ Ardeni's rill. In the days of poetic "diction," few geographical names escaped the disguise of false finery. If a man meant "Jordan" it did not follow that he would say "Jordan." The Hebrew letters "Yarden" would flow smoothly as Ardeni. Notes were in those days an essential part of the equipment of a published poem. The poet had, therefore, a place in which he informed the reader what he meant by "Almotana's tide" and "Ardeni's rill." Young Heber was only doing what the taste of the time required, and he could have quoted Aristotle on the elevating character of a few strange words in a composition. The old woman was of one mind with fine critics of her day when she found benefit to her soul from the mere hearing of "that blessed word 'Mesopotamia,'" which it was her good fortune not to understand.

No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;
 And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows :
 Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
 And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire. 80
 So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
 The western Sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
 His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
 And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.
 Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
 As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb :
 For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
 And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
 Arabia's parent, clasped her fainting child, 90
 And wandered near the roof, no more her home,
 Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam :
 My sorrowing Fancy quits the happier height,
 And southward throws her half-averted sight.
 For sad the scenes Judaea's plains disclose,
 A dreary waste of undistinguish'd woes :
 See War untir'd his crimson pinions spread,
 And foul Revenge that tramples on the dead !
 Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
 Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine ! 100
 'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
 And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
 Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
 And on the hamlet pour the waste of war ;
 Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
 Revere the sacred smile of infancy.
 Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
 Where waves on Kishon's bank the whisp'ring reed ;
 And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
 Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice ; 110
 While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
 Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
 Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
 Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
 With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
 And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
 Lov'd for Thy mercies, for Thy power adored !
 If at Thy name the waves forgot their force,
 And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source ; 120
 If at Thy Name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth Thy long-neglected vine !
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretched her peopled reign
 From far Euphrates to the western main ?
 For this o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ? 130
 For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd ?

O feeble boast of transitory power !
 Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !
 Not such their hope, when through the parted main
 The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :
 Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
 The torch of heaven diffus'd its friendly light :
 Not, when fierce conquest urg'd the onward war,
 And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car : 140

Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
 In rude array, the harness'd Amorite :
 Yes—in that hour by mortal accents stay'd,
 The lingering Sun his fiery wheels delay'd ;
 The Moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
 Curb'd her pale car, and check'd her mazy round.
 Let Sinai tell—for she beheld His might,
 And God's own darkness veiled her mystic height
 (He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,
 And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd) :
 Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
 His praise, His power, eternal, infinite ?—
 Awe-struck I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,
 Or serve His altar with unhallow'd fire.

Such were the cares that watched o'er Israel's
 And such the glories of their infant state.
 —Triumphant race ! and did your power decay
 Fail'd the bright promise of your early day ?
 No ;—by that sword, which, red with heathen
 A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore ;
 By him, the chief to farthest India known,
 The mighty master of the ivory throne ;
 In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er his
 Victorious Salem's lion banner rose :
 Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
 And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.
 —And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind
 Through nature's mazes wander'd unconfin'd ;
 Who ev'ry bird, and beast, and insect knew,
 And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew :
 To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
 The powerful sigil and the starry spell,
 The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread
 And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
 Hence all his might ; for who could these oppose
 And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.

Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,
 And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
 In frantic converse with the mournful wind,
 There oft the houseless Santon rests reclin'd ;
 Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wonted
 ears

The voices of the dead, and songs of other years

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
 Still sound Arabia's legendary lays ;
 And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
 How lovely were thy tents, O Israel !

For thee his iv'ry load Behemoth bore,
 And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore ;
 Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
 Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
 When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
 And silence held the lonely woods of Rome ;
 Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,
 Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone ;
 Yet here fair Science nurs'd her infant fire,
 Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
 Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
 The Temple rear'd its everlasting gate.¹

¹ Walter Scott, after the poem was finished, heard Heber and enjoyed it greatly, but called attention to the omission of the original narrative of the building of the Temple as strikingly poetical : "There was neither hammer, nor axe, nor tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building" (1 vi. 7). Heber at once added the next reference to "majestic

No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung. 200
Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voic'd trumpet spoke;
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present
God.

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,
And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears;— 210
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
Their destin'd triumphs, and their glad return,
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,
Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
And from the skies their ling'ring Saviour claim.
His promis'd aid could every fear controul;
This nerv'd the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's
soul!

Nor vain their hope:—Bright beaming through the
sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high; 220
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King!
Mark'd ye, where, hov'ring o'er His radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed?
Daughter of Sion! virgin queen! rejoice!
Clap the glad hand, and lift th' exulting voice!
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest; 230
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war:
Messiah comes:—let furious discord cease;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace!
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread!
Thou sick'ning sun, so dark, so deep, so red! 240
Ye hov'ring ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light? declare!
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Raised from the cross in patient agony?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice!

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed, 250
Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep!

Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;
Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
Rous'd at thy call, and panting still for game,
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.
Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
And war without, and death within the wall. 260

Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad Despair,
And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:
Love, strong as Death, retained his might no more,
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
Yet they, who went to roam th' ensanguined plain,
And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
And in their country's woes forgot their own. 270
As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,
The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd,
To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
And life's last anger warmed the dying man!
But heavier far the fetter'd captive's doom!
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:
To swell, slow-pacing by the car's tall side,
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride; 280
To flesh the lion's rav'nous jaws, or feel
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
Or pant, deep plung'd beneath the sultry mine,
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories lost:
In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
There barked the wolf, and dire hyenas fed.
Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid; 290
'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequered twilight of the olive grove;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb:
While forms celestial filled his transe'd eye,
The day-light dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charmed the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel? 300
Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast!
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows!

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
Then hallow'd Peace renewed her wealthy reign,
Then altars smoked, and Sion smiled again.
There sculptured gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen; 310
There barb'rous kings their sandal'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bowed the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appalled before the Bactrian bow;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wand'ring hermit waked the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came: 320
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty motion and the glancing plume.

In sportive pride the warrior banners wield
The proud sun banner and the war-like shield,
And start to see their armour's true gleam
Launch with true lustre in Tiberia's stream.

The warrior banners floating o'er their van,
All ready for the mingled myriads ran :
Impatient Death behind the destin'd food,
And howling vultures stuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
By southern Borneo or Scythian Timur led,
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
United Greece to Phrygia's rocky shore :
There *Gaul's* proud knights with boastful mien ad-
vance

Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance ;
Here, linked with *Thrace*, in close battalions stand
Armenia's war, a war inglorious band :
There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain ;
Here in black *Esa*, advancing firm and slow,
Vandalia's *Alfonso* twangs the deadly bow :—
Alfonso,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
And wield in freedom's cause the freeman's generous
blade :

Ye maimed spirits of the warrior dead,
Whose giant force Britannia's armies led !
Whose flickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might ;
Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
Widely-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear !
At *Alfonso's* call your crested pride resume,
And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb !
Your warms behold, in arm, in heart the same,
Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
To help in still their generous aid supply
And pick the palm of Syrian chivalry !

When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
Th' Apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hoped an ampler way ;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismayed ?
What arm repelled the victor Renegade ?
Britannia's champion !—bathed in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless SEAMAN stood :
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
Even the pale crescent blessed the Christian's might.
O day of death ! O thirst, beyond controul,
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul !
The slain, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road ;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew,
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.
While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that marked Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.

Yet shall she rise :—but not by war restored,
Not built in murder, pass'd by the sword.
Yes, Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand he
Shall judge the parent oppressor's ruthless ray
And burn his brazen house, and cast his core

Then on your tops shall desertless verdure spring
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys sing
No more your thimbley rocks shall frown inlonely
The unbeliever's pest, the heathen's scorn :
The sunny sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
Even now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand
Counts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;
And chides the tardy souls that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

And who is He ? the vast, the awful form
Girt with the whirlwind, sandal'd with the storm
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
To highest heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land ;
And, hark ! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that Time shall be no more !

Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo ! thrones arise, and every saint is there :
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway.
The mountains worship, and the isles obey :
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light.
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark ! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong
" Worthy the Lamb ! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave "

Two years later, in 1805, Reginald I graduated, and obtained a Fellowship at All Saints. Next year he obtained the prize for an English on "The Sense of Honour." Then he extended education by a period of travel in Germany. Russia, took orders in 1807, and was made rector of Hodnet, Shropshire, to which living his brother (his father died in 1804) had the presentation. Rector of Hodnet, Reginald Heber married and published a short poem on the war in Europe among other writings, began in 1811 the publication of his Hymns for the Sundays and chief Holy Days of the Year in the *Christian Observer*. He was about 1817, a prebendary of St. Asaph, where his wife's father was dean. It was in 1817 that Thomas Chalmers published his series of Discourses on "The Christian Revelation, viewed in connection with the modern Astronomy." Heber was delighted with them, and wrote to a friend : "Have you read Chalmers' Sermons ? I can at present read

¹ Sir Sidney Smith relieved Acre in 1799, and after resisting twelve attempts by the French between March 16 and May 20, compelled Bonaparte to retire.

else; so much am I taken with the richness of the matter, in spite of one of the worst styles that ever matter was encumbered with, on this side of chaos. I heartily wish that somebody would translate him into French; his arguments would do infinite good to the cause of Christianity on the Continent; and his beauties are precisely of the kind which lose



REGINALD HEBER.

From the Portrait prefixed in 1827 to his *Memoirs* published by his Widow.

nothing by transfusion into another language, and which would be extremely popular abroad." In 1819, when Heber was paying a visit to his father-in-law, the dean was to preach at Wrexham on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and asked Heber to write for him a hymn to be sung at the close of the sermon. He did so, and the result was this

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What, though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
For vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone:

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! O salvation!

The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

About this time also Heber accepted a publisher's commission to write a *Life of Jeremy Taylor* for an edition of his *Complete Works*. In 1822 Heber was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn, and in January, 1823, he was appointed to the bishopric of Calcutta. He was now himself joined to the number of the missionaries. Of his life and travel in India Bishop Heber kept an interesting journal, which was published. But after only three years of his ministration there, on the 3rd of April, 1826, after an address to some native Christians at Trichinopoly, he went to a bath, which was filled by a spring beyond his depth. After half an hour, as he had not yet come out, his servant entered and found him lying dead under the water. His death was ascribed to apoplexy.

Thomas Chalmers was the sixth of fourteen children of a dyer and shipowner at Anstruther, in Fifeshire. He was born in March, 1780; educated first in the parish school at Anstruther, then at the University of St. Andrews, where he was trained in theology, and at the age of nineteen was licensed to preach. In 1799 and 1800 he studied at the University of Edinburgh, and showed a great interest in mathematics and natural science. He assisted a clergyman, assisted a mathematical professor, before May, 1803, when, at the age of twenty-three, he obtained a living of his own at Kilmany, in Fifeshire, and joined to his clerical duties the not less congenial work of a teacher of mathematics and chemistry at St. Andrews. In 1804 and 1805 he was an unsuccessful candidate for professorships; one of Natural Philosophy, at St. Andrews, and one of Science, at Edinburgh. In the winter of 1809-10 the minister of Kilmany narrowly escaped with his life from serious illness; he recovered with a sense of religion so much deepened by thought upon the sick-bed that a new intensity of feeling came into his preaching, and without putting away his pleasure in scientific inquiries, they also became thenceforth a part of his religious life. In 1812 he married, and in 1813 an article on Christianity, that he had been writing before his illness, appeared in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. It was then developed into a somewhat larger work, and published separately as a treatise on "The Evidences of Christianity." In 1815, at the age of thirty-six, Chalmers left Kilmany to become pastor of the Tron Church at Glasgow, and the University of Glasgow gave him, in the following

In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
The pond'rous falchion and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Talaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their side
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ride,
Impatient Death beheld his destin'd food,
And how'ring vultures smird the sound of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host
By northern Brenn or Scythian Tmes
Nor such the heart-inspiring shout
United Greece to Phrygia's rusty host
There Gaul's proud knights with

vance
Form the long line, and shal-
Here, linked with Thra-
Ausonia's sons, a soft host
There the stern Norman
And the dark tribes of
Here in black files, ad-
Victorious Alldon
Albion,—still prompt
And wield in fre-
blades!

Ye sainted
Whose great
Whose high
Still pour'd
Lords of
Wide-
At Albi-
And be-
Your
Still
Tale
And
has its text from
"And lo, thou
of one who hath
well on an instru-
but they do them
in a time when there
in life and literature

SENSIBILITY.
and with complacency too,
was awakened by an act of
his heart, melted and sub-
did homage to all the
how he was so moved
the tears of contrition,
of judgment, and to receive
of the greatness and the majesty of
up to a lofty pitch of eternity, he
the world, and by the glance of one
upon the littleness and vanity
it is very possible that all this
of the man, and circulate a suc-
and affecting images around his fancy;
of his nature, upon which the
of Christianity turns, might have met
and no inhibiting efficacy whatever to arouse
the exhibition, as dead in trespasses and sins
Conscience has not wakened upon

has not turned him. Faith has not made
judgment within him of her great and constrain-
He speeds him back to his business and to his
and there he plays off the old man in all the entire-
the uncrucified temper, and of his obstinate world-
of all those earthly and unsanctified affections
found to cleave to him with as great tenacity as
He is really and experimentally the very same man as
and all those sensibilities which seemed to bear upon
much of the air and unction of heaven, are found
into dissipation, and be forgotten with the loveliness of

And all that illusion which such momentary visitations of
and of sentiment throw around the character of a
man, let us never lose sight of the test, that "by their fruits
ye shall know them." It is not coming up to this test, that
you hear and are delighted. It is that you hear and do.
This is the ground upon which the reality of your religion is
discriminated now; and on the day of reckoning, this is the
ground upon which your religion will be judged then; and
that award is to be passed upon you, which will fix and per-
petuate your destiny for ever. You have a taste for music.
This no more implies the hold and the ascendancy of religion
over you than that you have a taste for beautiful scenery, or
a taste for painting, or even a taste for the sensualities of
epicureism. But music may be made to express the glow and
the movement of devotional feeling; and is it saying nothing
to say that the heart of him who listens with a raptured ear
is through the whole time of the performance in harmony
with such a movement? Why, it is saying nothing to the
purpose. Music may lift the inspiring note of patriotism,
and the inspiration may be felt; and it may thrill over the
recesses of the soul, to the mustering up of all its energies;
and it may sustain to the last cadence of the song the firm
nerve and purpose of intrepidity; and all this may be realised
upon him who in the day of battle, and upon actual collision
with the dangers of it, turns out to be a coward. And music
may lull the feelings into unison with piety; and stir up the
inner man to lofty determinations; and so engage for a time
his affections, that as if weaned from the dust, they promise
an immediate entrance upon some great and elevated career,
which may carry him through his pilgrimage superior to
all the sordid and grovelling enticements that abound in it.
But he turns him to the world, and all this glow abandons
him; and the words which he hath heard, he doeth them not,
and in the hour of temptation he turns out to be a deserter
from the law of allegiance; and the test I have now specified
looks hard upon him, and discriminates him amid all the
parading insignificance of his fine but fugitive emotions, to
be the subject both of present guilt and of future vengeance.

The faithful application of this test would put to flight a
host of other delusions. It may be carried round amongst
all those phenomena of human character, where there is the
exhibition of something associated with religion, but which is
not religion itself. An exquisite relish for music is no test of
the influence of Christianity. Neither are many other of the
exquisite sensibilities of our nature. When a kind mother
closes the eyes of her expiring babe, she is thrown into a
flood of sensibility, and soothing to her heart are the sym-
pathy and the prayers of an attending minister. When a
gathering neighbourhood assemble to the funeral of an
acquaintance, one pervading sense of regret and tenderness
sits on the faces of the company; and the deep silence,
broken only by the solemn utterance of the man of God,
carries a kind of pleasing religiousness along with it. The
sacredness of the hallowed day, and all the decencies of its
observation, may engage the affections of him who loves to

walk in the footsteps of his father; and every recurring Sabbath may bring to his bosom the charm of its regularity and its quietness. Religion has its accompaniments; and in these there may be a something to soothe and to fascinate, even in the absence of the appropriate influences of religion. The deep and tender impression of a family bereavement is not religion. The charm of all that sentimentalism which is associated with many of its solemn and affecting services, is not religion. They may form the distinct folds of its accustomed drapery; but they do not, any or all of them put together, make up the substance of the thing itself. A mother's tenderness may flow most gracefully over the tomb of her departed little one; and she may talk the while of that heaven whither its spirit has ascended. The man whom death hath widowed of his friend may abandon himself to the movements of that grief, which for a time will claim an ascendancy over him; and amongst the multitude of his other reveries, may love to hear of the eternity where sorrow and separation are unknown. He who has been trained, from his infant days, to remember the Sabbath, may love the holiness of its aspect, and associate himself with all its observances, and take a delighted share in the mechanism of its forms. But, let not these think, because the tastes and sensibilities which engross them may be blended with religion, that they indicate either its strength or its existence within them. I recur to the test. I press its imperious exactions upon you. I call for fruit, and demand the permanency of a religious influence on the habits and the history. Oh! how many who take a flattering unction to their souls, when they think of their amiable feelings, and their becoming observations, with whom this touchstone would, like the head of Medusa, put to flight all their complacency! The afflictive dispensation is forgotten, and he on whom it was laid is practically as indifferent to God and to eternity as before. The Sabbath services come to a close, and they are followed by the same routine of week-day worldliness as before. In neither the one case nor the other do we see more of the radical influence of Christianity than in the sublime and melting influence of sacred music upon the soul; and all this tide of emotion is found to die away from the bosom, like the pathos or like the loveliness of a song.

Dr. Chalmers applied practical Christianity to his parish in Glasgow by forming organizations of workers to visit the poor, establish schools, and, as far as might be, bring religion into all its daily life. He held religion—a religion of duty, not of sentiment—to be the surest remedy for the chief social ills that men had sought in other ways to lessen. Like Wordsworth, he laid hold of the thought now underlying the best work of the nineteenth century, that the growth of all lies in the growth of each; that the way to the distant accomplishment of the best hope that preceded the French revolution, hope of a new era for humanity, is only by the development of each individual citizen; and in that development he held religion to be of all aids the one most needful. The result of his experiment within his parish (that was, among other things, to aid the poor without a poor-law), Chalmers published, together with the ideas upon which he based it, in quarterly tracts "On the Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns," which appeared between 1819 and 1823. He wrote also in 1817 two articles on Pauperism in the *Edinburgh Review*, which belong to the same effort to join religion to the daily work of life. In 1823, Thomas

Chalmers left the pulpit, and became Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews; and after five years in this office, he became, in 1828, Divinity Professor at the University of Edinburgh. In that office he became a power in Edinburgh for the next fifteen years. In 1833, he contributed to the series of treatises called forth by the Earl of Bridgewater's bequest of £8,000 for treatises to be written in proof of the wisdom and benevolence of the Deity, as manifested in the works of Creation. The argument was arranged under eight heads, and a fit writer was asked for a treatise illustrating each. The subject accepted by Chalmers was "The Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man."

In 1843, Dr. Chalmers headed the secession of four hundred ministers from the Scottish Established Church to form a new Free Church. By this secession Chalmers gave up his Divinity Professorship at the University of Edinburgh, and became Principal and Divinity Professor at the new College, founded by the seceders. His was the master-spirit in the organization of the new Free Church of Scotland, and at the age of sixty-seven he was about to take part in one of its General Assemblies, when he was found dead in his bed on the morning of the 31st of May, 1847.

The ground of separation of the Free Church from the Scottish Establishment was an attempt made, by the party to which Dr. Chalmers belonged to put some check upon misuse of the patronage of church livings. Chalmers had been a power in the Scottish Church Assembly, and had succeeded there in passing, in the year 1834, an Act which allowed congregations to put a veto on the appointment of unwelcome ministers. This was regarded on the other side as an illegal interference with the rights of patrons, and a breach of established relations between Church and State. The end to the dispute was a resolve to recover at once the rights claimed, in a separate Free Church. Dr. Chalmers himself, at the time of the secession, thus stated his case in a letter to Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge, dated the 15th of March, 1844, and since included in his published correspondence:—

THE SECESSION IN THE SCOTTISH CHURCH.

I shall undertake no more than to fill up this sheet by as succinct and synoptical a statement as I can possibly give within such narrow limits of our Scottish Church question. For the sake of brevity let me present you with the leading points in numerical order:—

1. The line of demarcation between the civil and the ecclesiastical was a great topic of contention between the Church and State in Scotland during nearly the whole of the seventeenth century, which at length, after the persecutions and the martyrdoms of twenty-eight years of the reigns of Charles II. and James II., was terminated by the Revolution Settlement.

2. By this Settlement, the relation in which the Church and State stood to each other was definitely laid down. It forms, in fact, the great charter of our constitutional law and liberties, and was solemnly renewed and ratified by the Articles of Union between the two kingdoms.

3. By this charter it is provided that the government of the Church is distinct from that of the civil magistrate, and the final jurisdiction in things spiritual was vested in our ecclesiastical Courts. But ours being an Established Church, questions occasionally arose which involved temporalities along with matters of purely ecclesiastical government; and so it was further provided that, where on those questions the decisions of the civil and ecclesiastical Courts conflicted with each other, the civil decisions should infer only civil effects, and the ecclesiastical only the ecclesiastical effects; and till within these few years nothing was of more familiar occurrence than the decisions of the Church Courts taking effect as to all matters of discipline, and ordination, and Church government, and the contrary decisions of the Law Courts taking effect by the forfeiture of the temporalities, and of consequence the separation of the emoluments from the duties of the pastoral office. This precluded the respective powers from ever coming into collision, while they operated powerfully and often wholesomely as a check upon each other.

4. In 1712, or twenty-two years after the Revolution Settlement, and five years after the Union, the Act of Queen Anne, for the restoration of patronage, was passed. But for more than a century after this, the great constitutional principle of the separate jurisdictions of the two sets of Courts—the civil and the ecclesiastical—and the confinement of each within their own proper sphere, was observed inviolable. Contrary decisions were sometimes given on the same question as before, but still the minister, whom the ecclesiastical Court admitted to any given cure, was charged with all its duties, though if, unfortunately, as it occasionally happened, the civil Court gave a decision adverse to his civil rights as a minister, he behoved to relinquish the temporalities of the office.

5. And not till within these three or four years has the discovery been made that the Act of Queen Anne did envelop a contradiction to the principles of the Revolution Settlement and the Articles of Union; a discovery which ran as counter to all the previous conceptions of the civilians as to the ecclesiastics in this country—and upon which the civil Courts now do what, for a hundred and fifty years, they had never offered to do—overrule the discipline, and ordinations, and all the other judgments of our Ecclesiastical Court; thus taking upon themselves the entire government of the Church of Scotland.

6. On this discovery being made, an application came from the Church to the Legislature—the object of which was to remodel that one law so as to bring it into union with that prior and original constitution, upon which our Church entered into union with the State in 1690, and Scotland entered into union with England in 1707. It was in fact asking of them nothing more than to rectify their own blunder, so that no subsequent act of theirs should be suffered to violate the prior constitution which they themselves had ratified.

7. The application to Parliament was disregarded; and when the Church was thus defeated in her attempts to obtain redress on the ground of the British Constitution, she had no other choice than to fall back on the ground of her original principles, appeal to her own conscience, and submit these anew to the decision of her own conscience—that conscience which bore her honourably through the struggles of the seventeenth century, and at length won for her a constitution in which she could acquiesce: and so she relinquishes her connection with the State, rather than submit to the government of the civil power in those matters which she deemed to be sacredly and peculiarly her own.

Parliament abolished patronage in the State Church of Scotland by an Act passed in June, 1874.



THOMAS CHALMERS.

From a Portrait by Andrew Geddes (1821). Engraved for Dr. Hanna's "Life of Chalmers."

We have followed Chalmers into the present reign, but, turning now to the poets, go back to the earlier years of the century for recognition of the religious spirit of James Grahame, author of a poem on the Sabbath. James Grahame, born in 1765, was five years older than Wordsworth, but he died early, at the age of forty-six, in 1811. He was born at Glasgow, educated at the University there, and bred to the law, which he practised for a short time. He inspired warm friendship in John Wilson, afterwards "Christopher North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Grahame was profoundly religious; he is said to have had an outward aspect that suggested one of the stern old Puritans of the past, but to have been, as his poetry shows that he was, full of the sweet spirit of a Christian gentleness and love. He left the bar for the Church, and died in 1811 curate of Sedgfield, near Durham. His poem on the Sabbath, written in 1804, was followed in 1806 by a poem on the "Birds of Scotland," expressing his observation of nature, and tranquil enjoyment of the works of God. Of the man whom Byron sneered at as "sepulchral Grahame," and whose books he called "two volumes of cant," the healthy, vigorous John Wilson wrote in lines upon his death—

"Well I loved thee, even as one might love
An elder brother, imaged in the soul
With solemn features, half-creating awe,
But smiling still with gentleness and peace.
Tears have I shed when thy most mournful voice
Did tremblingly breathe forth that touching air
By Scottish shepherd haply framed of old,
Amid the silence of his pastoral hills,
Weeping the flowers on Flodden-field that died.
Wept too have I, when thou didst simply read

From thine own lays so simply beautiful
 Some short pathetic tale of human grief,
 Or orison or hymn of deeper love,
 That might have won the sceptic's sullen heart
 To gradual adoration, and belief
 Of Him who died for us upon the cross.
 Yea! oft when thou wert well, and in the calm
 Of thy most Christian spirit blessing all
 Who looked upon thee, with those gentlest smiles
 That never lay on human face but thine;
 Even when thy serious eyes were lighted up
 With kindling mirth, and from thy lips distilled
 Words soft as dew, and cheerful as the dawn,
 Then too I could have wept, for on thy face,
 Eye, voice, and smile, nor less thy bending frame
 By other cause impaired than length of years,
 Lay something that still turned the thoughtful heart
 To melancholy dreams, dreams of decay,
 Of death and burial, and the silent tomb."

Sepulchral in outward aspect as one marked for death, Grahame had the freshest life within him. Of the days when he began his career as a barrister his friend wrote—

"Yet even then,
 Thy life was ever such as well became
 One whose pure soul was fixed upon the Cross!
 And when with simple fervent eloquence,
 Grahame pled the poor man's cause, the listener oft
 Thought how becoming would his visage smile
 Across the house of God, how beautifully
 That man would teach the saving words of Heaven!"

The pure spirit of the writer adds an untaught grace to Grahame's poem on the Sabbath. He describes a Sabbath morning in the country, the sound of the church bells, the gathering to prayer; speaks his sympathy alike with the Scottish and the English service, and with solitary worship of the shepherd boy upon the hills; then paints the groups returning over the hills from church, and compares the scene of peace with the old days of persecution. Then his theme of religion widens; he sees worshippers in the hospital, in the prison; and condemns capital punishment of those who never have been taught their duty, condemns indiscriminate severity of criminal law. The teaching that should have averted crime suggests transition from the prison to the Sunday-school, and Grahame, dwelling on the comparative mildness of the Jewish law, sings next of the old Jewish year of Jubilee. Then he follows emigrants across the sea, and images the Scottish worship in the far wilds of America; the Sabbath of a man wrecked and alone upon a desert island, and his release by a missionary ship that approaches to the music of an old familiar hymn. Then follows praise of the self-denial of the missionary, and transition from this ship to the slave-ship, with an appeal to England against the encouragement of slavery. A strain of liberty follows, with a return to his much loved Scotland:—

"O Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales;
 But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun
 Slants through the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
 Wandering, and stopping oft, to hear the song

Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
 Or, when the simple service ends, to hear
 The lifted latch, and mark the grey-haired man,
 The father and the priest, walk forth alone
 Into his garden-plat, or little field,
 To commune with his God in secret prayer,—
 To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
 His children are about him. Sweet, meantime,
 The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
 Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
 When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
 Nor is the contrast between youth and age
 To him a painful thought; he joys to think
 His journey near a close,—heaven is his home.
 More happy far that man, though bowed down
 Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
 Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
 Of riches, and of fame, who have renounced
 The glorious promise of the life to come,—
 Clinging to death."

The poem closes with a blessing on the active life of Charity sustained by a true Sabbath spirit, and a comparison of the first joy of hope in the resurrection to the first hearing of the song of the lark by a man pent in cities:—

"How grateful 'tis to recollect the time
 When Hope arose to Faith! Faintly at first
 The heavenly voice is heard: then, by degrees,
 Its music sounds perpetual in the heart.
 Thus he, who all the gloomy winter long
 Has dwelt in city-crowds, wandering afiel
 Betimes on Sabbath morn, ere yet the spring
 Unfold the daisy's bud, delighted hears
 The first lark's note, faint yet, and short the song,
 Checked by the chill ungenial northern breeze;
 But, as the sun ascends, another springs,
 And still another soars on loftier wing,
 Till all o'erhead, the joyous choir unseen,
 Poised welkin high, harmonious fills the air,
 As if it were a link 'tween earth and heaven."

There is no gloom in Grahame's poetry. Blair's "Grave" has little else, the hope beyond the grave is at the close faintly suggested in comparison with all the unctuous dwelling on its actual corruption. Grahame sees only in death "the Sabbath of the tomb." His love for man and bird and beast is everywhere in his writing. In his "Birds of Scotland" he celebrates the linnnet and the mavis and the merle and all, and has nothing but goodwill to the cuckoo, who has, on the whole, been ill-befriended by the poets. One passage from the "Birds of Scotland" we may take as characteristic of its author:—

"I love the neighbourhood of man and beasts:
 I would not place my stable out of sight.
 No! close behind my dwelling, it should form
 A fence, on one side, to my garden plat.
 What beauty equals shelter, in a clime
 Where wintry blasts with summer breezes blend,
 Chilling the day! How pleasant 'tis to hear
 December's winds, amid surrounding trees,
 Raging aloud! how grateful 'tis to wake,
 While raves the midnight storm, and hear the sound

Of busy grinders at the well-filled rack ;
Or flapping wing, and crow of chanticleer,
Long ere the lingering morn ; or bouncing flails,
That tell the dawn is near ! Pleasant the path
By sunny garden-wall, when all the fields
Are chill and comfortless ; or barn-yard snug,
Where flocking birds, of various plume, and chirp
Discordant, cluster on the leaning stack,
From whence the thresher draws the rustling sheaves.

O Nature ! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is His presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
To think that He, who hears the heavenly choirs,
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song ;—
To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky ;
To mark His presence in the mighty bow
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower, to hear His awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale ;
To know, and feel His care for all that lives ;—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A fruitful field, each grove a paradise.
Yes ! place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard ; the heath-bell there
Would soothe my weary sight, and tell of Thee !
There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault, by day,—by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole ;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
'The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shews forth His handy work !'

But of all poets of this time it was Wordsworth
who felt most deeply the relation of a love of outside
nature to a love of man, and the place of man in the
great harmony of creation. His work it was to show,
as prophet of Nature—

"How the mind of man becomes
A thousand times more beautiful than the earth
On which he dwells, above this frame of things
(Which, 'mid all revolution in the hopes
And fears of men, doth still remain unchanged)
In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine."

We have seen in another volume¹ how Words-
worth's active sympathy with the first hopes and
efforts of the French Revolution developed into
strong and quiet sense of the one path to the fulfil-
ment of their aim. "Having gained," he said,

"A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man.
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes,—I could not but inquire—
Not with less interest than heretofore,

But greater, though in spirit more subdued—
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand ? What one is
Why may not millions be ?"

The following ode was partly written in 1801
there was an interval of two years in the
between the first four stanzas and the rest
poem :—

ODE.

Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief.
And I again am strong :
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday :—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
shepherd boy !

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day ! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm

¹ "Shorter English Poems," pages 417, 418 ; 434.

² See Vaughan's "Retreat," pages 288, 289, of the present volume.

And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm :— 50
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
 But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone :
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat :
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star, 60
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar :
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home :
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows 70
 He sees it in his joy ;
 The Youth, who daily farthest from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended ;
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And even with something of a Mother's mind, 80
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
 A six years' Darling of a pigmy size !
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes ! 90
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly-learned art ;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral ;
 And this hath now his heart,
 And unto this he frames his song :
 And unto this he fits his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
 But it will not be long 100
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
 The little Actor cons another part ;
 Filling from time to time his " humorous stage "
 With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
 That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity ; 110
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,

That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave, 120
 A presence which is not to be put by ;
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
 Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers 130
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive!
 The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction: not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest;
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
 Not for these I raise 140
 The song of thanks and praise ;
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings;
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised:
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections, 150
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy, 160
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy!
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young Lambs bound 170
 As to the tabor's sound!
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find 180
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; 190
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won. 200
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

So little was Wordsworth's "Excursion" understood in the days when it was written that a single edition of 500 copies lasted the English public for six years. The next edition of 500 it took seven years to sell. Robert Southey heard of a critic who boasted that he had crushed the "Excursion," and cried, "He crush the 'Excursion!' Tell him he might as well fancy he could crush Skiddaw."

Wordsworth's friendship for Sir George Beaumont, which gave rise to the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," had its origin in 1803. Sir George was then staying with Coleridge, at Greta Hall, Keswick, and appreciated Coleridge's friend, Wordsworth, whom he had not seen. Knowing Coleridge's desire to have Wordsworth near him, Beaumont bought a piece of ground on a beautiful spot at Applethwaite, near Keswick, and gave it to Wordsworth as a site for a house that he might build there. Wordsworth wrote his thanks, and asked to be steward only of the land, and return it if he could not pitch his tent upon it. Thus began a friendship that lasted until Beaumont's death, in 1827. Sir George had afterwards a notion of building himself a house near Wordsworth, and bought Loughrigg Tarn. But this scheme also came to nothing, the tarn was re-sold, and the purchase-money placed at Wordsworth's disposal. He laid it out in the walling of Grasmere Churchyard and planting the yew-trees, in the shade of which his grave long afterwards was made. In 1821, when Wordsworth was staying with his friends, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, at Coleorton, Sir George was about to build a church on his estate. The church was the great daily topic of the house, and this led to conversations on church history. The impulse was thus given to the series of "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," in which Wordsworth

traced the development of the English Church, dwelt on the religious life of England. Wordsworth felt strongly the power of a calm religious influence in aid of that true individual development which to him the chief hope of the future. His experience of the French Revolution led him to doubt the less spirit of outward change, and he felt truly the gains of civil liberty in England were of a large measure to the religious spirit that inspired battle.

OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

Ungrateful Country, if thou e'er forget
The sons who for thy civil rights have bled!
How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,
And Russell's milder blood the scaffold wet;
But these had fallen for profitless regret
Had not thy holy Church her champions bred,
And claims from other worlds inspired
The star of Liberty to rise. Nor yet
(Grave this within thy heart!) if spiritual things
Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,
Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,
However hardly won or justly dear:
What came from heaven to heaven by nature due
And, if dis severed thence, its course is short.

The series of these "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" closed with a bold glance forward, preluding Sonnets on Church-building. These are upon George Beaumont's new church, built amidst grass and trees of his grounds. This, for example, is the Sonnet on the Consecration and Enclosure of its Churchyard:—

THE NEW CHURCHYARD.

The encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,
Is now by solemn consecration given
To social interests, and to favouring Heaven.
And where the rugged colts their gambols played
And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,
Unchecked, as when by merry Outlaw driven,
Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even.
And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade
Shall wound the tender sod. Encincture small,
But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!
Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow:—
The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust."
The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust
That to the Almighty Father looks through all.

That is followed by Sonnets on English Cathedrals and such piles as the Chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

CATHEDRALS, ETC.

Open your gates, ye everlasting Piles!
Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared
Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward
And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles
To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,
Or down the nave to pace in motion slow
Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow
And mount, at every step, with living wiles

the heart and lead the will
to the world above.
uments of love
sovereign hill!
those splendours cheer



THE NAVE AND WEST TRANSEPT, LINCOLN.

And this is Wordsworth's closing glance into the
future:—

CONCLUSION.

Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,
Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the Word
Yields, if with unpresumptuous faith explored,
Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold
His drowsy rings. Look forth!—that stream behold,
THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed
Floating at ease while nations have effaced
Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold
Long lines of mighty kings—look forth my Soul!
Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust.
The living Waters, less and less by guilt
Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,
Till they have reached the eternal City—built
For the perfected Spirits of the just!

Two years later, in 1823, Wordsworth addressed to Lady Le Fleming a poem on the chapel or church she was then building at Rydal, which was to be Wordsworth's place of public worship during the rest of his life, until his death in 1850. In that year, on Sunday, the 10th of March, he attended service at Rydal Chapel for the last time. Between four and five in the evening he set out to walk to Grasmere in a keen north-east wind, lightly clad and looking feeble. He was about on the two next days in cold bright weather, called at a cottage, and sat down on the stone seat of the porch to watch the setting sun. On the 14th came pain in the side; on the 20th his throat and chest were affected with severe inflam-

mation. His strength sank. On the 7th of April he was eighty years old, and was prayed for in Rydal Chapel. When his daughter Dora died in 1847 he wrote, "Our sorrow, I feel, is for life; but God's will be done." When he had now to be told that his own course was closing, his wife gave him the desired warning by whispering, "William, you are going to Dora." He died on the afternoon of the 23rd, and was buried in Grasmere Churchyard. A tablet to his memory with a medallion of his head in bas-relief was afterwards placed in Grasmere Church, over the pew he had once occupied there.



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. (From the Tablet in Grasmere Church.)

John Keble was born in 1792 at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, the second child and eldest son of the Rev. John Keble, who was vicar of Coln St. Aldwin's, about three miles from Fairford, where he lived in a house of his own. Keble's mother had been Sarah Maule, daughter of the incumbent of Ringwood, in Hampshire. The father educated the son for college, and took him in 1806 to his own college in Oxford, Corpus Christi, where he obtained a scholarship when not quite fifteen. He obtained a Fellowship of Oriel, and took private pupils before he was ordained. Then he assisted his father as curate in charge of two small parishes, but was recalled to take a Tutorship at Oriel. In May, 1823, his mother died, and in that year John Keble left Oxford and joined his father at Fairford. Having been a Tutor at Oriel for five years, during which time he had twice served as Public Examiner, and once as Master of the Schools, he returned to the two little curacies, and to the aid and companionship of his father and his two sisters, whom he called playfully his wife and his sweetheart, Elizabeth and Mary Anne. Keble's father lived to the age of ninety, venerated by his son. The elder sister, Elizabeth, was delicate in health, gravely gentle and affectionate—her, Keble called his wife. The other sister, Mary Anne, with her own depths of earnestness, was cheerful and playful as John Keble himself could be; they lived in a half sportive companionship of love. In 1825 Keble became curate of Hursley, where the incumbent was Archdeacon Heathcote, who lived at Winchester. Sir William Heathcote, who had just succeeded to the property at Hursley, and recommended Keble to the curacy,

was really the first moving cause of a reaction at Oxford that carried some over to Rome; but his devotion to the Church in all her ordinances was so inseparable from a life that in all its acts and utterances looked to heaven, that in the hottest strife of parties no man has supposed Keble to be an enemy. Within twenty-six years after the publication of the "Christian Year" 108,000 copies had been sold in forty-three editions. After Keble's death there were in nine months seven editions or 11,000 copies sold. The spirit in which Keble used his gift of song, and which is at the soul of the best poetry of England—Chaucer's, Shakespeare's, Spenser's, Milton's, Wordsworth's—whether or not its themes be formally religious, is expressed in this piece written for

PALM SUNDAY.

Ye whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Framed by Heaven's peculiar grace,
God's own work to do on earth,
(If the word be not too bold,)
Giving virtue a new birth,
And a life that ne'er grows old—

Sovereign masters of all hearts!
Know ye, who hath set your parts? 10
He who gave you breath to sing,
By whose strength ye sweep the string,
He hath chosen you, to lead
His Hosannas here below;—
Mount, and claim your glorious meed;
Linger not with sin and woe.

But if ye should hold your peace,
Deem not that the song would cease—
Angels round His glory-throne,
Stars, His guiding hand that own, 20
Flowers, that grow beneath our feet,
Stones in earth's dark womb that rest,
High and low in choir shall meet,
Ere His Name shall be unblest.

Lord, by every minstrel tongue
Be thy praise so duly sung,
That thine angels' harps may ne'er
Fail to find fit echoing here:
We the while, of meaner birth,
Who in that divinest spell 30
Dare not hope to join on earth,
Give us grace to listen well.

But should thankless silence seal
Lips, that might half Heaven reveal;
Should bards in idol-hymns profane
The sacred soul-enthraling strain
(As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using),
Then, thy power and mercy show,
In vile things noble breath infusing. 40

Then waken into sound divine
The very pavement of thy shrine,
Till we, like Heaven's star-sprinkled floor,
Faintly give back what we adore:

Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flow from childlike hearts.

This is one of the poems written for a Saint's Day:—

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

When brothers part for manhood's race,
What gift may most endearing prove
To keep fond memory in her place,
And certify a brother's love?

'Tis true, bright hours together told,
And blissful dreams in secret shar'd,
Serene or solemn, gay or bold,
Shall last in fancy unimpair'd.

E'en round the death-bed of the good
Such dear remembrances will hover, 10
And haunt us with no vexing mood
When all the cares of earth are over.

But yet our craving spirits feel,
We shall live on, though Fancy die,
And seek a surer pledge—a seal
Of love to last eternally.

Who art thou, that wouldst grave thy name
Thus deeply in a brother's heart?
Look on this saint, and learn to frame
Thy love-charm: with true Christian art. 20

First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell
Beneath the shadow of His roof,
Till thou have scann'd His features well,
And known Him for the Christ by proof;

Such proof as they are sure to find
Who spend with Him their happy days,
Clean hands, and a self-ruling mind
Ever in tune for love and praise.

Then, potent with the spell of heaven,
Go, and thine erring brother gain, 30
Entice him home to be forgiven,
Till he, too, see his Saviour plain.

Or, if before thee in the race,
Urge him with thine advancing tread,
Till, like twin stars, with even pace,
Each lucid course be duly sped.

No fading frail memorial give
To soothe his soul when thou art gone,
But wreaths of hope for aye to live,
And thoughts of good together done. 40

That so, before the judgment-seat,
Though changed and glorified each face,
Not unremember'd ye may meet
For endless ages to embrace.

At the end of 1831, John Keble was nominated to the Poetry Professorship at Oxford, and gave his first lecture in February, 1832. In 1833, he was appointed by the Vice-Chancellor to preach the

The first of these was the fact that the English had been defeated at the battle of Tewkesbury in 1471. This was a decisive battle in which the Lancastrians, led by Edward IV, defeated the Yorkists, led by Richard III. The result was that the Yorkist line was extinguished, and the Lancastrian line was restored. This was a major blow to the Yorkist cause, and it was a major factor in the eventual success of the Lancastrians.



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Dr. Newman defended himself by an *Apologia*, which was published in 1865, divested of the personality of controversy, as "History of my Religious Opinions." He was brought up to take great delight in reading the Bible, and recalls as faithfully as he can the shifting religious impressions in his childhood and youth. He was born in 1801, and is therefore one year younger than the century. His father was a banker in Lombard Street, and he was educated at Ealing School before he went to Trinity College, Oxford, where he was elected to a scholarship when very young. He graduated with classical honours in 1820, and obtained a fellowship at Oriel. In 1825 he became Vice-Principal to Dr. Whately, who was then Principal at St. Alban's Hall, but gave up that office in 1826, and became one of the tutors of his college. He then preached his first university sermon; in 1827 he was one of the public examiners for the B.A. degree, and in 1828 he became Vicar of St. Mary's. When the Fellows of Oriel had joined in welcoming him to their body, Newman wrote to a friend at the time: "I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground." In 1827 the appearance of Keble's "Christian Year" had deepened his influence over his friends, and Newman found in it, he said—as in Butler's "Analogy"—what may be called, in a large sense of the word, the Sacramental system; that is, the doctrine that material phenomena are both the types and the instruments of real things unseen—a doctrine which embraces in its fulness not only what Anglicans as well as Catholics believe about sacraments, properly so called, but also the article of "the Communion of Saints," and likewise the "Mysteries of the Faith;" and also, as in Butler, through the doctrine that Probability is the guide of life, a sense of the logical cogency of Faith. In December, 1832, Newman visited with congenial friends the south of Europe, and during that excursion wrote most of the verses afterwards collected, with verse of Keble and other fellow-thinkers, in the "Lyra Apostolica." When he came home, in 1833, the Oxford movement had commenced, and Newman devised the plan of supporting it by a series of "Tracts for the Times," addressed partly to the clergy, headed "Ad Clerum," partly to Churchmen at large, headed "Ad Populum." They were sold at the price of twopence for an octavo sheet. The first Tract, sold for a penny, was an address to the clergy, in four pages, of "Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission." The clergy were called on to support their bishops as successors of the Apostles, and oppose the world by virtue of their own apostolical descent, received, through imposition of hands, from their bishops. "All we who have been ordained clergy in the very form of our ordination acknowledged the doctrine of the apostolical succession. And for the same reason we must necessarily consider none to be *really* ordained who have not *thus* been ordained. For if ordination is a divine ordinance, it must be necessary; and if it is not a divine ordinance, how dare we use it? Therefore all who use it, all of *us*, must consider it necessary. As well might we pretend the Sacraments are not necessary to salvation, while we

make use of the offices of the Liturgy; for when God appoints means of grace, they are *the* means." In the same year, 1833, when the "Tracts for the Times" were begun, their founder says: "I called upon clergy in various parts of the country, whether I was acquainted with them or not, and I attended at the houses of friends where several of them were from time to time assembled. I do not think that much came of such attempts, nor were they quite in my way. Also I wrote various letters to clergymen, which fared not much better, except that they advertised the fact that a rally in favour of the Church was commencing." The second Tract argued that the one Catholic Apostolic Church, of which the Sacraments and the Communion are necessary to salvation in the case of those who can obtain it, is the Church thus formed by bishops, priests, and deacons. "And when men say 'the day is past for stickling about ecclesiastical rights,' let them see to it, lest they use substantially the same arguments to maintain their position as those who say 'the day is past for being a Christian.'" The next Tract was against any alteration of the Liturgy; the next upon objection to reading the burial-service over those who are a scandal to religion—an objection to be met not by change of the service, but by adherence to the words of the Church introducing it, and restoration of the practice of excommunication. A note is added on Episcopacy as the Principle of Unity. Following Tracts dealt much with the doctrine of episcopal succession, urged return to primitive practice, and resisted all change in the way of innovation. As the Tracts proceeded, interpretation by light of the past led to argument, beginning in Tract 38 ("Ad Scholas"), for a *Via Media*, which met the objection that the religious system here enforced and by some called Apostolical was "like that against which our forefathers protested at the Reformation." It is argued in dialogue between "*Laicus*" and "*Clericus*" that the Reformers of the sixteenth century held opinions which many in the nineteenth account Popish; "and is it wonderful," asks "*Clericus*," "if such as I should be called Popish, if the Church services themselves are considered so? . . . Men seem to think that we are plainly and indisputably proved to be Popish, if we are proved to differ from the generality of Churchmen, now-a-days. Upon which "*Laicus*" says:—

L. All, however, will allow, I suppose, that our Reformation was never completed in its details. The final judgment was not passed upon parts of the Prayer Book. There were, you know, alterations in the second edition of it published in King Edward's time; and these tended to a more Protestant doctrine than that which had first been adopted. For instance, in King Edward's first book the dead in Christ were prayed for; in the second this commemoration was omitted. Again, in the first book the elements of the Lord's Supper were more distinctly offered up to God, and more formally consecrated than in the second edition, or at present. Had Queen Mary not succeeded, perhaps the men who effected this would have gone further.

C. I believe they would; nay, indeed they did at a subsequent period. They took away the Liturgy altogether, and substituted a Directory.

L. They? the same men?

C. Yes, the foreign party: who afterwards went by the name of Puritans. Bucer, who altered in King Edward's time, and the Puritans, who destroyed in King Charles's, both came from the same religious quarter.

L. Ought you so to speak of the foreign Reformers? to them we owe the Protestant doctrine altogether.

C. I like foreign interference as little from Geneva, as from Rome. Geneva at least never converted a part of England from heathenism, nor could lay claim to patriarchal authority over it. Why could we not be let alone, and suffered to reform ourselves?

L. You separate then your creed and cause from that of the Reformed Churches of the Continent?

C. Not altogether; but I protest against being brought into that close alliance with them which the world now-a-days would force upon us. The glory of the English Church is, that it has taken the *VIA MEDIA*, as it has been called. It lies *between* the (so-called) Reformers and the Romanists; whereas there are religious circles, and influential too, where it is thought enough to prove an English clergyman unfaithful to his Church, if he preaches anything at variance with the opinions of the Diet of Augsburg, or the Confessions of the Waldenses.

Many who were stirred by the deep-seated enthusiasm and various ability of the leaders of this movement found it difficult to accept all the counsel they received and keep the *Via Media*, the Middle Way. In the "History of his Religious Opinions" Dr. Newman confesses, with the frank sincerity of a man who seeks absolute truth, the touch of polemical fierceness that was at this time in his zeal for his opinions:—

This absolute confidence in my cause, which led me to the negligence or wantonness which I have been instancing, also laid me open, not unfairly, to the opposite charge of fierceness in certain steps which I took, or words which I published. In the "*Lyra Apostolica*," I have said that before learning to love, we must "learn to hate;" though I had explained my words by adding "hatred of sin." In one of my first Sermons I said, "I do not shrink from uttering my firm conviction that it would be a gain to the country were it vastly more superstitious, more bigoted, more gloomy, more fierce in its religion than at present it shows itself to be." I added, of course, that it would be an absurdity to suppose such tempers of mind desirable in themselves. The corrector of the press bore these strong epithets till he got to "more fierce," and then he put in the margin a *query*. In the very first page of the first Tract, I said of the Bishops, that, "black event though it would be for the country, yet we could not wish them a more blessed termination of their course, than the spoiling of their goods and martyrdom." In consequence of a passage in my work upon the Arian History, a Northern dignitary wrote to accuse me of wishing to re-establish the blood and torture of the Inquisition. Contrasting heretics and heresiarchs, I had said, "The latter should meet with no mercy: he assumes the office of the Tempter; and, so far forth as his error goes, must be dealt with by the competent authority, as if he were embodied evil. To spare him is a false and dangerous pity. It is to endanger the souls of thousands, and it is uncharitable towards himself." I cannot deny that this is a very fierce passage; but Arius was banished, not burned; and it is only fair to myself to say that neither

at this, nor any other time of my life, not even when I was fiercest, could I have even cut off a Puritan's ears, and I think the sight of a Spanish *auto-da-fé* would have been the death of me. Again, when one of my friends, of liberal and evangelical opinions, wrote to expostulate with me on the course I was taking, I said that we would ride over him and his, as Othniel prevailed over Chushan-rishathaim, King of Mesopotamia. Again, I would have no dealings with my brother, and I put my conduct upon a syllogism. I said, "St. Paul bids us avoid those who cause divisions; you cause divisions: therefore I must avoid you." I dissuaded a lady from attending the marriage of a sister who had seceded from the Anglican Church. No wonder that Blanco White, who had known me under such different circumstances, now hearing the general course that I was taking, was amazed at the change which he recognised in me.

Meanwhile he was losing as well as winning friends, was exposed not only to the wrestle of argument, but to the fierceness too common in all religious contests, and that was not wanting in his opponents. The inner spirit of the man who had organised the movement in the Church which was called, after the "Tracts for the Times," "Tractarian," may be gathered from this poem of J. H. Newman's in the "*Lyra Apostolica*:"—

Time was I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

So, when my Saviour calls, I rise
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

I step, I mount where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;—
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more.

At the close of 1833 Dr. Pusey, who was Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University, joined in the movement. Edward Bouverie Pusey, born in 1804, was son of the Hon. Philip Bouverie, who had taken the name of Pusey by royal licence. He had been educated at Christ Church, and he also became one of the Fellows of Oriel, at a time when the Fellows of Oriel represented a compact body of the best intellects in the University. He became Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church in 1828. In December, 1833, he contributed to the "Tracts for the Times" the twenty-first of the series, on behalf of Fasting—"Mortification of the Flesh a Scriptural Duty;" but it was not until 1835 and 1836 that he became fully associated with the movement. His four tracts, 67, 68, 69, and 70, entitled "Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism, as established by the consent of the Ancient Church, and contrasted with the

system of Modern Schools," formed a volume of 400 pages, and passed through several editions. It was introduced by a verse from Keble's "Christian Year"—

"What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed;
But seen by Faith, 'tis Blood
Out of a dear Friend's side."

The aim of the treatise was to enforce the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration—baptism being set forth as the only spiritual New Birth—and the necessity of Faith with Baptism to Salvation. Its writer said, "St. Matthew records the words of the commission given through the Apostles to the Church; St. Mark adds the awful sanction, 'He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned.' Our Lord thus states positively what He had before to Nicodemus said negatively. Through Nicodemus, He warned us that without Baptism there was no entrance into His Kingdom; here he tells us, that whoso believeth in Him shall then have the blessings, which are in Him, imparted to him if he be baptised." Dr. Pusey also established the publication of a "Library of the Fathers" in aid of a reaction towards past opinions in the Church, and became thenceforth so prominently connected with the movement, that its supporters were often called by his name—"Puseyites." Dr. Pusey's example caused Dr. Newman also to enter upon larger works of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORTY YEARS UNDER VICTORIA.—NEWMAN, ARNOLD, MAURICE, KINGSLEY, CARLYLE, TENNYSON, BROWN-ING, AND OTHERS.—A.D. 1837 to A.D. 1877.

THE tendency towards Rome and the actual passing over of young clergymen into the Roman communion after they had been for some time under his teaching, caused Dr. Newman to consider how far he might satisfy the consciences of those who, with Roman opinions, felt unable to remain within the English Church. The Thirty-nine Articles were said to be in part levelled against the doctrines now associated with the Via Media of the English Church as writers of the Tracts wished it to be. Early in 1841 Dr. Newman resolved to write a Tract for the purpose of showing that the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church were elastic enough to include the opinions at which he and his companions and followers had now arrived. He says, "The actual cause of my doing so was the restlessness, active and prospective, of those who neither liked the Via Media, nor my strong judgment against Rome."

I had been enjoined, I think by my Bishop, to keep these men straight, and I wished so to do; but their tangible difficulty was subscription to the Articles; and thus the question of the Articles came before me. It was thrown in our teeth; "How can you manage to sign the Articles? they are directly against Rome." "Against Rome?" I made

answer. "What do you mean by 'Rome?'" and then I proceeded to make distinctions, of which I shall now give an account.

By "Roman doctrine" might be meant one of three things: 1, the *Catholic teaching* of the early centuries; or, 2, the *formal dogmas of Rome* as contained in the later Councils, especially the Council of Trent, and as condensed in the Creed of Pope Pius IV.; 3, the *actual popular beliefs and usages* sanctioned by Rome in the countries in communion with it, over and above the dogmas; and these I called "dominant errors." Now Protestants commonly thought that in all three senses, "Roman doctrine" was condemned in the Articles: I thought that the *Catholic teaching* was not condemned; that the *dominant errors* were; and as to the *formal dogmas*, that some were, some were not, and that the line had to be drawn between them. Thus, 1. The use of Prayers for the dead was a Catholic doctrine,—not condemned in the Articles; 2. The prison of Purgatory was a Roman dogma,—which was condemned in them; but the infallibility of Ecumenical Councils was a Roman dogma,—not condemned; and 3. The fire of Purgatory was an authorised and popular error, not a dogma,—which was condemned.

Further, I considered that the difficulties, felt by the persons whom I have mentioned, mainly lay in their mistaking, 1, Catholic teaching, which was not condemned in the Articles, for Roman dogma which was condemned; and 2, Roman dogma, which was not condemned in the Articles, for dominant error which was. If they went further than this, I had nothing more to say to them.

A further motive which I had for my attempt, was the desire to ascertain the ultimate points of contrariety between the Roman and Anglican creeds, and to make them as few as possible. I thought that each creed was obscured and misrepresented by a dominant circumambient "Popery" and "Protestantism."

The main thesis then of my Essay was this:—the Articles do not oppose Catholic teaching; they but partially oppose Roman dogma; they for the most part oppose the dominant errors of Rome. And the problem was, as I have said, to draw the line as to what they allowed and what they condemned.

Such being the object which I had in view, what were my prospects of widening and of defining their meaning? The prospect was encouraging; there was no doubt at all of the elasticity of the Articles: to take a palmary instance, the seventeenth was assumed by one party to be Lutheran, by another Calvinistic, though the two interpretations were contradictory of each other; why then should not other Articles be drawn up with a vagueness of an equally intense character? I wanted to ascertain what was the limit of that elasticity in the direction of Roman dogma.

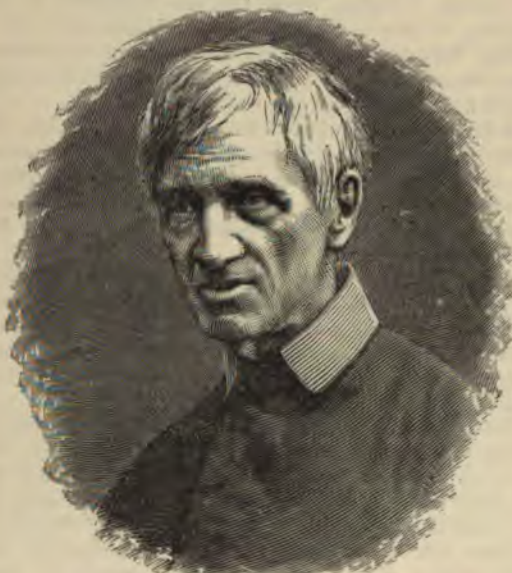
The result was, in February, 1841, No. 90 of the "Tracts for the Times," which made a very great stir in the Church. It was headed "Remarks on Certain Passages in the Thirty-nine Articles." The storm raised by this Tract brought its writer face to face with his actual position. Confidence in him was lost, but he had lost, he says, full confidence in himself. He admitted doubt as to his future opinions, and felt that this breaking of his influence within the English Church had saved him from an impossible position in the future. The bishops one after another directed their charges against him, and he writes, "From the end of 1841, I was on my death-bed as regards my membership with the

Anglican Church, though at the time I became aware of it only by degrees." In October, 1845, Dr. Newman wrote to a number of friends a letter of which this was the opening:—

Littlemore, October 8th, 1845.—I am this night expecting Father Dominic the Passionist, who, from his youth, has been led to have distinct and direct thoughts, first of the countries of the North, then of England. After thirty years' (almost) waiting, he was without his own act sent here. But he has had little to do with conversions. I saw him here for a few minutes on St. John Baptist's Day last year.

He is a simple, holy man; and withal gifted with remarkable powers. He does not know of my intention; but I mean to ask of him admission into the One Fold of Christ.

When John Keble received the letter containing this announcement he dreaded to open it, expecting what it contained. He carried it about in his pocket, and opened it at last in an old sandpit. When some friend afterwards, during a walk, called attention to the sandpit, he said, "Ah, that place is associated with one of the saddest events in my life!"



JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

From a Photograph by Mr. H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.

The "Tom Arnold" who came as sunshine among the earliest visitors to Keble at Hursley grew to be a power in aid of English religion, differing from Keble not in that which he himself distinguished from "opinion" as "principle," although in latter years opinion put an imagined distance between these friends, whose goodwill dated from the days when they had both been students of Corpus and Fellows of Oriel. Thomas Arnold, famous in after years as the Head-master of Rugby, was born in 1795 at West Cowes. His father, who was collector of customs there, died when his seventh child and youngest son Thomas was scarcely six years old. When eight years old he was sent to a school at Warminster in Wiltshire, and after four years there he went at the age of twelve, in 1807, to Winchester School, where he

remained till 1811. He was then, in his sixteenth year, elected as a scholar at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. John Keble was fifteen when he obtained his scholarship at the same college in 1807, and he had obtained in 1810 his Fellowship at Oriel Arnold, having graduated in 1814, obtained his Fellowship in 1815, and gained the Chancellor's prize for the two University Essays, Latin and English, in 1815 and 1817. He had written verse as a boy, and still wrote it as exercise; but a taste for history caused him to fasten with relish at Oxford on Herodotus and Thucydides, in whom he delighted always. Delight in Thucydides caused Arnold afterwards to become his editor. He was also thoroughly at home in Aristotle, and often associated Aristotle's thoughts with the living truth of his own life. At Oxford, Arnold was lively, ardent, earnest, and bold of thought. In December, 1818, he was ordained deacon, and in 1819 he began life in partnership with a brother-in-law, who established a school at Laleham, near Staines. Arnold settled there with his mother, aunt, and sister; and next year, in August, 1820, he married a clergyman's daughter who was the sister of one of his most intimate school and college friends. Nine happy years were spent at Laleham. With the school was associated private preparation of young men for the Universities. Arnold began by taking charge of such pupils, and also assisting in the school. Afterwards he made it his whole business, without partnership, to prepare young men for Oxford. He helped the curate of the place in church and workhouse, visited the parish poor, was happy in the young life about him, and in the domestic peace of home. To a friend who thought of becoming private tutor, he wrote thus of the calling, in 1831, when he was at Rugby:—

I know it has a bad name, but my wife and I always happened to be fond of it, and if I were to leave Rugby for no demerit of my own, I would take to it again with all the pleasure in life. I enjoyed, and do enjoy, the society of youths of seventeen or eighteen, for they are all alive in limbs and spirits at least, if not in mind, while in able persons the body and spirits often become lazy and languid without the mind gaining any vigour to compensate for it. Do not take your work as a dose, and I do not think you will find it nauseous. I am sure you will not, if your wife does not, and if she is a sensible woman, she will not either if you do not. . . . I should say, have your pupils a good deal with you, and be as familiar with them as you possibly can. I did this continually more and more before I left Laleham, going to bathe with them, leaping, and all other gymnastic exercises within my capacity, and sometimes sailing or rowing with them. They, I believe, always liked it, and I enjoyed it myself like a boy, and found myself constantly the better for it.

In August, 1827, Dr. Wooll resigned the Head-mastership of Rugby, which he had held for twenty-one years. Arnold, late in the contest for the next appointment, was induced to offer himself as a candidate. His testimonials were the last sent in and the last read. Among them was one from Dr. Havins which predicted that if Mr. Arnold were elected at Rugby he would change the face of education.

throughout all the public schools of England. There was at that time a wide recognition of the need of some reform. Dr. Hawkins's emphatic prophecy and the manner in which the other few testimonials spoke of Arnold's qualities of mind determined his election. He received priest's orders, entered on his office in August, 1828, and took his degree of D.D. in the following November.

Dr. Arnold's wonderful hold upon Rugby school was not obtained immediately, and in the earlier years of his rule there were complaints made from outside against him. But he had firmness of character, he understood the minds of boys, and had a supreme religious sense of his responsibility. Dr. Arnold was religious not after the manner of one of those professional divines of the eighteenth century who laboured to grace their calling with the elegance of heavy rhetoric, and who are now left unread; but religion entered into his whole nature. It was not something to talk about formally with his pupils, but a human reality of which they felt the worth and power. It was a strong early wish of his that religion, apart from all party feeling, could be made really the basis of our common social life. He wished to see some great influential journal joining the tone of men of the world to a uniformly Christian spirit, and appearing "to uphold good principles for their own sake, and not merely as tending to the maintenance of things as they are. It would be," he said, "delightful to see a work sincerely Christian, which should be neither High Church, nor what is called Evangelical." He had even at one time a notion of writing a work on "Christian Politics, or the application of the Gospel to the state of man as a citizen." At Rugby, an outward aspect of sternness that awed younger boys was partly an accident of feature, partly a result of the deep earnestness with which he approached his work. The young boys who were sent into the school out of innocent homes were exposed there to temptations of which he felt the peril, and Dr. Arnold's first object was to expel, as far as possible, the spirit of evil from his boy community. He allowed for the unformed intellect and judgment in a boy; but had a deep sense of the perils to which it was exposed. He did not punish natural stupidity; he encouraged individuality of character, and sought to train powers of thought in the boys under his immediate care; but evil or dishonourable acts caused him to become pale with emotion. At his entrance upon his office he laid down a principle that although expulsion from the school must be a rare punishment for great offences, quiet removal of those boys who could not themselves profit by the school system and whose influence upon their comrades was injurious, must, especially at first, be often necessary. He excited the surprise of some parents by asking them to remove their sons; but he took the utmost care to separate this policy from any suggestion of disgrace to the boys removed. He would often retain friendly interest in them, and of some he would explain to the authorities of any college to which they were sent that, although not fitted for school life, he believed that they would do well in the University. For a few years there were complaints occasioned by this

policy; but as Dr. Arnold said to his boys on one occasion, during the earlier part of his rule, when they were dissatisfied with some removals—"It is *not* necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it *is* necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." For lying he had no toleration. No boy was allowed to add evidence of a statement made by him; he was checked at once with the remark, "If you say so that is quite enough—*of course* I believe your word." The result was that truth was spoken to him; the boys felt that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one." But lying when discovered was punished severely; among the upper boys, if persisted in, its penalty was not removal, but expulsion. He trusted in his Sixth Form, sought in every way to elevate its tone, and utilised the system of fagging that he found in use, by making the thirty boys of the Sixth (or highest) Form transmitters of his own spirit throughout the school. "When I have confidence in the Sixth," he said, at the end of one of his farewell addresses to the boys, "there is no post in England which I would exchange for this; but if they do not support me, I must go." One of his private addresses to his Sixth Form ended thus:—"The state of the school is a subject of congratulation to us all, but only so far as to encourage us to increased exertions; and I am sure we ought all to feel it a subject of most sincere thankfulness to God: but we must not stop here; we must exert ourselves with earnest prayer to God for its continuance. And what I have often said before I repeat now: what we must look for here is, first, religious and moral principles; secondly, gentlemanly conduct; thirdly, intellectual ability." He honoured above all other things high principle bent upon industrious cultivation of low natural abilities, and said, "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." When speaking of a pupil who had earned that praise, he said, "I would stand to that man hat in hand." One day Dr. Arnold came to the teaching of his Sixth Form from the deathbed of one of the boys of the school. He felt a shock in the transition from a solemn deathbed scene to the school work, and reasoned to himself that there must be fault in the school work if it seemed to him so much less religious than he felt a contrast in transition to it from a deathbed. It must be, he thought, that the presence of God is not felt in the school work as we ought to feel it. And from that day he used after the general school-prayer a special prayer for himself and the Sixth Form before they began the duties of the day.

PRAYER READ EVERY MORNING IN THE SIXTH FORM AT RUGBY.

O Lord, who by Thy holy Apostle hast taught us to do all things in the name of the Lord Jesus and to Thy glory, give Thy blessing, we pray Thee, to this our daily work, that we may do it in faith, and heartily, as to the Lord and not unto men. All our powers of body and mind are Thine, and

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... kindness. His
... purpose, were
... the eldest boys,
... their companions,
... that had been put
... he sought to
... thought brings action.
... I always think," he
... of Bacon. "In
... angels may be spee-
... Arnold's Rugby Sermons,
... published in 1832. It
... when he felt more
... with those evils of
... was his chief labour to
... severity was felt in these
... who, like the younger boys,
... hardness of feeling and

LETTERS IN RUGBY CHAPEL.

... of these little ones which believe in me,
... that a millstone were hanged about his neck,
... in the depth of the sea."—Matt. xviii. 6.

... strong language which our Lord here uses,
... he is threatening in these words is a very
... he goes on to repeat the threat in the verse
... Woe unto the world because of offences; for it
... that offences come, but woe to that man by
... which cometh." Some of you, I trust, will know
... what the words mean, and will see directly what I am
... them to;—for it is a passage which I have often
... as it is one which, while it is generally useful to
... strikes especially at one of the greatest sins of
... But there are many, I dare say, who do not know
... means, and who have never thought, when they heard
... threat read in the church, that they were them-
... some of the very persons concerned in it; that they
... daily "offending," in the Scripture meaning of the word,
... of Christ's little ones. I could not indeed have chosen
... that which came home more directly to your daily practice
... than the one I have just read. I could not have noticed any
... sin with which your consciences will tell you, the moment
... that our Lord's words are explained to you, that you are more
... familiar. I proceed, therefore, to explain them; and will
... then apply them, in one or two common instances, to your
... life and daily habits.

When our Lord speaks of offending one of these little
ones who believe in him, I should first say that the word
"offend," in common speech, has a very different meaning
from that in which the translators of the Bible have
here used it. You know that our translation was made
more than two hundred years ago; so that it is not
wonderful that some words in the course of that time have
changed their meanings. "Offend," in the text, and in many
other places in the New Testament, means to tempt or lead
another into sins: so that by "offending one of these little
ones," our Lord does not mean "vexing them," "making
them angry," or "ill-using them;" but "tempting or leading
them into evil," or "throwing any hindrances in the way
of their doing what they ought to do." It is this which he
calls so wicked, that it were better for us to die this moment
than be guilty of it. But now, by "little ones," whom are
we to understand? Jesus had just before taken a little child,
and set him in the midst, and told his disciples, that unless
they were converted, and became as little children, they
could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. And then he
says that "they must not mislead or tempt to evil one of
these little ones who believe in him." Now, a very little
child cannot believe in Christ, because he cannot understand
much about him; and we know also that it must be a sin
to tempt any one to evil, whether they be really little children
in age or no. But the more like children they are,—that is,
the more ignorant, and simple-minded, and ready to believe
and do what others tell them,—so much the more wicked it is
to tell them wrong, or to hinder them from going right. It
applies, then, to any one who is young in character, even
though he should happen to be old in years; but it applies
particularly to those who are at once young in years and
young in character. It applies, therefore, particularly to
those boys who are desirous of doing their duty, who have no
great confidence in themselves, but are ready to be guided by
others; who are shy and timid, and unable to stand against
laughter or ill-usage. There are such in every school; and
it is the worst reproach of schools, and the most awful
responsibility for all who are connected with them, to think

that so many of them are utterly lost in consequence of the temptations which they here meet with: they are "offended" in the Scripture sense of the word, that is, they are laughed or frightened out of their Saviour's service, and taught very often, ere long, not only to deny their Lord themselves, but to join in "offending" others, who are now as innocent as once they were, and to draw them over to the worship and service of Satan, to which their own souls are already abandoned.

Now, then, you see what the text means, and you feel how it applies to you. You know that there are amongst you many boys who remember and wish to keep the lessons that they have received at home; and you know, also, how much it is the fashion of schools to teach just the contrary. And I will take two instances which will have come, I fear, often enough within the experience of you all. I mean the case of idleness, and the case of extravagance.

First, for idleness. There are boys who have either never learnt, or have quite forgotten, all that may have been told them at home of the duty of attending to their school-lessons. We know that there are boys who think all their lessons merely tiresome, and who are resolved never to take any more trouble about them than what they cannot possibly avoid. But being thus idle themselves, they cannot bear that others should be more attentive. We all know the terms of reproach and ridicule which are thrown out against a boy who works in earnest and upon principle. He is laughed at for taking unnecessary trouble, for being afraid of punishment, or for wishing to gain favour with his masters, and be thought by them to be better than other boys. Either of these reproaches is one which a boy finds it very hard to bear:—he does not like to be thought afraid, or plodding, or as wishing to court favour. He has not age, or sense, or firmness enough to know and to answer, that the only fear of which he need be ashamed is the fear of his equals, the fear of those who are in no respect better than himself, and have therefore no sort of right to direct him. To be afraid, then, of other boys is, in a boy, the same sort of weakness as it is in a man to be afraid of other men: and as a man ought to be equally ashamed of fearing men and not fearing God, so a boy ought to be ashamed of fearing boys, and also to be ashamed of not fearing his parents and instructors. And as, in after life, the fear of God makes no man do anything mean or dishonourable, but the fear of men does lead to all sorts of weakness and baseness: so amongst boys the fear of their parents and teachers will only make them manly, and noble, and high-spirited; but the fear of their companions leads them to everything low, and childish, and contemptible. Those boys, then, who try to make others idle, and laugh at them for trying to please their masters, are exactly like the men who laugh at their neighbours for being religious, and for living in the fear of God; and both are like the more hardened ruffians in a gang of thieves or other criminals, whose amusement it is to laugh at the fear of justice, which beginners in crime have not yet quite got over. In all these instances there is not only the guilt of our own sin, but the far worse guilt of encouraging sin in others; and as I showed you last Sunday how your school-faults, although very trifling in worldly consequences, were yet as serious in the sight of God as the faults in grown men, because they showed that you were not serving and loving Him, but serving and loving evil; so it may be said, without the least going beyond the truth, that a boy who, being idle himself, tries to make others idle also, is exactly "offending one of those little ones who believe in Christ," and is in the daily habit of that sin which Christ says it were better for him to die directly than to be guilty of.

Again, with regard to extravagance, and the breach of school regulations. There are some boys who, remembering the wishes of their parents, are extremely unwilling to incur debts, and to spend a great deal of money upon their own eating, and drinking, and amusements. There are some, too, who, knowing that the use of wine or any liquor of that sort is forbidden, because the use of it among boys is sure to be the abuse of it, would not wish to indulge in anything of the kind themselves. But they are assailed by the example, and the reproaches and the laughter of others. It is mean, and poor-spirited, and ungenerous, not to contribute to the pleasures and social enjoyments of their companions; in short, not to do as others do. The charge of stinginess, of not spending his money liberally, is one which a boy is particularly sore at hearing. He forgets that in his case such a charge is the greatest possible folly. Where is the generosity of spending money which is not your own, and which, as soon as it is spent, is to be supplied again with no sacrifice on your part? Where is the stinginess of not choosing to beg money of your dearest friends, in order to employ it in a manner which those friends would disapprove of?—for, after all, the money must come from them, as you have it not, nor can you earn it for yourselves. But there is another laugh behind: a boy is laughed at for being kept so strictly at home that he cannot get money as he likes; and he is taught to feel ashamed and angry at the hard restraint which is laid upon him. Truly that boy has gone a good way in the devil's service who will dare to set another against his father and his mother, who will teach him that their care and authority are things which he should be ashamed of. Of those who can do this, well may Christ say, that "it were better for them that a millstone were tied about their neck, and that they were drowned in the depth of the sea." Yet these things are done; and the consciences of many who now hear me will say to the eye of Him who can look into the inmost heart that they are the doers of them.

For you who are assailed by these and other such temptations,—for you, whom Christ calls His children, and whom the devil and his servants would fain make ashamed of your Father and your Lord,—for you, who are laughed at because you will not be idle, or drunken, or extravagant, or undutiful, or in some way or other base and low-principled,—beware lest you suffer yourselves to be "offended," that is, lest you are laughed and frightened out of your eternal salvation. After all, they that are with you are more and greater than they who are against you,—all the wise and good and noble among yourselves; all good and wise and honourable men; all blessed spirits that love the service of God, and delight to aid those who are fighting in his cause; and above all that Holy and Eternal Spirit himself, your Comforter and mighty Deliverer, whose aid and perpetual presence with you was purchased by your Redeemer's blood. Trust in these, and be not afraid of all that hell and its servants can do to you. Fear not them who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do to you: but rather fear Him who is able to destroy both body and soul in hell.

In 1832 Dr. Arnold bought himself a home for vacation time and future retirement, or for his family in case of his death, at Fox How, between Rydal and Ambleside. His interest in public questions all sprang from the same feeling that animated his school-work. As the opinions of the writers of the "Tracts for the Times" came more and more to represent a compact body of thought aiming at what he could only look upon as a revival of past super-

The following is a copy of the diary of Dr. Arnold, as far as it relates to the case of the late Mr. Kegan. It is written in his own hand, and is a very interesting and valuable document. It shows the progress of the disease, and the treatment given, and is a very good example of a medical diary.

Saturday Evening, June 11th The day after to-morrow is my birthday, if I am permitted to live to see it—my forty-seventh birthday since my birth. How large a portion of my life on earth is already passed! And then—what is to follow this life? How rapidly my outward work seems contracting and softening away into the gentler employments of old age? In one sense how nearly can I now say, 'Vixi!' And I thank God that, as far as ambition is concerned, it is, I trust, fully muffled. I have no desire other than to step back from my present place in the world, and not to rise to a higher. Still there are works which, with God's permission, I would do before the night cometh, especially that great work, if I might be permitted to take part in it. But above all, let me mind my own personal work, to keep myself pure and zealous and believing, labouring to do God's will, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapproves of my doing it.

That great work was labour towards the establishment of a Church of England that should be one with the State, and leaving freedom for diversity of

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

John Whately, a natural at some date or less, was connected with the Whatelys of a house of Richard Whately was the first edition of which was published in 1801. Whately was born in 1791, the youngest of five children of a prosperous farmer. During the years of his childhood from the age of five or six he had an enthusiasm for mental arithmetic, and when first introduced to his school and then to his university, he found that the power of these faculties had not been lost to them in school. The passing of the years was to him the feeling that when he was ten years old and his mother died, which in Bath, England, but he a strong boyed delight in speculation, and a great amount of education and other things that engaged the thoughts of men. His habit of thought remained, and as he had been a boy often more occupied with his thoughts than with the small things of getting about him, and after this he would be feeling his way in his mind with a great deal of all the things that he had seen, and he was his neighbours. What had been a great deal in the mind became a great deal in the mind with intellectual energy and great simplicity and candour of character. Whately entered Christ Church, Oxford, and by its association, who was then more than his father's, a great deal of thought in the mind was a great deal in the mind. Whately was a great deal in the mind, and he was a great deal in the mind. He graduated in 1810, and in 1811 became Fellow of Christ Church, took his M.A. degree in 1812, and remained at Oxford as a private tutor. He was ordained deacon in 1814. In 1815 he took an invalid sister to Oxford, returned to Oxford in the autumn, and spent the next years in the University as private and public tutor. He was a teacher skilled in the art of making people think. In 1819 Whately met one argument of sceptics in religion, that based upon defect of testimony, with a pamphlet of "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon," which showed how their method could be applied as effectually to the demolition of the recent evidence of certain truth, as to the remoter evidence of truth which to him was equally certain. This pamphlet went through many editions. In 1821 Whately married at Cheltenham, but returned to Oxford, and took pupils. In 1822 he was appointed Bampton Lecturer, and published the lectures he delivered "On the Use and Abuse of Party Feeling in Religion." This was his first published volume. He spoke afterwards of the publication of these lectures as "breaking the bridge behind him," and committing himself to a long war against the evil he condemned. In 1822 a living was given to him at Halesworth in Suffolk: he went to reside there, and worked hard for the improvement of his people until the effect of the damp climate upon his wife's health, which sometimes brought her life into danger, obliged him to leave. In 1825 Whately took the degree of D.D., and was appointed Principal of St. Alban's Hall. He removed to Oxford, and for two or three years

spent the vacations at Halesworth, but the risk to his wife's life became too manifest, and at last he placed a curate in the rectory, and went alone to the parish three or four times a year. St. Alban's Hall had become a place of refuge for idlers, but Dr. Whately began vigorous reforms. He had been drawn to John Henry Newman at Oriel. Newman was of solitary, thoughtful habits, and Whately, who had sympathies of his own with isolated thoughtfulness, had greeted him one day in passing with the courteous application of a Latin saying—"Never less alone than when alone."¹ Whately was fourteen years older than Newman, whose earnest thoughtfulness he so well appreciated that he made him his Vice-Principal at St. Alban's Hall. "I owe him a great deal," says Dr. Newman. "He was a man of generous and warm heart. While I was still awkward and timid, in 1822, he took me by the hand, and acted the part to me of a generous and encouraging instructor. He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think and use my reason. . . . He had done his work to me, or nearly so, when he had taught me to see with my own eyes and walk with my own feet." But there was essential difference in tendencies of mind that separated afterwards their lines of work. In 1825 Whately published a first series of Essays on religious subjects; they were on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion. In 1828, a second series was on some Difficulties in the Writings of St. Paul, and on other parts of the New Testament. A third series, in 1830, was on the Errors of Romanism, traced to their Origin in Human Nature. Meanwhile he had published in 1827 his "Elements of Logic," and in 1828 his "Elements of Rhetoric."

Whately's "Elements of Rhetoric" being specially designed for students who were to recruit the ranks of the clergy, was the first book in which clergymen were plainly told that if they would bring the truths of the Bible and their own thoughts upon them home to their hearers easily and clearly, and avoid "clergyman's sore throat," they must speak in their natural voices. No manner of voice that man can substitute for that which God has given him will do its work in any respect half as well. The clerical voice that Whately did not succeed in banishing out of churches, cannot be so well heard at a distance; has not a tenth or hundredth part of the power of expressing lights and shades of thought that is in the natural voice of man; gives pain alike to the ear of the hearer and the throat of the speaker, and is the sole cause of affections of the throat. Dr. Whately surprised some clergymen whom he persuaded to try in reading-desk and pulpit the effect of the natural voice which they had believed honestly to be insufficient for effective utterance in a large building.

¹ There is a kindly recollection of this in Dr. Newman's "History of My Religious Opinions." The reference is to a passage in the third book of Cicero "De Officiis." "Cato tells us that Publius Scipio, who was called Africanus the Elder, used to say that he was never less at leisure than when at leisure, or less alone than when alone"—"Nunquam se minus otiosum esse, quam cum otiosus; nec minus solum, quam cum solus esset." Cicero's added comment strengthened Whately's compliment in the allusion.

They came into large fortunes of ease and efficiency, and had no more sore throat; for misuse of one of the best gifts of God is the only cause of clergyman's sore throat in a fairly healthy man. A clerical friend urged Whately much for an opinion as to his reading of the Church service, and he said at last, "Well, then, if you really wish to know what I think of your reading, I should say there are only two parts of the service you read well, and those you read faultlessly." "Which are they?" "They are, 'Here endeth the first lesson,' and 'Here endeth the second lesson,' for those are the only parts which you read in your natural voice and manner, which are very good; the rest is all artificial."

Dr. Whately was Professor of Political Economy at Oxford from 1829 until 1831, when he was appointed Archbishop of Dublin. At Oxford he had shocked the false dignity of other dons by exhibiting sometimes in Christchurch Meadows the accomplishments of his spaniel "Sailor," whom he had taught to climb to the top of a high tree overhanging the Cherwell, utter a wailing yell, and drop into the river. When the appointment to the archbishopric reached him, Whately was staying with Dr. Arnold at Rugby. Arnold was among those who, at Oxford, had drawn most closely to Whately, and in after life it was a special pleasure to the head-master of Rugby that the Archbishop of Dublin should come sometimes to confirm his elder boys. Another visitor was staying at the head-master's house when the offer of the archbishopric came, and knew nothing about it till Dr. Whately was showing him the performance of his climbing dog. "Sailor" had got to the top of a tree and began to yell, when Whately said, "What do you think of that?" "I think," said the visitor, "that some besides the dog, when they find themselves at the top of the tree, would give the world to get down again." "Then," said Dr. Whately, suddenly, "Arnold has told you." "Told me what?" "That I have been offered the archbishopric of Dublin." Separated from all parties in the Church, Whately accepted the difficult office as a sphere of duty. "I am sure," Dr. Arnold said of him afterwards, "that in point of essential holiness, as far as man can judge, there does not live a truer Christian than Whately; and it does grieve me most deeply to hear people speak of him as a dangerous and latitudinarian character, because in him the intellectual part of his nature keeps pace with the spiritual." His independence of thought exposed him more or less to the attack of parties on all sides. In a letter of 1832, to Dr. Pusey upon his sermon on national judgments, written in cholera time, Whately drew this distinction between labour to find what is orthodox, and labour to find what is scriptural:—

ORTHODOX OR SCRIPTURAL?

You will find it a very nice point, indeed, to keep quite safe from all appearance of deviation from orthodoxy, unless you adopt the one sure and compendious expedient (which has, however, its objections) of resolving, at all events, to be orthodox. You will understand, of course, that I do not use the word in its etymological sense, to denote that which is really the true opinion, in which sense no man can be certain

till the day of judgment who is orthodox; but in the ordinary acceptance of words, when we speak of orthodoxy, we are understood to mean what is commonly accounted such, viz., the doctrine maintained by the majority of the most influential among theologians. These should be made the standard, their mode of study copied, their interpretations adopted, by one who is bent on being *orthodox*. He whose great object is to be *scriptural*, should study the Scriptures with all the help, indeed, of every kind that he can obtain, but with a thorough devotion to his object, and a resolution to sacrifice, if necessary, anything or everything to that. Each may thus come as near to his own object as the imperfection of the human faculties will permit. And let every one choose his own standard; but let no one aim at the unattainable and inconsistent object of serving two masters. Let him not say that the Orthodox and the Scriptural are not adverse like God and Mammon. It is not because they are necessarily hostile that no man can serve two masters, but simply because they are two, and not one. It is like seeking to make both gold and silver the standard of currency. Their relative value varies but seldom, and very slightly; but the slightest variation throws all accounts into confusion if we attempt to make both a standard. In proportion as pure religion prevails in any age and country, the orthodox and the scriptural approach towards coincidence, and the adherents of each approach in respect of the doctrines themselves which they maintain; but still they go on different principles, like one man going by the clock and another by the dial. And he who aims at conforming to each of two standards is a double-minded man, and will be unstable in all his ways.

My heterodoxy consists chiefly in waiving a good many subtle questions agitated by various "ans," and "ites," and "ists," and in keeping clear of sundry metaphysical distinctions relative to the mode of existence of the Divine and the human mind, which are beyond my comprehension, and which I am disposed to think would have been brought down to the level of it by Scripture, had they been necessary points of a saving faith.

The system of national education in Ireland, open to persons of all creeds, was established within a year after Dr. Whately's appointment as Archbishop of Dublin, and he was made part of it in all denunciations. At the accession of Queen Victoria, Dr. Whately was fifty years old, actively interested in questions that concerned the temporal and religious well-being of Ireland, opposed always to the spirit of intolerance, and himself free from it, as he was free from insincerity or a false mannerism in act or voice. Two or three years after the Queen's accession, Dr. Whately wrote to a friend: "I was at the Birthday Drawing-room yesterday with the bishop and address. The Queen reads beautifully; I wish she would teach some of my clergy." A dear friend, Dr. Dickenson, who had lately been made Bishop of Meath, died in 1842, almost at the same time as Dr. Arnold, and the two losses were sorely felt by Dr. Whately. Of these friends he wrote in the first days of mourning for them: "It is a blessing, and in some degree a lasting one, when men of high intellectual powers are sincere Christians; it tends to destroy the association so apt to be formed between religion and silly superstition, or at least feeble understanding; and of all the highly-gifted men I have ever known, the two I have so lately been bereft of were the very best Christians. I mean that they were not merely

eminently good men, but men who made it their constant business to bring their religion into their daily life and character. The two had some different opinions from each other; but they were strikingly alike in making the Christian character—the Gospel spirit embodied in the life—their great study. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' and when they meet, in His presence, they will know perfectly, and not care at all, which was the nearest truth in his opinions here on earth."

In 1855, Dr. Whately was busy upon his edition of "Bacon's Essays, with Annotations," published at the end of the next year, when he was on the verge of seventy. While he was seeing it through the press, palsy appeared in his left leg and arm. In 1859 he edited Paley's "Evidences" and "Moral Philosophy," with annotations. In March, 1860, Dr. Whately's youngest daughter died in his house four months after her marriage. His wife's death followed in April. He was then broken in health. At the end of the year the palsy had extended to his right hand. Neuralgic gout appeared, and the rest of his life was tried by much pain until his death at the age of seventy-six, in October, 1863. An old friend who saw him in those last years after his bereavement said, "His countenance had changed, a singularly noble and benevolent expression shone out as the earthly frame dissolved. He looked like a picture by one of the great old masters."

Richard Whately, in familiar talk and writing, was apt at apophthegm. Here are some of the

SAYINGS OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

Preach not because you have to say something, but because you have something to say.

We must watch as if all depended on our own vigilance, and we must pray as if nothing depended on it.

I remember one of my parishioners at Halesworth telling me that he thought "a person should not go to church to be made uncomfortable." I replied that I thought so too; but whether it should be the sermons or the man's life that should be altered, so as to avoid the discomfort, must depend on whether the doctrine was right or wrong.

Happiness is no laughing matter.

It is a folly to expect men to do all that they may reasonably be expected to do.

All men desire earnestly to have truth on their side: but to be on the side of truth.

There are two things, each of which he will seldom fail to discover who seeks for it in earnest: the knowledge of what he ought to do, and a plausible pretext for doing what he likes.

The phrase, "He is a very good fellow at the bottom," reminds me of the story of a gentleman who was riding in a remote Devonshire lane, and seeing a swampy-looking place before him, called out to a rustic who was near. "I am master, is there a good firm bottom here?" "Oh, yes, sir, that there be." He rode on, and soon plunged up to his horse's girths. "Hilloa, you rascal! didn't you tell me there was a good firm bottom?" "Soa there be, sir, what comes to it; but you bean't half ways to the bottom yet."

Though Whately wrote few verses, here is a fine Evening Hymn, formed by a verse of his own and

to a verse of Heber's, set to the beautiful Welsh air,
"Ar hydd y nos:"—

EVENING HYMN.

God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night—
May thine angel-guards defend us;
Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us;
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie.
When the last dread trump shall wake us,
Do not Thou, O Lord, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high.

In 1836, one result of the new movement of thought at Oxford, indicated by the "Tracts for the Times," had been a censure by Convocation of Dr. Hampden's appointment to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, on account of the teaching in his "Bampton Lectures" and other publications. The censure was passed by a majority of one, and Dr. Whately then said that the success of this outbreak was the first strengthening of the Tractarian party; that he had not anticipated anything so monstrous; but if he had remained head of St. Alban's Hall "it would never have taken place. This is quite certain, for my successor was one of the most violent of the persecutors, and the measure passed the Board of Heads by *one vote*." In November, 1847, Lord John Russell, in spite of this bygone censure, made Dr. Hampden Bishop of Hereford. A storm of opposition then again arose, to which the Premier declined to yield, upon the ground that withdrawal of the appointment would be "virtually an assent to the doctrine that a decree of the University of Oxford is a perpetual ban of exclusion against a clergyman of eminent learning and irreproachable life; and that, in fact, the supremacy which is now by law vested in the Crown, is to be transferred to a majority of the members of one of our universities." The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Hampden's diocesan, who had joined the protest, afterwards declared that since signing it he had read Dr. Hampden's writings, and had not found in them the heretical teaching they were supposed to contain. This, and the drawing of attention to the great public events of 1848, greatly abated the controversy. Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who might have refused to consecrate the new bishop, died also, in February, 1848, in his eighty-second year.

During the controversy, one of the most emphatic defenders of Dr. Hampden was Julius Charles Hare. Julius Hare, born in 1795, was the third of four sons—Francis, Augustus, Julius, and Marcus—of Francis Hare Naylor, of Hurstmonceaux Place, in

Sussex. Their mother was daughter to a Bishop of St. Asaph. Augustus and Julius were the two brothers whose names live in association with one another as the authors of a volume rich in its variety of well-worded, suggestive thought—"Guesses at Truth," first published in 1826. Augustus, after education at Winchester and New College, Oxford, where he became Fellow and Tutor, married, in 1829, upon his presentation to the college living of Alton Barnes, in Wiltshire, which he held until his death, in February, 1834. Failure of health had driven him to Italy in 1833, and he died at Rome. In 1835 his brother Julius published fifty-six of his sermons, which are models of good preaching to a country congregation. Julius Hare, having an illness at the age of nine, was taken from Tunbridge School to travel with his parents in Germany. He spent the winter of 1804-5 in Weimar, and returned to England after his mother's death at Lausanne in April, 1806. He was then sent to the Charterhouse School, and left the Charterhouse for Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1812, where a brother of Wordsworth's was then Master, and Julius Hare, beginning with ridicule, came, before he had left Cambridge, under the full influence of Wordsworth's poetry. He lost his father in 1815. In 1818 he became Fellow of Trinity; then he read law for a time with his brother Francis; went to Italy in 1821 for health; and in 1822, on his return, accepted a classical lectureship at Trinity. In 1824 he edited for Walter Savage Landor, who was in Italy, the first issue of Landor's "Imaginary Conversations." Next year, he and his brother Augustus, emulous of the *Pensées* of Pascal and the "Characters" of La Bruyère, but not without much influence from Herder, Lessing, and other Germans, began the "Guesses at Truth," first published anonymously in two volumes, in 1827.

Omitting its longer meditations, let us turn to some of the short sayings in which the book abounds:—

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

Man without religion is the creature of circumstances: Religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

Many men, however ambitious to be great in great things, have been well content to be little in little things.

Knowledge is the parent of love, wisdom love itself.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

In a mist, the heights can for the most part see each other, but the valleys cannot.

A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep mind has two highest tides—when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon.

I was surprised just now to see a cobweb round a knocker, for it was not on the gate of heaven.

Religion presents few difficulties to the humble, many to the proud, insuperable ones to the vain.

The difference between man's law and God's law is, that whereas we may reach the highest standard set before us by the former, the more we advance in striving to fulfil the latter, the higher it keeps on rising above us.

When a man is told that the whole of Religion and Morality

is summed up in two commandments, to love God and to love our neighbour, he is ready to cry, like Charoba in "Gebir," at the first sight of the sea, "Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?" Yes! all; but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it; launch out upon it; sail abroad over it: you will find it has no end; it will carry you round the world.

Among the pupils of Julius Hare at Trinity were John Sterling and John Frederick Denison Maurice. Maurice and Sterling afterwards became brothers-in-law by marrying two sisters, and the sister of his friend Maurice became afterwards the wife of Julius Hare. In 1826 Hare was ordained. In 1832 he accepted the living of Hurstmonceaux, which was in the gift of his brother, and left Cambridge, where he had been for the last ten years an influence—himself influenced, as much of the Cambridge thought then was, by the later writings of Coleridge. His first University sermon, "The Children of Light," which was so long as not to be closed without audible signs of impatience, was an earnest plea for religious thought with heights and depths that were not in Paley. When he went back in 1839 to Cambridge, as Select Preacher for the year, and gave his sermons on "The Victory of Faith," he poured himself out at as great length as before, but was heard to the end with fixed attention as he maintained the purest spirit of the Protestant Reformation, and of Luther's part in it, which many of the Oxford leaders sought especially to separate us from. In the following year, 1840, Hare preached at Cambridge on "The Mission of the Comforter," and published his sermons with notes, of which one written in vindication of Luther was twenty-two pages long. Profoundly read in the works of German theologians—his whole house was one library—Hare was then perhaps more able than any man in England to meet the attacks levelled, by those who thought with Dr. Newman, against fellowship of the English Church with Protestantism of the Continent. In the same year, 1840, Julius Hare was made Archdeacon of Lewes. He entered upon his work with enthusiasm, and delivered charges of such length that Bishop Blomfield said, "If I had been one of his clergy, and been charged in that way, I should have been like a gun—I should have gone off." Long as they were, he published them, elaborately set with notes, so that they became upon all matters, great and small, the result of his thought and reading on what happened in the Church from the year 1840 until his death in January, 1855.

Julius Hare's brother-archdeacon was Henry Edward Manning, and the different interpretations of Church doctrine and Church history by the two archdeacons indicated something of the conflict which had then arisen in the Church.

Henry Edward Manning, son of a London merchant, was born in 1808, educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford. He became Fellow of Merton, was one of the Select Preachers at Oxford, and felt strongly the new impulse of thought represented by "Tracts for the Times." In 1834 he became Rector of Lavington and Graffham in Sussex, and in 1840, when Hare became Archdeacon of Lewes, Manning became Archdeacon of Chichester. While

opposing his colleague's opinions, Hare revered his pure devotion to what he regarded as the highest truth, and deeply felt Manning's secession in 1851 to the Church of Rome. The accident that determined the secession of a clergyman whose ability and piety soon made him one of the main pillars of the English Roman Catholic Church, was another of the frequent occasions of sharp conflict between opposite forms of thought. Dr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and those who agreed with them, laid, as we have seen, utmost stress on the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. The Bishop of Exeter refused to institute Mr. Gorham to the living of Bampford Speke because he looked upon him as unsound in that doctrine. Mr. Gorham sought remedy in an ecclesiastical court, the Court of Arches, which confirmed the decision of the bishop. Mr. Gorham then appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which in March, 1850, reversed the decision of the Court of Arches, and in this judgment the two archbishops concurred. The Bishop of Exeter published an angry pamphlet, in which he formally excommunicated the primate for the part he had taken in the matter, and there were four editions of it sold in one day. Then followed a great strife of tongues, and the Archdeacon of Chichester was among those who were determined by this incident to break with the Church of England and join the communion of the Church of Rome. There he found rest, and lived to be faithful to the highest trusts.

The office of Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster was established by the Pope, in September, 1850, when it was conferred upon Dr. Nicholas Wiseman, whose previous title had been Bishop of Melipotamus in *partibus*. Dr. Wiseman, born in 1802, was of an Irish family. His father was a merchant of Waterford and Seville, and he chanced to be himself born at Seville. He was educated at Waterford and at St. Outhbert's College, Ushaw. In December, 1818, he was one of the first members of the English College at Rome; and he was made a Doctor of Divinity at Rome in 1824. In the College at Rome he was Professor of Oriental Languages, Vice-Rector, and then Rector, and he published "*Horæ Syriacæ*" upon Oriental manuscripts in the Vatican. Finally he became, from the year 1850, when he was created archbishop and cardinal, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England, until his death, in 1865, when Dr. Manning became his successor in the titular archbishopric, though the latter was not made a Cardinal until 1875. Dr. Manning at once became active in benevolent efforts on behalf of the poor Catholics of London, and bought a site for a cathedral as a memorial to Cardinal Wiseman, of which he said that not a stone should be laid till every poor Roman Catholic child in London had its place in a free school. In aid of higher education also, Dr. Manning planned, in 1871, a Roman Catholic University College, which was opened at Kensington in 1874, and has begun its work with marked efficiency.

It was in 1844 that Julius Hare married the sister of his old pupil and, from the Cambridge days onward, his lifelong friend Maurice. On the 10th of December, 1854, Hare preached in the chapel of

Lincoln's Inn upon the text, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors." He died on the 23rd of the next month, his last words being an answer to a question of moving him in his bed, "Upward, upward."

John Frederick Denison Maurice was born in 1805, son of the Rev. Michael Maurice, a Unitarian minister. He went to Cambridge in October, 1823, joining Trinity College, and afterwards Trinity Hall. When he had qualified by examination for his degree, it was refused him, because he had scruples as to subscription, though he had upon all main points become in opinion a member of the Church of England. He therefore left Cambridge in May, 1827, and studied law in London, writing, meanwhile, an article or two in the *Westminster Review*, and reviewing in the *Athenæum*. He became editor of the *Athenæum* in 1828, but had ceased to be so in the beginning of 1830, when he went to Exeter College, Oxford. There he was borne for a time upon the rising tide of thought, and shared the desire to bring new life into the Church, and to establish unity. He was baptised in March, 1831, and graduated at Oxford in the following November, having spent the term before examination at a sister's death-bed. At Oxford, also, Maurice wrote a novel, "Eustace Conway," which was sold to its publisher in April, 1831, although not published until 1834. After graduating, he remained at Oxford as a private tutor. He was ordained in January, 1833, and had a curacy at Babnall, near Leamington. Maurice's partial sympathy with the enthusiasm of the Oxford Church reformers who were supporting the "Tracts for the Times," was wholly destroyed by Dr. Pusey's treatise upon baptism. His tract entitled "Subscription no Bondage," represented at this time his attitude towards Church questions of the day. In 1835, Mr. Maurice was appointed chaplain to Guy's Hospital. In 1837 he married, and in 1838 he published, in three volumes, "The Kingdom of Christ," the work in which he first set forth his detailed thoughts on the principles, constitution, and ordinances of the Church. In May, 1840, Mr. Maurice was appointed Professor of English Literature at King's College, London; he was at that time taking deep interest in educational questions, and editing an educational magazine. Acquaintance with one of the best friends of his after life, Charles Kingsley, was begun by a letter written in July, 1844. In 1845, Mrs. Maurice died. In 1846, Professor Maurice was appointed Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn. He was then delivering both the Boyle Lectures and the Warburton Lectures, and was gathering fellow-workers about him. The Warburton Lectures, on the foundation of Bishop Warburton, were to extend over four years, three lectures being delivered in each year and printed. Professor Maurice's lectures in 1846 were on the Epistle to the Hebrews, "with a preface containing a review of Mr. Newman's Theory of Development." The theory reviewed was this:—

That the increase and expansion of the Christian Creed and Ritual, and the variations which have attended the process in the case of individual writers and churches, are the necessary attendants on any philosophy or polity which takes possession

of the intellect and heart, and has had any wide or extended dominion; that from the nature of the human mind, time is necessary for the full comprehension and perfection of great ideas; and that the highest and most wonderful truths, though communicated to the world once for all by inspired teachers, could not be comprehended all at once by the recipients; but as received and transmitted by minds not inspired, and through media which were human, have required only the longer time and deeper thought for their elucidation.

Professor Maurice in these lectures, and in all his writings, dwelt upon the Bible as a book through which God speaks directly to the natural hearts of men as they are, and makes Himself felt as the immediate Father of us all. Thus, for example, he writes in one of these lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews:—

THE VOICE OF THE BIBLE.

This, I think, is the principle of the Bible, the principle which goes through every part of it, that the unseen God is actually ruling over men; that all orders of men are appointed by Him, and are ruling under Him; that just so far as they know this, and live and act in the faith of it, they are doing their right work in the world, are helping to expound the laws and principles of the Divine Government, are helping to bring man into that service which is freedom. And that just so far as they are not doing this, but are setting up their own power and authority, and are working as parts of a system instead of working as the servants of the living God, just so far are they false kings, and false priests, and false prophets—misunderstanding the blessed order in which they are placed—and hastening the dissolution of all that in it which can be dissolved; though, because God is, and his purposes cannot change, that dissolution is itself but the instrument of bringing out with greater clearness the real eternal principles of this order.

Now, this statement may seem to Mr. Newman, and to a great many others, a mere vague repetition of what they have often heard before; of what they have sneered at, and dismissed from their minds, as quite unsatisfactory and unmeaning. I am content that it should be so. But I am sure that this which they reject is still the simple faith of hundreds of poor men and women in all countries of the world, Romish as well as Protestant. I am sure that they have a belief, a very deep-rooted, practical belief, that the Bible sets forth God as actually speaking to men, as actually ruling in the midst of them. I am sure that they have no doubt that what was true in the old time is true now; and that neither Scripture, nor conscience, nor church, nor Holy See, deeply and profoundly as they may reverence one or all, would seem to them worth anything—the least comfort in their own sorrows, the least relief from the sense of the misery and curse of the world—if they did not think that the living God was teaching them, and disciplining them, and holding converse with them; and that the whole course of society, amidst all its strange contradictions, is as much testifying of His presence as it did when the manna fell from heaven. And it seems to me that we are arriving at a time when theologians must come to an understanding with these simple people, when we must tell them plainly and straightly whether we mean the same thing as they do or not; whether our divinity is the assertion of the living God and of His presence among men, or a substitute for that assertion; whether, when we use the phrases of Scripture, we attach

significance to those phrases, or merely look upon them as belonging to another period of the world. I do answer for myself, that I look upon the language of Scripture as the simplest, truest, most reasonable language of all that has ever been uttered; that I believe it tells us not merely who sent plagues upon Egypt, but who sends plagues now, and why He sends them; not merely what prophets, and kings, and priests were in the old time, but what they are now, and how He speaks in them. That they do not only show how He taught the prophets of old to separate between the precious and the vile in themselves, and to understand those judgments of His, by which He separated between what was precious and vile in the nation; but that He has taught men in all times, and will teach all who humbly desire His aid now, first, to recognise that great battle between the flesh and the Spirit in themselves, then, if that be their vocation, to trace it in history.

In 1846, Maurice was appointed Professor of Divinity at King's College, London, and in 1847 he married again. In 1848, the stir of public events led to a movement in which Maurice and his younger friend, Charles Kingsley, were both active for bringing the agitation among the working classes into close relation with religion, and quickening with spiritual life the highest aspirations of the people. Meetings of working men were held. Maurice's age was then forty-three, and Kingsley's twenty-nine.

Charles Kingsley was born in 1819, son of the Vicar of Holne, and born in the vicarage on the border of Dartmoor, in Devonshire. But he left Holne when he was six weeks old, upon his father's removal to the curacy of Burton-on-Trent, whence he again moved to Clifton, in Nottinghamshire. Charles Kingsley's father then held the rectory of Barnack for six years, on the presentation of the Bishop of Peterborough, with the understanding that he should vacate when the bishop's son was old enough to take it. The out-going rector of Barnack was then presented to the living of Clovelly, and went to Clovelly when his son Charles was eleven years old. There the minister entered with warm sympathy into the daily work of his little community. Out of experiences at Clovelly, the life came afterwards into Charles Kingsley's pathetic song of the "Three Fishers." In 1831 he was sent to a school at Clifton, and in 1832 he went to the grammar-school at Helston, where the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet, was then master. In 1836 his father left Clovelly for the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, to which he had been presented, and Charles Kingsley became for the next two years a student in the Faculty of Arts, at King's College, London, walking to and fro every day from Chelsea. In October, 1838, he entered Magdalene College, Cambridge, obtained a scholarship, and was first, both in classics and mathematics, at the May examinations. Like other youths fervent in feeling, intensely earnest, and intensely true, Charles Kingsley suffered trials of his faith, and rose to noble life by fastening betimes on a true woman's love. At the close of his university course, he made up for lost time by six months' hard reading, came out in 1842 high in honours, was ordained, and took a curacy at Eversley, in Hampshire. He won upon the little community by his quick sympathy with the life of each, and by

cheery fellowship in their pleasures and their work. Carlyle's "French Revolution" had been a power over him at college, by intensifying his belief in God's righteous government of the world. At Eversley he now read another book, that had great effect upon him, Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ." In 1844 Kingsley married, and the rectory of Eversley becoming vacant, when he was about to remove to a curacy at Pimperne, the strong desire of the parishioners secured his nomination to the living. In that year the young rector of Eversley asked some counsel of Mr. Maurice in a letter, and the reply to it was the beginning of their friendship. At the end of 1847, Charles Kingsley published "The Saint's Tragedy," begun, when he left college, as a prose life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and then turned into a dramatic poem. It struck the keynote of his work in after days, and will be described in the volume of this series which illustrates English plays.

Prohibition of a Reform banquet in Paris caused a rising of the people on the 24th of February, 1848, followed by the flight of the king and the abolition of monarchy. But the new Provisional Government was soon troubled with a fresh calamity. The rights of labour were recognised on the 27th of February, by instituting national workshops, in which all who applied might get employment at the expense of the state. A newly-elected Constituent Assembly met on the 5th of May. In June, an endeavour was made to draw back from the policy of the national workshops. This caused an insurrection of the operatives on the 22nd of June, with much bloodshed. Paris was declared in a state of siege. General Cavaignac was made Dictator. Eleven generals were killed or wounded. The Archbishop of Paris, while seeking to stay the carnage on the 27th of June, was killed by a chance shot from the barricade on the Place de la Bastille. On the 28th, the mob was at last forced by the troops to surrender. Cavaignac laid down his dictatorship, became President of the Council, and on the 4th of July issued a short decree for the suppression of the workshops. Side by side with these events, there was in England also a great Socialist movement among uneducated working men. The passing of the New Poor Law, in 1835, had led to the formation, in 1836, of a Working Men's Association. Already in 1838 monster meetings were held, and a charter was drawn up claiming manhood suffrage, equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, with no property qualification, and payment of members. Many supporters of this charter—Chartists—joined to these demands a claim for the re-distribution of property, and held it lawful to obtain their demands by force, if they were unattainable by course of law. Stirred by the swiftness of events in France, the leaders of the Chartists menaced London by calling a monster meeting at Kennington Common for the 10th of April, 1848, before presenting to Parliament a monster petition, said to bear five or six million of signatures. The situation was so grave that the Duke of Wellington was placed in command on behalf of order. His good management, the services of a large body of civilians as special constables, a wet day, and the

underlying sense of duty in Englishmen, that made for peace even when it was misguided and perverted, caused the meeting on Kennington Common to end in peace; but the certainty of peace was not secured. On the morning of the 10th of April, Charles Kingsley came to London. Next day he wrote to Mrs. Kingsley:—"Maurice is in great excitement. . . . We are getting out placards for the walls, to speak a word for God with. . . . I was up till four this morning, writing posting placards under Maurice's auspices, one of which is to be got out to-morrow morning, the rest when we can get money. Could you not beg a few sovereigns somewhere, to help these poor wretches to the truest alms?—to words—texts from the Psalms, anything which may keep one man from cutting his brother's throat to-morrow or Friday? Pray, pray help us. Maurice has given me the highest proof of confidence. He has taken me into counsel, and we are to have meetings for prayer and study, when I come up to London, and we are to bring out a new set of real Tracts for the Times, addressed to the higher orders." The placard written by Kingsley, and posted on the walls of London, on the morning of the 12th, ended with these words:—"A nobler day is dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry. But there will be no true freedom without virtue,¹ no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow-citizens. Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free."

From that time Maurice and Kingsley, Archdeacon Hare, and many other zealous, earnest Englishmen, made it their chief public duty to strive for aid of the people, by their true enlightenment. On the 6th of May, 1848, they began a paper called "Politics for the People." Opponents fastened on a sentence in a letter which it contained, addressed to Chartists, by Charles Kingsley, and signed "Parson Lot." He said, "My only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough in reform," and every line that followed was in enforcement upon the people of the need of needs, reform within themselves. The very next sentence warned them against "the mistake of fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament." The whole aim, indeed, of these fellow-workers was to urge the need of free citizens in a free state, citizens whom the truth makes free. They enforced it in all their writing, and they sought to aid in the raising of individual lives, wherever they could establish sympathetic intercourse with working men. For the higher education of women, Queen's College had been established in Harley Street, by the energies of Professor Maurice, who had begun simply with lectures to governesses, and Charles Kingsley, in May, 1848, began to give weekly lectures upon English literature there. Later in this year also, Kingsley was writing "Yeast" in *Fraser's Magazine*. Before the year was out his health gave way under the strain on all his

energies, and he was obliged to seek health by a long rest in Devonshire. When he went back to his work in the summer of 1849, there was low fever in Eversley, and after sitting up all night with a labourer's wife who had a large family, and whose life might be saved by faithful nursing, his health again gave way, and he had to return to Devonshire. Before the end of the year, cholera was in England, and Kingsley was working with all his soul in battle for whatever might bring health into the poor man's home. He was then thirty years old. Dean Stanley said afterwards, in his funeral sermon:—

It was the sense that he was a thorough Englishman—one of yourselves, working, toiling, feeling with you, and like you—that endeared him to you. Artisans and working men of London, you know how he desired with a passionate desire that you should have pure air, pure water, habitable dwellings; that you should be able to share the courtesies, the refinements, the elevation of citizens, and of Englishmen; and you may, therefore, trust him the more when he told you from the pulpit, and still tells you from the grave, that your homes and your lives should be no less full of moral purity and light.



CHARLES KINGSLEY.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.

We return to Frederick Denison Maurice, who continued, after 1849, in alliance with Charles Kingsley and others, to hold meetings of working men, which gradually led to the establishment of a Working Men's College, in 1854. During the tumults in 1848, Professor Maurice, as Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, delivered, in February, March, and April, nine sermons on the Lord's Prayer, which were published, and of which he said, "I wished in these sermons to connect the Lord's Prayer with the thoughts which are most likely to be occupying us at this time. If they lead any to ask themselves how their study of passing occurrences may be made more serious and their worship more real, my purpose in publishing them will be answered." In the

¹ So the Attendant Spirit says, at the close of Milton's "Comus":—

"Mortals who would follow me,
Love Virtue, she alone is free."

DAVID.

This, brethren, was the man after God's own heart, the man who thoroughly believed in God as a living and righteous Being, who in all changes of fortune clung to that conviction; who could act upon it, live upon it; who could give himself up to God to use him as He pleased; who could be little or great, popular or contemptible, just as God saw fit that he should be; who could walk on in darkness secure of nothing but this, that truth must prevail at last, and that he was sent into the world to live and die that it might prevail; who was certain that the triumph of the God of Heaven would be for the blessing of the most miserable outcasts upon earth. Have we asked ourselves how the Scripture can dare to represent a man with David's many failings, with that eager, passionate temper which evidently belonged to him, with all the manifold temptations which accompany a vehement sympathetic character, with the great sins which we shall be told of hereafter, as one who could share the counsels and do the will of a Holy Being? Oh! rather let us ask ourselves whether, with a plausible exterior, a respectable behaviour, an unimpeachable decorum in the sight of men, we can ever win this smile, hear this approving sentence. The words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," are not spoken by the Judge of all now, will not be spoken in the last day, to him who has found in his pilgrimage through this world no enemies to fight with, no wrongs to be redressed, no right to be maintained. How many of us feel, in looking back upon acts which the world has not condemned, which friends have perhaps applauded, "We had no serious purpose there; we merely did what it was seemly and convenient to do, we were not yielding to God's righteous will; we were not inspired by His love." How many of us feel that our bitterest repentances are to be for this, that all things have gone so smoothly with us, because we did not care to make the world better or to be better ourselves. How many of us feel that those who have committed grave outward transgressions—into which we have not fallen because the motives to them were not present with us, or because God's grace kept us hedged round by influences which resisted them—may nevertheless have had hearts which answered more to God's heart, which entered far more into the grief and the joy of His Spirit, than ours ever did.

Attacks had been made in a religious newspaper upon Professor Maurice's theology, and in 1851 the Council of King's College, in which he was Divinity Professor, appointed a committee of divines to examine his writings. They did so, and reported warmly in his favour; but from that time he was regarded as a heretic by one of the parties in the Church. In 1853, Professor Maurice published a volume of "Theological Essays," written for the purpose of overcoming doubts of the Trinity. It was said that in these essays he showed a want of faith in hell, and was unsound upon the subject of eternal punishment. In July, August, and September, 1853, there was much controversy on this subject, and in October Maurice was deprived of his Professorship. In 1854 he was actively at work for the creation of a college, and gave at Willis's Rooms, in June and July, before fashionable audiences, six lectures upon "Learning and Working," in which he developed the design of the Working Men's College, then established. He thus described the fellowship that had made the college, which was, in

the following November, to begin work never since interrupted:—

IDEA OF A COLLEGE FOR WORKING MEN.

A club and a college are very different things; they may be wide as the poles asunder. But a club of ordinary Englishmen may become a college of intelligent, thoughtful men, provided a human purpose take the place of a selfish one. . .

It is a conviction of this kind which has led a few friends of mine to propose a College for Working Men in the northern part of London. They answer with tolerable exactness to the description I have given of the persons from whom it is reasonable to demand such an effort. They are all at work themselves, in occupations which they believe to be vocations, and which they do not hold it would be right to forsake under any plea of benevolence to their fellow-creatures. They do not, therefore, aim at forming a guild or order of teachers.



FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, London.

They are already admitted into their different guilds as members of the Inns of Court, or the Colleges of Surgeons or Physicians, as Artists, as Ministers of the Gospel, as Tradesmen, as Operatives. What they believe is best for themselves—best for the special fraternity to which they belong, in respect of the work which it is pledged to do, as well as of the science which it is pledged to advance—is that they should keep up an intercourse with men of different callings, and should do what in them lies, that those who are engaged merely in manual labour should feel that also to be a high calling. They may differ among themselves about some of the ways in which this end should be accomplished; they are perfectly agreed that one of the ways, and the most effectual, is to strive that the manual worker may have a share in all the best treasures with which God has been pleased to endow them. They do not think they have any business to consider how few of these treasures they may possess in comparison with many of their contemporaries; by all means let those who have more give more; all they have to do is to ask how they may make what they have most useful, and how they may increase it by communicating it. Their design is far from ambitious. It is not to found a College for the workers

of England, or of London. It is simply to make an experiment, necessarily on a very small scale, in the neighbourhood which is nearest to the places in which most of them are busy during the day. If working and learning are to be combined, learning must come to the door of the workshop and factory, till the better day when it shall be allowed to enter into them.

Maurice remained to the end of his life the leading spirit of the college thus begun. His acceptance presently of the pulpit at Vere Street was followed by another theological discussion. In 1866 he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge. He had distinguished himself as a writer on Moral Philosophy, by a work on "Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy," in 1850; another, on "Philosophy of the First Six Centuries," in 1853; another, on "Mediæval Philosophy; or, a Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, from the Fifth to the Fourteenth Century," in 1857; and another, on "Modern Philosophy; or, a Treatise of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, from the Fourteenth Century to the French Revolution, with a Glimpse into the Nineteenth Century," in 1862. In 1872 he died, and Charles Kingsley was among the friends who followed him to his grave.

Kingsley had written novels that dealt with essentials of human life and duty; had worked for the health of bodies and of souls; had been made one of the chaplains to the Queen in 1859, and in 1860 Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. He had resigned that office in 1869, when he became a Canon of Chester. At the end of that year he sailed for the West Indies, and was at Eversley again in the following March. Of Maurice, he said, "I had seen death in his face for, I may almost say, two years past, and felt that he needed the great rest of another life. And now he has it." His own hour of rest was then not distant. In 1873 he was offered by Mr. Gladstone an exchange from the canonry at Chester to a canonry at Westminster. In 1874 he paid a visit to America; in January, 1875, he died.

We have seen that Samuel Taylor Coleridge was among writers who touched the minds of earnest young Cambridge students in the time of a new trial of the foundations of religion. Coleridge argued that where in the Bible God is said to have spoken, and words are said to be His, they are so to be taken; and where the writers quote documents and otherwise speak as from themselves, without anywhere claiming to do more than tell the best they know, they are also to be so understood. Holding that the Bible contains the religion of Christians, but not daring to say that whatever is contained in the Bible is the Christian Religion, Coleridge said that Scripture so received by a heart answering to the Divine Word which speaks through it, is a stronghold of spiritual life from which no attacks of infidelity can ever drive the faithful Christian. The soul to whose depths it has once spoken answers back out of its depths with a conviction of its own that surface criticisms have no power to shake. He said of

THE BIBLE:

In every generation, and wherever the light of revelation has shone, men of all ranks, conditions, and states of mind have found in this volume a correspondent for every movement towards the Better felt in their own hearts. The needy soul has found supply, the feeble a help, the sorrowful a comfort; yea, be the reciprocity the least that can consist with moral life, there is an answering grace ready to enter. The Bible has been found a spiritual world—spiritual, and yet at the same time outward and common to all. You in one place, I in another, all men somewhere or at some time, meet with an assurance that the hopes and fears, the thoughts and yearnings that proceed from or tend to a right spirit in us, are not dreams of fleeting singularities, no voices heard in sleep, or spectres which the eye suffers but not perceives. As if on some dark night a pilgrim, suddenly beholding a bright star moving before him, should stop in fear and perplexity. But lo! traveller after traveller passes by him, and each, being questioned whither he is going, makes answer, "I am following yon guiding Star!" The pilgrim quickens his own steps, and presses onward in confidence. More confident still will he be, if by the way-side he should find, here and there, ancient monuments, each with its votive lamp, and on each the name of some former pilgrim, and a record that there he had first seen or begun to follow the benignant star.

No otherwise is it with the varied contents of the sacred volume. The hungry have found food, the thirsty a living spring, the feeble a staff, and the victorious warfarer soup of welcome and strains of music; and as long as each man asks on account of his wants, and asks what he wants, no man will discover aught amiss or deficient in the vast and many-chambered storehouse. But if, instead of this, an idler or a scoffer should wander through the rooms, peering and peeping, and either detects, or fancies he has detected, here a rusted sword or pointless shaft, there a tool of rude construction, and superseded by later improvements (and preserved, perhaps, to make us more grateful for them); which of two things will a sober-minded man, who from his childhood upward had been fed, clothed, armed, and furnished with the means of instruction from this very magazine, think the fitter plan? Will he insist that the rust is not rust, or that it is a rust *sui generis*, intentionally formed on the steel for some mysterious virtue in it, and that the staff and astrolabe of a shepherd astronomer are identical with, or equivalent to, the quadrant and telescope of Newton and Herschel? or will he not rather give the curious inquisitor joy of his mighty discoveries, and the credit of them for his reward?

Whether Coleridge's view be right or wrong, may not Christians show their inevitable differences of opinion upon such a point, and yet keep unbroken that spirit of charity which is the very seal of their religion?

It is unbroken in the sermons of Frederick William Robertson, who from 1847 to 1853 was incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. The year after his appointment was the year of Revolution, 1848, and Frederick Robertson boldly applied religion to the problems of the time, in lectures on the first book of Samuel, which he had begun in January. He was widely misunderstood, as with intense earnestness he sought to raise the working men to Christian freedom. For him it was his way, as for Arnold in his, and Maurice in his.

Christ was in all things the Saviour: Saviour of individual souls; and Saviour of society, by lifting the souls that truly looked to Him into a fellowship of love where each should strive to do his highest duty. Robertson died after much suffering of intensest pain in August, 1853, at the age of thirty-seven, and left a name that is now pleasant in the ears of all his countrymen.

Frederick Robertson has been ranked as the chief of English preachers by Dean Stanley, than whom no man has been more careful to point out that the true spirit of Christianity is not the particular possession of any one part of the Christian world.



ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

From a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, 64, Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, London.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, son of a Bishop of Norwich, was born in 1815, and was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, whose friend he remained, and the history of whose life he told in 1844. From Rugby, Stanley went to Oxford with a scholarship at Balliol. He obtained the Newdegate Prize for an English Poem on the "Gipsies," the Ireland Scholarship, the English Essay Prize in 1839, and the English Essay and Theological Prizes in 1840, when—having graduated with a First Class in Classics in 1837—he was made Fellow of University College. For twelve years he was Tutor of his College, and it was during this time that he published his life of Arnold, a book widely read not only by the large body of intellectual men who had grateful recollections of Dr. Arnold's training, but by Englishmen of all ranks, who found in it a record of manly religion brought into relation with the vital questions of their day, a noble life set forth by one who was in fellowship with its best aspirations. The same true sympathy, at its best and deepest, has given a lasting charm to Mrs. Kingsley's full and faithful record of her husband's labours. In 1845-6, Mr. Stanley was Select Preacher at the University. In 1846 he published "Stories and Essays on the Apostolical Age," and in 1850 a Memoir of Bishop Stanley. From 1851

to 1858 he was Canon of Canterbury, and published, besides other books, "Historical Memorials of Canterbury" in 1854. He travelled in the East, and applied his experience to illustrations of the Scripture in a volume published in 1855 upon "Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History." In 1858 he was appointed Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford; he was appointed also to a Canonry of Christ Church, and became Dean of Westminster in 1863. In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Palestine, and added to other published volumes of Sermons one of "Sermons preached in the East." In 1867 he published "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," and in 1876 he completed with a third volume a series of "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church," of which the earlier volumes had appeared in 1863 and 1865.

We turn from Westminster to St. Paul's. An accomplished scholar, who shares with men of very different degrees of culture and forms of opinion a zeal for highest truth, and one of the foremost among living preachers, is Canon Liddon. Henry Parry Liddon, born in 1830, was of Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1850. From 1854 to 1859 he was Vice-Principal of the Theological College, Cuddesdon. In 1866 he was Bampton Lecturer, and he published in 1867 his eight Bampton Lectures on the "Divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." In 1870 Dr. Liddon was made resident Canon of St. Paul's, in London, and Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis in the University of Oxford. In Church questions Dr. Liddon has inclined to agree with those whose bent is towards the support of authority: but with the good churchmen of all forms of opinion he has been always most earnest in upholding a true spirit of religion. Canon Liddon's place is with the most eloquent and earnest of the younger generation of churchmen in the year 1877.

These pages do not complete the illustration of English Religion. It pervades our literature. It is illustrated in every volume of this Library. Still writer after writer crowds upon the mind, and nothing can be said that shall not suggest how much has been left unsaid.

Still also the Englishmen of foremost genius look to the heart of life, and feel God present in His world. Mr. Carlyle has lived to urge men to be true, and to press forward to the mark of their high calling; to shake off that torpor of spirit which sees only as idle images and forms the daily incidents of a life that has nothing, and least of all its indolences, insignificant; man's inactivity being of all things one of the most momentous in its issues. He has awakened many a young mind over which the fatal drowsiness was stealing, and has sustained many an elder in life's labour. His words have been translated into deeds already through two generations of souls grateful to him for his sturdy help. Charles Kingsley at Cambridge found Thomas Carlyle's "French Revolution" one of the books which beyond all others made him feel God in the world, and man's appointed duty.

The two English poets who had taken firmest hold upon their countrymen in the year 1850, when William

Wordsworth died, were Robert Browning and Alfred Tennyson, both vigorous still in 1877. In the year of the death of Wordsworth, each of these poets produced a book that struck the old true note.

Mr. Browning's poem was entitled "Christmas Eve and Easter Day." He imagined himself on a rainy, gusty Christmas Eve taking shelter in the porch of a poor little chapel on the skirts of a common, "'Mount Zion,' with Love Lane at the back of it." From squalid alleys and outlying cottages in the gravel-pits, the poor and ignorant flocked to the chapel, and passed him, looking at him as they entered; at last he left the porch and entered too. Preacher and congregation were vulgar, ignorant, noisy; there was a hot smell in the place. He slept, and dreamed that he had flung out of it all, and found on the common outside a hush in the rain and wind, and the moon risen:

"My mind was full of the scene I had left,
That placid flock, that pastor vociferant,
—How this outside was pure and different!"

How far better to worship God in presence of the immensities of nature! Let others seek God in the narrow shrine. Be this way his. Then the moon cast a wondrous arch of light, and there was a vision of heavenly beauty filling his soul as he gazed with up-turned eyes:

"All at once I looked up with terror.
He was there.
He Himself with His human air,
On the narrow pathway, just before.
I saw the back of Him, no more.—
He had left the chapel, then, as I.
I forgot all about the sky.
No face: only the sight
Of a sweeping garment, vast and white,
With a hem that I could recognise.
I felt no terror, no surprise.
My mind filled with the cataract,
At one bound, of the mighty fact.
I remembered, He did say
Doubtless, that, to this world's end,
Where two or three should meet and pray,
He would be in the midst, their friend:
Certainly He was there with them.
And my pulses leaped for joy
Of the golden thought without alloy,
That I saw His very vesture's hem."

The dreamer pleaded in his dream that he might not be left of Christ for having despised the friends of Christ:

"Less or more,
I suppose that I spoke thus.
When,—have mercy, Lord, on us!
The whole Face turned upon me full.
And I spread myself beneath it
As when the bleacher spreads, to seethe it
In the cleansing sun, his wool,—
Steeps in the flood of noontide whiteness
Some defiled, discoloured web—
So lay I, saturate with brightness.
And when the flood appeared to ebb,

Lo, I was walking, light and swift,
With my senses settling fast and steadying,
But my body caught up in the whirl and drift
Of the vesture's amplitude, still eddying
On, just before me, still to be followed,
As it carried me after with its motion."

So they crossed the world, and the dreamer was left upon the threshold of St. Peter's:

"Why sat I there on the threshold stone
Left till He return, alone,
Save for the garment's extreme fold
Abandoned still to bless my hold?"

There also were gathered some to whom Christ entered. Errors of Rome are not so dark that no truth shines athwart them:

"Do these men praise Him? I will raise
My voice up to their point of praise!
I see the error, but above
The scope of error, see the love.—
Oh, love of those first Christian days!"

Dwelling on love, and resolving to use intellect too, the dreamer was next carried in the motion of the robe to be left at the entrance-door of a lecture-room in a German university. Through the open door he had a glimpse of those who were waiting for the Christmas Eve discourse of the professor, on the Myth of Christ:

"And here when the Critic has done his best,
And the Pearl of Price, at reason's test,
Lay dust and ashes levigable
On the professor's lecture-table,"

The summary is,

"Go home and venerate the Myth
I thus have experimented with—
This Man, continue to adore him
Rather than all who went before him,
And all who ever followed after!
Surely for this I may praise you, my brother:
Will you take the praise in tears or laughter?
That's one point gained: can I compass another?
Unlearned love was safe from spurning—
Can't we respect your loveless learning?"

Reflection followed in the dreamer's mind that pointed to a mild indifferentism. Then he found himself suddenly in the horrible storm again, and had lost his hold upon the vesture's hem, which he recovered only upon conviction that

"Needs must there be one way, our chief
Best way of worship: let me strive
To find it, and when found, contrive
My fellows also take their share!
This constitutes my earthly care:
God's is above it and distinct."

So the dream ends with an awaking in the little chapel in the spirit of Religion that leaves God to judge the hearts of men, unites itself in brotherhood to all who seek Him, and maintains the pure spirit

of charity without losing sense of the personal need of a definite belief and faith in Christ the Saviour.

Having associated this view of Christian brotherhood with the birth of Christ, the poet then looks to the immortality of man and judgment to come in the companion piece based upon Christ's resurrection, "Easter Day." "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" is the opening thought. On an Easter night he crossed the common by the chapel, questioning of faith, when in a vision the heavens changed, and the Judgment Day had come,

"In very deed,"
(I uttered to myself) 'that Day!'
The intuition burned away
All darkness from my spirit too:
There stood I, found and fixed, I knew,
Choosing the world."

Then it seemed to him that his doom was to have his choice. The world was his for ever. The beauty of nature was given him; the highest charm of art. Dissatisfied, he pined for knowledge, and it was given him to know. Still wretched, he cried,

"Behold, my spirit bleeds,
Catches no more at broken reeds,—
But lilies flower those reeds above:
I let the world go, and take love!"

The stern voice of the Judge smote him. Love had been inextricably part of all that was about him in the world, and he had set aside His love whereof all came; forgetting Who, through love, died in the flesh for him. Then he prayed in the vision to the Love of God to give him hope:

"Be all the earth a wilderness!
Only let me go on, go on
Still hoping ever and anon
To reach one eve the Better Land.'
Then did the Form expand, expand—
I knew Him through the dread disguise,
As the whole God within his eyes
Embraced me."

The vision ended, and again there was the daily warfare of the world, again the sense how hard it is to be a Christian:

"But Easter-Day breaks! But
Christ rises! Mercy every way
Is infinite,—and who can say?"

In the same year with Robert Browning's "Christmas Eve and Easter Day," appeared Alfred Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

Arthur Henry Hallam, son of Henry Hallam the historian, was born on the 1st of February, 1811; Alfred Tennyson in 1809. Arthur Hallam went to Eton between the years 1822 and 1827; was in Italy for eight months of the years 1827-28, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1828. Alfred Tennyson entered to the same college early in 1829, and the friendship out of which the poem sprang was then begun. Arthur Hallam had a fine sense of literature, pure aspirations, and a

poet's nature; of which there is clear evidence in the verse included among the Memorials published after his death by his father. His health was delicate, and he was subject to sudden flushes of blood to the head. This gave habitual and marked contraction to his brow, which is a feature also in portraits of Michael Angelo:

"And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo."

Arthur Hallam took his degree, and in January, 1832, left Cambridge. He read law for a time in a conveyancer's office; but when the health of another member of the household caused his family to leave England, he went to Germany with them, in August, 1833. He was at Vienna on the 15th of September, 1833, when a rush of blood to the head, more severe than usual, ended his life suddenly, in the twenty-third year of his age. The body was brought to England, and buried in the church at Clevedon, Somerset, the home of his maternal grandfather, Sir Abraham Elton, of Clevedon Court. Had Arthur Hallam lived, he was to have been married to a sister of his friend's. His love for her is at the heart of two of his published poems, and in one of these is a reference to his delight in her harp-playing. He was often in holiday seasons at the Somersby Vicarage, in which his friend was born and bred, and there is reference to this in the eighty-ninth section of "In Memoriam," recalling the old happy days at Somersby.

The poem of faith in immortality, written In Memory of this parting of lives, is formed by a succession of little "swallow-flights of song," each complete in itself as the expression of one mood of thought or feeling, but all so arranged that they shall represent the rise of faith through a succession of thoughts circling upward, from the grave to God. There is also kept in view throughout the poem the course of time through a given period. The action, so to speak, extends from the winter of 1833 to the early spring of 1836. The significance of times and seasons is associated with the development of feeling from the blank of desolation to a large and cheerful trust in God's rule of the universe; in the future of man here and hereafter,—of each man, and of the whole human race.

The poem opens with a reference to Mr. Longfellow's "Ladder of St. Augustine," in which there is a stanza that expresses musically the main thought of "In Memoriam":

"I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?"

This rising towards higher things is the purpose of the poem indicated in its opening. It will seek to reach a hand through time towards the far-off interest

of tears. But in the first hour of bereavement there must be the bitter sense of loss :

"Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,
Let Darkness keep her raven gloss."

The second section images in gloom the churchyard yew with its roots among the dead. One of the very few changes made in the poem since its first publication, after long care to make it worthy of the memory it cherished, was the addition of a section, now the thirty-ninth, which blends a second picture of the churchyard yew with the new thought to which the poem is advancing :

"To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower."

The seventh section images in gloom the house in Bedford Place :

"Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasped no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here ; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day."

In a section near the close of the poem, the 119th, the poet blends a second picture of his friend's home upon earth with the developed sense that he still lives and loves, a fellow-worker in God's world :

"Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more ; the city sleeps ;
I smell the meadow in the street ;

I hear a chirp of birds ; I see
Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
A light-blue lane of early dawn,
And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland
And bright the friendship of thine eye ;
And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand."

In the ninth, tenth, and eleventh sections the first mood of grief carries the mind to the ship that brings home for burial at Clevedon the body of the dead ; and in the twelfth section there rises out of the same dwelling upon the dead form borne over the sea the cry, "Is this the end ? Is this the end ?"

Then begins the gradual transition to the answer to the question. First there is expression of the natural instinct of immortality. If the ship touched land, the passengers came to shore :

"And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine ;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home ;
I should not feel it to be strange."

Upon this first light suggestion that it is he us to conceive extinction of a noble soul, follows a natural image corresponding to the first admission a thought allied to faith. There was a ni storm :

"The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,
The cattle huddled on the lea ;
And wildly dash'd on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world."

The arrival of the ship is in the seven section, the burial at Clevedon in the eighteen nineteenth. Then follow notes of mourning and recollection of the years from 1829 to 183

"The path by which we twain did go,
Which led by tracts that pleased us we
Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow

These sections develop the human sense abiding of love, and the relation of love to the life of man :

"I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

Thus we are led to the first chiming of Christmas bells across the poem. It is Christmas 1833, little more than three months after the reavement :

"This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again :

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy ;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of yule."

Transition is now through the sacred association with the birth of Christ, that touch sorrow with still upward to thought "of comfort clasped in revealed."

The grief was fresh ; it was a sad Christmas in the home ; but the songs of the mourners a spiritual life until they attained the truths to the poem is advancing :

"Our voices took a higher range ;
Once more we sang : 'They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change :

Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.'

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
 Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
 O Father, touch the east, and light
 The light that shone when Hope was born."

The next thoughts are of the raising of Lazarus and of the faith in Him who

"wrought
 With human hands the creed of creeds
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,
 More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave
 In roarings round the coral reef."

The poet touches humbly on the mysteries of God:

"But brooding on the dear one dead,
 And all he said of things divine,
 (And dear to me as sacred wine
 To dying lips is all he said),

I murmur'd, as I came along,
 Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd;
 And loiter'd in the master's field,
 And darken'd sanctities with song."

With the mood now reached is associated progress of the year to "the herald melodies of spring," and the blossoming of the churchyard yew. The thought next to be developed is the abiding of love not only in those living here, but in those also who have been removed by death to a new field of labour:

"And love will last as pure and whole
 As when he loved me here in Time,
 And at the spiritual prime
 Re-waken with the dawning soul."

In sections 45, 46 and 47, faith in the continued individual life of the soul is urged. The lost friend does not blend with the universe as a drop fallen into the ocean, but is still the same, retaining the old memories, the old love. This is realised in the yearning expressed by the fiftieth section, "Be near me," and the question that follows:

"Do we indeed desire the dead
 Should still be near us at our side?
 Is there no baseness we would hide?
 No inner vileness that we dread?"

With its answer:

"I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
 Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
 There must be wisdom with great Death.
 The dead shall look me thro' and thro'."

In the fifty-fourth section there is a glance forward, in the trust

"That good shall fall
 At last—far off—at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring."

In succeeding sections the sense of personal immortality and of fellowship between the living and the dead rises in strength of battle against every doubt, until (in the 72nd) the poem reaches the first anniversary of Arthur Hallam's death; the date, therefore, is the 15th of September, 1834; and presently we reach the second Christmas—Christmas, 1834. With the New Year (in the 83rd section) begins a fresh advance of thought that associates the succession of years with renewal of hope, with calmer thought of the dead, with strength born of the old love for new friendships and for strenuous day labour, with a larger sense of the "serene result of all." They whom death has for a time divided hold communion still:

"My old affection of the tomb,
 A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
 'Arise, and get thee forth and seek
 A friendship for the years to come.

I watch thee from the quiet shore;
 Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
 But in dear words of human speech
 We two communicate no more."

And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain
 The starry clearness of the free?
 How is it? Canst thou feel for me
 Some painless sympathy with pain?"

And lightly does the whisper fall,
 'Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
 I triumph in conclusive bliss,
 And that serene result of all."

The battle against Doubt and Death is rising now into the full Victory not of Knowledge, but of Faith. The 87th section suggests the succession of life by a visit to Arthur Hallam's rooms at college, where another name is on the door, with recollection of the old days there of high discourse in which he took his part.

The next section associates again a natural image with the prevalent feeling in that part of the poem to which it belongs. Its thought is of the song of the nightingale, whose passion, in the midmost heart of grief, contains a secret joy:

"And I—my harp would prelude woe—
 I cannot all command the strings;
 The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go."

After softened recollection of the days of old at Somersby in the 89th section, the next shows what is not meant by that succession of life in the generations of men which is to be associated with the poet's crowning expression of "the glory of the sum of things." The 91st blends something of this future glory with the image of the dead:

"Come: not in watches of the night,
 But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
 Come, besetuous in thine after joy
 And like a finer light in light."

And from this point the poem rises still, while welcoming free conflict with honest doubt, the fearless striving after truth that gives strength to the soul. The 99th section brings the year 1835 to the second anniversary of the death of Arthur Hallam, the 15th of September. Through autumnal thoughts of change of earthly associations, including a change of home, we pass to the third and last Christmas included in the poem. And now the Christmas thought is of the world as God, through Christ, shall make it when the fulness of His time is come.

"Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good."

The next section (106th) associates the ringing in of the New Year (1836) with the ringing out of all the ills yet to be conquered, and the ringing in of that new "cycle rich in good:"

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Then follows, in the 107th section, a cheerful celebration of Arthur Hallam's birthday, the 1st of February; and calm faith in the future of humanity is blended with a thought implying the main duty of life in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the work involved in Wordsworth's question—

"What one is,
Why may not millions be?"

We dare cherish the far ideal when we know that there is no way to the attainment of it but by labour of each of us, man, woman, and child, to live our own lives faithfully and truly. It is only by the growth of many into what is now the life of few, that the succession of the generations can at last lead to "the closing cycle rich in good." Therefore, the full expression of hope for the future of humanity is framed by Mr. Tennyson as aspiration for the time when all may be what Arthur Hallam was. Knowledge is below Wisdom:

"Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps, moving side by side
With Wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity."

The poem closes fitly at the season of spring—extending thus over an imagined period from the winter of 1833 to the spring of 1836—and its last thoughts are of hope, with assured Faith through Love; with God felt, in full conviction of man's immortality; with certainty that all is moving Godward, and with the peace of God that passeth understanding.

But there is added to the poem, and it forms an essential part of it, a song written for a sister's marriage some nine years after the death of Arthur Hallam. The blessing on the marriage leads to prayer for the birth from it of new life that shall be

"A closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half-akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

It is a divine event "far off;" but still the forward movement may be felt. Among the days in which we live, our Illustrations of English Religion end as in the midst of the history of an unfinished war. Unsubdued passions of men no longer require that we should build a church of stone, as Durham Cathedral was built, in some defensible position, adorned for God's service and also strengthened to meet attack of men who may come against it with the lance and bow. It is now war only of mind against mind, where it was once also of body against body; but there is still much of the old temper which in spiritual battle—though it be for the best cause—turns victory itself into defeat;

NOT THIS THE END, not yet the end of strife.
While Zeal that works for the good seed's increase
Adds bitter ferment to the bread of life,
Not yet has Righteousness the kiss of Peace.

High aims, true words, true deeds abounding still,
Our corn is good; the fault is in the leaven:
That must be love, if we would have God's will
Be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

"Peace upon earth, and goodwill towards men;"
 "I give you Peace, My Peace I leave with you;"
 Ours is the angel's song, the Lord's gift, when
 No war for Truth can make our love less true.

The voices of our fathers gone before
 Float back to us who struggle in the rear;
 Subdued by distance ever more and more,
 The purest notes are those that reach the ear.

We tread where Caedmon, far before us, trod,
 Where echoes are resounding yet his song:
 "It is most meet that we should worship God,
 Our great Creator. In Him ye are strong:

"Through the great deep where stormy waters flow
 Your way is safe, whatever ills pursue;
 Through the fierce furnace safe with Him you go,
 As through the sunlight when it lifts the dew,

"If ye have faith. Have faith!" And are not these
 Whispers of Bede heard through our tread of feet?—
 "Lift me, and let me die upon my knees,
 Where I prayed daily: so to die is sweet."

"When you have tried all treasures, Truth is best:"
 True Langland's music calls us, from above:
 "Whatever poison stabs, Love gives you rest
 And health; the Triacle of Heaven is Love."

Voice after voice, the frailties of the flesh
 Dust with the flesh, still blends its purer strain
 With our own speech, falls only to refresh,
 Touches earth tenderly as summer rain,

Till earth, less hard about our stony way,
 Smiles into life, loosens its iron grip,
 And cumbered souls that languished in the clay
 Shoot upward to find Heaven's companionship.

By him is Paradise Regained indeed
 Who bears, with Christ, pain, famine, patient still:—
 "Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

The voices of our fathers gone before
 Stay here to help us with their music thus:—
 What voice of ours, abiding evermore,
 Shall help the dear ones who come after us?

God of our children, whom we yearn to teach,
 The lips we kiss, O touch them from above;
 Turn Thou their babblings into manly speech
 As strong to move through innocence to love.

Our days are few, but yet a little more
 Help us to leave our children, ere we die,
 Of treasure added to the only store
 That serves to build the home beyond the sky.

Desire is faint, we totter at the gate
 Of this world's home in passing out to Thee:
 When Thou art nearest we lament our fate,
 Thy stretched out arm our dim eyes hardly see.

Teach, Father, God, our children how to pass
 From earth to heaven as from home to home,
 The earth they leave reflecting as a glass
 Its image of the Peace to which they come.



DURHAM CATHEDRAL.



From Leichius "De Origine Typographica Lipsiensis."

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CORRECTION.

In Note 2, on Page 138, for "the English version published in Elizabeth's reign," read, "the undated original version, which was put into Latin for the first edition of Fisher's collected works."

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